The Curragh Of Kildare
Trad

The[G] winter it is[Em] past and the[C] summer's come at[D] last
And smal[Am]l birds are[D] singing in the trees
Their little hearts are[G] glad but[Am] mine is very[D7] sad
For my[G] true love is[Am] far away from[D7] me

All you that are in love and cannot it remove
I pity the pain that you indure
For experience lets me know that your hearts are full of woe
It's a woe that no mortal can endure

A livery I will wear and I'll comb back my hair
In velvet so green I will appear
And it's then I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare
For it's there I;ll find tidings of my dear

The rose upon the briar and the water running free
Gives joy to the linnet and the bee
Their little hearts are blessed but mine is not at rest
For my true love is absent from me.