

Rolling Down to Old Maui (Dm)

`Tis a rough, tough life of toil and strife
 we whale men undergo.
 And we don't give a damn, when the gales are done,
 how hard the winds do blow.
 Aye we're homeward bound! It's a damn fine sound,
 on a good ship taut and free.
 And we don't give a damn, when we drink our rum
 with the girls of old Maui.

Kor:

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

Kor:

And we'll heave the lead where old Diamond Head
 looms up on old Oahu.
 Our masts and yards are sheathed in ice,
 and the decks are hid from view.
 Oh, the horrid ice of them sea-cut tiles,
 that deck, the Arctic Sea,
 are miles behind in the frozen wind.
 as we steered for old Maui.

Kor:



Maui er den næststørste af Hawaii øerne med et areal på 1883 km² og 139.800 indbyggere. De største byer på øen er Kahului, Wailuku, Lahaina og Kihei. Øen er samtidig USA's 17. største ø og den største i Maui County, som også omfatter de tre mindre øer Lanai, Kahoolawe og Molokai.

And now we sail with a favourable gale,
 towards our island home.
 Our main yard sprung, our whaling done,
 and we ain't got far to roam.
 And the stun sail booms they are carried away,
 what care we for that sound.
 A living gale is after us,
 thank God we're homeward bound.

Kor:



How soft the breeze on the tropic seas,
 now the ice is far astern.
 And those native maids in their island glades,
 are awaiting our return.
 And their big black eyes even now look out,
 hoping some fine day to see.
 Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales,
 rolling down to old Maui.

Kor:



And now we're anchored in the bay
 with the Kanakas all around.
 With chants and sweet "alohas"
 they greet us homeward bound.
 And now ashore we will have great fun,
 and we'll paint them beaches red.
 Awakening in the arms of an island maid
 with a big fat aching head.



Kor:

*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.*