

# Cup of Wonder

## Jethro Tull

May I make my fond excuses  
For the lateness of the hour  
But we accept your invitation  
And we bring you Beltane's flower For the May Day is the great day  
Sung along the old straight track  
And those who ancient lines did lay  
Will heed the song that calls them back Pass the word and pass the lady  
Pass the plate to all who hunger  
Pass the wit of ancient wisdom  
Pass the cup of crimson wonder Ask the green man where he comes from  
Ask the cup that fills with red.  
Ask the old gray standing stones  
That show the sun its way to bed Question all as to their ways  
And learn the secrets that they hold  
Walk the lines of nature's palm  
Crossed with silver and with gold Pass the word and pass the lady  
Pass the plate to all who hunger  
Pass the wit of ancient wisdom  
Pass the cup of crimson wonder Join in black December's sadness  
Lie in August's welcome corn  
Stir the cup that's ever-filling  
With the blood of all that's born But the May Day is the great day  
Sung along the old straight track  
And those who ancient lines did lay  
Will heed this song that calls them back Pass the word and pass the lady  
Pass the plate to all who hunger  
Pass the wit of ancient wisdom  
Pass the cup of crimson wonder

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