

# 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 ever harder  
We held on tight in the dark  
As our bow rose and fell  
Till we came with daylight into the harbor  
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

Songwriters

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