

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night
By: Dylan Thomas

DO NOT ^{go}gentle into that {good night}

Old age should **BURN & RAVE** **RAGE, RAGE** against the
at close of day; dying of the light.

Though **Wise** ^m_eⁿ at their end know that **DARK IS RIGHT,**
because their words had **FORKED** no lightning they
DO NOT ^{go}gentle into that {good night.}

Good ^m_eⁿ, the last wave by, crying so **BRIGHT**

Their frail deeds might have ^dawned in a green bay

RAGE, RAGE against the
dying of the light.

WILD ^m_eⁿ who caught and sang the sun in flight,
and learned, too late, they grieved it on its way

DO NOT ^{go}gentle into that {good night.}

Grave ^m_eⁿ, near **DEATH**, who see with blinding sight
blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,

RAGE, RAGE against the
dying of the light.

& **YOU**, my **FATHER**, there on that sad height

Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears,

I pray

RAGE, RAGE **DO NOT** ^{go}gentle into that {good night.}
against the dying of the light.