

Van Morrison "Rave On, John Donne"

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Rave on, John Donne, rave on thy holy fool
Down through the weeks of ages
In the moss borne dark dank pools

Rave on down through the industrial revolution
Empiricism, atomic and nuclear age
Rave on down through time and space down through
the corridors
Rave on words on printed page

Rave on, you left us infinity
And well pressed pages torn to fade
Drive on with wild abandon
Up tempo, frenzied heels

Rave on, Walt Whitman, nose down in wet grass
Rave on, fill the senses
On nature's bright green shady path

Rave on Omar Khayyam, rave on Kahlil Gibran
Oh, what sweet wine we drinkin'
The celebration will be held

We will partake the wine and break the holy bread

Rave on let a man come out of Ireland
And rave on, Mr.Yeats
Rave on down through thy holy Rosy Cross

Rave on down through theosophy and the golden dawn
Rave on through the writing of a vision
Rave on, rave on, rave on, rave on, rave on, rave on

Rave on, John Donne, rave on thy holy fool
Down through the weeks of ages
In the moss borne dark dank pools

Rave on, down though the industrial revolution
Empiricism and atomic and nuclear age
Rave on, on printed page

