

# Rolling Down To Old Maui

Stan Rogers

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

Once more we sail with the northerly gales through the ice and  
Wind and rain, Them coconut fronds, them tropical shores, 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 grounds, rolling down to 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 old 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 sound,  
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 old Maui.

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 day to see,  
Our baggy sails, running 'fore the gales, rolling down to 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 old Maui.