

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Rolling Down to Old Mohee

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Once more we are waft by the Northern gales
Bounding over the main,
And now the hills of the tropic isles
We soon shall see again.
Five sluggish moons have waxed and waned
Since from the shore sailed we,
Now we are bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to old Mohee.
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Rolling down to old Mohee.

Through many a blow of frost and snow
And bitter squalls of hail,
Our spars were bent and our canvas rent
As we braved the northern gale.
The horrid isles of ice cut tiles
That deck the Arctic sea,
Are many, many leagues astern
As we sail to old Mohee.

Through many a gale of snow and hail
Our good ship bore away
And in the midst of the moonbeam's kiss
We slept in St. Lawrence Bay.
And many a day we whiled away
In the bold Kamchatka Sea
And we'll think of that as we laugh and chat
With the girls of old Mohee.

An ample share of toil and care
We whalemens undergo;
But when it's over, what care we
How the bitter blast may blow.
We are homeward bound, that joyful sound,
And yet it may not be,
But we'll think of that as we laugh and chat
With the girls of old Mohee.

From Gale Huntington's book- Songs the Whalemens Sang. Collected
from logbook of Ship Atkins Adams 1858. Huntington says that the
tune comes from Harlow- Chanteying Aboard American Ships; also

thinks he heard it sung to tune of "The Bowery", but isn't sure.

As he points out, "This is a nice song."

See also MAUI (Hugill's version)