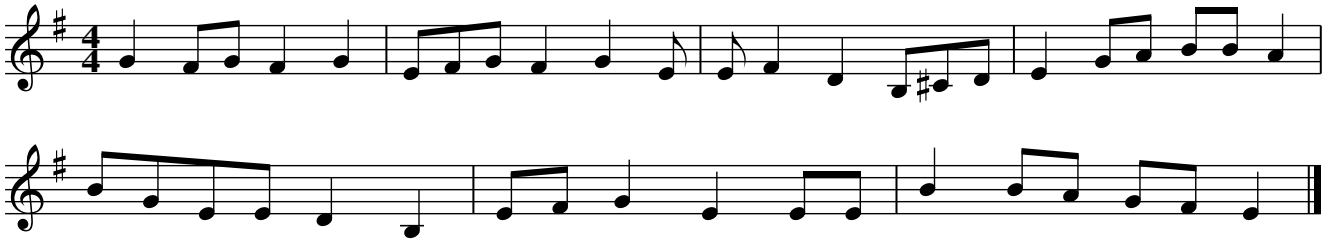


Sovay

Trad.



Sovay, Sovay, all on a day
She dressed herself in man's array.
With a brace of pistols all by her side,
To meet her true love,
To meet her true love she did ride.

As she was riding over the plain,
She met her true love and bid him stand.
"Your gold and silver, kind sir," she said,
"Or else this moment,
Or else this moment your life I'll have."

And when she'd robbed him of his store,
She said, "Kind sir, there's just one thing more--
A golden ring which I know you have,
Deliver it,
Deliver it your sweet life to save."

"O, that golden ring a token is;
My life I'll lose, the ring I'll save."
Being tender-hearted just like a dove,
She rode away,
Rode away from her true love.

Next morning in the garden green,
Just like two lovers they were seen.
He spied his watch hanging by her cloak
Which made him blush,
Made him blush like any rose.

"O what makes you blush at so silly a thing?
I thought to have had your golden ring.
'Twas I that robbed you all on the plain,
So here's your watch
Here's your watch and your gold again.

"For I did intend and it was to know
If that you were my true love or no.
But if you'd have given me that ring, she said,
I'd have pulled the trigger,
I'd have pulled the trigger and shot you dead.