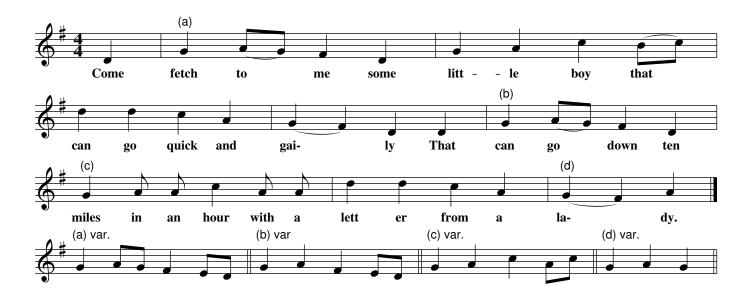
Geordie



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

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 Georgie.

The Judge loooked over his left shoulder And he seem-ed very sorry He said I think you've come too late Georgie 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 Georgie.

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

My Georgie 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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