Rolling Down to Old Maui (2)

Rolling Down to Old Maui (2)

Once more we sail with a favoring gale
A-bounding o'er the main
And soon the hills of the tropic clime
Will be in view again
Six sluggish months have passed away
Since from your shores sailed we
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to old Maui

Rolling down to old Maui, my boys
Rolling down to old Maui
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to old Maui

We will heave our lead where old Diamond Head
Looms up on old Oahu
Our masts and rigging are covered with ice
Our decks are filled with snow
The hoary head of the Sea Gull Isles
That decks the Arctic Sea
Are many and many leagues astern
Since we steered for old Maui

Oh welcome the seas and the fragrant breeze
Laden with odors rare
And the pretty maids in the sunny glades
Who are gentle, kind and fair
And their pretty eyes even now look out
Hoping some day to see
Our snow-white sails before the gales
Rolling down to old Maui

Once more we sail with a favoring gale
Toward our distant home
Our mainmast sprung, we're almost done
Still we ride the ocean's foam
Our stun's'ls booms are carried away
What care we for that sound
A living gale is after us
Hurrah, we're homeward bound

From Colcord-Songs of American Sailormen. No tune provided.
(NOTE: These three versions seem to have
been folk-processed from a common source. Anybody know what? RG

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