

# The Curragh Of Kildare

Ireland

earliest date: 1788 (Rewritten by Burns as "The Winter It Is Past") (Ballad Index)  
adaption, arrangement and typesetting by Klaus Stezenbach ©2006 www.kstez.de

1. Oh, the win - ter it is past and the sum - mer's come at last and the  
small birds they sing on ev - 'ry tree. Their  
lit - tle hearts are glad, ah, but mine is ver - y sad, since my  
true love is far a - way from me. And  
straight I will re - pair to the Cur - ragh of Kil - dare, for it's  
there I'll find tid - ings of my dear. And

2. Oh, the rose upon the briar and the clouds that float so high  
bring joy to the linnet and the bee.

And their little hearts are blessed but mine can know no rest  
since my true love is far away from me.

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

3. All you who are in love, aye, and cannot it remove,  
I pity all the pain that you endure.

For experience lets me know that your hearts are filled with woe,  
it's a woe that no mortal can cure.

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

4. A livery I will 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 it's there I'll find tidings of my dear.

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