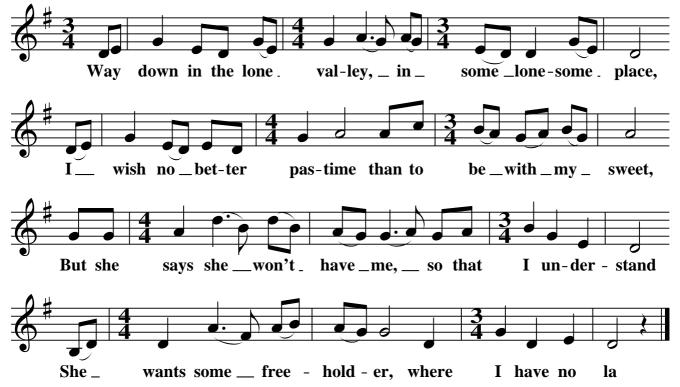
Pretty Saro



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.