

# Raglan Road

Van Morrison

Raglan Road on an Autumn day,  
I saw her first and knew.  
That her dark hair would weave a snare  
That I may one day rue.  
I saw the danger, yet I walked  
A long the en charned 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 world of passions pledge.  
The Queen of Heart's still baking tarts  
And I not making hay,  
Well I loved too much by such and such  
Is happiness thrown away.

I gave her the gifts of the mind.  
I gave her the secret sign  
That's known to all the artists who have  
Known true Gods of Sound and Time.  
With word and tint I did not stint.  
I gave her reems of poems to say  
With her own dark hair and her own name there  
Like the clouds over fields of May.

On a quiet where old ghosts meet,  
I see her 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 heel lose  
His wings at the dawn of the day.