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# A New Song called The Scotch Brigade

Author Unknown

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A New Song called

## 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 flung her arms round him and cried, do no leave me,  
For Geordie was going to fight for his Queen.  
She gave him a lock of her bright golden tresses,  
She kissed him and pressed him once more to her heart  
Till his eyes spoke of the love which his lips could not  
utter,

The last word is spoken they kiss and they part.

### CHORUS

Over the burning plains of Egypt,  
Under the scorching sun,  
He thought of the stories he'd have to tell  
His love when the fight was done,  
He treasured with care that deer lock of hair,  
For his own darling Jeannie he pray'd,  
But his prayer was in vain, for she'll never see again  
her lad in the Scotch Brigade.

Though an ocean divided the lad from his lassie,  
Though, Geordie was forced for away o'er the foam,  
his roof was the sky and his bed was the desert,  
But his heart with his Jeanie was always at home.  
The morning that dawned on the famed day of the 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.

On the banks of the Clyde dwells a heart broken mother,  
They told her of how the great victory was won,  
But the glo-y of England to her brought no comfort,  
For glory to her meant the loss of her son.

Rut Jeannie is with her, to comfort and shield her,  
Together they weep and together they pray ;  
And Jeannie her daughter will be while she lives  
For the sake of the laddie that died for away.