

# A Maid Of Constant Sorrow

(a.k.a A Man Of Constant Sorrow)

Words & Music:  
Traditional American

A D  
I am a maid of constant sorrow

Bm Em  
I've known trouble all my days.

A D  
I'm going back to California [*orig: I'll bid farewell to old Kentucky*]

Bm Em  
Place where I was partly raised. [*orig: The state where I was born & raised*]

All through this world I'm bound to ramble  
Through storm & wind, through sleet & rain.  
I'm bound to ride that northern railroad.  
Perhaps I'll take the very next train.

Your friends, they say I am a stranger.  
You'll never see my face no more.  
There is a promise that's given:  
We will sail God's golden shore.

I always thought I had seen trouble,  
Now I know it's common run.  
I'll hang my head and weep in sorrow,  
Just to think on what you've done.

And when I'm in some lonesome hour,  
And I am feeling all alone,  
I'll weep the briny tears of sorrow,  
And think of you so far a-gone.

For six long years I've been in trouble.  
No pleasure here on earth I find.  
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 expect to see you again.  
For I'm bound to ride that northern railroad.  
Perhaps I'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.

I am a maid of constant sorrow  
I've known trouble all my days.  
I'm going back to California  
Place where I was partly raised.