



Mycroft Lectures.
Adapted Transcript for:

Dylan Thomas's
Do Not Go Gentle into
that Good Night.

(Mycroft lectures always provide sentence-by-sentence parsing, paraphrasing and explanation of each poem. However, each lecture also presents extra information to enhance appreciation and understanding of the poem under discussion. As the Mycroft lectures are not read from a script, a transcript of a lecture contains the imperfections of a spoken presentation. To avoid the embarrassment of having the spoken performance thought to be an essay and being quoted as such, I have made occasional changes to the spoken lectures for the purposes of clarification. What follows is the transcript of a lecture, not an essay.)

Chronology of the Lecture.

1. The lecture speculates on the poem's popularity and Dylan Thomas' concern for the sound of words.
2. The ambiguity in Thomas' work.
3. The problems inherent in looking for a poet's intention in a piece of writing (intentional fallacy).
4. The poem is read through.
5. The 'villanelle' form is explained.
6. The poem is parsed, paraphrased, explained line by line in simpler English.
7. Various complications noted, or areas of interest raised and questioned, are:
 - ⤴ Difference between "gentle" and "gently".
 - ⤴ Different metaphors for death.
 - ⤴ Thomas' examples of how four types of men accept their death (wise men, good men,

wild men, and brave men).

8. Important question: Is Thomas observing these men do the things he says, or is he instructing them to do the things he says?
9. How does Thomas address his father at the end? How seriously should we take his advice?
10. What Thomas really captures here.
11. Some examples of the way form is used in the poem:
 - △ Use of iambic.
 - △ How the attributes given to the different types of men are interchangeable.
12. Accusation and regret in 'And you, my father'.
13. The poem is read through for a final time.

From the lecture: “What the ambiguity that Thomas uses often allows us to do is give multiple meanings to some of the lines Thomas wrote. I’m quite a fan of this. I often like it when there is enough ambiguity within a poet’s work for me to be able to have two or three readings of lines they have written.”

Transcript of the *Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night* Lecture.

This poem, as everyone knows, is written to Thomas' dying father. It is probably his most famous poem and it is certainly the most famous example in English poetry of a form of poem we know as the 'villanelle'. Among the several reasons why this poem is so popular, I think, one of them is that it exhibits something that really helps in our appreciation of great art. And that is, that it is pretty good the first time we see it. But also the tenth, twentieth, thirtieth time we see it. In almost any piece of art we like, this seems to happen. The art can have an immediate effect and it still has something that appeals to us after repeated viewing. Thomas' work often does this, and it does it because Thomas never really seems as interested in what he's saying as he is in the way that he's saying it. Thomas is very interested in, and attuned to, the sound of words. This does not mean that we cannot do what we do in these Mycroft Lectures, which is the simplifying of the actual sentences the poet writes, so that you can understand them and appreciate them in simpler English. What the ambiguity that

Thomas often uses allows us to do is give multiple meanings to some of the lines Thomas wrote.

I'm quite a fan of this, actually. I quite like it when there is enough ambiguity within a poet's work for me to be able to have two or three different readings of certain lines that they've written. It's almost as if I just get more for my money by them having done this. I don't think the poem is reduced by me not knowing exactly what they have put across. I think the poem is enhanced by there being different possibilities for what they have put across.

While I was a kid doing GCSEs, and A Levels, there was a question they used to ask us. And it used to infuriate me that they'd ask us, 'What was the poet's intention in writing this?' And the only honest answer you could give to this was, 'I don't know, I'm not a mind reader. I don't know what the poet intended to write. I know what the poet *actually wrote*, because I can read the poem and I can interpret it, but I don't know if what the poet thought he was writing about is the same thing as what the poet actually wrote.' And it's often the case that a poet writes something and then they say what they think it is about, and then ten years later they come back to it, and say, 'What I think it is about, is really not what I thought it was about when I was writing it at all.'

And that's not to say that we should have no interest in what the poet's intention was; particularly when a poet tells us specifically what it is they intended in writing a piece. Or when any artist tells us specifically what they intended in writing a piece. It can be very interesting for us to see how that squares with what they've actually written, or what they've *actually* conveyed or portrayed in the art that they've actually given us. That can be really interesting.

And that might be the case here.

So, what Thomas thinks is interesting about this poem won't necessarily be what your eye might think is interesting about this poem. So at the end of the lecture, I'm going to try and say why I think this poem has lasted as long as it has, and why it is interesting to us after multiple readings.

