

Brian Kennedy

"Raglan road"

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(Words by Patrick Kavanagh

Arranged by Brian Kennedy and Cormac O'Cathain)

On Raglan Road on an Autumn day I met her first and
knew

That her dark hair would weave a snare that I might
one day rue;

I saw the danger, yet I walked along the enchanted
way,

And I said, let grief be a fallen leaf at 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
passion's pledge,

The Queen of Hearts still making tarts and I not making
hay -

O I loved too much and by such and such is happiness
thrown away.

I gave her gifts of the mind I gave her the secret sign
that's known

To the artists who have known the true gods of sound
and stone

And word and tint. I did not stint for I gave her poems
to say.

With her own name there and her 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.

