



DUBLIN
WINTER LIGHTS

RUA'S MAGICAL NIGHT DUBLIN WINTER LIGHTS



WRITTEN BY
STEPHEN MAC DEVITT

ILLUSTRATED BY
ALAN DUNNE

Brought to you by



Comhairle Cathrach
Bhaile Átha Cliath
Dublin City Council

Dublin Winter Lights is Dublin City Council's annual light event in the capital's city centre from the middle of November to the end of December. Join Rua as she tries to get home meeting curious characters along the way. Her journey follows the Dublin Winter Lights trail, each stop bringing us to a new location in the city featuring commissioned artwork by local artists.

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Created on behalf of Dublin City Council by Eventco and Lightscape.

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This is a first edition.

Published by Dublin City Council.

ISBN 978-1-3999-4026-9
Printed in Ireland.

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Bhaile Átha Cliath
Dublin City Council

RUA'S MAGICAL NIGHT

with

DUBLIN WINTER LIGHTS

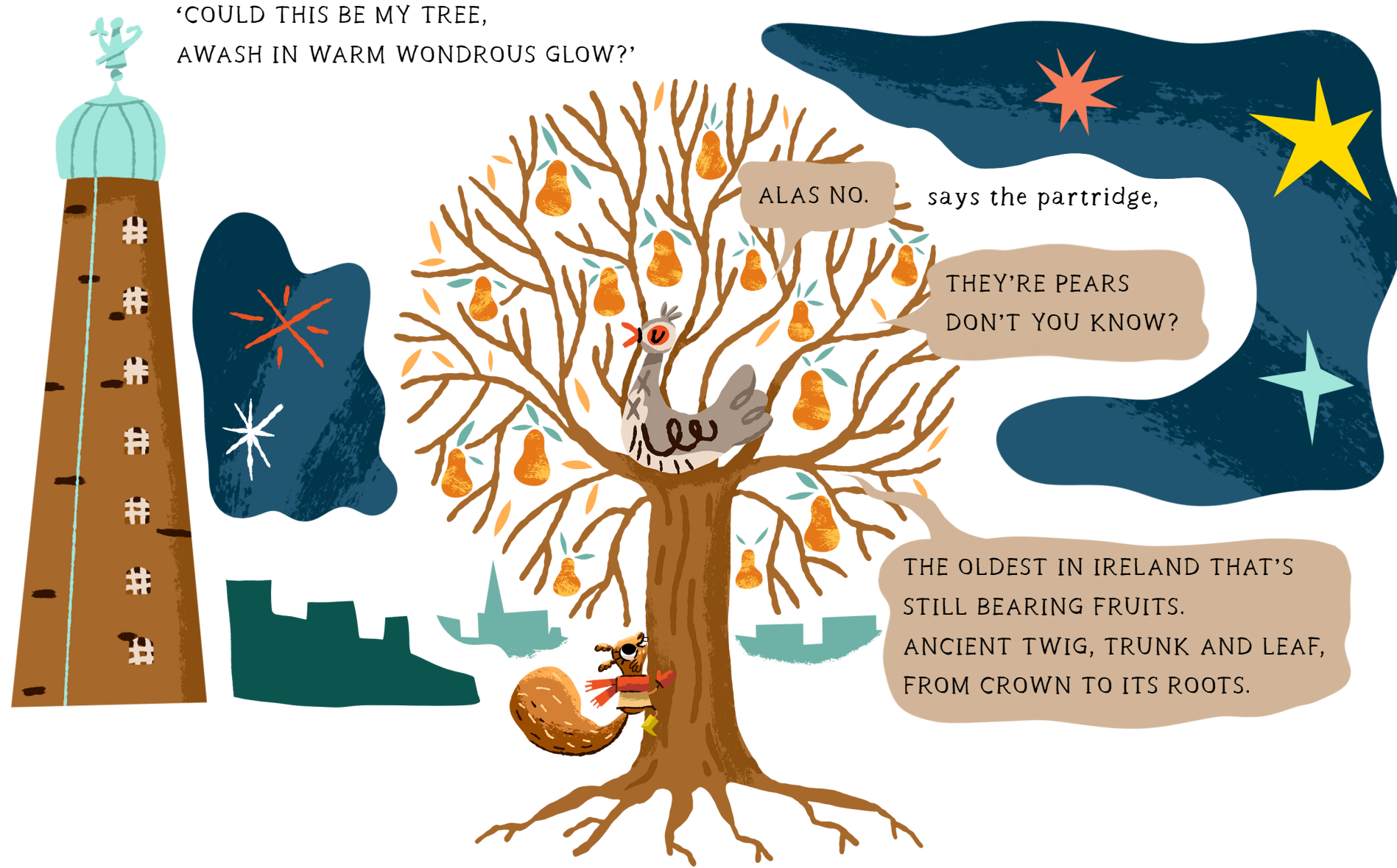
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On a cold winter night in old Dublin town
A squirrel called Rua was hopping around,



