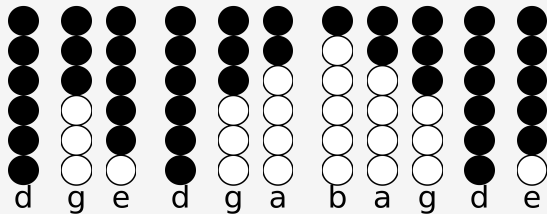


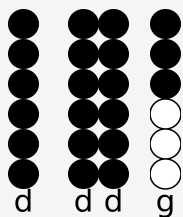
Tin whistle tabs for: Pretty Saro

Categories: Folk

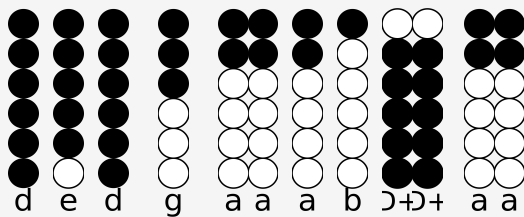
Author/Performer: Cas Wallin



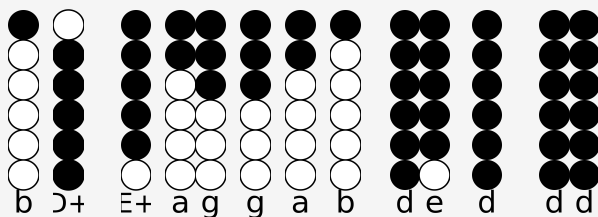
When I first come to this country in eighteen



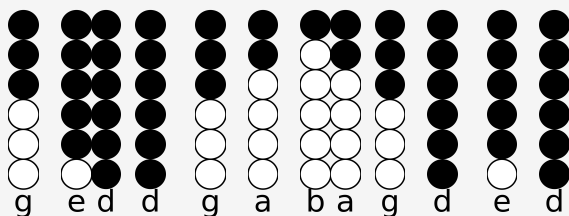
and forty nine



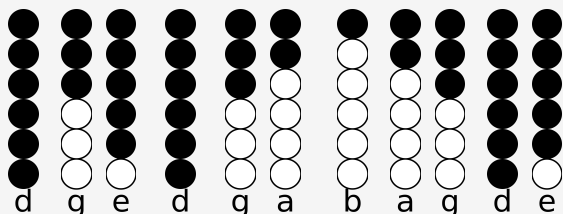
I saw many fair lovers, but I never saw mine



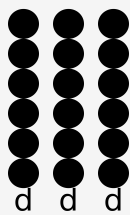
I viewéd all around me, I found I was quite alone



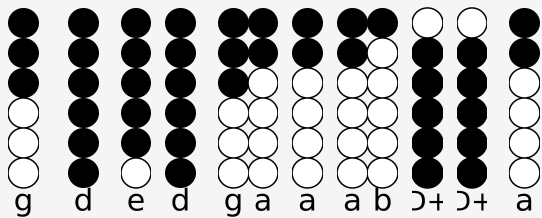
And me a poor stranger and a long way from home



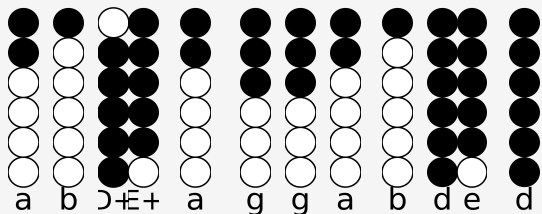
Well my true love she won't have me and this I



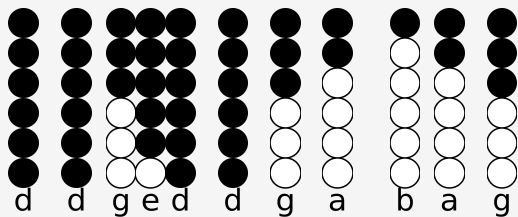
understand



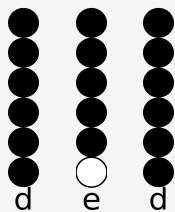
She wants a freeholder and I've got no land



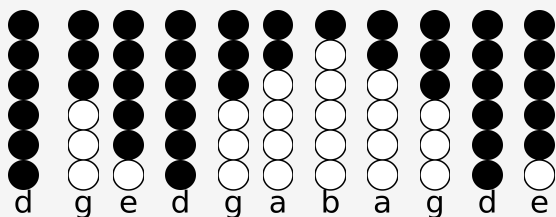
But I couldn't maintain her on silver and gold



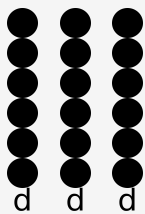
And as many of the fine things as my love's



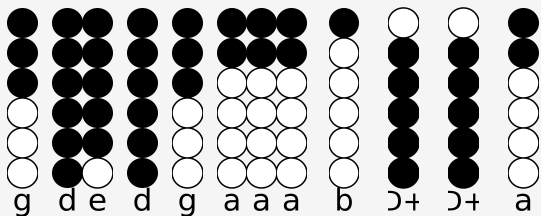
house could hold



Fare you well to old father. Fare you well to



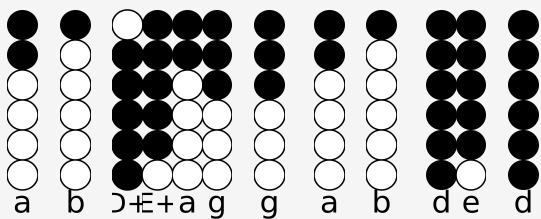
mother too.



