The winter it is past

words by Robert Burns (1759-1796)

tune traditional, arranged by Sheena Phillips
for unaccompanied SATB chorus with soprano solo

This song is a revision by Robert Burns of an old ballad entitled ‘The lovesick maid’, which contrasts the constancy of a woman’s love with the fickleness of a man’s.

duration c 2:30

perusal score
not for rehearsal or performance

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The winter it is past

The winter it is past, and the summer’s come at last,
And the small birds sing on ev’ry tree;
The hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad,
For my lover has parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, 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 lover is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, in the firmament does run,
Forever is 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.

Robert Burns
The winter it is past

Robert Burns

arr. Sheena Phillips

\( \text{mp solo} \)

The winter it is past, and the summer's come at last, And the small birds sing on ev'ry tree; The hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad, For my lover has parted from me. The rose up-on the brier, by the waters running clear, May have charms for the lin-net or the bee; Their little loves are blest and their little hearts at rest, But my

\( \text{mp tutti} \)

The rose, the waters clear, may have charms for the p bee. Their loves, their hearts, at rest, But my

The rose, the waters clear, may have charms for the bee. Their loves, their hearts, at rest, But my

The rose, the waters clear, have charms for the bee; Their little loves are blest and their little hearts at rest, But my

The rose, the waters clear, have charms for the bee; Their little loves, their hearts, at rest, But my
lovers parted from me.

O love, my love, My love is like the sun,

lovers parted from me.

O love, my love, My love is like the sun, in the

lovers parted from me.

Her love, Her love is like the

lovers parted from me.

Her love is like the sun,

Her love is like the sun.

For ever is constant and true;

But his is like the moon that

for-ma-ment does run, For-ever con-stant and true; For-ever true;

sun, in the for-ma-ment does run, But mine is like the moon that

For-ever true; But mine is like the moon that

wanders up and down, And ev-ery month it is new.

wanders up and down, And ev-ery month it is new.

wanders up and down, And ev-ery month it is new.
Love, Love, Love! All you that are in love and can-not it re-move, I

Love, Love, Love! All you that are in love and can-not it re-move, I

Love, Love, Love! All you that are in love and can-not it re-move, I

Are the pains you end--ure. For ex-perience makes me know that your

Are the pains you end--ure. For ex-perience makes me know that your

Are the pains you end--ure. For ex-perience makes me know that your

Hearts are full of woe, A woe that no mor-tal can cure...

Hearts are full of woe, A woe that no mor-tal can cure...

Hearts are full of woe, A woe that no mor-tal can cure...

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