Storm King

Dar Williams

The clouds will form a crown,
Circling the rocky mountaintop,
Telling us the rain is coming soon,
As we sail the river up and downThe storm king has borne the seasons all,
Worn them upon his brow,
He guides the watchful boats below,
I am the storm king now.He is bemused, sometimes delighted,
Sees the trains, the hikers on the hill
In our progress and our industry
May we grow better still.The storm king has seen us from above,
Rising up on the starboard bow
He knows the turning of the years
I am the storm king now.

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