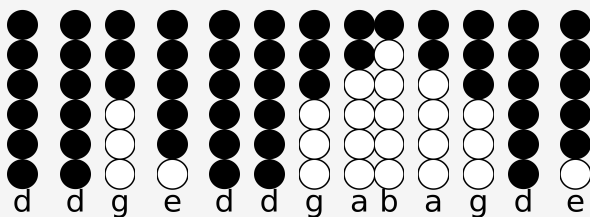
I am going for to ramble this wide world all



through



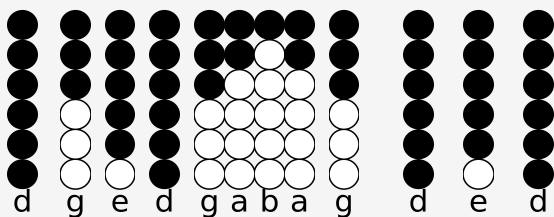
And when I get weary, I'll sit down and cry



And I'll think of Pretty Saro, my darling, my



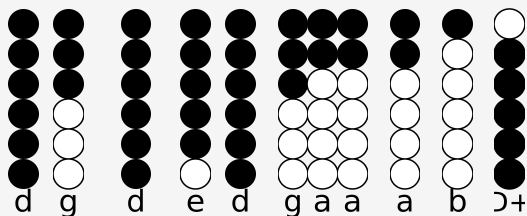
dear.



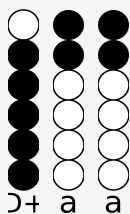
Well I wish I was a poet, could write some fine



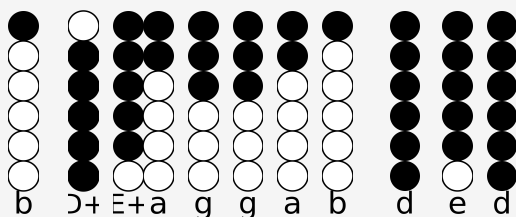
hand



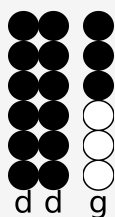
I would write my love a letter that she might



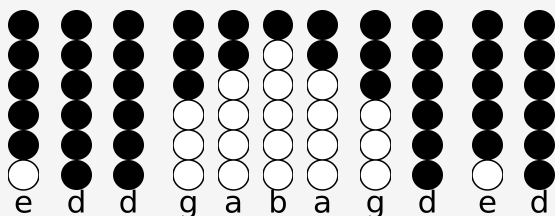
understand.



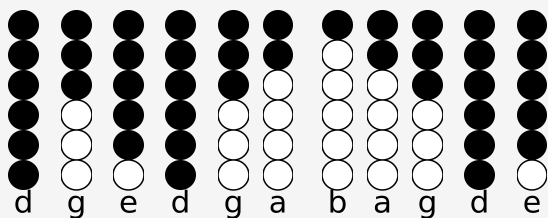
I'd send it by the waters where the islands



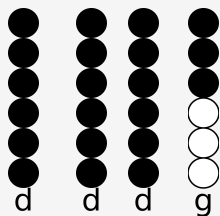
overflow



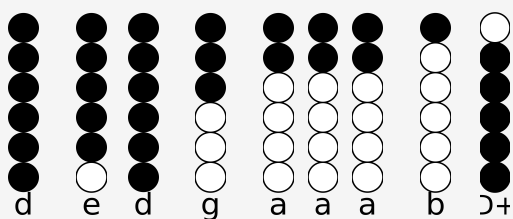
And I'd think of my darling wherever she'd go.



