

Good Dr. Brown, he fell in love with a girl with sleeves of such  
rosy silk  
But her dark eyes roved away, away like the soaring gulls on the  
wine-dark sea  
One night he begged she be his bride but she said, "No, it cannot be.  
Just like the gulls, with their hungry cries  
I love you less than the wine-dark tide."

How he did brood on such cruel words and those rosy sleeves of  
shining silk  
Then he took a rock and threw it high  
And knocked a gull from the wine-dark sky

In twilight dusk, in a black eel ditch, the doctor burned wormwood  
and pitch  
And with a fist of graveyard dirt he begged the night for that  
wine-dark heart  
There she came with those rosy sleeves to touch his lips with such  
a wine-dark kiss  
His black top hat to the breeze it went and his flapping arms grew  
feathered thick  
His face it stretched to a sharpened beak  
And how he screeched to feel the wine-dark wind  
But though he flapped and fought to fly those rosy sleeves held  
him, oh, so tight