

The Curragh Of Kildare  
Christy Moore

**G**                    **Em**                    **C**                    **D**  
The winter it is past and the summers come at last  
**Bm**                    **Am**                    **D**  
And the birds they are singing in the trees  
**C**                    **G**                    **Am**                    **D**  
Their little hearts are glad but mine is very sad  
**G**                    **Am**                    **D**  
For my true love is far away from me.

**G**                    **Em**                    **C**                    **D**  
The rose upon the brier, by the water running clear  
**Bm**                    **D**  
Gives joy to the linnet and the bee  
**C**                    **G**                    **Am**                    **D**  
Their little hearts are blessed but mine is not at rest  
**G**                    **Am**                    **D**  
For my true love is absent from me.

**C**                    **G**                    **Am**                    **D**  
And its straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare  
**G**                    **Am**                    **D**  
For its there Ill find tidings of my dear.

All you that are in love and cannot it remove  
I pity the pains you endure,  
For experience let me know, that your hearts are full of woe  
And a woe that no mortal can endure.

And its straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare  
For its there Ill find tidings of my dear.

Straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare  
For its there Ill find tidings of my dear.