

The Stanley Brothers, Life Of Sorrow

After traveling through this world of sorrow
No one on earth to call my friend
I'm on my way to old Kentucky
Where I met and loved but could not win

I've always loved you little darlin
My heart will always feel the same
I could never do one thing to hurt you
I'd rather die than bring you shame

When that cold dark shroud is wrapped around me
They lay my weary head to rest
Will you stand around and gaze upon me
For I'm the one that loved you best

When your golden hair is turned to silver
The master calls your soul to Him
Where we can be free from all our troubles
I'll meet you there at journey's end