

## 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 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

**ch**

Once more we sail with a northerly gale  
To the ice and wind and rain  
Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands  
We soon shall see again  
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

**ch x 2**