

## Pretty Saro

Iris DeMent

When I first come to this country in eighteen and forty-nine  
I saw many fair lovers but I never saw mine  
I view-ed it all around me, saw I was quite alone  
And me a poor stranger and a long way from home.

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.

Fair thee well to ol' Mother, fair thee 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.

Well, I wished I was a turtledove, had wings and could fly  
Far away to my lover's lodgings, tonight I'd draw nigh  
And there in her lily-white arms I'd lay there all night  
And watch through them little winders for the dawning of day.