

# Georgie - Mr Walter Debbage



Come bri - dle - me my - milk - white - steed; come - bri - dle me my - po - ny,



that - I might ride to - fair - Lon-don town to - plead for the life of my Geor-die - .

1

'Come bridle me my milk white steed;  
come bridle me my pony  
that I might ride to fair London town  
to plead for the life of my Georgie'

2

And when she entered in the hall  
there were lords and ladies plenty;  
down on her bended knee she fell  
to plead for the life of Georgie.

3

Then Georgie he looked round the court  
and saw his dearest Polly.  
He said, 'My dear you've come too late  
for I'm condemned already.'

4

Then the judge looked down on him  
and said, 'I'm sorry for 'ee.  
'Tis thine own confession hath hangèd thee.  
May the Lord have mercy on thee.'

5

'O my Georgie never stole neither horse nor a cow,  
nor a sheep he never stole any;  
but he stole sixteen of the king's wild deer,  
which grieved him the most of any.'

6

'O six brave children have I had by him  
and the seventh lies in my bosom.  
I would freely part from them every one,  
if you spare me the life of my Georgie.'

7

'Now your Georgie shall be hanged in the chains of gold,  
such a gold that never was any;  
for he was one of the royal blood,  
and he courted a rich young lady.'

8

'Now your Georgie shall be buried in a coffin of gold,  
such a gold as never was any;  
and on his tombstone shall be written on,  
"Here lies the body of your Georgie"'