I'll give the lecture by reading through the poem. I'll then explain the villanelle form to you, because once you understand the structure of the poetic form, the villanelle, how a villanelle is constructed, you can understand the limitations of writing within that form. And some of the reasons why poets use that form. Understanding that will help you appreciate the repeated lines in the poem. So I'll give an explanation of how a villanelle works. I'll then do the line-by-line explanation of what's going on in the poem, paying specific attention to certain words which can be interpreted one or two ways. And at the end, I'll give my opinion

on what this poem is saying that is really of interest to us. So, here we go.

The first read through of Dylan Thomas' *Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night*.

*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.*

So, the form of the poem, the 'villanelle'. Let's explain that. Let's get that out of the way so we know what we're dealing with.

The villanelle is a six-stanza poem of three lines in each of the first five stanzas, and four lines in the final stanza. Each line is in iambic pentameter. Nothing tricky there, you can just take a look at *Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night* and see how that is obviously

true. The tricky thing about the villanelle is that when you write one, you have to get the opening stanza right. You have to get it right because the first line of the poem will repeat as the final line of the second stanza. It will also repeat as the final line of the fourth stanza, and the first line of the poem will repeat as the last but one line of the last stanza. The final line of the opening stanza will repeat as the final line of the third stanza, the final line of the fifth stanza, and the final line of the poem proper.

That's actually much more complicated to explain than it is to simply observe in the poem itself.

So, there's the poem, and I just note, the opening line is the same as the closing line of the second stanza, the closing line of the fourth stanza, and the last but one line of the poem. The closing line of the first stanza is the closing line of the third stanza, the closing line of the fifth stanza, and the closing line of the poem.

What you have to say about this type of poetry writing is it's very, very economical; because if you get your first stanza, and you've got an opening line and a closing line that you really like, you can use them straight away. You just edit them in at their positions in the rest of the poem. Once you've written the opening stanza, you've already written one third of every other stanza in the poem, and half of the final stanza.

A villanelle has only got two rhymes in it as well. Once you've written the opening stanza, you know the words that all the other lines in the poem have to rhyme with.

*Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day.*

Every other line in the poem will rhyme with 'night' and 'day'.

Those are the limitations of the poem, and yet, if you have got an opening line that's really good, *Do not go gentle into that good night*, for instance, and a closing line or any line of poetry you write that's really good, don't you sometimes think that you could use that a bit more often in the poem? The reader is only going to read it once, and it's such a good line that you want to find a poetic form that would enable you to push that line into the reader's face a bit more, to make sure they heard it, appreciate it more. *Rage, rage against the dying of the light* would be one of those lines.

Other examples of this particular form: Sylvia Plath has a beautiful one called *Mad Girl's Love Song*, where the opening stanza is,

*I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead;
I lift my lids and all is born again.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)*

That's the opening stanza for it. I did thirty-six of these in a book I once published. They are quite good to do, but this, *Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night*, is possibly, justifiably, the most famous one.

Here we go. Line-by-line reading of Dylan Thomas' *Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night*.

So, the poem opens with *Do not go gentle into that good night*. The 'good night' is, of course, death. Thomas is saying this to his dying father. He is saying, 'Do not go gently into death.' 'Do not resign yourself to dying without a fight.' He says that death is a good night, which is rather interesting.

Thomas' father was a militant atheist, incidentally. So for a militant atheist, who presumably does not believe in an afterlife, the idea that death is a 'good night' might not quite square. To a militant atheist, death is nothing, no thing. But in this, Thomas calls death 'that good night'.

Do not go gentle into that good night,

I like 'gentle' more than 'gently here'. 'Gentle' to me gives the implication of like a 'gentleman', genteel. 'Don't go like a gentleman would into death.' The gentleman would accept it, would think, 'Oh well, very well if that's what expected of me, I will move forward and accept this awful situation. Goodbye, now. The time is for me to leave.' Thomas is saying, 'No, don't go like a gentleman. Don't go gentle, don't accept it.' The stereotype of a gentleman is to accept and deal with what is put before them.

Old age should burn and rave at close of day;

'Close of day' here is also death. It's almost that your business is up. 'Close of day' is usually when for instance a shop shuts, and business is finished. 'Close of day' here is your business on this earth is finished.

Old age should burn and rave at close of day.

His father should be full of fire and anger that his time on earth is finished. Burning and raving. Go out like a lunatic if you have to. But don't accept it.

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

'The dying of the light' is, of course, also death. 'Close of day' is death. 'That good night' is death. So a simple paraphrase of the opening stanza is Dylan Thomas telling his father, 'Do not accept death without a fight. Fight against it. Look foolish if you will, and ungentlemanly, but do not accept death.'

Thomas then gives us examples of the way four types of men meet their death. These are wise men, good men, wild men, and grave men.

So, the second stanza.

