

## Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night

### **Dylan Thomas**

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.

**◄** Critical Viewing

Which of the four types of men mentioned in the poem do you think is represented in this painting? Explain.

#### **Poetic Forms**

Where are the first and third lines of the first stanza repeated in this villanelle?

Spiral Review
FIGURATIVE
LANGUAGE What type
of figurative language
does the author employ
in line 14? Explain your
answer.

#### **Read Fluently**

Where will you pause when reading lines 16–19? What punctuation indicates each pause?

# To an Athlete Dying Young

A. E. Housman

The time you won your town the race We chaired you through the marketplace; Man and boy stood cheering by, And home we brought you shoulder-high.

Today, the road all runners come, Shoulder-high we bring you home, And set you at your threshold down, Townsman of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away

From fields where glory does not stay
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut Cannot see the record cut,

And silence sounds no worse than cheers After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout Of lads that wore their honors out, Runners whom renown outran

20 And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade, The fleet foot on the sill of shade. And hold to the low lintel up The still-defended challenge cup.

And round that early-laureled head Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead, And find unwithered on its curls The garland briefer than a girl's.

Vocabulary lintel (l'in' tl) n. horizontal bar above a door

1. laurel symbol of victory.

