

Raglan Road

Thomas O'Connellan 16XX – Patrick Kavanagh 1946

On Raglan Road on 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 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 hay
Oh, I loved too much and by such, by 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 stone

And word and tint without stint
For 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 day

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