

High Kings, The "Raglan Road"

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On Raglan Road of an autumn day
I saw her first and knew
That her dark hair would weave a snare
That I might some day rue
I saw the danger yet I passed
Along the enchanted way
And I said let grief be a fallen leaf
At the dawning of the day
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 a 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 by such
Is happiness thrown away
I loved too much and by such by such
Is happiness thrown away

I gave her gifts of the mind
I gave her the secret signs
that's known to the artists who have known
The true gods of sound and stone
And word and tint without stint
I gave her poems to say
With her own name there
And her own dark hair
Like clouds over fields of May
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 loved not as I should
A creature made of clay
When the angel woos the clay

He'll lose his wings at the dawn of day
When the angel woos the clay
He'll lose his wings at the dawn of day

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