

Pretty Saro

Bert Jansch

Way down in the valley
In some lonesome place
I wish no better pastime
Than to be with my love
But she says she won't have me
So that I understand
She wants a freeholder
And I have no land

I cannot maintain her
With silver nor gold
Nor buy her all the fine things
That a big house can hold
So farewell, pretty Saro
I will bid you adieu
For I'm going to ramble
This whole world all through

And if I were a merchant

And could write a fine hand
I'd write my love a letter
So that she may understand
I would send it by the river
Where the waters do flow
And I'd think of pretty Saro
Wherever I go

And if I were a white dove
And had wings and could fly
This night to my love's window
I know I would draw nigh
In her lily white arms
All the night I would lay
And I'd watch them little windows
Till the dawn of the day