

Old Maui

A traditional "forebitter" sung while at rest. The words of "Rolling Down to Old Mohee" were found in a copybook of George Piper a sailor on a whaling ship 1866-1872. Wahine = Polynesian lady.

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
We whalermen undergo
And we don't give a damn when the day is 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 don'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 a northerly gale, Towards our island home
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done, And we ain't got far to roam
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 with a northerly gale
Through the ice and wind and rain
Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands
We soon shall see again
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

<more>

{We'll heave the lead where old Diamond Head
Looms up on old Wahu.
Our masts and yards are sheathed with ice
And our decks are hid from view.
The horrid ice of the sea-caked isles
That deck the Arctic sea
Are miles behind in the frozen wind
Since we steered for Old Maui.}

How soft the breeze through the island trees
Now the ice is far astern
Them native maids, them tropical glades
Is a-waiting our return
Even now their big brown eyes look out
Hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails runnin' 'fore the gales
Rolling down to old Maui

And now we're anchored in the bay
With the Kanakas all around
With chants and soft aloha oes
They greet us homeward bound.
And now ashore we'll have good fun
We'll paint them beaches red
Awaking in the arms of a wahine
With a big fat aching head.

Chorus x 2