Raglan Road

Lyrics: Patrick Kavanagh / Music: trad. Fáinne Geal an La

G C G C G
On Raglan Road on an Autumn day I saw her first and knew
C G Em G D
That her dark hair would weave a snare that I would some day rue.
C G Em G D
I saw the danger, yet I walked along the enchanted way,
G C G C G
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 worth of passion's pledge.
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts, and I not making hay,
And I loved too much and by such, by such is happiness thrown away.

I gave her the gifts of mind I gave her a secret sign that's known
To all the artists who have found true gods of sound and stone
And word and tint. I did not stint, I gave her poems to say
With her own name there, and her long dark hair like clouds o'er the 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,
That I have wooed not as I should, a creature made of clay,
When the angel woos the clay he'll lose his wings at the dawn of day.