

## Pretty Saro

via Iris DeMent (*Songcatcher*, 2000)

1.     When I first come to this country in Eighteen and Forty-nine  
       I saw many fair lovers but I never saw mine  
       I viewed it all around me, saw I was quite alone  
       and me a poor stranger and a long way from home
  
2.     Fair the well to ol' mother, fair the well to my father too  
       I'm going for to ramble this wide world all through  
       And when I get weary, I'll sit down and cry  
       and think of my Saro, pretty Saro, my bride
  
3.     Well, I wished I was a turtle dove, had wings and could fly  
       Far away to my lover's lodgings, tonight I'd drawn the line  
       And there in her lilywhite arms I'd lay there all night  
       and watch through them little wind'ers for the dawning of day

*optional additional verse, between 1 and 2:*

Well, my true love she won't have me and it's this I understand  
For she wants some free holder and I have no land  
I couldn't maintain her on silver and gold  
but all of the other fine things that my love's house could hold