

Brian Kennedy

"The curragh of kildare"

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Oh the winter it has passed
And the summer's come at last
And the small birds are singing in the trees
And their little hearts are glad
Ah, but mine is very sad
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
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear

A Livery I'll wear and I'll comb back my hair
And in Velvet so green I will appear
For I'm going far away ah but I'll return some day
I'll return to the land that I hold dear

And it's straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear

Oh the rose upon the briar
By the water running clear
Brings joy to the linnet and the bee
And their little hearts are blessed

Ah but mine can know no rest
Since my true love is far away from me
And it's straight I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear

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 full of woe
A woe that no mortal can cure

And it's straight I will repair to the Curragh of Killdare
For it's there I'll fond tidings of my dear

And It's straight I will repair t the Curragh of Kildare
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear

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