

Traditional Irish Music

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Raglan Road

D G D G D
On Raglan Road on an Autumn day I saw her first and knew
G D Bm D A
that her dark hair would weave a snare that I would some day rue
G D Bm D A
I saw the danger yet I walked along the enchanted way
D G D G D
and I said 'Let grief be a falling leaf at the dawning of the day

On Grafton Street in November we walked 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 known true gods of sound and tone
and word and tint I never did 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 loose his wings at the dawn of day

repeat verse 1