

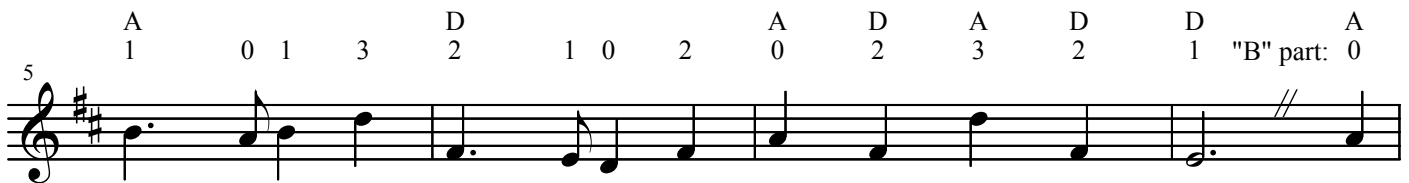
# The Dawning of the Day

(Raglan Road)

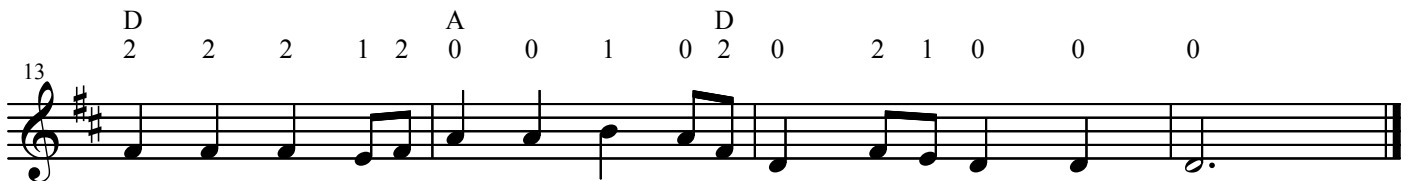
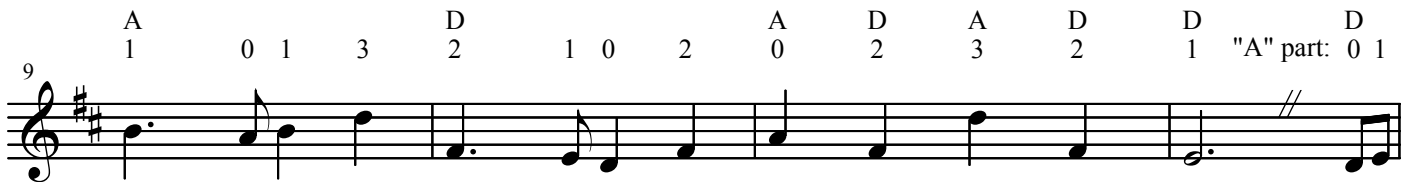
Traditional

"A" part:

String: D 1 2 2 2 1 2 A 0 0 1 0 D 0 2 1 0 0 0 "B" part: A 0



(Hold 2nd Finger down on D string)



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  
Thats 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.

# Egan's Polka

(a Kerry Polka)

Traditional

## A Part:

String: E A E A A E A

Finger: 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 3 0 1 0 3 1 0

5

(pick-up note)

## B Part:

E A E A

1 3 1 0 0 3 1 0 3 0 1 0 3 1 0

9

13

Names of the notes used in this tune:

A B D E F# A

# Sally Gardens

(Down by the Sally Gardens)

Song / Air

String: D A D

Finger: 0 1 2 1 0 1 2 0 1 0 3 0 1 0 2 1 0 0 0 1

5 2 1 0 1 2 0 1 0 3 0 1 0 2 1 0 0 0

9 3 2 0 1 3 2 1 0 2 0 1 0 2 0 1 3 0 3 0 1

A D A D A D

13 2 1 0 1 2 0 1 0 3 0 1 0 2 1 0 0

Down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.  
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,  
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

In a field down by the river, my love and I did stand  
And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

W. B. Yeats

1889

# The Britches Full of Stitches

Polka

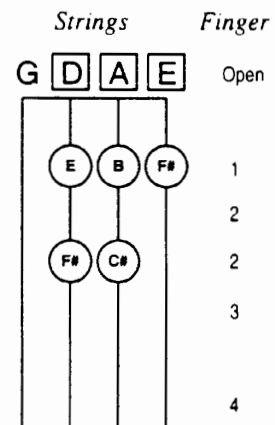
A



B



Notes used in this tune:



# Bill Sullivan's Polka

Polka

A



B



Notes used in this tune:

