

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