

## Rolling down to old Maui

trad.

verse

1. It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife we — wha-ler-men un - der - go.

And we don't give a damn when the gale is done how — hard the winds — did blow.

For we're home-ward bound from the Arc - tic ground with a good ship, taut — and free

And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls of Old — Ma - ui.

chorus

Rol - ling down to Old — Ma - ui, me boys, rol-ling down to Old — Ma - ui

We're home-ward bound from the Arc - tic ground, rol-ling down to Old — Ma - ui.

2. Once more we sail with a northerly gale through the ice and wind and rain.

Them native maids, them tropical glades, we soon shall see again.

Six hellish months have passed away on the cold Kamchatka Sea,

But now we're bound from the Arctic ground rolling down to Old Maui.

(chorus)

3. Once more we sail with a northerly gale towards our island home.

Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done, and we ain't go far to roam.

Our stuns'l bones is carried away what care we for that sound?

A living gale is after us, thank God we're homeward bound.

(chorus)

4. How soft the breeze through the island trees, now the ice is far astern.

Them native maids, them tropical glades is a-waiting our return.

Even now their big brown eyes look out hoping some fine day to see

Our baggy sails runnin' 'fore the gales rolling down to old Maui.

(chorus)

5. And now we're anchored in the bay with the Kanakas all around

With chants and soft aloha oes they greet us homeward bound.

And now ashore we'll have good fun we'll paint them beaches red

Awaking in the arms of a wahine with a big fat aching head.

(chorus)