

Rogers Stan

"Rolling Down To Old Maui"

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ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

sung (but not written) by 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.

CHORUS:

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.

(chorus)

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.

(chorus)

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.
(chorus)
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