

Do Go Gentle into that Good Night

by Skipperdoodle Productions

Thanks, Dylan, for a well-wrought poem.

Your philosophy, however, I could not disagree with more.

Do go gentle into that good night.

Death is not to be feared.

No, it is a reward for completion of the years.

Old age shows wisdom at close of day;

Embrace the dying of the light.

Wise men at their end know that dark is right,

And know God himself has forked their lightning.

So with relief, go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, realizing the inconsequence of even their brightest deeds dancing in a green bay,

Embrace 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,

Submit and go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight.

Realize that night is right.

And God, my father, King of breadth and height,

Bless me now with comfort to know your ways are right.

Help me go gentle into that good night.

Accept the dying of the light.