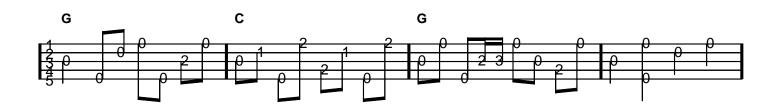
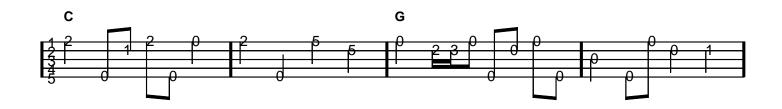
On Raglan Road

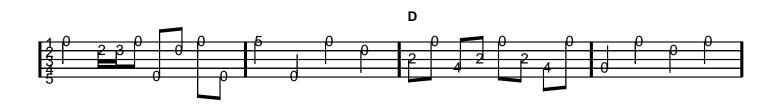
(Dawning of the Day)

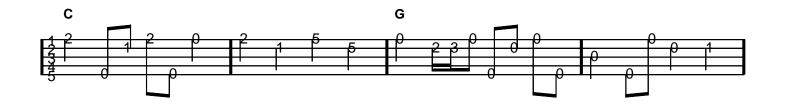
Lyrics by Patrick Kavanagh Arrangement by Jay Buckey www.jaybuckey.com

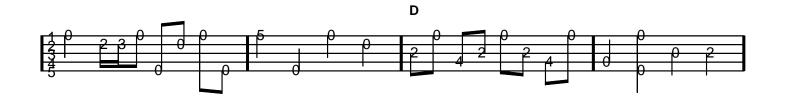
















On Raglan Road

(Patrick Kavanagh)

On Raglan Road of 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 and I passed
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 a deep ravine where can be seen The worth of passion play. The Queen of Hearts still making tarts And I not making hay; Oh, 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 signs,
That's known to the artists who have known
The true gods of sound and stone.
And her words 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.

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet I see her walking now,
And 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.