

Spiers And Boden, Old Maui

Once more we are waft by the northern gales a-bounding over the main,
And soon the hills of the tropic isles we all shall see again.
Five sluggish moons have waxed and waned since from the shores sailed we,
And now we are bound from the Arctic ground, rolling down to old Maui.

Through many a gale of frost and hail, our big ship bore away,
And in the midst of a moonbeam's kiss we slept at St. Lawrence Bay,
And many's the day we whiled away on the bold Kamchatka Sea,
But now we are bound from the Arctic ground, rolling down to 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.

Through many a blow of frost and snow and bitter squalls of hail,
Our spires were bent and our canvas rent as we brave the northern gale.
The cruel isles of ice-capped tiles that deck the Arctic sea,
Are many, many leagues astern as we sail to 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.

An ample share of toil and care we whalemens undergo,
But when it's over, what care we how bitter the blast may blow?
We're homeward bound, that joyful sound across the Arctic sea,
We're homeward bound from the Arctic ground, rolling down to 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.
Homeward bound from the Arctic ground,
Rolling down to old Maui.