

**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.