

O Mistress Mine

Emilie Autumn

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and here! Your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low
Trip no further, pretty sweetening
Journeys end in lovers meeting
Every wise man's son doth know
What is love? 'Tis not hereafter
Present mirth hath present laughter
What's to come is still unsure
In delay there lies no plenty
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty
Youth's a stuff will not endure

Songwriters

William Shakespeare; Emilie Autumn

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