

RAGLAN ROAD

D G D A D
On Raglan Road of an autumn day I saw her first and knew
G D Bm A
That her dark hair would weave a snare that I might one day rue
G D Bm A
I saw the danger and I passed along the enchanted way
D G D A D
And said let grief be a fallen 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
Oh I loved too much and by such by such is happiness thrown away

I gave her gifts of the mind I gave her the secret signs
Known to the artists who have known the 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 own dark hair like clouds over 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 had loved 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