

Sweet Lady of Waiahole

^D
Early in the morning, she would gather all her island fruits,
And pack them as she starts another day,
^{Bb} Carefully she makes her way, ^D beside the mountain stream, ^{D7}
As she sings an island chant of long ago . . .

^D She's my Sweet Lady of Waiahole, ^G
She's sitting by the highway,
Selling her papayas, ^{A7} ^G
And her green and ripe bananas . . . ^D

^D
Walking down the damp and rocky road her humble wagon stops,
She watch the sun peak through the valley skies, ^G
^{Bb} Smiles and wipes the sweat up from her brow, ^D continues on, ^{D7}
And starts her journey to the highways risin' sun . . . ^D

^D She's my Sweet Lady of Waiahole, ^G
She's sitting by the highway,
Selling her papayas, ^{A7} ^G
And her green and ripe bananas . . . ^D

^D
Later in the evening, she would gather all her island fruits,
And pack them as she ends another day,
^{Bb} Carefully she makes her way ^D beside the mountain stream, ^{D7}
As she sings an island chant of long ago . . . ^D

^D She's my Sweet Lady of Waiahole, ^G
She's sitting by the highway,
Selling her papayas, ^{A7} ^G
And her green and ripe bananas . . . ^D

^{A7} Selling her papayas,
And her green and ripe bananas . . . ^D

