

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>.

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.