

Irish Song Lyrics

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Raglan Road

On Raglan Road of an autumn day I saw her first and knew
That her dark hair would weave a snare that I might one day rue.
I saw the danger and I passed along the enchanted way
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 lay
of a deep ravine where can be seen the worth of passions play.
The queen of hearts still making tarts and I not making hay.
Oh, I love too much and by such, by such is happiness thrown away.
I gave her gifts of the mind I gave her the secret sign
Known to the artists who have known the true Gods of sound and stone.
And words 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 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 had loved not as I should a creature made of clay.
When tha angel woos the clay he'll lose his wings at the dawn of the day.