Georgie



As I walked over London Bridge One midsummer's morning early O there I spied a fair pretty maid Lamenting for her Georgie

The judge looked o'er his left shoulder He saw her grief and mis'ry He says "Young woman you are too late For he's condemned already".

My Georgie never stole nor house nor land She turned her heavy eyes around Nor have he murdered any But he stole six of the king's royal deer And sold them in Fen Caney

And fixed them upon Georgie "If you've confessed then die you must. May the Lord have mercy on you".

Go saddle me my milk-white steed Go bridle me my pony That I might ride to the good lord judge And plead for the life of Georgie

My Georgie shall be hanged in a chain of gold Such chains they are not many Because he came from the royal blood And married a royal lady.

When she came to the red shire hall Where people there were many Down on her bended knees she falls Crying, "Spare me the life of Georgie!"

And he shall be buried in a coffin of gold Such a coffin there never was any And on his tombstone shall be wrote "He long won the heart of a lady."

I wish I were on yonder hill Where oft-times I've been many With a sword and pistol in my hand I'd fight for the life of Georgie.