Geordie

Geordie

As I walked out over London Bridge
One misty morning early
I overheard a fair, pretty maid
Was lamenting for her Geordie

Oh my Geordie will be hanged in a golden chain
Tis not the chain of many
He was born of the king's royal blood
And lost to a virtuous lady

Go bridle me my milk white steed
Go bridle me my pony
I will ride to London's court
To plead for the life of my Geordie

Oh my Geordie never stole cow nor calf
He never hurted any
He stole sixteen of the King's royal deer
And sold them in Boeny

Six pretty babies have I borne
The seventh lies in my body
I'd freely part with them one and all
If you'll spare me the life of my Geordie

The judge looked over his left shoulder
He said, Fair maid, I'm sorry
Said, Fair maid, you must be gone
For I cannot pardon Geordie

Oh my Geordie will be hanged in a golden chain
Tis not the chain of many
He was born of the king's royal blood
And lost to a virtuous lady

Child #209
sung by Baez, Carthy, MacColl
SOF