

Joan Baez

"Geordie"

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

Ah, my Geordie will be hanged in a golden chain,
'Tis not the chain of many
He was born of 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 court
To plead for the life of my Geordie.

Ah, my Geordie never stole nor cow nor calf,
He never hurted any,
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.

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

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