

On Raglan Road

(Dawning of the Day)

Lyrics by Patrick Kavanagh
Arrangement by Jay Buckey
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G C G



On Rag - lan Road of an Au - tumn day, I saw her

C G C



first and knew. That her dark hair would

G D



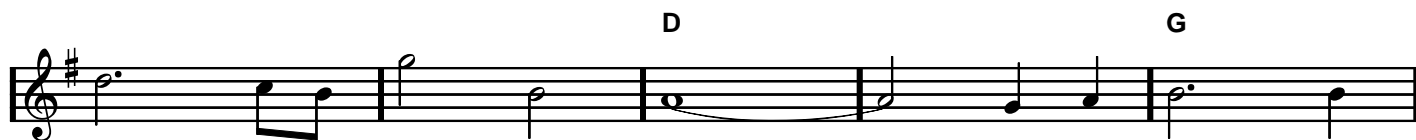
weave a snare that I might one day rue.

C G



I saw the dan - ger and I passed, a -

D G



long the en - chan - ted way. And I said, "Let

C G C G



grief be a fal - len leaf at the daw - ning of the day."

On Raglan Road

(Patrick Kavanagh)

On Raglan Road of an Autumn day
I saw her first and knew,
That her dark hair would weave a snare
That I might someday rue.
I saw the danger and I passed
Along the enchanted way.
And I said, "Let grief be a fallen 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 worth of passion play.
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts
And I not making hay;
Oh, I loved too much and by such and such
Is happiness thrown away.

I gave her gifts of the mind,
I gave her the secret signs,
That's known to the artists who have known
The true gods of sound and stone.
And her words and tint without stint
I gave her poems to say
With her own name there and her own dark hair
Like clouds over fields of May.

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet
I see her walking now,
And away from me so hurriedly
My reason must allow.
That I had loved, not as I should
A creature made of clay,
When the angel woos the clay, he'll lose
His wings at the dawn of day.