

## **Iris Dement "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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