The lady has great stores of gold,
Of jewels she has many,
All this would she give to the royal king
To save the life of Georgie.

As the king rode over London Bridge
So early in the morning,
He met this lady on her way,
Inquiring for her Georgie.

“Oh, where are you going, my pretty fair maid,
So early in the morning?”
She says, “I am going to the king’s high court
For to plead for the life of Georgie.”

The king looked over his left shoulder
So early in the morning,
“I’m afraid you’re too late, my pretty fair maid,
For he is condemned already.”

“Oh, who has he murdered, or what has he done?
Oh, has he robbed anybody?”
“He has stole three pearls from the royal king
And has sold them in a hurry.”

“Oh, he shall be hung with a chain of gold
(Such chains there are not many)
For he was born of the royal blood
And was loved by a noble lady.

“He shall be buried in marble stones
(Such stones there are not many)
And he shall be covered all with the same,
Saying, ‘Here lies the body of Georgie.’”