

Jim Mccann

"Raglan Road"

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On Raglan Road on an autumn day
I saw her first and knew
That her dark hair would weave a snare
That I might someday 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
Oh I loved too much
And by such and such
Is hapiness 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,
I gave her poems to say.
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 dawning of the day.

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