



Simple Sandie's sang^{and} Story
SCOTCH SONG

BY

P. P. BLISS

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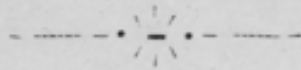
CHICAGO.
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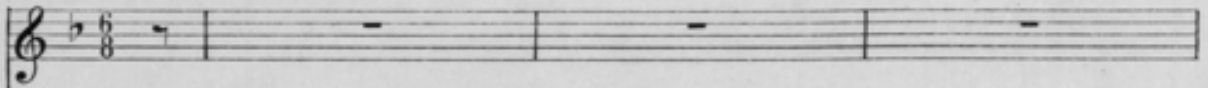
SCOTCH SONG.

Composed by

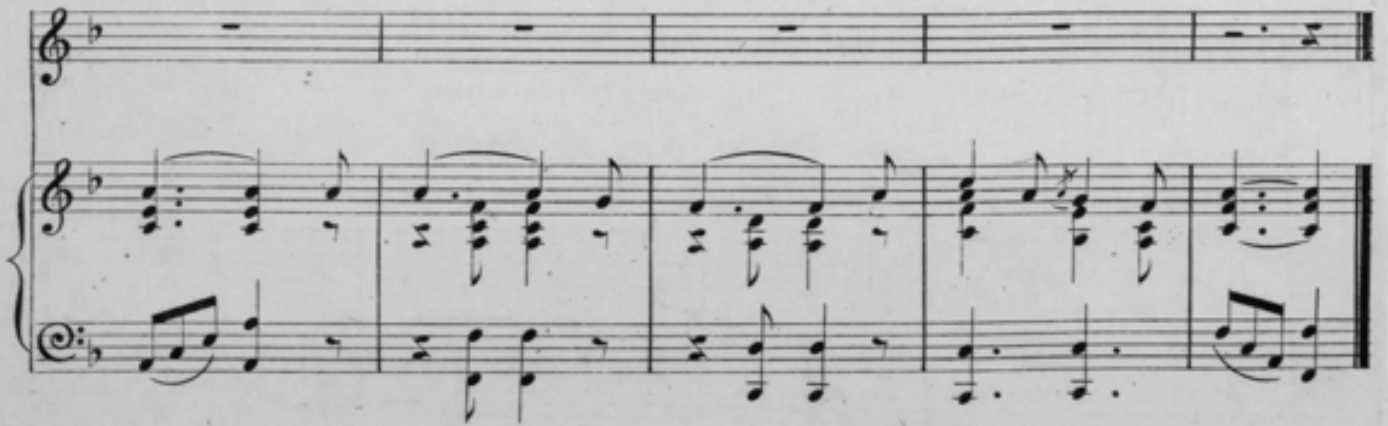
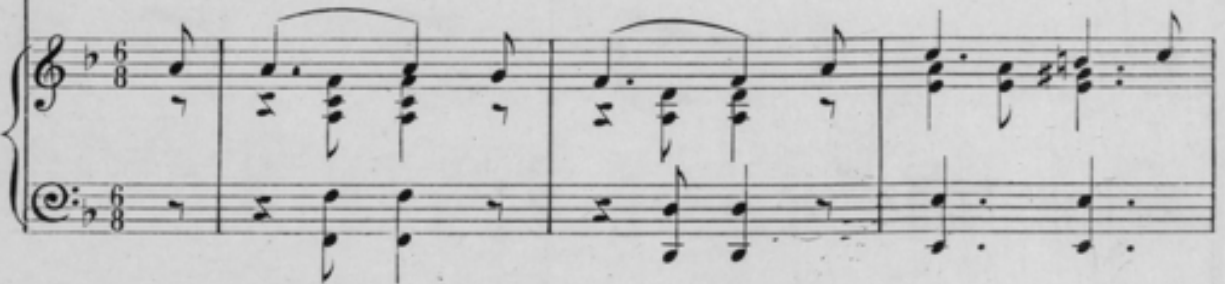


P. P. Bliss.

VOICE.



PIANO.



1. I've aught to tell thee, God - ly mon; I've aught to tell thee
 2. 'Tis nae a lang, lang sto - - ry, mon; 'Tis but a wee sma'
 3. When bairns an' bir - dies slum - brin' lay, An' whist an' still was
 4. My mither read wi' mournfu' soun' An' sang wi' tear - fu'

noo... : They say my head's a' turned a - bout - For -
 sang... , I've hummed it o - - - ver to my - sel' In
 a'... , Be - side my bed my mith - er knelt, An'
 ee... , O' Him, the Lord o' Glo - - ry Lan' Wha

ought I ken, 'tis true... For San - die's weak an' wearie noo, They
 nights sae lane an' lang; My ain sweet mither tell it 'me, She's
 kist my tears a - - wa; Whiles I a blinkin' still wad keep, She
 died up - o' the tree; 'Till many a time it seemed fu' sure My

say he's like to dee...; So, God - ly mon, I'll say my say, An'
hame in heav'n, lang syne: Oh, mith - er! Sandie hears nae mair Sae
thot I could na' hear, Shed fould her thin, soft han's an pray, "O
heart wi' grief wad brak, To think the sorrows He did bear War

sing my sang to thee... An sing my sang to thee...
sweet a sang as thine... Sae sweet a sang as thine...
God, bless Sandie dear... "O, God, bless Sandie dear..."
a' for San - die's sake... War a' for San - die's sake...

4.

'Tis three dead men on three dead trees,
A wondrous sight to see!
The Blessed Ane took Sandie's place
Upo' the middle tree.
An' this my story, this my sang,
'Twill be for aye the same —
He died for me, an soon He'll come
To tak' poor Sandie hame.