

# Christy Moore, Curragh Of Kildare

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 find 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 it's 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