

Peter on the White Sea

Al Stewart

When I took my boat out
To the White Sea
I had no care in the world
Not a cloud disturbed the sky
I was dreaming only of
How it might be
Then dark fell into the day
And the wind began to rise
Peter on the White Sea
Green mountains of waves
Blew all around
Peter on the White Sea
The howl of the wind
That lonesome sound
Sailors made their peace then
With the Almighty
Still I kept hope in my heart
Through the salt and
Stormy night

Every hour the wind struck
Even harder
We held on tight in the dark
As our bow rose and fell
Till we came with daylight
Into the harbour
Hard by the monastery walls
To the ringing of a bell
Peter on the White Sea
A day to recall when days
Are done
Peter on the White Sea
The first of a thousand ships
To come
When I took my boat out
On the White Sea
I heard my name in the wind
In the bright and empty sky
When I took my boat out
On the White Sea