

9 GEORDIE

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante

VOICE

1. Come, bri - dle me my
six pret-ty babes that
judge he look - ed
Geor - die hang in

PIANO

mf *dim.* *p*

milk - white steed, Come, bri - dle me my po - ny, That
I have got, The sev - enth lies in my bod - y; I'll
down on him. And said: I'm sor - ry for thee. 'Tis
gold - en chains. (His crimes were nev - er man - y,) Be -

cresc.

I may ride to fair Lon-don town To plead for my Geor - die.
free - ly part with them ev - 'ry one, If you'll spare me the life of Geor - die.
thine own con-fes - sion hath hang - ed thee, May the Lord have mer-cy up - on thee.
cause he came of roy - al blood And court-ed a vir-tu-ous la - dy.

mf *dim.* *p* *mf*

2. And when she en - tered in the — hall There were
 4. Then Geor - die look - ed round the — court, And
 6. O Geor - die stole nor cow nor — calf And he
 8. I wish I were in yon - der — grove, Where

dim. *p*

lords and la - dies — plen - ty. Down on her knees she
 saw his dear - est — Pol - ly; He said: My dear, you've
 nev - er mur - der'd — an - y, But he stole six - teen of the
 times I have been — man - y, With my broad sword and my

mf

then did — fall To plead for the life of Geor - die. — 3. It's
 come too — late, For I'm con - demn'd al - read - y! — 5. Then the
 king's white steeds And sold them in Bo - hen - ny. — 7. Let
 pis - tol — too I'd fight for the life of Geor - die. —

p *p*

Last time