

# Al Stewart, Hanno The Navigator

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.  
It's a good day  
for going to sea,  
Hanno the Navigator said to me.