


RAGLAN ROAD


Music: Luke Kelly
Lyrics: Patrick Kavanagh

Arr.: T. Jordfa




G C G C G

On Rag-lan Road of an Au-tumn day, I saw her first and knew
On Grat-ton street in November we tripped light-ly along the ledge.
I gave her gifts--- of the mind I gave her sec-ret sings.
On a qui-et street where old ghosts meet, I see her walking now.



that her dark hair would weave a snare that I might one day
Of a deep ra-vine where can be seen the worth of passion
That's known to the artists who have known the true gods of sound and
A-way from me so hurr-ie-d-ly, my rea-son must al-



rus. I saw the dan-ger and I passed a-long the en-chant-ed way
play. The Queen of Hearts still mak-ing tarts, and I not making hay
stone And her words and tint without stint, I gave her poems to say.
low. That I had loved not as I should, a crea-ture made of clay



G C G C G

And I said let grief be a fal-len leaf at the dawn-ing of the day

Oh, I loved too much and by such and such, is happiness thrown a -- way.
With her own name there and her own dark heir, like clouds over fields of May.
When the angel woos the clay he'll lose his wings at the down of day.