On a trek to get home to her cones and her tree,
Searching Northside and Southside, by land and by sea.



‘COULD THIS BE MY TREE,
AWASH IN WARM WONDROUS GLOW?’

ALAS NO. says the partridge,

THEY'RE PEARS
DON'T YOU KNOW?

THE OLDEST IN IRELAND THAT'S
STILL BEARING FRUITS.
ANCIENT TWIG, TRUNK AND LEAF,
FROM CROWN TO ITS ROOTS.

With a skip and a hop she came 'cross a sight:
A lovely new park bathed in colourful light.
But then there's this racket, an awful squawk squawk-
A seagull locked up who wanted to talk.



I'M NOT A BAD SOUL, PUT
AWAY FOR A REASON,
NICKING CHIPPY CHIP CHIPS
HAS ME HERE FOR A SEASON.

SO TASTY THEY WERE, DELICIOUS AND HOT,
SAW ME CHANCE, SCOFFED THE LOT,
ENDED UP IN THIS SPOT.

Tired and lonely, many trees in
the square,

WHERE OH WHERE
COULD YOU BE? I'VE
LOOKED EVERYWHERE.

DON'T WORRY LITTLE RUA,
WE'LL GET HOME IN DUE COURSE.
HOP ON TO ME CARRIAGE.

says a kindly big horse.

'T WAS A MARKET HERE ONCE,
HOME TO ME AND MY BRETHREN.
SURE I WAS BORN ROUND THE CORNER
IN 19 SOMETHIN' 7.

NOW I FERRY AROUND
TOURISTS 'N LOCALS ALIKE,
CLIPPITY CLOP ON THE COBBLES
ALONGSIDE THE BIKES.

COME FOLLOW ME NOW MY
FURRY TAILED FRIEND
DOWN THIS FAIR CITY'S STREET,
SHORTEST START TO END.

THO' PALACE BY NAME
THERE'S NO KING NO DAME,
BUT A CASTLE AND CAT
WITH NOTIONS JUST THE SAME.

With a hip and a skip and a hoppity pop
Over we go, the river she flows,
A rainbow of light covers all in delight.



But of poor Rua's tree no sign and no sight

Wait, what's that that I see?
A big Christmas tree!
With presents all wrapped in a bow.

Moo-ve
on said the cow,



IT'S MINE CAN'T YOU TELL?
JUST ME AND MY GOLDEN COW BELL.

She thought she'd go higher
so she climbed up the spire.
But the pigeon
he shrieked out in shock:



Yer Mad WE'LL FALL DOWN
GO SPLAT ON THE GROUND
A FEAR OF HEIGHTS UP HERE
GOT ME STUCK.

So with a rumble and tumble
And a flippity flop,
Rua slid down down down
From the tippity top.



JUMP on my Long Boat, my Song Boat,
my message in a Bottle Boat

Sang the viking
As he bellowed out his throat.



Not a tall Boat,
a small boat,
a Creaky Leaky
WOODEN
Boat

I Just Hope
it keeps us
Afloat.

At the grand Custom House
Was a bookkeeper mouse,
Who kept records of all sorts of
goods.



I'VE GOT NANNY'S GOAT TAILS,
SILK, COTTON AND SAILS,
BUT TREES?
YOU BEST LOOK IN THE WOODS.

At the great George's Dock
Rua came 'cross a book.



COME 'ER' says smart salmon,

HAVE YERSELF
A GOOD LOOK.

