

Pretty Saro

Doc Watson

When I first came to this country in 1849
I saw many fair lovers but I did not see mine
I viewed the world 'round me saw I was quite alone
And me a poor stranger and a long way from home

Oh my true love she don't want me and it's this I understand
She wants a freeholder and I have no land
But I could maintain her on silver and gold
And all of the other things that my love's house could hold

Oh I wish I was a little dove, had wings and could fly

Straight to my love's bosom this night I'd draw nigh
And in her little small arms all night I would lay
And think of pretty Saro till the dawning of day

It's fair thee well to old mother and fare thee well to 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