The Winter It Is Past

Commissioned by the
Camerata Singers of West Michigan
For their 20th Anniversary Season

Text by:
Robert Burns

Music by:
James Mulholland

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The winter it is past, and the summer's come at
last,  And the small birds sing on ev'ry tree;

More Motion

The hearts of these are glad, but mine is ver-y sad.

For my Lover has parted from
me.

The winter it is past, and the

summer's come at last.

The rose upon the

brier, by waters running clear, May have
charms for the linenet or the bee; Their little loves are blest and their little hearts at rest, But my lover is parted from me. My love is like the sun, in the
furniture Does run, For ever constant and true;

But his is like the moon that wanders up and down, and every month it is
new.

All

you that are in love and cannot it remove,

I pity the pains you endure:
for experience makes me know that your hearts are full of woe, A

woe that no mortal can cure, can
cure.

For my lover is parted from me.