

## MAN OF CONSTANT SORROW

<sup>C</sup> I . . . . am a man, of constant <sup>F</sup> sorrow

<sup>G</sup> I've seen trouble all my <sup>C</sup> days.

<sup>C</sup> I . . . . bid farewell, to old <sup>F</sup> Kentucky

<sup>G</sup> The place where I was borned and <sup>C</sup> raised.

<sup>D</sup> For . . . . six long years, I've been in <sup>G</sup> trouble

<sup>A</sup> No pleasure here on earth I <sup>D</sup> find.

<sup>D</sup> For . . . . in this world, I'm bound to <sup>G</sup> ramble,

I have no <sup>A</sup> friends to help me <sup>D</sup> now.

It's . . . . fare thee well, my own true lover,

I never expect to see again.

For . . . . I'm bound to ride, that northern railroad,

Perhaps I'll die upon that 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.

May . . . . be your friends think, I'm just a stranger,

My face you never will see no more.

But . . . . this is one promise that is given,

I'll meet you on God's golden shore.

KEY C

KEY D