

# Dawn in New York

Claude McKay

The Dawn! The Dawn! The crimson-tinted, comes  
 Out of the low still skies, over the hills,  
 Manhattan's roofs and spires and cheerless domes!  
 The Dawn! My spirit to its spirit thrills.  
 5 Almost the mighty city is asleep,  
 No pushing crowd, no tramping, tramping feet.  
 But here and there a few cars groaning, creep  
 Along, above, and underneath the street,  
 Bearing their strangely-ghostly burdens by,  
 10 The women and the men of garish nights,  
 Their eyes wine-weakened and their clothes awry,  
 Grotesques beneath the strong electric lights.  
 The shadows wane. The Dawn comes to New York.  
 And I go darkly-rebel to my work.

## Textual Note

This poem also appears in *Cambridge Magazine* (Summer, 1920) and *Spring in New Hampshire* (1920) under the title "To Work."

1 **Dawn in New York** ] To Work *Cam.*, *Spr.*  
 1 The Dawn! The ] the Dawn, the *Spr.*, *Cam.*  
 3 Manhattan's roofs and ] New York's fantastic *Spr.*,  
*Cam.*  
 3 ! ] ,— *Spr.*, *Cam.*  
 4 My ] my *Spr.*  
 6 . ] ; *Spr.*, *Cam.*  
 7 cars ] , *add. Spr.*, *Cam.*

8 , ] *om. Spr.*, *Cam.*  
 9 by, ] — *add. Spr.*, *Cam.*  
 12 Grotesques beneath ] Nodding under *Spr.*, *Cam.*  
 13 The shadows wane. The Dawn comes to New York. ]  
 On through the waning shadows of New York, *Spr.*, *Cam.*  
 14 And I go darkly-rebel to my work. ] Before the  
 Dawn, I wend my way to work. *Spr.*, *Cam.*