# Raglan Road

## Jim Mccann

On raglan road on an autumn day,
I saw he first and knew
That his dark hair would weave a snare
That i might one day rue.
I saw the danger and 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 worst of passions pledged.
The queen of hearts still baking tarts
And i not making hay,
For i loved too much; by such and such
Is happiness thrown away.I gave he the gifts of the mind.
I gave he the secret sign
Thats known to all the artists who have
Known true gods of sound and time.
With word and tint i did not stint.
I gave he reams of poems to say
With his own dark hair and his own name there
Like the clouds over fields of may.On a quiet street where old ghosts meet,
I see he walking now away from me,
So hurriedly. my reason must allow,
For i have wooed, not as i should
A creature made of clay.
When the angel woos the clay, hell lose
His wings at the dawn of the day.

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