

Rolling Down to Old Maui

'Tis a damn tough life full of toil and strife we whale men undergo.
We don't give a damn when the gale is done how hard the winds did blow.

We're a homeward bound

'Tis a grand old sound

With a good ship taugt and free

We don't give a damn when we drink our rum with girls of Old Maui.

Chorus

Rolling down to Old Maui, my 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 ice and wind and rain
And them coconut fronds and them tropical lands we soon shall see again.

Six hellish months have passed away in the cold Camchatka Sea

But now we're bound

From the Arctic ground

Rolling down to Old Maui.

Chorus

Once more we sail with a northerly gale toward our island home
Our mainmast sprung and our whaling done and we ain't got far to roam

Our stunsail booms is carried away.

What care we for that sound?

A livin' gale is after us

Thank God we're homeward bound.

Chorus

How soft the breeze from the island trees now the ice is far astern.
And them native maids and them island glades is awaiting our return.

Even now their big black eyes look out hoping some fine day to see

Our baggy sails

Runnin' 'fore the gales.

Rollin' down to Old Maui.

Chorus