

Nitin Sawhney

"Waiting"

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O mistress mine
Where are you roaming?
O stay and hear
Your true loves coming
That can sing both high and low
Trip no further pretty sweeting
Journeys end in lovers meeting
Every wise mans son doth know
What comes now has gone tomorrow
Present smiles are full of sorrow
But I see you in my mind
From the shadows of my memory
I can feel you walking near me
And I'm waiting for the rain to fall
Dust from your eyes
Angels are falling
From distant fears
Your cold hearts beating
I can see you in the dark
Or the flicker of a daydream
From the edge of silent tears
I remember and I smile
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
Youths a stuff twill not endure

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