

On Raglan Road
The Dubliners
Written by Paddy Kavanagh

[D]On Raglan Road of an Autumn[G] day
I[D] saw her[G] first and[D] knew,
That[G] her dark hair would[D] weave a snare
That I might[Bm] someday[A] rue.
I[G] saw the danger[D] and I passed
Along the en[Bm]chanted[A] way.
And I[D] said,"Let grief be a fallen[G] leaf
At the[D] dawning[G] of the[D] day."

On Grafton Street in November, we
Tripped lightly along the ledge
Of a deep ravine where can be seen
The worth of passion play.
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts
And I not making hay;
Oh, I loved too much and by such and such
Is happiness thrown away.

I gave her gifts of the mind,
I gave her the secret signs,
That's known to the artists who have known
The true gods of sound and stone.
And her words and tint without 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,
And 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.