

The Pride of Kildare

When I ar - rived in Ire - land I had a rov - ing mind. I es -

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ped a fair dam - sel both come - ly and kind. Her fair neck was sha - ded by her

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long gold - en hair, And she called her "Love - ly Su - san, The Pride of Kil - dare."

When first I met Susan, from love I was free,
But soon proved to her beauty a captive to be;
Her eyes were like diamonds, her cheeks were like the rose
And her bosom was fairer than the lily that grows.

Long time I courted Susan, till I spent all my store,
Now she's gone and she's left me because I am poor;
She's gone with some other young man, his fortune to share,
May my curses rest on Susan
The Pride of Kildare.