

The Voice House

Rollin' down to Old Maui

It's a rough tough life of toil and strife
We whalemens undergo
And we don't give a damn when the day is done
How hard them winds do blow
For we're homeward bound it's a damn fine sound
With a good ship taut and free
And we don't give a damn when we drinks our rum
With the 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.

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
On 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 old Wahu
Our masts and yards are sheathed in ice
And our decks are hid from view
For the horrid ice of the sea-cut isles
That deck the Arctic sea
Are miles behind in the icy wind
Since we steered for Old Maui.

How warm the breeze of the Southern Seas
Now the ice is far astern
And them native maids in them tropic 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

Once more we sail with a Northerly gale
Towards our Island home
Our mainmast sprung, all whaling done
And we ain't got far to roam
Our stans'l booms is carried away
What care we for that sound
A living gale after us
Thank God we're homeward bound

And now we're anchored in the bay
With the Kanakas all around
With chants and soft aloha-oos
They greet us homeward bound
And now ashore we'll have good fun
We'll paint them beaches red
Awakening in the arms of an Wahee maid
With a big fat aching head
Are miles behind