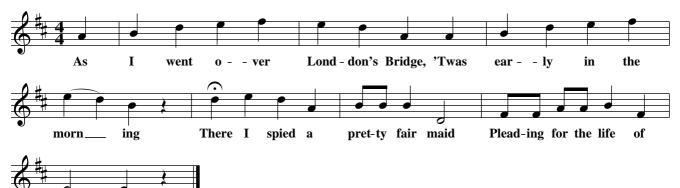
Georgie



Geor - - gie

As I went over London's Bridge, 'Twas early in the morning, There I spied a pretty fair maid Pleading for the life of Georgie.

"Go saddle me up my milk-white steeds And bridle them so gaily, That I may ride to the king castle town And plead for the life of Georgie."

She rode all day and she rode all night Till she was weak and weary; While throwing back her fie yellow hair She plead for the life of her Georgie."

She pulled from her pocket a purse of gold, Saying, "Here is money a-plenty; Lawyers, lawyers, fee yourselves And spare me the life of Georgie."

Up stepped George then unto the lawyer, Saying, "I have not murdered any, But I stole sixteen of the king's white steeds And sold them in Boheny."

Up stepped the lawyer then to George, Saying, "George, I'm sorry for you, But your own confesssion has condemned you to die, May the Lord have mercy upon you."

George shall be hung with a golden cord, Of such there is not many, Because he came from a royal race And courted a handsome lady.

I wish I was over on yon hillside Where kisses are a-plenty, With a sword and pistol by my side I would fight for the life of Georgie.