

# Old Maui

Em G D Em D Em

It's a damn tuff life full of toil and strife we\_ whale men und - er go, —

Em G D Em D Em

And we don't give damn when the day is done, how hard\_ the wind doth blow, —

G D Em D

For we're home - ward bound from the Arc - tic Ground, on a good ship ta - ut and free.

G D G D Em D Em

And we don't give damn when we drink our rum with the girls\_ of old\_ Ma - ui.

G D Em D

Chorus Rol - ling down to old Ma - ui\_ my boys, rol - ling down to old\_ Ma - ui,

G D G D Em D Em

we're home - ward bound from the Arc - tic Ground, rol - ling down to\_ old\_ Ma - ui.

Once more we sail with a northerly gale, through the ice and wind and rain.  
 Them native maids, them tropical glades, we soon shall see again.  
 Six hellish months have passed away, on that cold uncharted sea,  
 But now we're 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 go far to roam.  
 Our stuns'l bones is carried away what care we for that sound?  
 A living gale is after us, thank God we're homeward bound.

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 soft brown eyes look out hoping some fine day to see  
 Our baggy sails runnin' 'fore the gales rolling down to Old Maui.