

RAGLAN ROAD

DDD AAA DDD AAA

D G D A D
 On Raglan Road of an autumn day I saw her first and knew
 G D Hm A
 That her dark hair would weave a snare that I might one day rue
 G D Hm A
 I saw the danger and I passed along the enchanted way
 D G D A D
 And I 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 the 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 the gifts of the mind I gave her the secret signs
 That's known to the artists who have shown the true gods of sound and tone
 And words and tint without stint, I gave her poems to say
 With her own game 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 dawn of day