

The Curragh of Kildare

1. The win - ter it is past and the sum - mer's come at last and the
small birds they sing on ev' - ry tree. Their lit - tle hearts are glad, but
mine is ve - ry sad, since my true love is far a - way from me.

1. The winter it is past and the summer's come at last
and the small birds they sing on ev'ry tree.
Their little hearts are glad, but mine is very sad,
since my true love is far away from me.
2. The rose upon the brier, by the water running clear,
gives joy to the linnet and the bee;
their little hearts are blest, but mine is not at rest,
while my true love is absent from me.
3. A livery I'll wear, and I'll comb down my hair,
and in velvet so green I will appear,
and straight I will repair, to the Curragh of Kildare,
for it's there I'll find tidings of my dear.
4. I'll wear a cap of black, with a frill around my neck,
gold rings on my fingers I wear;
it's this I undertake, for my true lover's sake,
he resides at the Curragh of Kildare.
5. I would not think it strange, thus the world for to range,
if I only got tidings of my dear;
but here in Cupid's chain, if I'm bound to remain,
I would spend my whole life in despair.
6. My love is like the sun, that in the firmament does run,
and always proves constant and true;
but his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
and ev'ry month is new.
7. All you that are in love and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains your endure;
for experience let me know, that your hearts are full of woe,
and a woe that no mortal can cure.