

ON RAGLAN ROAD

(AIR: THE DAWNING OF THE DAY)

D D D7 G D G D D
ON RAGLAN ROAD ON AN AUTUMN DAY I MET HER FIRST AND KNEW
Bm G D D D D A A
THAT HER DARK HAIR WOULD WEAVE A SNARE THAT I MIGHT ONE DAY RUE;
Bm G A D D D A7 A7
I SAW THE DANGER, YET I WALKED ALONG THE ENCHANTED WAY,
D D D7 G
AND I SAID, LET THE GRIEF BE A FALLEN LEAF AT
D G D D
THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

ON GRAFTON STREET IN NOVEMBER WE TRIPPED LIGHTLY ALONG THE LEDGE
OF THE DEEP RAVINE WHERE CAN BE SEEN THE WORTH OF PASSIONS PLEDGE
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS STILL MAKING TARTS AND I NOT MAKING HAY-
O I LOVED TOO MUCH AND BY SUCH BY SUCH IS HAPPINESS THROWN AWAY.

I GAVE GIFT OF THE MIND, I GAVE HER THE SECRET SIGN THAT`S KNOWN
TO THE ARTISTS WHO HAVE KNOWN TRUE GODS OF SOUND AND STONE
AND WORD AND TINT, I DID NOT STINT FOR I GAVE HER POEMS TODAY,
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
AWAY FROM ME SO HURRIEDLY MY REASON MUST ALLOW
THAT I HAD WOOED NOT AS I SHOULD A CREATURE MADE OF CLAY-
WHEN THE ANGEL WOOS THE CLAY HE`D LOSE
HIS WINGS AT THE DAWN OF DAY.