

Sovay, Sovay all on a day,
She dressed herself in man's array
With a sword and pistol all by her side
To meet her true love, to meet her true love, away 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 is one thing more:
A golden ring which I know you have,
Deliver it, deliver it, your sweet life to save."

"Oh 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, she rode away, from her true love.

Now next morning in the garden green
Just like true lovers* they were seen;
He spied his watch hanging by her clothes
Which made him blush, made him blush, like any rose.

"Oh 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."

"Oh I did intend and it was to know
If that you were me true love or no.
So now I have a contented mind
My heart and all my heart and all my dear is thine."