

On the Water

Stories from Maritime America

“(Rolling Down to) Old Maui”

Performed by A. L. Lloyd

It's a ample share of toil and care the whalemens undergo,
Through many a blow of frost and hail and bitter squalls of snow,
The horrid isles of ice-cut tiles that deck their polar sea,
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground rolling down to Old Maui.

Once more we're blown by the northern gales and bounding o'er the main,
And the green hills of them tropical isles we soon shall see again.
Oh, it's many a day we toiled away in that cold Kamchatka Sea,
And we'll think of that as we laugh and chat with the girls of Old Maui.

