

## Raglan Road

### The Dubliners

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 fallen 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 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 signs  
That's known to the artists who have known  
The true gods of sound and stone  
And word and tint did not 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 had I 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