

Rolling Down to Old Maewo

Trad., revised by Lew Toulmin
from "Rolling Down to Old Maui"
July 2016

It's a darned tough life, full of toil and strife
We women chiefs undergo.
We don't even care, when a cyclone's rife,
How hard the wind does blow.
We're homeward bound! 'Tis a grand old sound!
Our Big Sista will go,
All we care, is for our island fair
Our long, sweet home: Maewo.

Chorus:

*Rolling down to old Maewo, me gals,
Rolling down to old Maewo
We're homeward bound to our sacred ground
Rolling home to old Maewo.*

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
Through the wind and waves and rain.
And those coconut fronds in that tropical vale
We soon shall see again.
For six long months we've been found
In old Port Vila, so
Now we're bound from the capital ground,
Rolling home to old Maewo.

Chorus

How soft the breeze of the tropical seas
And Efate's far astern,
Our local blades in those island glades
Are waiting our return.
Every day they yell, on their cell,
hoping some day to know
That our ship will sail, before the gale
Rolling down to old Maewo.

Chorus

Our kava brew and our lap-lap too
Are the pride of each island chief
Women chiefs are few, but our hearts are true,
And our magic wards off grief.
We know our power, this is our hour,
To the top we'll go.
We're rolling down to our chiefly ground
Sailing home to old Maewo!

Chorus

We'll have a feast of a sacred beast,
With his tusks so white and round.
We'll right all wrongs, and sing our songs,
on our hallowed village ground.
When we shed the gore of that sacred boar,
We'll love and kiss our beaux.
With ancient lore, women chiefs will roar:
Our fiefdom: old Maewo!

Chorus