

Rolling Down to Old Maui

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Rolling Down to Old Maui

$\text{♩} = 132$

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife we whale-men un - der go. And we
6
don't give a damn when the whal-ing's done how hard the winds did blow. 'Cause we're
10
home-ward bound from the arc-tic ground with a good ship taught and free. And we
14
won't give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls of old Ma - ui.
17
Roll-ing down to old Ma - ui, me boys, roll-ing down to old Ma - ui. We're
21
home-ward bound from the Arc - tic ground, roll - ing down to old Ma - ui.

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X:1
T:Rolling Down to Old Maui
M:C
L:1/8
Q:1/4=132
K:G minor
x4 D2 D2 | \
w:It's a |
G2 G2 ^F2 DD | \
w:damn tough life full of |
B2 AG A2 dc | \
w:toil and* strife we* |
```

B3 G AG ^F2 |\
w:whale-men un-* der |
G6 DD |
w:go. And we |
G2 GG ^F2 DD |\
w:don't give a damn when the |
B2 AG A2 dc |\
w:whal-ing's* done how*
B3G AG ^F2 |\
w:hard the winds* did
G4 B2 c2 |
w:blow. 'Cause we're
d2 d2 d2 cB|\
w:home-ward bound from the
c2 c2 c2 BA |\
w:arc-tic ground with a
B2 B2 BA G2|\
w:good ship taught* and
A6 DD |
w:free. And we
G2 GG ^F2 DD |\
w:won't give a damn when we
B2 AG A2 dc |\
w:drink our* rum with the
B3 G AG ^F2|\
w:girls of old* Ma-
G4 ||
w:ui.
B2 c2 |\
w:Roll-ing
d3d dc B2|\
w:down to old* Ma-
c3c c2 BA|\
w:ui, me boys, roll-ing
B3 B BA G2 |\
w:down to old* Ma-
A6 D2 |
w:ui. We're
G2 G2 ^F2 DD |\
w:home-ward bound from the
B2 AG A2 dc |\
w:Arc-tic ground, roll-ing
B3 G AG ^F2|\
w:down to old* Ma-
G6 []
w:ui.

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife we whalersmen undergo And we don't give a damn when the whaling's done how hard the winds did blow 'Cause we're homeward bound from the Arctic Ground with a good ship taut and free And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls of old Maui

Chorus: *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 the northerly gale through the ice and wind and rain Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands, we soon shall see again Six hellish months we've passed away on the cold Kamchatka Sea But now we're bound from the Arctic Ground, rolling down to old Maui

[Chorus]

Once more we sail with the northerly gale towards our island home Our main mast sprung, our whaling done, and we ain't got far to roam Our stuns'l boom's been carried away, what care we for that sound A living gale is after us, thank God we're homeward bound

[Chorus]

How soft the breeze through the island trees, now the ice is far astern Them native maids in their island glades are awaiting our return Even now, their big brown eyes look out, hoping some fine day to see Our baggy sails running afore the gales, rolling down to old Maui

[Chorus]

And now we're anchored in the bay, with kanakas all around With chants and sweet *alohas*, they greet us homeward bound And now ashore, we'll have good friends, we'll paint the beaches red Awaken in the arms of an island maid with a big fat aching head

[Chorus]

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Last update: **2008/12/27 21:50**