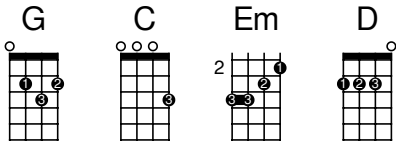


Raglan Road

w. Irish poet Patrick Kavanagh 1946

m. traditional song "The Dawning of the Day" (Fáinne Geal an Lae)]



Verse 1:

On [G] Raglan Road on an autumn [C] day
I [G] saw her [C] first and [G] knew
That [C] her dark hair would [G] weave a [Em] snare
that [G] I might one day [D] rue
I [C] saw the danger [G] yet I [Em] passed
a [G] long the enchanted [D] way
And I [G] said "Let grief be a falling [C] leaf ///"
At the [G] dawning [C] of the [G] day "

Verse 2:

On [G] Grafton Street in Novem [C] ber
we walked [G] lightly a [C] long the [G] ledge
Of a [C] deep ravine where [G] can be [Em] seen
the [G] worth of passion's [D] pledge
The [C] Queen of Hearts still [G] making [Em] tarts,
and [G] I not making [D] hay
Oh I [G] loved too much and by such, by [C] such ///
is [G] happiness [C] thrown a [G] way

Instrumental :

The [C] Queen of Hearts still [G] making [Em] tarts,
and [G] I not [Em] making [D] hay
Oh I [G] loved too [Em] much and by such, by [C] such ///
is [Em] happiness [D] thrown a [G] way

Verse 3:

I [G] gave her gifts of the [C] mind
I [G] gave her the [C] secret [G] sign
That's [C] known to the [G] artists who've [Em] known
the [G] true gods of sound and [D] time
And [C] word and tint and [G] without [Em] stint,

I [G] gave her poems to [D] say
With her [G] own name there and her long dark [C] hair ///
Like the [G] clouds over [C] fields of [G] May

Verse 4:

On a [G] quiet street where old ghosts [C] meet
I [G] see her [C] walking [G] now
A [C] way from me so [G] hurried [Em] ly
my [G] reason must al [D] low
That [C] I have loved not [G] as I [Em] should
a [G] creature made of [D] clay
when the [G] angel woos the clay he'll [C] lose ///
his [G] wings at the [C] dawn of [G] day

Instrumental :

when the [G] angel [Em] woos the [G] clay he'll [C] lose ///
his [Em] wings at the [D] dawn of [G] day