Curragh of Kildare

ireland

\[ J = 120 \]

Oh the winter it has passed
Oh the rose upon the briar
And the summer’s come at last
And the clouds that float so high
The small birds are singing in the trees
Bring joy to the linnet and the bee
ah, but mine is very sad
And their little hearts are blessed
Since my true love is far away from me
But mine can know no rest
Since my true love is far away from me

Chorus:
All you who are in love
To the Curragh of Kildare
For it’s there I’ll finds tidings of my dear

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