## **Curragh Of Kildare**

## **Christy Moore**

The winter it has passed And the summer's come at last The small birds are singing in the trees And their little hearts are glad Ah, but mine is very sad Since my true love is far away from me

And straight I will repair To the Curragh of Kildare For it's there I'll finds tidings of my dear

The rose upon the briar By the water's running clear Brings joy to the linnet and the bee And their little hearts are blessed But mine can know no rest Since my true love is far away from me

A livery I'll wear And I'll comb back my hair And in velvet so green I will appear And straight I will repair To the Curragh of Kildare For its there I'll find tidings of my dear

All you who are in love Aye and cannot it remove I pity the pain that you endure For experience lets me know That your hearts are filled with woe It's a woe that no mortal can cure