## Rolling Down to Old Maui



 It's a damned hard life, full of toil and strife we whalermen undergo. And we don't give a damn when the gale is done how hard the wind did blow. We're homeward bound! 'Tis a welcome sound on a good ship taut and free, And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls on old Maui.

## **Chorus:**

Rolling down to old Maui, my boys, Rolling down to old Maui. We're homeward bound from the arctic ground Rolling home to old Maui.

- Once more we sail with a northerly gale through the ice and sleet and rain. And them native maids in them island glades we soon shall see again. Six hellish months we've passed away in the cold Kamchatka sea, And now we're bound from the arctic ground, rolling down to old Maui. Chorus
- 3. And now we sail with a favoring gale towards our island home. Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done, and we ain't got far to roam. Our stuns'l booms are carried away what care we for that sound? A living gale is after us, thank God we're homeward bound! Chorus
- 4. How soft the breeze of the tropic seas now the ice is far astern, And them native maids in them island glades are awaiting our return. 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. Chorus

A fo'c's'le chanty about the 1850's Kamchatka bowhead and Pacific sperm whale trade. The original title could be "Rolling Down to Old Mohee". The lyrics have been found in records going back to the mid-19th century but the background of the melody is uncertain.

Other whaling songs in this section are:

<sup>&</sup>quot;Greenland Whale Fishery"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Bonny Ship the Diamond"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Blow, Ye Winds"

It has been recorded by A.L. Lloyd and Stan Rodgers among others. I learned it from the Stan Rodgers recording.