

# Rolling down to Old Mauuee



Fm C7 Fm C7 Fm Cm Fm

Tis a rough, tough life of toil an` strife, we whale-men-un-der go, and we

C7 Fm C7 Fm Cm Fm

don't give a damn when the gale is done, how hard the winds do blow. We`-re

A♭ E♭ Fm C7

home-ward bound, it's a damn fine sound, with a good ship taut an` free-, we

Fm C7 Fm C7 Fm Cm Fm **Chorus:**

don't give a damn when we drink our rum, with the girls of old Mau-ee! Rol-ling

A♭ E♭ Fm C7

down to old Mau-ee me boys, Rol-ling down to old Mau-ee-! We`-re

Fm C7 Fm C7 Fm Cm Fm

home-ward bound from the Arc-tic ground Rol-ling down to old-Mau-ee!

2. Once more we sail with a northerly gale through the ice an` sleet an` rain,  
 And them coconut in them tropic lands, oh, we soon shall see again,  
 Six hellish months have passed away in the cold Kamchatka Sea,  
 But now we`re bound from the Arctic ground, rolling down to old Mauuee!

3. How soft the breeze of the tropic seas now the ice is far astern,  
 And them native maids in them island glades are awaiting our return,  
 An` their big black eyes even now look out, hoping some fine day to see:  
 Our baggy sails running fore the gales, rolling down to old Mauuee!

4. And now we`re anchored in the Bay with the Kanaks all around,  
 With chants and sweet aloha-oes they greet us homeward bound,  
 An` now ashore we`ll have good fun, we`ll paint them beaches red,  
 Awaikin` in the arms of an island maid, with a big, fat, achin` head!