Now, note first, of course, that the last line of the second stanza is the first line of the poem, *Do not go gentle into that good night*. And we know what that means.

*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.*

Wise men know that the time is right for them to die. 'Dark' of course, means death here. Wise men, when they're near the end of their life, they know it's time to die, it's ripe for them to die.

Because their words had forked no lightning they . . .

So what does 'forked no lightning' mean? Well lightning is exciting, it's dangerous, it's an event. 'To fork lightning' means to have caused an event. So if your words have 'forked lightning', you are the sort of person who has said interesting things or things that made things happen. *If* your words have forked lightning. But what Thomas is saying here is that these men's words, these wise men's words, have forked no lightning. So these are wise men who have never said anything that ever changed anything, was ever exciting, or ever got anything done. Wise men who, when they die, they know they've never said anything of any

importance. Because of this, they do not go gentle into that good night.

I question what Thomas means by 'wise men' here. The type of wise men he's referring to are perhaps the stereotype of the tweedy academic, perhaps? The type of person who stereotypically never says anything that is exciting to anybody. And on their death-bed, they realize that they've never said anything that was of any interest to anybody, and so they are screaming and kicking against the dying of the light, wishing that they had said the things that they missed saying in their life.

So I think 'wise men' has to be thought of ironically here. Because I can't see how a wise man can really have forked no lightning. Surely, the people who do fork lightning, whose words fork lightning, the people who do say things that are generative and interesting, those people usually are quite clever. Unless Thomas is playing around with clever-wise, I think the way Thomas is presenting them in this poem, 'wise' and 'clever' wouldn't mean the same thing.

So.

*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.*

The third stanza is this.

*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.*

Good men?

Whether these men are what you and I would call 'good', or what Dylan Thomas is calling 'good' at the moment that he writes the poem, whether these are the same, whether we would all have a moral consensus about what constitutes 'good' here, would be the subject of a different discussion, but we are about to see what 'good men' do.

The last wave by for me means the last life-affirming moment of their life finished. Your life is often thought of in terms of waves, the tides come in, the tides go out. But the big crashing waves that come down, these are the life-affirming moments. So the last wave by, [crash] that's gone.

*Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay?*

So as their life is over, these men cry. Crying of course has got two meanings; it's got to scream out loud, and to weep. But both of them will do here. They, the good men, are unhappy, should we say. They're telling people how unhappy they are. The exciting moments of their life are over, and they are telling people how unhappy they are, about how *their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay*. A frail deed is a deed that is weak; is not robust; is, we must assume, uninteresting.

Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay?

Now 'danced', that's always to have done something life-affirming, isn't it? We don't see someone dancing and thinking they're having a miserable time. So whenever somebody writes of somebody dancing, we always assume they're doing something life-affirming. So, at the end of their life, the good men cry about how the weak things that they have done would have been life-affirming in a green bay.

Now 'green' is going to symbolize fertility, spring, the opportunities for new life. 'The green bay' would have been a great place. And I think this is rather a complicated line, but it does, to me, make perfect sense. He's saying, in

*Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,*

he's saying, 'There's a type of person who, at the end of their life, moan that had they had better opportunities, they would have got a lot more done with their life.' The better opportunities is the 'green bay'. 'The frail deeds' are the things that they didn't do, but if they had better opportunities, their frail deeds would have danced in a green bay. It's a great line, I think. One more time,

*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.*

This means: 'Some people complain on their death bed that they haven't done what they wanted to do with their life, but they would have done, and their life would have been better had they been given better opportunities. And these men rage, rage against the dying of the light.'

Now here's a slight complication in the poem for me.

Is Thomas observing that this type of men 'Rage, rage against the dying of the light'? Or is he instructing them to 'Rage, rage against the dying of the light'? In the second stanza, he's observing; because it has the word 'they' in the second line.

*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.*

He's observing them not going gently into that good night. But in this third stanza, we don't know whether he is observing the men raging and raging against the dying of the light, or whether he is instructing them or exhorting them to *Rage, rage against the dying of the light*. And the same will happen in the fourth stanza and the fifth stanza.

The fourth stanza, which is,

*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.*

Note of course that the final line of that stanza is the opening line of the poem. *Do not go gentle into that good night*.

Wild men? Now Thomas himself was renowned as somewhat of a wild man. He was the wild, heavy-drinking poet. He was *the* wild, heavy-drinking poet of his time as well, actually.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight? To 'catch the sun' means... it doesn't mean to get a sun-tan. It means to do something great. You've harnessed a great power if you

catch the sun. They *caught the sun and sang the sun in flight*. So, they've lived a full life, is the way I interpret this. And they've managed to explain it to other people. They've harnessed the power of life, and they've managed to explain it to other people. Wild men. And it's no coincidence that Thomas, being a very wild man himself, says that it is the wild men who do this, I think. The wild men who have lived the great life, but *learnt too late, they grieved it on its way*. We grieve for something that has died.

