

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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All the Good Times Are Past and Gone

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All the good times are past and gone
All the good times are o'er
All the good times are past and gone
Little darlin don't you weep no more

I wish to the Lord I'd never been born
Or died when I was young
I never would have seen your sparkling blue eyes
Or heard your lying tongue

Don't you see that turtle dove
That flies from pine to pine
He's mourning for his own true love
Just like I mourn for mine

Don't you see that passing train
Going 'round the bend
It's taking away my own true love
Never to return again

Can't you see that turtle dove,
Flyin' from pine to pine,
She's mourning for her own true love,
Just like I mourn for mine.

Woody knows nothin' but peckin' on a bow,
Under skies of blue,
I never knew 'til I met you,
What love, oh love could do.

If you see my own true love,
There's something I want you to tell her,
Tell her to quit wastin' her time,
Runnin' 'round with some other feller.

Come back, come back my own true love
And stay awhile with me
For ever I've had a friend in this world
You've been a friend to me

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