

# Raglan Road

Traditional Irish

1. On Rag - lan Road, on an au - tumn day, I saw her  
2. On Graf - ton Street in No vem - ber I tripped light - ly a -  
3. Well, I gave her the gifts of the mind and I gave her the  
4. On a qui - et street where old ghosts meet I see her

7 first and knew that her dark hair would weave a snare that I  
long the ledge of a deep ra - vine where can be seen the worth  
se - cret signs that's known to all the ar - tists who have  
wal - king now A - way from me so hur - ried - ly, my rea -

14 might one day rue. I saw the dan - ger,  
of pas - sion's pledge. The queen of hearts still  
known true gods of sound and stone. With words in - tent I  
- son must al - low For I have wooed not

20 and yet I walked a - long the en - chan - ted way, and I  
ma king tarts but I'm not ma - king hay Well, I've  
did my stint I gave her poems to say With her  
as I should a crea - ture made of clay. When the

26 said let grief be a fall - ing leaf at the daw - ning of the day.  
loved too much, and by such and such is hap - pi - ness flown a - way.  
own name there, and hershiny dark hair at the daw - ning of the day.  
an - gel woos the clay he'll lose his wings at the dawn of the day.