

Cup of Wonder

Jethro Tull

May I make my fond excuses
for the lateness of the hour,
but we accept your invitation, and we bring you Beltane's flower.

For the May Day is the great day, sung along the old straight track.

And those who ancient lines did lay
will heed the song that calls them back.

Pass the word and pass the lady, pass the plate to all who hunger.

Pass the wit of ancient wisdom, pass the cup of crimson wonder.

Ask the green man where he comes from, ask the cup that fills with red.

Ask the old grey standing stones that show the sun its way to bed.

Question all as to their ways,
and learn the secrets that they hold.

Walk the lines of nature's palm
crossed with silver and with gold.

Pass the cup and pass the lady, pass the plate to all who hunger.

Pass the wit of ancient wisdom, pass the cup of crimson wonder.

Join in black December's sadness,
lie in August's welcome corn.

Stir the cup that's ever-filling
with the blood of all that's born.

But the May Day is the great day, sung along the old straight track.

And those who ancient lines did lay
will heed this song that calls them back.

Pass the word and pass the lady, pass the plate to all who hunger.

Pass the wit of ancient wisdom, pass the cup of crimson wonder.