

The Curragh of Kildare

(Ireland)

The win - ter it is past and the sum - mer's come _ at last _____ and the
small birds they sing on e - ve - 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 little birds they sing on every 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.
It gives joy to the linnets and the bee;
Their little hearts are blest, but mine is not at rest
While my true love is far away from me.

3

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.

4

I'll wear a cap of black, with a frill around my neck,
Gold rings on my fingers I will wear.
It is 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 every month is new.

7

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