

There was na ane in a' the court
Sae bra a man as Geordie.

8 O she 's down on her bended knee,
I wat she 's pale and weary: 30
'O pardon, pardon, noble king,
And gie me back my dearie!

9 'I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear,
The seventh neer saw his daddie;
O pardon, pardon, noble king, 35
Pity a waefu lady!'

10 'Gar bid the headin-man mak haste,'
Our king reply'd fu lordly:
'O noble king, tak a' that 's mine,
But gie me back my Geordie!' 40

11 The Gordons cam, and the Gordons ran,
And they were stark and steady,
And ay the word amang them a'
Was, Gordons, keep you ready!

12 An aged lord at the king's right hand 45
Says, Noble king, but hear me;
Gar her tell down five thousand pound,
And gie her back her dearie.

13 Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,
Some gae her dollars many, 50
And she 's telld down five thousand pound,
And she 's gotten again her dearie.

14 She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,
Says, Dear I 've bought thee, Geordie;

But there sud been bluidy bouks on the green 55
Or I had tint my laddie.

15 He claspit her by the middle sma,
And he kist her lips sae rosy:
'The fairest flower o woman-kind
Is my sweet, bonie lady!' 60