

# Geordie

(a)  
Come fetch to me some litt - - le boy that

(b)  
can go quick and gai- ly That can go down ten

(c) (d)  
miles in an hour with a lett er from a la- dy.

(a) var. (b) var. (c) var. (d) var.

As I was going over London Bridge  
It was one morning early  
There I met a fair lady  
Lamenting for her Geordie.

Come fetch to me some little boy  
That can go quick and early  
That will go down 10 miles in one hour  
With a letter for a lady.

But when she came to the new Castle Gold (Sharp's note "Gate?")  
She lowered her head so slowly  
Three times on her bended knees did fall  
Saying spare me the life of Geordie.

The Judge looked over his left shoulder  
And he seem-ed very sorry  
He said I think you've come too late  
Geordie is condemned already.

It's six pretty babes that I have got  
The seventh lies in my body  
I freely part with them everyone  
If you'll spare the life of Geordie.

It is not much Geordie have done  
He have not killed any  
But stole sixteen of the King's best steeds  
And sold them in Bohenny.

My Geordie shall be hung in golden chains  
Because there are not many  
And because he came of a noble breed  
And married a virtuous lady.

Source: Sung by Mrs. Wixey, Buckland. Collected by Cecil Sharp 6 April 1909.

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