



ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

Tis a damn tough life full of toil and strife
we whalermen undergo,
And we don't give a damn when the gales are done
how hard the winds did blow
Cuz we're homeward bound from the Arctic 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 Maui

Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys
Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to Old Maui

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
through the ice and wind and rain.
Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands
We soon shall see again
For six hellish months we passed away
on the cold Kamchatka Sea
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to Old Maui

Ch

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
towards our island home.
Our whaling done, our mainmast sprung
And we ain't got far to roam.
Our stuns'l booms are carried away
What care we for that sound?
A living gale is after us
Thank God we're homeward bound

Ch

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

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