

<http://bluegrasslyrics.com/song/a-man-of-constant-sorrow/>

## A Man Of Constant Sorrow

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

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

It's fare you well to a native country  
The places I have loved so well  
For I have seen all kinds of trouble  
In this cruel world no tongue can tell

Maybe your friends think I'm a stranger  
My face your'll never see no more  
But there is one promise that is given  
I'll meet you on God's golden shore

<http://bluegrasslyrics.com/song/rank-strangers/>

# Rank Strangers

I wandered again to my home in the mountain  
Where in youths early dawn I was happy and free  
I looked for my friends but I never could find them  
I found they were all rank strangers to me

Everybody I met seemed to be a rank stranger  
No mother no dad not a friend I could see  
They knew not my name and I knew not their faces  
I found they were all rank strangers to me

They've moved all away said the voice of a stranger  
To a beautiful home by the bright crystal sea  
Some beautiful day I'll meet them in heaven  
Where no one will be a stranger to me

<http://bluegrasslyrics.com/song/mountain-dew/>

# Mountain Dew

There's a big hollow tree down the road here from me  
Where you lay down a dollar or two  
You stroll 'round the bend and you come back again  
There's a jug full of good old mountain dew

They call it that mountain dew  
And them that refuse it are few  
I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug  
With that good old mountain dew

My uncle Mort, he's sawed off and short  
He measures about four foot two  
But he thinks he's a giant when you give him a pint  
Of that good old mountain dew

Well, my old aunt June bought some brand new perfume  
If had such a sweet smelling pew  
But to her surprise when she had it analyzed  
It was nothing but good old mountain dew

Well, my brother Bill's got a still on the hill  
Where he runs off a gallon or two  
The buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly  
From smelling that good old mountain dew