

## Pretty Saro

Way down in the lone val-ley, in some lone-some place,  
I wish no bet-ter pas-time than to be with my sweet,  
But she says she won't have me, so that I un-der-stand  
She wants some free - hold - er, where I have no la

Way down in the lone valley, in some lonesome place,  
I wish no better pastime than to be with my sweet,  
But she says she won't have me, so that I understand  
She wants some freeholder, where I have no land.

I cannot maintain her with silver and gold,  
Nor buy her all the fine things that a big house can hold.  
So farewell, pretty Saro, I bid thee adieu,  
I'm going to ramble the whole world all through.

If I were a merchant and could write some fine hand,  
I would write my love a letter that she might understand.  
I would send it by the river where the water do flow,  
And I'll think of pretty Saro wherever I go.

I wish I were a dove and had wings and could fly,  
This night to my love's window I would draw nigh.  
And in her lily-white arms all night I would lay,  
And watch them little windows to the dawning of the day.