

Maureen kept on swimming beyond the shoal,
Her eyes on a distant gull
Skimming and circling quicksilver free
Over a half sunken hull.

The ale is strong at the Great Auk Inn
Like it was when canvas was king.
The years wash back if you close your eyes
And listen to figureheads sing.

The old sea dogs gaze out at the bay
Each dusk when the water looks brown,
Then tell their tales of love and sails
And watch the birds dive down.