

Winter It Is Past

Eddi Reader

The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,
And the small birds are singing in the trees
Now everything is glad, oh but I am very sad,
For my true love is parted from me.

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

And all you who are in love, and cannot it remove,
I pity all the pains that you endure,
For experience lets me know that your hearts are full of
woe,
It's a woe that no mortal can cure.

My love is like the sun and the firmament does run
Forever is constant and true
But his is like the moon, it wanders up and doon,
And is every month changing anew.

The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,
And the small birds are singing in the trees
Their little loves are blest, ah their little hearts at
rest,
But my true love is parted away from me

My true love is far away from me.