

Rollin' Down to Old Maui

Stan Rogers

III-98

Key of Em

Em B7 Em B7 Em B7 Em
 It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife we whalermen undergo
 Em B7 Em B7 Em B7 Em
 And we don't give a damn when the gale is done, how hard the winds did blow
 G D Em B7
 Cause we're homeward bound from the Arctic Ground with a good ship taut & free
 Em B7 Em B7 Em B7 Em
 And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls of Old Maui

Chorus:

 G D Em B7
 Rollin' down to Old Maui, me boy, rolling down to Old Maui,
 Em B7 Em B7 Em B7 Em
 We're homeward bound from the Arctic Ground, rolling down to Old Maui

Once more we wail with the northerly gale, through the ice & wind & rain
 Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands we soon shall see again
 Six hellish months we've passed away on the cold Kamchatka Sea
 But now we're bound from the Arctic Ground, rolling down to Old Maui

Chorus

Once more we sail the northerly gale towards our island home
 Our main mast sprung, our whaling done & we ain't got 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

How soft the breeze through the island trees, now the ice is far a-stern
 Them native maids, them tropical glades is awaiting our return
 Even now their big brown eyes look out, hoping some fine day to see
 Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales, rolling down to Old Maui

Chorus