


Raglan Road


Irish Folk

C F C F




On Rag - lan Road of an Au - tem day I saw h-er first and
On Graf - ton Street in Nov - em - ber we trip-ped light - ly a - long the
I gave her gifts of the mind I gave h-er sec - ret
On a qui - et street where old ghosts meet I see h-er walk - ing

C Am F C



knew That her dark hair would weave a snare th - at
ledge Of a deep rav - ine where can be seen th - e
signs That's known by art - ists who have known the true
now A - way from me so hur - rid - ly ah my

G Am F C




I might one day rue I saw the dan - ger yet I walked a -
worth of pas - sion play The Queen of Hearts still mak - ing tarts and
gods of sound and stone Her words and tint with - ou - t stint I
reas - on must al - low That I have loved not as I should a

G C



long the en - chant - ed way And I said let grief be a
I not mak - ing hay Oh I loved too much and by
gave her poems to say With her own name there and her
creat - ure made of clay When the an - gel woes the

F C F C



fal - len leaf at the dawn - ing of the day
such and such is hap - pi - ness thrown a - way
long dark hair li - ke clouds ov - er fields in May
clay he'll lose h - is wings at the dawn of day