Geordie

Skotsk ballade arr. for orgel GK 2010





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

My Geordie will be hanged in a golden chain 'Tis not the chain of many He was born of kings' 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 for the life of Geordie My Geordie never stole nor cow nor calf He never hurted any He stole sixteen of the king's royal deer And he sold them in Bohenny

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

My Geordie will be hanged in a golden chain 'Tis not the chain of many He stole sixteen of the king's royal deer And he sold them in Bohenny

Old Scottish ballad