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
Thats 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.

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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