

Al Stewart, Peter On The White Sea

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 ever 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 to the White Sea