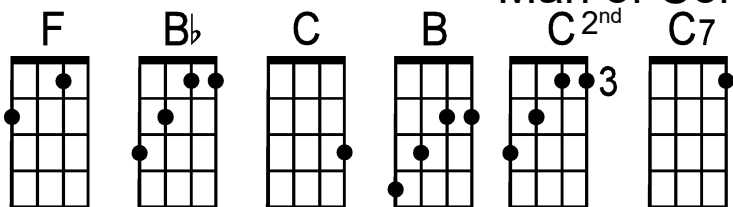


# Man of Constant Sorrow



**Intro:** F . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . | C . . . | F . . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
*(In constant sorrow— through his days)*

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
 I— am the ma— an of constant sorrow— I've seen trou— ble all my days—

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
 I— bid fare-we— ell to old Ken-tucky— the place where I— was born and raised—

F\ Bb\ B\ | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
*(The place where he— e— e was born and raised)*

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
 For— six long ye— ars I've been in trouble— no pleasure here— on Earth I found

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
 For— in this wor— ld I'm bound to ramble— I have no fri— ends to help me now—

F\ Bb\ B\ | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
*(He has no fri— ends— to help him now)*

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
 I— t's fair thee we— ll, my old true lover— I never ex-pect— to see you a-gain—

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
 For— I'm bound to ri— ide that northern railroad— Per-haps I'll die— u-pon this train—

F\ Bb\ B\ | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
*(Per-haps he'll die— i— ie up-on this train)*

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
 You— can bury me— e in some deep valley— for many years— where I may lay—

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
 And— you may lear— rn to love an- other— while I am slee— ping in my grave—

F\ Bb\ B\ | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
*(While he is slee— ping in his grave)*

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
 May— be your friends thi— ink I'm just a stranger—, my face you'll ne— ver see no more—

F . . . . | . . . . . | Bb . . . . | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . |  
 But— there is one pro— mise that is given—, I'll meet you on— God's golden shore—

F\ Bb\ B\ | C<sup>2</sup> . . Bb\ | F . . . . F\ Bb\ F\ |  
*(He'll meet you o— on God's golden shore—)*