

At the Great Auk Inn on the jut of a town,
The old salts toast the warlock winds,
Then tell their tales of love and sails
And watch the birds dive down.

There's a pair of portraits over the bar;
They stare at hers and talk of him.
Their frames are carved from the Petrel's spar,
Her binnacle brass on the rims.

His name was Jason Wesley Woods;
He owned a sailing ship.
He ran her tight and always fast,
Her hold packed full of goods.

His name was soft like a sleeping surf,
But his will was anchor strong.
And Maureen McCrae was afraid of him,
Knew his thoughts when he looked too long.

She fled but he caught and kissed her well.
"I've vowed to be rich," he said,
"I'll ply every port from here to hell
But I must have you in my bed.