And this is a complicated line, but I don't think it's beyond our capabilities to understand what it actually means.

And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way.

What they've grieved on its way is the sun; the sun which they have managed to write poems about by catching it and singing about it in flight. What Thomas is talking about in this second line is what Paul Theroux somewhere called 'the impartial cruelty of time passing'. It's a wonderful line. 'The impartial cruelty of time passing.'

What Dylan Thomas is saying is even the artists who have managed to live the full life, and explain to others about the full life: 'In the very act of living the full life and writing about the full life that you've lived, life is passing as you are doing it. You've learned too late, you've grieved life on its way. You are dying regardless of how many moments you managed to salvage through art, of the actual life that you've lived.' One way of putting it would be, 'each song you sing for the life you've led will still be a lament for the life that's gone'. Even the guys who do this are either observed not going gently into the good night, or are exhorted by Thomas not to go gentle into the good night.

The fifth stanza concerns grave men. Thomas tells us,

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.

For grave men, I think he means serious men. 'Grave' can have two meanings, one would be grave-serious, and the other one would be a pun on being near the grave. It's a horrible pun, I know. Shakespeare uses it in *Romeo and Juliet*, where Mercutio has just been stabbed, and he says to Romeo, *If you ask for me tomorrow, you will find me a grave man*. It is very out of

place here, I think, to put a pun at this stage of the poem. It may well have been intended as one, but I prefer to see grave as meaning serious. Serious men, 'near death, who see with blinding sight *blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay*'. To see something with blinding sight: there are two possibilities there, I think.

To see something with 'blinding sight' could mean that it was blindingly obvious; or it is something that blinds their sight to all other things. And the serious man sees this in whatever way, and he sees that *blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay*. Very often, people near death, they lose ocular efficiency, they can't see very well. They can still go out with a bang. They can still go out on fire. Their blind eyes could blaze like meteors blaze, they can still be gay. 'Gay' obviously meaning happy and exuberant here. It's obvious to the blind man that there is still something there to live for at the point when you are dying.

Rage against the dying of the light.

Do not go gentle into that good night

This all sounds like encouraging stuff.

Before we get to the final stanza, here is a question for you. I mentioned it earlier. The final line of each of these stanzas - is Dylan Thomas offering it as an observation on what these men do, or a prescription for what these men should do? In other words, is he saying, 'I can see these type of men doing this', or 'This is what these type of men ought to do'?

And then we come to the final stanza.

The final stanza of a villanelle is of four lines, and the final two lines of it are as you can see, the opening line of the poem, and the closing line of the poem. So if you write these, make sure that those two lines go together in the same way that

Do not go gentle into that good night

Rage against the dying of the light,

go together.

The opening line.

*And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.*

And you, my father. This is Thomas directly addressing his father. Nothing complicated there.

And you, my father, there on the sad height.

Now, 'the sad height', I don't particularly think that's a great line of poetry. It means, the edge of death, the unhappy edge of death. The height from which you wouldn't get any higher, you'd topple into death. Or perhaps it means the height of sadness, the epitome of sadness. Remember that the word that Thomas uses there must rhyme with 'night', 'light', 'bright', etc. He's not got a great deal of choice, so he's probably reverse engineered the line, which is what you tend to do when writing villanelles. You find the line which rhymes, and then write the poem to hit that rhyme.

You, my father, there on the sad height.

Thomas also puts the stress - the iambic stress - lands on 'the' in that line, which I try never to do myself.

And you, my father, there on the sad height. So, at the height of sadness. The peak beyond which there is only death he wants his dad to...

Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.

Now, 'curse, bless' is something of an oxymoron. An oxymoron is a word like 'bittersweet', or a 'love-hate relationship'. It is when we take two words that are contrasts, and we put them together in one word to make something that they don't always mean together. A love-hate relationship is a relationship in which I love you, and I hate you, and I love that I hate you, and I hate that I love you. All that is entwined in the love-hate relationship. You also get words like 'stupid intelligence', or 'ferociously complacent'. Those are oxymorons that work very well. But 'curse bless' could be seen as one.

Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears.

How can tears be fierce? In fact, are they fierce? Or is Dylan Thomas wishing that they were fierce?

