

Hanno the Navigator

Al Stewart

It's a good day
for going to sea
Hanno the Navigator said to me.
There's an open sky and a steady breeze
out beyond the Pillars of Hercules.
Above the foam-kissed waves seagulls scream
up in the masts of our trireme
and it's a good day
for going to sea
Hanno the Navigator said to me.

Water
Water
From horizon to horizon
All I see is water

Steer beyond all maps and charts
down along the coast of Africa.
The first Phoenicians on this beach,
where the monkeys gibber and the parakeets screech.
Strangest women run wild down there,
covered head to toe in fur and hair.
They fight like demons,
better let them be,
Hanno the Navigator said to me.

Water
Water
From horizon to horizon
All I see is water

When you pull close to your fire at night
with your family framed in the candlelight,
safe inside these walls of stone
in the only village you've ever known.
The rain-soaked moon plays splintered crystal
shadows on your windowsill.
Like sparks of light in the shifting skies,
our ancient ships go sailing still on

Water
Water
When my sailing days are done
I'll seek Poseidon's daughter.

Oarsmen pull and curse and sweat
underneath this creaking deck.
At night I hear their stories told,
strong through storms and weak for gold.
Carthage stands like an azure pearl
here in the middle of the known world.
And it's a good day
for going to sea,
Hanno the Navigator said to me.

Water
Water

From horizon to horizon
All I see is water.
Water
Water
When my sailing days are done
I'll seek Poseidon's daughter.

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