A Dawn-Song

Text:
William Butler Yeates
1856-1939

Music by:
James Mulholland

Moderately fast

From the waves the sun hath reel-ed
Proud-ly in his

saf-fron walk-ing;
Sleep in some far oth-er field

Goes his pop-pies now a-hawk-ing;
From the hills of

earth have peal-ed
Mur-murs of her chil-dren talk-ing

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My companions, two and two.

Gathering mushrooms in the dew.

no rit.

Wake, ma cush-la, sleepy-head-ed; Trembles as a bell of glass— All heav-en's floor, with
Wake! the heron, rising, hath no breath

Show ered a-way the keen dew drops; Weasel warms him

on the path, Half asleep the old cow crops,

In the fairy-haunted rath, Dew-y-tongued, the

daisy tops We will wander, I and you,
Gathering mushrooms in the dew.

Morning prayer: We will find her favourite lair.

Straying as the heron strays, As the moor-fowl and the hare,

While the morning star decays,

In the bosom of the air, Gayest
wan - derers, I and you,

Gath - er - ing mush - rooms in the dew.

Gath - er - ing mush - rooms in the dew.