

# 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