

SWEET LADY OF WAIHOLE

^F Early in the morning, she would, gather all the Island fruits, and pack them, as she starts,

^{Bb Bbm} another day, Carefully, she makes her way,

^{F D7 Bb} besides the mountain stream, as she sings
^{C7 F C7} an island chant of long ago; She was

^{F Bb} SWEET, LADY OF WAIHOLE, (sweet lady, sweet lady),
^F SITTING BY THE HIGHWAY, (by the highway, by the highway),
^{C7} SELLING HER PAPAYAS, (pa papayas, papayas, pa papayas),
^{F C7} AND HER GREEN AND RIPE BANANAS.

^F Walking down her dam, and rocky road, her humble wagon stops, she watches the sunbeats through the valley skies,
^{Bb Bbm} Smile and wipes the sweat upon

^{F D7} her brow, continues on, and starts the
^{b C7 F C7} journey through the highway, rising sun.

^{F Bb} SWEET, LADY OF WAIHOLE, (sweet lady, sweet lady,
^F SITTING BY THE HIGHWAY. (by the highway, by the highway),
^{C7} SELLING HER PAPAYAS, (pa papayas, papayas, pa papayas),
^{F C7} AND HER GREEN AND RIPE BANANAS,

INSTRUMENTAL

^F Later in the evening, she would, gather all her island fruits, and pack them as she ends

^{Bb Bbm} another day, Carefully, she makes her way,
^{F D7 Bb} besides the mountain stream, as she sings,

^{C7 F C7} an island chant of long ago. She was:

^{F Bb} REPEAT CHORUS: SWEET, LADY OF WAIHOLE ETC.