

Raglan Road
Van Morrison

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Traditional, words by P. Kavanagh, arranged by Van Morrison/Paddy Moloney

Intro: D A7 D

[A7] On [D] Raglan Road on an Autumn [G] Day,
I [Bm] saw her [A7] first and [D] knew.
That [G] her dark hair would [F#m] weave a [Bm] snare
That [D] I may one day [A7] rue.
I [G] saw the danger, [F#m] yet I [Bm] walked
A [F#m] long the en [Bm]chanted [A7] way
And I [D] said let [F#m] grief be a [D] falling [G] leaf
At the [Bm] dawning [A7] 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 passions 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 reems 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.