

Man Of Constant Sorrow  
(trad.)

I am a man of constant sorrow  
I've seen trouble all my days  
I bid farewell to old Kentucky  
The state where I was borned and raised

For six long years I've been in trouble  
No pleasure here on earth I find  
For in this world I'm bound to ramble  
I have no friends to help me now

It's fare thee well my own true lover  
I never expect to see you again  
For I'm bound to ride that northern railroad  
Perhaps I'll die upon this train

You can bury me in some deep valley  
For many years where I may lay  
Then you may learn to love another  
While I am sleeping in my grave

It's fare you well to a native country  
The places I have loved so well  
For I have seen all kinds of trouble  
In this cruel world, no tongue can tell

Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger  
My face you'll never see no more  
But there is one promise that is given  
I'll meet you on God's golden shore