

Old Maui

The Dreadnoughts

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
We whalermen undergo.
And we don't give a damn when the day is done
How hard the winds did blow.
Cause 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
Towards our island home.
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done,
And we ain't got far to roam.
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.

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.
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 ground
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.
I will rant and roar and go ashore,
And paint them beaches red.
And waken in the arms of a Wahine maid,
With a big fat achin' head.

Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys
Rolling down to Old Maui
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Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys

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