

Raglan Road

poem by Patrick Kavanagh



On Rag-lan Road of an Au-tumn day I saw her first and knew, That



her dark hair would weave a snare That I might some-day rue. I



saw the dan-ger, yet I walked A - long the en - chant - ed way. And I



said, "Let grief be a fall-en leaf At the dawn-ing of the day."