

Julie Felix "Geordie"

Visit "[Geordie](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Come, bridle me my milkwhite steed,
Come bridle me my pony,
That I may ride to fair London town
To plead for my Geordie.

And when she entered in the hall
There were lords and ladies plenty.
Down on her knees she then did fall
To plead for the life of Geordie.

It's six pretty babes that I have got,
The seventh lies in my body;
I'll freely part with them ev'ry one,
If you'll spare me the life of Geordie.

Then George looked round the court,
And saw his dearest Polly;
He said, "My dear, you've come too late,
For I'm condemn'd already!

Then the judge he looked down on him
And said, I'm sorry for thee,
'Tis thine own confession hath hanged thee,
May the Lord have mercy upon thee.

O Geordie stole nor cow nor calf
And he never murder'd any,
But he stole sixteen of the king's white steeds,
And sold them in Bohenny.

Let Geordie hang in golden chains,
(His crimes were never many),
Because he came of royal blood
And courted a virtuous lady.

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

