

the Curragh of Kildare



Robert Burns

Ah the winter is passed, and the summer comes at last,
and the small birds are singing in the trees.
Their little hearts are glad but mine is very sad,
for my true love is far away from me.

The rose upon the briar and the waters running deep,
bring joy ti the linnet and the bee.
Their little hearts are blest, ah but mine can know no rest,
since my true love is away from me.

For those who are in love an cannot denied,
I pity the pains that you do endure,
for experience lets me know that your hearts are ful of woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure

A livery I will wear and I`ll comb back my hair.
And in velvet so green will I appear.
And straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare,
for it`s there I`ll find the tidings of my dear.

Chorus:

An it`s straight I will repair
to the Curragh of Kildare,
for it`s ther I`ll find tidings of my dear