

Emilie Autumn, O Mistress Mine

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 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,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.