

## Waiting (o Mistress Mine)

Nitin Sawhney

The Royal Air Force has enjoyed a good days flight  
With excellent weather over Iraq  
The army has been continuing to prepare  
For the coming land battle, and I can report on the arrangements  
Being made for handling prisoners of war

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 man's 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  
Youth's a stuff twill not endure