

The Curragh of Kildare

Irish Traditional

Score 160

Oh the win-ter it— past and the sum-mer's come at last and the
birds they are sing-ing in the trees— their
lit-tle hearts are glad but mine is ver-y sad for 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— The dear—

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