

Maid Of Constant Sorrow

Judy Collins

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

Your friends may say that I'm a stranger
My face they'll never see no more
There is but one promise that's given
I'll sail on God's golden shore

All through this world I'm bound to ramble
Through sun and wind and drivin' rain
I'm bound to ride the western railway
Perhaps I'll take the very next train

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