

Elvis Costello, O, Mistress Mine

(Harle/Shakespeare)

O, mistress mine
Where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear
Your true love's coming
That can save both high and low

Trip no further pretty sweeting
Journeys end in lovers meeting
Every wise man's son doth know

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Trip no further pretty sweeting
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
It's a stuff will not endure