

## Rollin' Down To Old Maui

Toonsoort: D      Duur:

Voorspel:

*It's a damned tough life, full of toil an' strife we whalerman undergo.  
And we don't give a damn when the gale has done, how hard them winds do blow.  
We're homeward bound!, 'Tis a damned fine sound with a good ship taut an' free  
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls of old Maui*

Refrein: **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 the ice and sleet and rain  
And them coconut fronds in them tropic lands we soon shall see again.  
Six hellish months have passed away in the cold Kamchatka sea,  
and now we're bound from the arctic ground, rolling down to old Maui.*

### Refrein

*We'll have the lead where old Diamond Head looms up on old Oahu  
Our masts and yards are sheated with ice and our decks are hid from view.  
The horrid tiles of the sea -cut ice that deck the Arctic Sea  
are miles behind in the frozen wind since we steered for old Maui.*

### Refrein

*And now we're anchored in the bay with the Kanakas all around.  
With chants and soft "aloha oes" they greet us homeward bound.  
And now ashore we'll have good fun, we'll paint them beaches red.  
Awakin' in the arms of a wahine with a big, fat achin' head.*

### Refrein