

Irina

"Pretty Saro"

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When I first come to this country in Eighteen and Forty-nine

I saw many fair lovers but I never saw mine

I viewed 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

Fare thee well to ol' mother, fare 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 turtle dove

Had wings and could fly

Far away to my lover's lodgings

Tonight I'd draw nigh

And there in her lilywhite arms I'd lay there all night

And watch through them little wind'ers

For the dawning of day

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