# O Mistress Mine

## Paul Ambrose
### (1868-1941)

**Paul Ambrose** (1868–1941) was born in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, and first studied under his father, organist Robert Ambrose. He moved to New York City as organist-choirmaster at Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, and studied with several prominent teachers in the area. He relocated to Trenton, New Jersey, as organist-choirmaster at St James Methodist Episcopal Church, and became music director at the New Jersey State Normal School (The College of New Jersey). He returned to Hamilton in retirement and served as guest organist at the Christ Church Cathedral. He served as president of the National Association of Organists (US) and of the Royal Canadian College of Organists. He died in Hamilton. His compositions include songs, anthems, part-songs, and piano and organ pieces.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear! 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.


*Twelfth Night* Act 2, Scene 3
William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

# O Mistress Mine

Paul Ambrose



Lyrics (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass):

O mis-tress mine, where are you roam-ing? O stay and hear! your

true-love's com-ing That can sing both high and low,

SHORCHOR

**S:** that — can sing both high and low; Trip no fur - ther,

**A:** that can sing both high and low; Trip no fur - ther,

**T:** that — can sing both high and low; Trip no fur - ther,

**B:** that — can sing both high and low; Trip no fur - ther,

**S:** pret - ty — sweet - ing, Jour - neys end in lov - ers' — meet - ing—

**A:** pret - ty sweet - ing, Jour - neys end in lov - ers' meet - ing—

**T:** pret - ty sweet - ing, Jour - neys end in lov - ers' meet - ing—

**B:** pret - ty sweet - ing, Jour - neys end in lov - ers' meet - ing—

**S:** Ev - 'ry wise man's son doth know, ev - 'ry wise man's

**A:** Ev - 'ry wise man's son doth — know, ev - 'ry wise man's

**T:** Ev - 'ry wise man's son doth know, ev - 'ry wise man's

**B:** Ev - 'ry wise man's son doth know, ev - 'ry wise man's

**S:** son doth know, ev - 'ry wise man's son doth know.

**A:** son doth know, ev - 'ry wise man's son doth know.

**T:** son doth know, ev - 'ry wise man's son doth know.

**B:** son doth know, ev - 'ry wise man's son doth know.

**S:** Oh! what is love? 'tis not here - af - ter; Pres - ent mirth hath

**A:** Oh! what is love? 'tis not here - af - ter; Pres - ent mirth hath

**T:** Oh! what is love? 'tis not here - af - ter; Pres - ent mirth hath

**B:** Oh! what is love? 'tis not here - af - ter; Pres - ent mirth hath

**S:** pres - ent laugh - ter; What's to come is still un - sure,

**A:** pres - ent laugh - ter; What's to come is still un - sure,

**T:** pres - ent laugh - ter; What's to come is still un - sure,

**B:** pres - ent laugh - ter; What's to come is still un - sure,

**S:** what's to come is still un - sure: In de - lay there

**A:** what's to come is still un - sure: In de - lay there

**T:** what's to come is still un - sure: In de - lay there

**B:** what's to come is still un - sure: In de - lay there

**S:** lies no plen - ty,— Then come kiss me, Sweet - and - twen - ty,

**A:** lies no plen - ty,— Then come kiss me, Sweet - and - twen - ty,

**T:** lies no plen - ty,— Then come kiss me, Sweet - and - twen - ty,

**B:** lies no plen - ty,— Then come kiss me, Sweet - and - twen - ty,

**S:** Youth's a stuff will not en - dure, youth's a stuff will

**A:** Youth's a stuff will not en - dure, youth's a stuff will

**T:** Youth's a stuff will not en - dure, youth's a stuff will

**B:** Youth's a stuff will not en - dure, youth's a stuff will

not en - dure, youth's a stuff will not en - dure.

not en - dure, youth's a stuff will not en - dure.

not en - dure, youth's a stuff will not en - dure.

not en - dure, youth's a stuff will not en - dure.

Arthur P. Schmidt
(1897)

**SHORCHOR**