

Raglan Road

The Dubliners

[G] On Raglan Road on an autumn [C] day
 I [G] saw her [C] first and [G] knew
 That [C] her dark hair would [G] weave a snare
 That I may [Em] one day [D] rue

I [C] saw the danger, [G] yet I passed
 Along the en [Em] chanted [D] way
 And I [G] said, let grief be a falling [C] leaf
 At the [G] dawning [C] of the [G] day

On Grafton Street in Novem [C] ber
 We tripped [G] lightly [C] along the [G] ledge
 Of a [C] deep ravine where [G] can be seen
 The worst of [Em] passions [D] pledged

The [C] Queen of Hearts still [G] baking tarts
 And I not [Em] making [D] hay
 Oh I [G] loved too much, and by such, by [C] such
 Is [G] happiness [C] thrown [G] away

I gave her the gifts of the [C] mind
 I [G] gave her the [C] secret [G] sign
 That's [C] known to the artists [G] who have
 known true Gods of [Em] sound and [D] stone

With [C] word and tint I [G] did not stint
 I gave her [Em] poems to [D] read
 With her [G] own name there and her own dark [C] hair
 Like the [G] clouds over [C] fields in [G] May

On a [G] quiet street where old ghosts [C] meet
 I [G] see her [C] walking [G] now
 [C] Away from me so [G] hurriedly
 My reason [Em] must [D] allow

For [C] I have loved, not [G] as I should
 A creature [Em] made of [D] clay
 When the [G] angel woos the clay, he'll [C] lose
 His [G] wings at the [C] dawn of the [G] day