

## 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 whalersmen 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