

# 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.