

THE SCOTCH BRIGADE.

On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad and his lassie,
The lad's name was Geordie, the lassie's was Jean.
She threw her arms round him, and cried "Do not leave me!"
For Geordie was going to fight for his Queen.
She gave him a lock of her bright auburn tresses,
She kiss'd him and press'd him once more to her heart,
Till his eyes spoke the love which his lips could not utter,
But the last word is spoken, they kiss and they part.

CHORUS.

Over the burning plains of Egypt, under a scorching sun,
He thought of the stories he'd have to tell his love when the fight
was won;
He treasured with care that dear lock of hair, for his own darling
Jeannie he prayed,
But his prayer was in vain, for she'll ne'er see again her lad in the
Scotch Brigade.

Tho' an ocean divided the lad from his lassie,
Tho' Geordie was forced far away o'er the foam,
His roof was the sky and his bed was the desert,
But his heart with his Jeannie was always at home.
The morning that dawned on the fated day of battle
Found Geordie enacting a true hero's part,
Till an enemy's bullet brought with it its billet,
And buried that dear lock of hair in his heart.—*Chorus.*

On the banks of the Clyde dwells a heart-broken mother,
They told her of how the great victory was won;
But the glory of England to her brought no comfort,
For glory to her meant the loss of her son.
But Jeannie is with her to comfort and shield her,
Together they weep and together they pray;
And Jeannie her daughter will be whilst she lives,
For the sake of that laddie who died far away.—*Chorus.*