

**SONGS OF THE
DAWN,
AND IRISH DITTIES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649757596

Songs of the dawn, and Irish ditties by Teresa Brayton

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

TERESA BRAYTON

**SONGS OF THE
DAWN,
AND IRISH DITTIES**



TERESA BRAYTON

SONGS OF THE DAWN

AND

IRISH DITTIES

BY

TERESA BRAYTON

NEW YORK

P. J. KENEDY & SON

1913

P5
3503
5737

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INSCRIPTION	I
ANCIENT RACE, THE.....	79
AS THE BANDS GO BY.....	67
AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.....	42
BOY FROM COUNTY DOWN, THE.....	19
BONFIRE NIGHT IN IRELAND.....	88
CHRISTMAS GIFT, A.....	10
CARRICKDIU	59
CUCKOO'S CALL, THE.....	83
CHRISTMAS SONG, A.....	53
CROPPIES' GRAVE, THE.....	11
CONNAUGHTMAN'S RAMBLES, THE.....	56
CAPPAGH HILL	65
FISHING	37
FIDDLER PHIL	69
HUNTING THE WREN.....	36
IRISH RANK AND FILE.....	30
INDEPENDENCE DAY	51
IN THE SPRING O' THE YEAR.....	74
JERRY CONNOR'S FORGE.....	28
JOGGIN' INTO NAAS.....	34
KERRY	14
KILDARE	45
LIMERICK	64
MISSIN' THE CHILDHER.....	20
MAYO	7
NOGGIN OF BUTTERMILK, A.....	66

	PAGE
OLD LAND, THE.....	40
OLD BOREEN, THE.....	47
OLD COUNTY CLARE.....	22
OH, ISLE OF MINE.....	23
OLD NORTH WALL OF DUBLIN, THE.....	55
OUR MARTYRED THREE.....	58
OLD FIRESIDE, THE.....	61
OLD BOG ROAD, THE.....	77
OLD ROAD HOME, THE.....	91
PATSY MAGUIRE	49
PARNELL	75
PLACE WHERE I'M WANTING TO BE.....	27
ROADWAY OF MY HEART, THE.....	6
ROBERT EMMET	16
ROSARY TIME	33
ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN, THE.....	43
ROLL BACK THE STONE.....	84
SONGS OF THE DAWN.....	2
SOD FROM GALWAY, A.....	25
SPRING MEMORY, A.....	38
TAKIN' TAY AT RIELLYS'.....	72
THRAMPIN' DOWN TO SLIGO.....	86
WHEN I WAS LEAVING IRELAND.....	63
WHEN MIKE CAME BACK.....	71
A DHOC AN DHORRIS.....	92

SONGS OF THE DAWN.

INSCRIPTION.

UNTO my own, the Irish, I send with smiles and
tears

This little book of melodies' caught from the flying
years;

With all the love within me and all the best I know
I'd call them back o'er many a track to lands of
long ago.

The cuckoo's call in Springtime, the thrush's song
at morn,

The rainy winds that whispered across the ripening
corn,

The little daisies clustering where all their kindred
sleep,

I'd bring them back o'er memory's track, though
seeing were to weep.

For O, my kindred Irish, more tears than smiles we
know

Whose feet across the nations still wander to and
fro.

But maybe when the wistful shades from those old
scenes are drawn
You'll hear through all the homeward call of
Ireland's Songs of Dawn.

SONGS OF THE DAWN.

"SING us a song of the Dawn," we cried,
"For night drags wearily by
With never a star and the winds blow wide
Through the leaden depths of the sky."
Then one with a dream in his eyes arose,
"I'll chant ye a rhyme," said he,
"Of the Irish dawns of gold and rose
Remembered by you and me."

Silvery shimmer of crystal dew, murmur of dark-
ling woods,
Stir of a wet wind moving abroad in the high hills'
solitudes;
Flutter of wings in the hawthorn hedge, one golden
note long drawn,
Then, hush, hush, 'tis the thrush, aye 'tis the thrush
and the Dawn.

Dawn, dawn, dawn, from the doorway of night she
slips,
Dawn, dawn, dawn, God's mystic hush on her lips,

Slow moving on to her woodland herald with glim-
mering veils undrawn,
Over the edge of the whirling world she cometh,
the Dawn, the Dawn.

Dripping with honey and fragrance, fraught with
the passion of life
With the ache of the soul's deep places, the call
of a new day's strife,
With tears and laughter and longing for things
from our ways withdrawn,
While the stars swing back from her misty track,
she cometh, the Dawn, the Dawn.

Oh, sure if the earth were piled this hour o'er our
senseless forms of clay
Somehow we would thrill to the pulse of her, our
Irish Dawn o' the day,
We would feel and stir in our sleeping where the
curtains of death are drawn
When the wee brown thrush on the hawthorn bush
sang out—" 'tis the Dawn, the Dawn."

We would stir and wake for her beauty's sake for
the gold of the highest star
Hath never a wonder warm and close as the hues
of her coming are,
And the Angel of rest at His Lord's behest where
the astral shades are drawn
Would whisper,—“ Hush, 'tis the little brown thrush
and the Dawn, Dawn, Dawn.”