

# Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, All The Good Times

Chorus:

All the good times are passed and gone  
All the good times are over  
All the good times are passed and gone  
Little darling 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.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

Don't you see the passenger train  
Going around the bend  
It's taking away my own true love  
To never return again.

Chorus

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

Chorus