Old Maui

Traditional Shanty

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
We whalermen undergo
And we won't give a damn when the gale is done
How hard the winds do blow
For we're homeward bound from the Arctic Ground
With a good ship taut and free
And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum
With the folk 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 wind, and rain
Them coconut fronds, them tropical shores
We soon shall see again
For Six hellish months we passed away
On the cold Kamchatka sea
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to Old Maui

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