

I am a Man of Constant Sorrow

Sawyer Fredericks

In constant sorrow all through his days
I am a man of constant sorrow
I've seen trouble all my days
I bid farewell to old Kentucky
The place where I was born and raised
The place where he was born and raised
For six long years I've been in
trouble
No pleasures here on earth I found
For in this world I'm bound to ramble
I have no friends to help me now
He has no friends to help him now
It's fare thee well my old true lover
I never expect to see you again
For I'm bound to ride that northern railroad
Perhaps I'll die upon this train
Perhaps he'll die upon this 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
While he is sleeping in his grave
Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger
My face you never will see no more
But there is one promise that is given
I'll meet you on God's golden shore
He'll meet you on God's golden shore

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