
The Curragh of Kildare

Robert Burns XVIIIe s

Chorus

D. G
And it's straight I will repair
 C. D
To the Curragh of Kildare
 G. C. D
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear

G
The winter it has passed
 C. D
And the summer's come at last

The little birds are singing in the trees

Their little hearts are glad
 G
But mine is very sad
 C. D
For my true love is far away from me

Chorus

The rose upon the briar
By the water's running clear
Brings joy to the linnet and the bee
Their little hearts are blessed
But mine can know no rest
For 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 its there I'll find tidings of my dear

All you who are in love
And cannot it remove
I pity the pain that you endure
For experience lets me know
That your hearts are full of woe
And a woe that no mortal can endure

Chorus