

Do Not Go Gentle

Donovan

Do not go gentle into that good night
Old age should burn and rave at close of day
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right
Because their words had forked no lightning
They do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears
I pray, do not go gentle into that good night.

Rage, rage against the dying of the light
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Rage, rage against the dying of the light
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Rage, rage against the dying of the light
The dying of the light.