

Raglan Road

Words & Music:

Patrick Kavanaugh & Traditional Irish Tune

Arr: Van Morrison & Paddy Maloney

D A7 D

A7 D G Bm A7 D
On Raglan Road on an autumn day, I saw her first and knew
G F#m Bm D A7
That her dark hair would weave a snare that I may one day rue.
G F#m Bm F#m Bm A7
I saw the danger, yet I walked along the enchanted way.
D F#m D G Bm A7
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 passion's 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 reams 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.