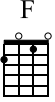
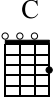
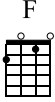
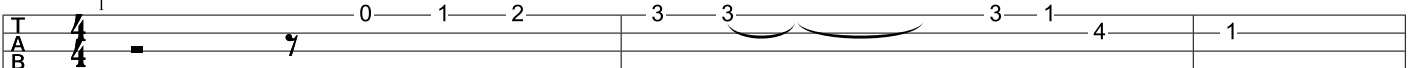



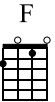

Man of Constant Sorrow

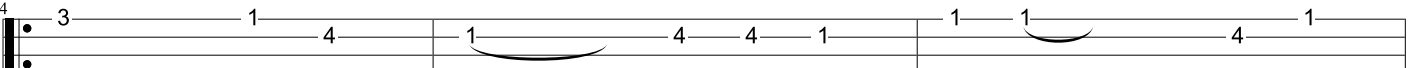









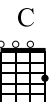
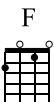
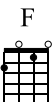
In con- stant sor- row throu-gh his days

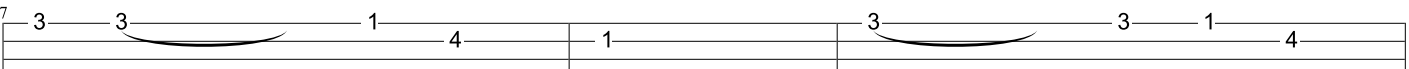








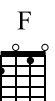

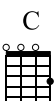
I am the man of con stant sor- row I've seen
 For six long years l've been in trou- ble, no plea- sure
 It's fair thee well, my old true lov- er, I never ex-
 You can bury me think in some deep val- ley, For many
 Maybe your friends think I'm just a stran- ger My face you

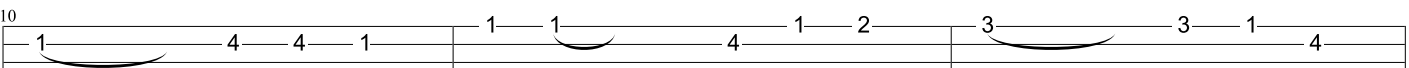




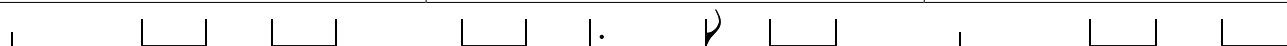




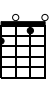
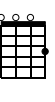
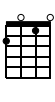
trou- ble on all my days I bid fare-
 here on earth l've found again. For in this
 spect to see you again. For For I'm bound to
 years where I may lay. And But you may
 ne- ver will see no more But there is one

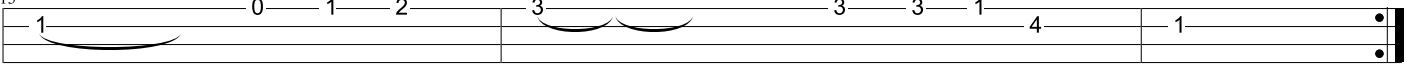









well to ol' Ken- tuck- y The place where I was born and
 world, l'm bound to North- ern ramb- le, I have no friends to help me
 ride that to love a Rail- road, per- haps I'll die up- on this
 learn to love a no- ther while I am sleep- ing in my
 prom- ise that is giv- en, I'll meet you on God's gold- en

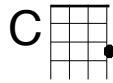
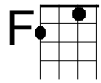




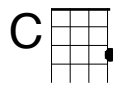
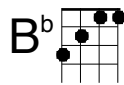
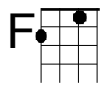
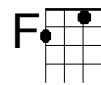
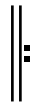
raised. The place where he, was bo- rn and raised
 now. He has no friends to he- lp him now
 train Per- haps he'll die up- o- n this train
 grave. While he is slee- ping i- n his grave
 shore He'll meet you on God's go- ld- en shore

3x

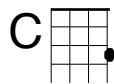
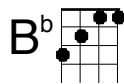
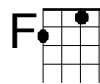
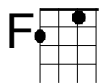
Man of Constant Sorrow



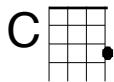
In con-stant sorrow, all through his days



- 1) I am the man, of constant sorrow, I've seen trou-ble all my days.
- 2) For six long years I've been in trouble, no pleasure here on earth I've found.
- 3) It's fair thee well, my old true lover, I never ex-pect to see you again.
- 4) You can bury me in some deep valley, for many years where I may lay.
- 5) Maybe your friends think I'm just a stran-ger My face you ne-ver will see no more.



I bid farewell to ol' Ken-tuck-y, the place where I was born and raised. The place where...
 For in this world, I'm bound to ramble, I have no friends to help me now. He has no...
 For I'm bound to ride, that Northern Railroad, perhaps I'll die, upon this train Perhaps he'll...
 And you may learn to love ano-ther while I am sleep- ing in my grave. While he is...
 But there is one promise that is given, I'll meet you on God's golden shore. He'll meet you



he was born and	raised
friends to help him	now
die upon this	train
slee-ping in his	grave
on God's golden	shore