

### The Winter It Is Past

The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last  
And the small birds, they sing on ev'ry tree;  
Now ev'ry thing is glad, while I am very sad,  
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the breer, by the waters running clear,  
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;  
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,  
But my true love is parted from me.