

Rollin' Down to Old Maui

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
We whalermen undergo
And we don't give a damn when the gale is done
How hard the winds do blow
We're homeward bound from the Arctic Sound
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
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

Once more we sail the Northerly gale
Towards our Island home
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done
And we ain't got far to roam
Our stans'l booms is carried away
What care we for that sound
A living gale after us
Thank God we're homeward bound

How soft the breeze through the island trees
Now the ice is far astern
Them native maids, them tropical glades
Is awaiting our return
Even now their big, brown eyes look out
Hoping some fine to see
Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales
Rolling down to Old Maui

We'll heave the lead where old Diamond Head
Looms up on old Wahu
Our masts and yards are sheathed with ice
And our desks are hid from view
The horrid ice of the sea-caked isles
That deck the Arctic sea
Are miles behind in the frozen wind
Since we steered for Old Maui

And now we're anchored in the bay
With the Kanakas all around
With chants and soft aloha-oos
They greet us homeward bound
And now ashore we'll have good fun
We'll paint them beaches red
Awakening in the arms of an island maid
With a big fat aching head