THANKS SO MUCH YOU'RE KIND
'COS I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND
THE TREE I CALL HOME
FOR THE LENGTH OF THIS POEM



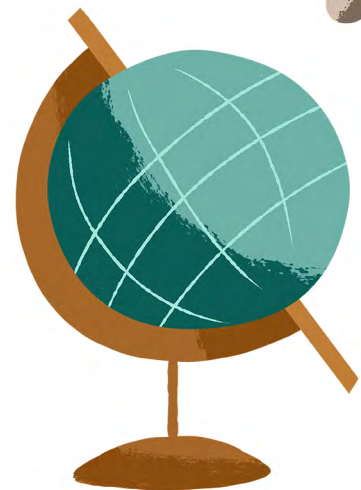
Said the fox to the fish,

WHILE YOU'RE SWIMMING SWISH SWISH
ANY CHANCE THAT YOU'VE SEEN RUA'S TREE?

Said the fish to the fox,

WE'VE PASSED RIVERS
AND BY DOCKS,
AND WE'RE CERTAIN
THAT IT'S NOT UNDERSEA.

At Trinity college she met a wise owl
With a smile upside down in a scowl.



I'VE A COUSIN YOU KNOW,
ON A LATE LATE SHOW WITH RYAN
YOU MIGHT KNOW WHO.

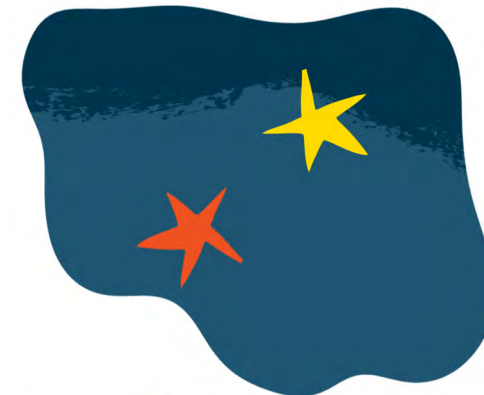
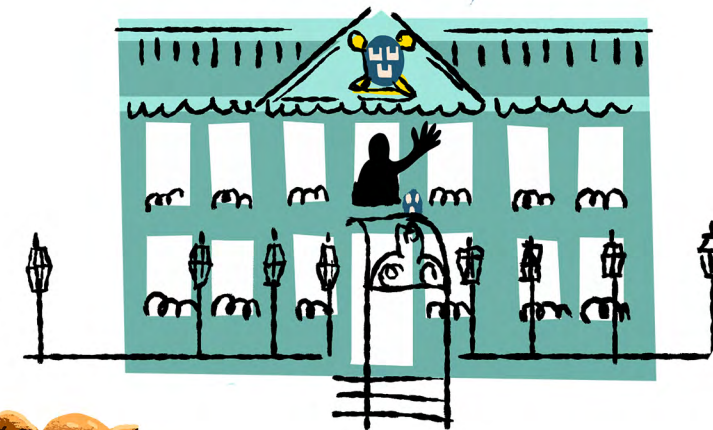



HER CELEBRITY FRIENDS DRIVE ME RIGHT
ROUND THE BEND,
WITH ALL OF THEIR TWIT-TWITTER-OOO.

Next up was the Mayor,
And their very fine gaff,
With a young buck outside
Who was having a laugh.



YOU'RE SO CLOSE LITTLE RUA,
ONE LAST STEP TO EMBARK.
MAKE YOUR WAY ROUND THE CORNER
TO MERRION SQUARE PARK.






THERE'S SO MANY FINE TREES
IT MUST BE ONE O' THESE!

Rua spluttered out
with a stutter,

THERE'S MY CRANN, MY HOME,
WITH MY STORE OF ACORN
ME ME ME HEART'S IN ALL OF A FLUTTER!



And so here we are, safe at home at last,
What an adventure we had, sure it was just a blast.

I'VE MET KIND ONES AND STRANGE
ONES AND WISE ONES TONIGHT
AND I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY
WONDERFUL WINTER LIGHTS.



So safe travels home, wherever you go.
Sweet dreams and best wishes
To you and those that you know.

**Come with Rua on a magical journey across
Dublin city and its Dublin Winter Lights on
her adventure to get home.**



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