



Old Maui

It's a tough hard life full of toil and strife
We whalermen undergo
And we don't give a damn when the whaling's done
How hard the winds do blow
For we're southward bound from the Arctic ground
In a ship that's taugth and free
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum
With 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***

And now we sail with a northerly gale
From the ice and sleet and rain
Them coconut fronds, them tropical sands
We soon shall see again
Six hellish months we have endured
In the cold Kamchatka sea
But now we're bound from the arctic ground
Rolling down to old Maui

We'll heave the lead where old Diamond Head
Looms up on O'Ahu
Our masts and yards were sheathed in ice
Our decks were hid from view
For the horrid tiles of the salt caked ice
That deck the Arctic sea
Are far behind in the frozen wind
Since we steered for old Maui

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Once more we'll sail with a favourable gale
Towards our native home
Our mainmast sprung, the whaling's done
And we ain't got far to roam
Our stuns'l boom is carried away
What care we for that sound
A living gale is after us
Thank God we're homeward bound

How warm the breeze of the southern seas
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

And now we're anchored in the bay
The kanakas all around
Their chants and soft "halloo-a-loos"
To greet the homeward bound
And once on shore, we'll have good fun
We'll paint those beaches red
In the arms of a native girl I'll wake
With a big fat aching head