

# IF THE WIND BE KIND

(Neil Murray)

*I'm a passenger in the back seat of Stephen Pigram's twin cab ute. We're in Broome and he is driving. In the time it takes to get from town to his home ( about four k's) this came to me. I don't know why.*

I was once a young traveller on the sea of life  
And set forth cross the ocean bound for the light.  
And I struck many a storm and tempest on my way  
And I left some hearts broken in my wake.

But now I've found a calm anchorage  
Though my beard be silver and my knees be weak  
I await my one true love to come to me  
If the wind be kind and the sea be fair.

If not I'll haul my sail once more  
and set course for the land where I was born  
And there I'll lay my burden down  
and no man will tell of where I fell

But for now I dwell in quiet reverie  
With the stars overhead that shine for thee  
I await my one true love to come to me  
If the wind be kind and the sea be fair

For if the wind be kind and the sea be fair  
my one true love will meet me there  
If the wind be kind and the sea be fair  
If the wind be kind and the sea be fair.