

Raglan Road

Patrick Kavanagh

On Raglan Road on an autumn day

I saw her first and knew

That her dark hair would weave a snare

That I might one day rue

I saw the danger, yet I passed

Along the enchanted way

And I said, "Let grief be a falling 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 passions pledged

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 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 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 dawn of day