

Tull Jethro

"Cup Of Wonder"

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May I make my fond excuses for the late-ness of the hour;

But we accept your invitation, and would 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 ley will heed this song that calls them

back.

Pass the word and pass the lady and pass the plate to all who hunger.

And pass the wit of ancient wisdom, pass the Cup of Crimson Wonder.

And pass the Cup of Crimson Wonder.

Ask the Green Man where he comes from, ask the cup that fills with red.

Ask the old grey standing stones who show the sun his 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 cup and pass the lady and pass the plate to all who hunger.

And pass the wit of ancient wisdom, pass the Cup of Crimson Wonder.

And pass the Cup of Crimson Wonder.

[Instrumental]

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 ley will heed this song
that calls them

back.

Pass the word and pass the lady and pass the plate to
all who hunger.

And pass the wit of ancient wisdom, pass the Cup of
Crimson Wonder.

And pass the Cup of Crimson Wonder

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