



Cold Winter is  
**P A S T.**

Pitts printer, wholesale Toy and Marble ware  
house, 5, Great st Andrew street 7 dials,

**C**OLD Winter is past.  
Pleasant summer come at last,  
And small birds on every green tree,  
The hearts of those are glad,  
While mine is very sad;  
For my true love is absent from me.  
I should not think it strange,  
The wide world to range  
If I could but find my delight,  
But here in Cupid's chains,  
I am forced to remain,  
And in sorrow to spend the whole night,  
I'll comb back my hair,  
And my livery I'll wear,  
I'll dress myself in velvet so green  
All things I'll undertake.  
For my true love's sake,  
While he rides in the borough of Kildare  
I'll put on a suit of black,  
With a fringe about my neck  
And gold rings on my fingers I'll wear  
Straightway I will repair,  
To the borough of Kildare,  
And there I'll get a sight of my dear.  
With patience I did wair,  
While he rode for the plate,  
Expecting young Johnson to see,  
But fortune proved unkind,  
To that darling of mine,  
And he's sent to the Loughens for me,  
My love is like the sun,  
That in the firmament does run,  
Which always prove constant and true  
But yours is like the moon.  
Which wanders up and down  
And every month it is new,  
Farewell my joy and heart,  
Since you and I must part,  
You are the finest Lad that e'er I see,  
I never do design,  
To alter my mind,  
Altho' you are below my degree.

