

Raglan Road

Ronan Keating

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, yet I passed
Along the enchanted way
And I said, let grief be a fallen leaf
At the dawning of the day

On Grafton Street in November
We tripped lightly along the ledge
Of the deep ravine where can be seen
The worth of passion's pledge
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'd lose
His wings at the dawn of day