*And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.*

Now, 'pray'? I don't think that really means he's praying to a deity. That means, 'I beg', it means 'please'. 'Please curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears.' Basically, he's asking his dad to curse him, bless him, JUST DON'T DIE. He wants his dad to still be alive and angry against the pain that he's under. He wants his dad to be raging and raging against the dying of the light. And he basically begs his father at the end of the poem to do that.

I think we basically understand it at this point. People who are old should go out screaming and kicking. They should not subside listlessly into death. It seems great advice to try and cling onto life to the end.

But, I mean, when we're teenagers, we all like the idea of dying at 90 years old, with an empty bottle of whiskey in one hand, and three exhausted supermodels in the bed behind us. And perhaps we still do. But when my grandfather died at 90 years old, I'm pretty sure that wasn't what was going through his mind. He had just had enough. And this is the case of a lot of people when they die of old age. The last thing they want is their sons or grandchildren leaning over and screaming, 'Do not go gentle into that good night. Cling on for every last piece of life that you can.' They just want to peacefully ebb away, hopefully with their family or loved ones around them. I mean, Dylan Thomas didn't actually read this over the bed of his dying father. He didn't burst in there saying, 'Come on you lazy old sod. Don't just drop off now, you've got plenty of life left in you.' Because the advice itself, if I was to put this kindly, is not for everyone. Some could say that it's really insulting to the person who is actually doing the dying.

Now I don't say this, incidentally, as an insult to the poem. In fact, this is not incidental, this is why I think the poem is so good. I don't think this poem is interesting to us as sensible advice Dylan Thomas is giving his father, that we might wish to take on and emulate or use in our own lives. This poem is really about the desperation and the lengths that someone will go to if that person has a loved one, an influential loved one who is still alive and they want that person to not die. They will ask that person to curse them, bless

them, do anything but don't die. The poem is selfish. It's unrealistic in its advice. One could even argue that some of it just doesn't make any sense. But all of that enhances the element of human existence that Dylan Thomas captures here. Whether he does it intentionally, I don't know. I don't know if Dylan Thomas' intention in this poem is to give serious advice to his dad. If he was - if that was his intention - I wouldn't want to have been his dad hearing his advice. You can imagine his father hearing this - had he heard it - and saying, 'Who are you to tell me that?' What I think Dylan Thomas captures here, intentionally or not, is our selfish desperation when somebody we love is dying. 'Please, please don't die!' is what this poem really says. I think it's that interpretation that has given the poem its lasting appeal. This is not a poem *about* a young man experiencing the death of his father. This actually *is* a young man experiencing the death of his father.

Let me now give you a few brief examples of form in this poem. What Dylan Thomas achieves by breaking the predominant iambic of the poem in the way that he does.

When Thomas introduces the types of men to us, three of them, the good men, the wild men, and the grave men, are introduced to us right at the start of the line. And this really interrupts the iambic of the line. Because we would tend not to say,

Good *men*, the last wave by, crying how bright'.

We would say

'Good men, the last wave by' or whatever.

Now we could say, 'good men', accenting that doesn't disrupt it too much, I think.

It would draw attention to the fact that these are men, not in a 'these are men, therefore they're not women' style of writing. More, 'These are men, therefore, they're not boys.' The natural way for us to read it is, '*Good men*'. '*Wild men*'. '*Grave men*'.

One of the other things I think that is important - not important actually, but interesting, about the attributes that Thomas gives the different types of men, is I actually think they're relatively interchangeable. If Thomas were to have written, 'Wild men, the last wave by, crying how bright their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay', or 'Good men who see with blinding sight, blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay', would we really notice? Do we really care what the type of men do on their deathbed? Maybe you think we do. Maybe it is only the wild men who would catch and sing the sun in flight, and learn too late, they grieved it on its way. But I'm not so sure.

Incidentally, I don't think that alters my appreciation of my poem in any way. It's just something I saw fit to point out to you. The interchangeability of the type of men and the

things Thomas sees them doing as they die.

One final element of the way this poem is written that I really like. I love the line

And you, my father, there on the sad height.

Or rather, I love the first four words in it. I love the way, 'And you' seems to come across as some sort of accusation. And 'my father' seems to be said with real regret.

And you, my father, there on the sad height.

I think that's a wonderful line. Some wonderful emotion put across in that line.

So, now I've given you the simplified version of the poem. I've presented the poem in simpler words, explaining what's going on in it. Let's read it through one more time and see if you can appreciate what, or appreciate more easily what, Dylan Thomas has given us in this piece.

This is the final read through of Dylan Thomas' *Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night*.

*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.*

That was the Mycroft Online Lecture on Dylan Thomas' *Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night*.

I am Dr. Andrew Barker.

Thank you.

Goodbye.

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