

## Georgie

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As I rode ov - er Lon-don Bridge, It was on a morn-ing ear - ly  
I spi - ed there a maid-en fair, All in the dew so pear-ly

As I rode over London Bridge  
It was on a morning early  
I spied there a maiden fair  
All in the dew so pearly

O Georgie never stole ox or cow  
Of calves he ne'er stole any  
But six kings deer he stole I know  
And sold them in Broad Hembury

Come saddle me my milk white steed  
Come saddle it so easy  
To my good lord judge I'll ride with speed  
To beg the life of Georgie

And when she came into the hall  
There were lords and ladies many  
And she did fall on knee and call  
'Spare me the life of Georgie

The judge looked over his left shoulder  
Lady I pray be easy  
He has confessed, he shall not be pressed  
But the Lord ha' mercy on Georgie

He shall be hanged in a chain of gold  
Such as you ne'er saw other  
For it shall be told, he was a gentleman bold  
And was loved by a virtuous lady

Now I for him shall weep and pray  
And I for him will sorrow  
And may God speed on my dying day  
My Georgie and me good morrow

Were I at the top of Prockter's hill  
Where time I have been many  
With pistol cocked or good stout bill (pole?)  
I'd fight for the life of Georgie