

**Curragh Of Kildare**  
**Christy Moore**

**C** **F** **G**  
The winter it has passed and the summer s come at last,  
**G7** **C** **G**  
and the birds they are singing in the trees.  
**G** **C** **F** **G**  
And their little hearts are glad, but mine is very sad,  
**C** **F** **G**  
for my true love is far away from me.

**C** **F** **G**  
The rose upon the briar by the water s running clear  
**G7** **C** **G**  
gives joy to the linnet and the bee.  
**G** **C** **F** **G**  
Their little hearts are blessed, but mine, it s not addressed,  
**C** **F** **G**  
for my true love is absent from me.

**G7** **C** **F** **G**  
And it s straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare,  
**C** **F** **G**  
for it s there I ll find tidings of my dear.

**C** **F** **G**  
All you that are in love and cannot it remove,  
**G7** **C** **G**  
I pity the pains that you endure.  
**G** **C** **F** **G**  
For experience lets me know that your hearts are full of woe,  
**C** **F** **G**  
and a woe that no mortal can endure.

**G7** **C** **F** **G**  
And it s straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare,  
**C** **F** **G**  
for it s there I ll find tidings of my dear.

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And it s straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare,  
**C** **F** **G**  
for it s there I ll find tidings of my dear.