

# The Lad in the Scotch Brigade - Mr Hilton



On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad - and a las - sie, the lad's name was Geor-die and the las-sie's was Jean. She

*Chorus* O - ver the burn - ing - plains of Eg - gyt, un - der the bur - ning - des-ert sun, he



flung her arms round him and cried, 'Do not leave - me!' for Geor-die was go - ing to fight for his queen. She -  
thought of the stor - ies he'd have to tell - his love - when - the - fight was won. He -



gave him a lock of her bright au - burn tres-ses; she kissed him and pressed him once more to her heart till his  
treas - ured with care that - dear lock of hair; for his - own dar - ling Jean - nie he prayed, but his



eyes spoke the love which his lips could not ut - ter; but the last word is spok-en, - they - kiss and they part.  
prayer was in vain for she'll ne'er see a - gain - her dar-ling - lad - in the Scotch Bri - gade.

1

On the banks of the Clyde stood a lad and a lassie;  
the lads's name was Geordie, the lassie's was Jean.  
She flung 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 kissed him and pressed 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 the burning desert 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 never see again  
her darling lad in the Scotch Brigade.*

2

Tho' an ocean divided the lad from the lassie,  
tho' Geordie was forced far away o'er the foam;  
his roof was the sky; his bed was the desert,  
but his heart, with his Jeannie, was always at home.  
The morning that dawned on the famed 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.

3

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 was no comfort,  
for glory to her meant the loss of her son.  
But Jessie 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 who died far away.