

# The Dawning of the Day

(Raglan Road)

Traditional

D 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 A 0 0 1 0 D 0 2 1 0 0 0 A 0

5 A 1 0 1 3 D 2 1 0 2 A 0 D 2 A 3 D 2 D 1 A 0  

(Hold 2nd Finger down on D string)

9 A 1 0 1 3 D 2 1 0 2 A 0 D 2 A 3 D 2 D 1 D 0 1

13 D 2 2 2 1 2 A 0 0 1 0 D 0 2 1 0 0 0

On raglan road on an autumn day,  
 I saw her first and knew  
 That her dark hair would weave a snare  
 That I may one day rue.  
 I saw the danger, yet I walked  
 Along the enchanted way  
 And I said let grief be a falling leaf  
 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 worst of passions pledged.  
 The queen of hearts still baking tarts  
 And I not making hay,  
 Well I loved too much; by such and such  
 Is happiness thrown away.

I gave her the gifts of the mind.  
 I gave her the secret sign  
 That's known to all the artists who have  
 Known true gods of sound and time.  
 With word and tint I did not stint.  
 I gave her reams of poems to say  
 With her own dark hair and her own name there  
 Like the clouds over fields of may.

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, hell lose  
 His wings at the dawn of the day.