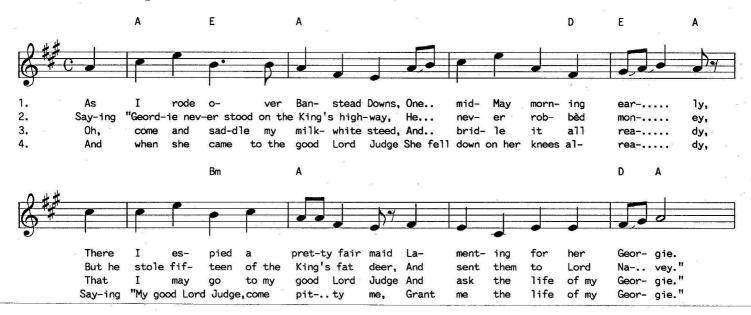
Steadily



The Judge looked over his left shoulder, He seemed as he was very sorry:
"My pretty fair maid, you are come too late,
For he is condemned already.

6
He will be hung in a silken cord
Where there has not been many,
For he came of royal blood,

And courted a virtuous lady."

"I wish I was on yonder hill, Where times I have been many! With a sword and buckler by my side I would fight for the life of my Georgie."

