

Loreena McKennitt, Raglan Road

On Raglan Road on an autumn day,
I saw him first and knew
That his dark hair would weave a snare
That I might one day rue.
I saw the danger and yet I walked
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 world's passions pledged.
The queen of hearts still making tarts
And I'm not making hay,
For I loved too much; by such and such
Is happiness thrown away.

I gave him the gifts of the mind.
I gave him the secret sign
That's known to all the artists who have
Known true gods of sound and time.
With word and tint I did not stint.
I gave him reams of poems to say
With his own dark hair and his own name there
Like the clouds over fields of May.

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet,
I see him walking now away from me,
So hurriedly my reason must allow,
For I have wooed, not as I should
A creature made of clay.
When the angel woos the clay, he'll lose
His wings at the dawn of the day.