

# The winter it is past

Words trad.

adapted by Robert Burns (1759–96)

Trad. Scottish  
arr. David Blackwell

Tenderly [♩ = c.60]

1. The  
3. My

win - ter it is past, and the sum-mer's come at last, And the  
love is like the sun, in the fir - ma - ment does run, For

small birds sing on ev - 'ry tree; The  
ev - er con - stant and true; But

13

hearts of these are glad,  
his is like the moon  
but mine is ve - ry sad,  
that wan - ders up and down,  
For my And

17

lov - er has part - ed from me.  
ev - 'ry month it is new.

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2. The  
4. All

25

rose up - on the briar, by the wa - ters run - ning clear, May have  
you that are in love and can - not it re - move, I

29

charms for the lin - net or the bee;  
pi - ty the pains\_ you en - dure;

Their lit - tle loves are  
For ex - perience makes me

34

blest know and their lit - tle hearts at rest, But my lov - er is part - ed from  
that your hearts are full of woe, A\_\_\_ woe that no mor - tal can

39

rit.

Slower

*p*

me,\_\_\_  
cure,\_\_\_  
But my lov - er is part - ed from me.\_\_\_\_  
A\_\_\_ woe that no mor - tal can cure.\_\_\_\_

*p*

*pp*