

Rolling Down To Old Maui

Stan Rogers

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife, we whalermen u
ndergo,
And we won't give a damn when the gales are done how hard the w
inds did blow,
For we're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds with a good sh
ip taught and free,
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls f
rom old Maui.

Rolling down to old Maui, me boys, rolling down to old Maui,
We're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds, rolling down to o
ld Maui.

Once more we sail with the northerly gales through the ice and
Wind and rain, Them coconut fronds, them tropical shores, we so
on shall see again;
Six hellish months we've passed away on the cold Kamchatka sea,
But now we're bound from the Arctic grounds, rolling down to ol
d Maui.

Rolling down to old Maui, me boys, rolling down to old Maui,
We're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds, rolling down to o
ld Maui.

Once more we sail with the Northerly gales, towards our island
home,
Our whaling done, our mainmast sprung, and we ain't got far to
roam;
Our stuns'l's bones is carried away, what care we for that soun
d,
A living gale is after us, thank God we're homeward bound.

Rolling down to old Maui, me boys, rolling down to old Maui,
We're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds, rolling down to o
ld Maui.

How soft the breeze through the island trees, now the ice is fa
r astern,
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 M
aui.

Rolling down to old Maui, me boys, rolling down to old Maui,
We're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds, rolling down to o
ld Maui.