

Constant Sorrow 3

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I'm a man of constant sorrow,
I've seen trouble all my days.
I bid adieu to Carroll County
The place where I was born and raised.

I used to think that I saw trouble
I fear there's nothing else to do.
How little did I think you'd leave me
But now I bid to you adieu.

The very first time I ever saw you
The world was all over green,
But since to me you've proved false-hearted
I wish your face I'd never seen.

The last time I ever saw you
Standing in in a cottage door;
Yet your smiles are ever near me,
Though I see thee never more.

When I'm asleep, I'm dreaming about you
When I'm awake, I have no rest;
Every moment seems like an hour,
And oh, what burdens in my breast.

You're like the stars of a bright summer morning;
They will appear but soon be gone.
You tell to me some flattering story,
Then take some other and be gone.

They have told you some false stories;
You believe them all they say.
Oh, you are false but I'll forgive you,
Forget you though I never may.

I wish I was a little sparrow,
And had wings that I might fly;
I'd fly away to my false lover,
So when she talked I could be by.

I'd ask her who she meant to flatter,

Or who she meant for to deceive ;
All in her bosom I would flutter
With those little and tender wings.

One more word and all is over.
Why are you unkind to me?
Pray tell my why you do not love me
And turn aside, how can it be?

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