**AT THE DAWNING OF THE DAY**

These words were first published as a poem in 1946 by the Irish Poet Patrick Kavanaugh. Later, when the poet met Luke Kelly of the Dubliners, Kelly set it to the tune of the traditional Irish song, *The Dawning of the Day,* which is also still performed today. This song has been performed and recorded by a great many artists. You can hear a lovely version by Mark Knopfler at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zftcuVQDcNM>, or on the HFMS website at <http://houstonfolkmusic.org/HFS_Audio_Archive.html>.

**RAGLAN ROAD**

**G Bm Em C**

On Raglan Road on an Autumn Day,

**Em D G**

I saw her first and knew

**C Bm Em**

That her dark hair would weave a snare

**G Am D**

That I might one day rue.

**C Bm Em**

I saw the danger, yet I walked

**G Em D**

Along the enchanted way

**G Bm Em C**

And I said let grief be a falling leaf

**Em D G**

At the dawning of the day.

On Grafton Street in November,

We tripped lightly along the ledge

Of a deep ravine where can be seen

The worth of passions pledged.

The Queen of Hearts still making tarts

And I not making hay,

Well I loved too much; by such by such

Is happiness thrown away.

I gave her the gifts of the mind.

I gave her the secret sign

That's known to the artists who have known

The true Gods of sound and stone.

And word and tint I did not stint.

For I gave her poems to say

With her own name there and her own dark hair

Like the clouds over fields of May.

*Lyrics by Patrick Kavanaugh*

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet,

I see her walking now

Away from me, so hurriedly

My reason must allow,

For I have wooed, not as I should

A creature made of clay.

When the angel woos the clay, he'll lose

His wings at the dawn of the day.