

New York Girls

arr. Paul Sartin

As I walked down to New York town, a fair maid I did meet
She asked me back to see her place; she lived on Barrack Street

Chorus

And away, Santy, my dear Annie

Oh, you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?

And when we got to Barrack Street we stopped at 44
Her mother and her sister were waiting at the door

Chorus

And away, Santee, my dear Annie

Oh, you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?

Chorus etc.

And when I got inside the house, the drinks were passed around
The liquor was so awful strong, my head went round and round

And then we had another drink before we sat to eat
The liquor was so awful strong, I quickly fell asleep

And away, Santee, my dear Annie

Oh, you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?

When I awoke next morning had an aching head
There was I jack all alone, stark naked in my bed.

My gold watch and my money and my lady friend were gone
There was I jack all alone, stark naked in my room.

With a barrel for a suit of clothes down Cherry Street forlorn,
Where Martin Churchill took me in and he sent me round Cape Horn.

Old Maui

arr. Matt Norman

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife, We whalermen undergo
And we don't give a damn when the gale is done,
How hard the winds did blow
For we're homeward bound from the Arctic ground
With a good ship taut and free
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum
With the girls of Old Maui

Chorus

*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*

Once more we sail with the northerly gale
Through the ice and wind and rain
Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands, We soon shall see again
Six hellish months we've passed away On the cold Kamchatka Sea
But now we're bound from the Arctic Ground, Rolling down to Old Maui

Chorus

*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.*

Once more we sail with the northerly gale, Towards our island home
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done, And we ain't got far to roam
Our stu'n'st'l booms is carried away, What care we for that sound?
A living gale is after us, Thank God we're homeward bound.

Chorus

*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.*

We'll heave the lead where old Diamond Head Looms up on old Wahu
Our masts and yards are sheathed with ice,
And our decks are hid from view
The horrid ice of the sea-caked isles That deck the Arctic sea
Are miles behind in the frozen wind Since we steered for Old Maui.