

Raglan Road

The Chieftains

On Raglan Road on an autumn day I met her first and knew
That her dark hair would weave a snare that I might one day rue
;
I saw the danger, yet I walked along the enchanted way,
And I said, let grief be a fallen leaf at the dawning of the da
y.

On Grafton Street in November we tripped lightly along the ledg
e
Of the deep ravine where can be seen the worth of passion's ple
dge (play),
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts and I not making hay -
O I loved too much and by such and such is happiness thrown awa
y.

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 ston
e
And word and tint. I did not stint [for] I gave her poems to sa
y.
With her own name there and her [own] (long) dark hair like clo
uds 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 wooed] (have 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.