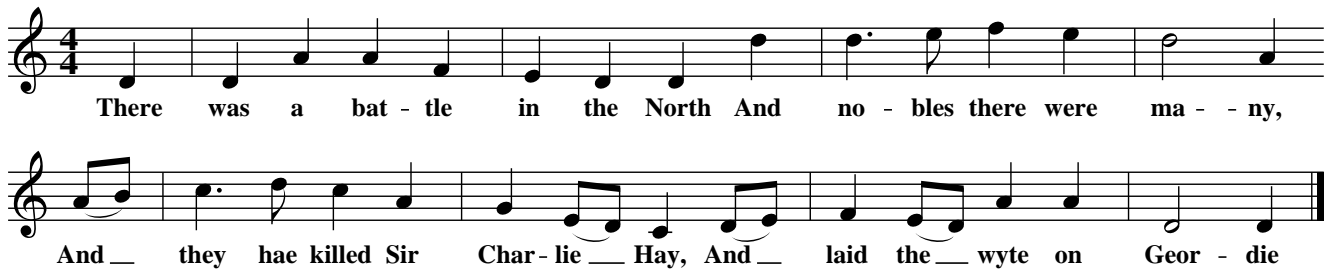


# Geordie



There was a bat - tle in the North And no - bles there were ma - - ny,  
And they hae killed Sir Char - lie Hay, And laid the wyte on Geor - die

There was a battle in the North,  
And nobles there were many;  
And they hae killed Sir Charlie Hay,  
And laid the wyte on Geordie.

O, he has written a lang letter,  
He sent it to his lady -  
"Ye maun come up to Edinbro' town,  
To see what words o' Geordie."

When first she looked the letter on,  
She was baith red and rosy;  
But she hadna read a word or twa,  
Till she wallow't like a lily.

.....

And she has mounted he gude grey steed,  
Her menzie a' gaed w' her'  
And she did neither eat nor drink,  
Till Edinbro' town did see her.

At first appear'd the fatal block,  
And syne the axe to head him,  
And Geordie coming down the stair,  
Wi' bands of iron on him.

.....

O she's down on her bended knees -  
I wat she's pale and weary -  
"O! pardon, pardon, noble king,  
And gie me back my dearie.

"I hae borne seven sons to my Geordie dear,  
The seventh ne'er saw his daddy;  
O! pardon, pardon, noble king,  
Pity a waefu' lady."

"Gar bid the headin' man mak haste,"  
Our king replied fu lordly;  
"O! noble king, tak a' that's mine,  
But gie me back my Geordie."

.....

An aged lord at the king's right hand,  
Says, "Noble king, but hear me,  
"Gar her tell down five thousand pounds,  
And gie her back her dearie."

Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,  
Some gae her dollars many;  
And she's tell'd down five thousand pounds,  
And gotten again her dearie.

He claipst her by the middle sma',  
And he kissed her lips sae rosy -  
"The fairest flower o' woman kind,  
Is my sweet, bonnie lady!"