

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