

Pretty Saro

Judy Collins

Down in some lone valley in a lonesome place
Where the wild birds all whistle and their notes do
increase

Farewell Pretty Saro I must bid you adieu
And I'll dream of Pretty Saro wherever I go

My love she won't have me and I understand
She wants a rich merchant and I have no land
I cannot maintain her, I've no silver and gold
Can't give her the nice things that a big house will hold

But if I were a merchant and I could write a fine hand
And I'd write my love a letter that she'd understand
I'd write it by the river where the waters o'erflow
And I'll dream of Pretty Saro wherever I go