

## 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