

# Raglan Road

Luke Kelly

On Raglan road on an autumn day,  
I saw her first and knew  
That her dark hair would weave a snare  
That I may one day rue.  
I saw the danger, yet I walked  
Along the enchanted way  
And I said let grief be a falling 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 passions pledged.  
The queen of hearts still making tarts  
And I not making a 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 sign  
That's known to the artists who have known  
The true gods of sound and time.  
And word 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, 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 the day.

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.