

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.