SWEET LADY OF WAIHOLE

Early in the morning, she would, gather all her island fruits, and pack them, as she starts another day. Carefully, she makes her way, besides the mountain stream, as she sings an island chant of long ago; She was SWEET, LADY OF WAIHOLE, (sweet lady, sweet lady), SITTIN' BY THE HIGHWAY, (by the highway, by the highway), SELLIN' HER PAPAYAS, (pa papayyas, papayyas, pa papayyas), AND HER GREEN AND RIPE BANANAS.

Walking down her dam, and rocky road, her humb; wagon stops, she watch the sun beats through tl valley skies, Smile and wipes the sweat upon her brough, contiues on, and starts the journey through the highway, rising sun. SWEET, LADY OF WAIHOLE, (sweet lady, sweet lady, SITTIN' BY THE HIGHWAY. (by the highway, by the highway), SELLIN' HER PAPAYAS, (pa papayyas, papayyas, pa papayyas), AND HER GREEN AND RIPE BANANAS,

Later in the evening, she would, gather all her island fruits, and pack them as she ends another day. Carefully, she makes her way, besides the mountain stream, as she sings, an island chant of long ago. She was:

REPEAT CHORUS: SWEET, LADY OF WAIHOLE ETC.