

## Geordie

As I walked out over London Bridge  
One misty morning early  
I overheard a fair pretty maid  
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 breed  
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 the life of Geordie

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

Two pretty babies I have born  
The third lies in my body  
I'd freely part them everyone  
If you'd spare the life of Geordie

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

I wish I was in yonder grove  
Where times I have been many  
With my broad sword and my pistol, too  
I'd fight for the life of Geordie

Oh, my Geordie will be hanged in a golden chain  
'Tis not the chain of many  
Stole sixteen of the King's royal deer  
And sold them in Bohenny

traditional  
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