

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), SELLING HER
^{C7} PAPAYAS, (pa papayas, papayas, pa
papayas), AND HER GREEN AND RIPE
^{F C7} BANANAS.

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

her brow, ^{F D7} 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), AND HER GREEN

AND RIPE ^{F C7} 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:

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