Man of Constant Sorrow
Traditional


In constant sorrow— through his days

I am the ma— an of constant sorrow— I've seen trou— ble all my days—

I bid fare—we— ell to old Ken-tucky— the place where I was born and raised—

F \ Bb\ B\ | C2 . . Bb\ | F . . . . . . |
(The place where he e was born and raised)

For six long ye— ars I've been in trouble— no pleasure here— on Earth I found

For in this wor— ld I'm bound to ramble— I have no fri— ends to help me now—

F \ Bb\ B\ | C2 . . Bb\ | F . . . . . . |
(He has no fri— ends— to help him now)

I'ts fair thee we— ll, my old true lover— I never ex— pect— to see you a— gain—

For I'm bound to ri— ide that northern railroad— Per— haps I'll die— up on this train—

F \ Bb\ B\ | C2 . . Bb\ | F . . . . . . |
(Per— haps he'll die— i— ie up on this train)

You can bury me— e in some deep valley— for many years— where I may lay—

And you may learn— m to love an— other— while I am slee— ping in my grave—

F \ Bb\ B\ | C2 . . Bb\ | F . . . . . . |
(While he is slee— ping in his grave)

May be your friends thi— ink I'm just a stranger—, my face you'll ne— ver see no more—

But there is one pro— mise that is given—, I'll meet you on— God's golden shore—

F \ Bb\ B\ | C2 . . Bb\ | F . F Bb\ F\ |
(He'll meet you o— on God's golden shore—)