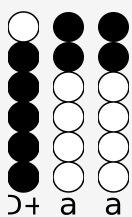
Way down in some lonesome valley. Way down in



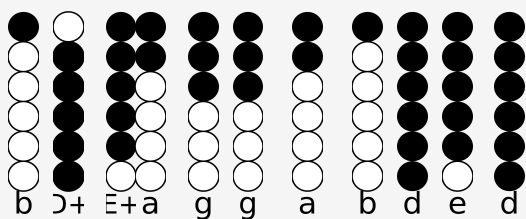
some lonesome grove



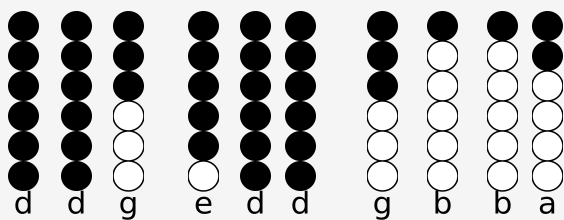
Where the small birds does whistle, their notes



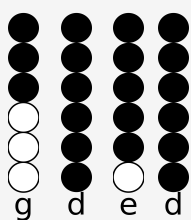
to increase



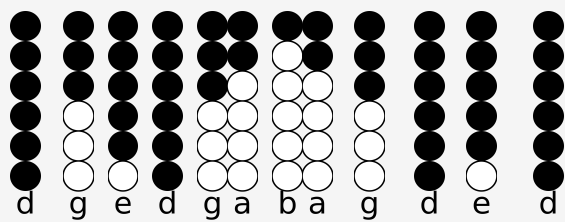
My love she is slender, both proper and neat



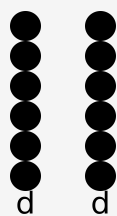
And I wouldn't have no better pastimes than to



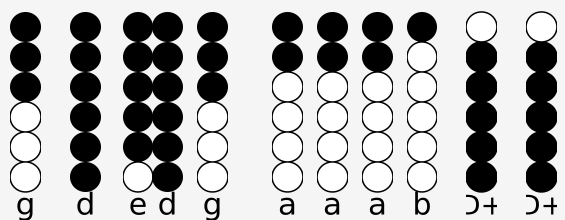
be with my sweet.



Well I wish I was a turtle dove, had wings and



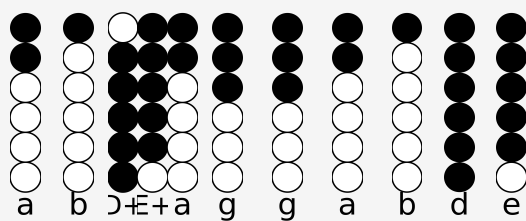
could fly



Just now to my love's lodging tonight I'd draw



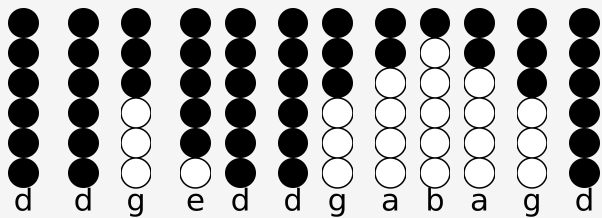
nigh



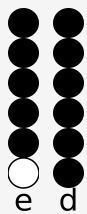
And in her lily-white arms I'd lie there all



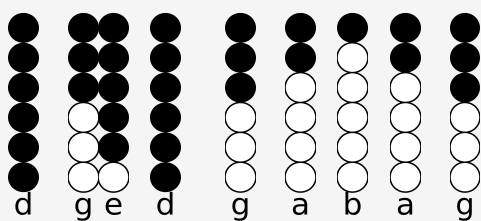
night



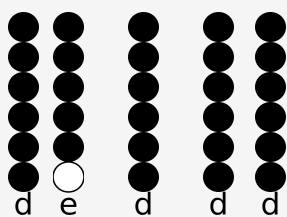
And I'd watch the little windows for the dawning



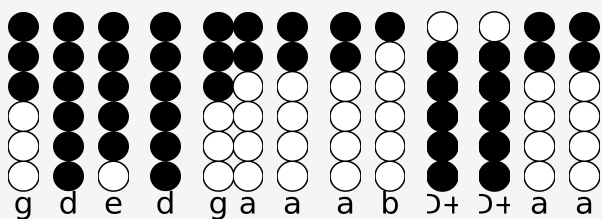
of day.



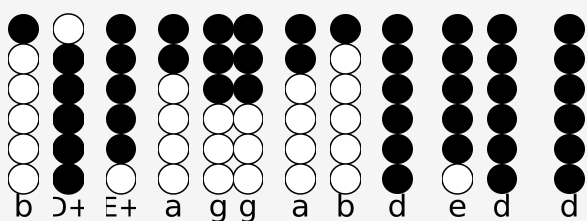
Well I strolled through the mountains, I



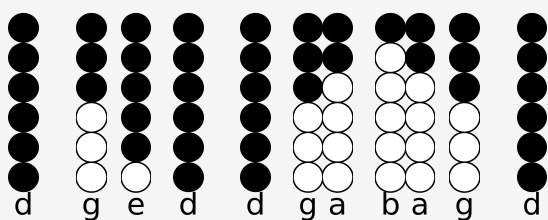
strolled through the vale



I strolled to forget her, but it was all in vain.



On the banks of Ocoee, on the mount of said brow



Where I once loved her dearly and I don't hate

● ●
● ●
● ●
● ●
● ●
○ ●
e d

her now.

Source: <https://simpletinwhistle.com>