

# Georgie

Doc Watson

As I walked over London Bridge  
One misty morning early  
I heard some fair young maiden say  
"Lord, spare me the life of Georgie"  
Go saddle me up my milk white steed  
And bridle him so gaily  
Then I'll ride away to the King's High Court  
And plead for the life of Georgie

She rode all day and she rode all night  
'Til she was wet and weary  
Then combing back her long, yellow hair  
She pled for the life of Georgie  
She pulled out a purse all filled with gold  
Just like you've never seen many  
And she said, "Young lawyers, fee yourselves  
And plead for the life of Georgie"

But Georgie rode up and he pled for himself  
He says, "I never murdered any

But I stole sixteen of the king's best steeds  
And I sold them in Romany  
Then the oldest lawyer at the bar says  
"George, I'm sorry for you  
But your own confession condemns you to die  
May the Lord have mercy upon you"  
As Georgie was a-walking through the streets  
He bid farewell to many  
Then he bid farewell to his own true love  
Which grieved him worse than any  
If I was over on yonder hill  
Where kisses I've had a-plenty  
With my sword and and my pistol by my side  
I'd fight for the life of Georgie  
Georgie was hanged with a golden cord  
Just like you've never seen many  
For he was a member of the royal race  
And loved by a virtuous lady