

Peter, Paul & Mary, Sorrow

I am a man of constant sorrow;
I've seen trouble all my day
I'm going back to California,
Place where I was partly raised.

All through this world, I'm bound to ramble.
Through storm and wind, through sleet and 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 just one promise that's given.
We'll sail on God's Golden Shore.

I am a man of constant sorrow,
I've seen trouble all my day
I'm going back to California,
Place where I was partly raised.