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Man of Constant Sorrow - Richard Burnett 1913; (Modal Minor)
I am a man of constant sorrow
I've seen trouble all my days
I bid fare-well to old Kentucky
The place where I was born & raised
C
For six long years I've been in trouble
No pleasure <u>here</u> on earth I <u>found</u>
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 <u>expect</u> to see you <u>again</u>
<u>For</u> I'm bound to <u>ride</u> that northern <u>railroad</u>
Perhaps I'll die upon this train
C
<u>You</u> can bury <u>me</u> in some deep <u>valley</u>
For many <u>years</u> where I may <u>lay</u>
<u>Then</u> you may <u>learn</u> to love <u>another</u>
while I am sleeping in my grave
Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger
My face you'll never will see no more
But there is one promise that is given
I'll meet you on God's golden shore
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