

The Dawning Of The Day

Celtic Woman

One morning early morn as I walked forth
By the margin of Lough Leigh
The sunshine dressed the trees in green
And the summer bloomed again
I left the town and wandered on
Through fields all green and gay
And whom shall I meet but a colleen sweet
At the dawning of the day

No cap or cloak this maiden wore
Her neck and feet were bare
Down to the ground in ringlets fell
Her glossy golden hair
A milking pail was in her hand
She was lovely, young and gay
She wore the palm from Venus bright
By the dawning of the day

On a mossy bank, I sat me down
With the maiden by my side
With gentle word, he courted her
Asked her to be his bride
She said, "Young man, don't bring me blame"
And swiftly turned away
And the morning light was shining bright
At the dawning of the day