

Simple Sandie's Song and Story SCOTCH SONG

BY

P. P. BLISS

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SIMPLE SANDIE'S SANG AND STORY.

SCOTCH SONG.

Composed by

P. P. Bliss.

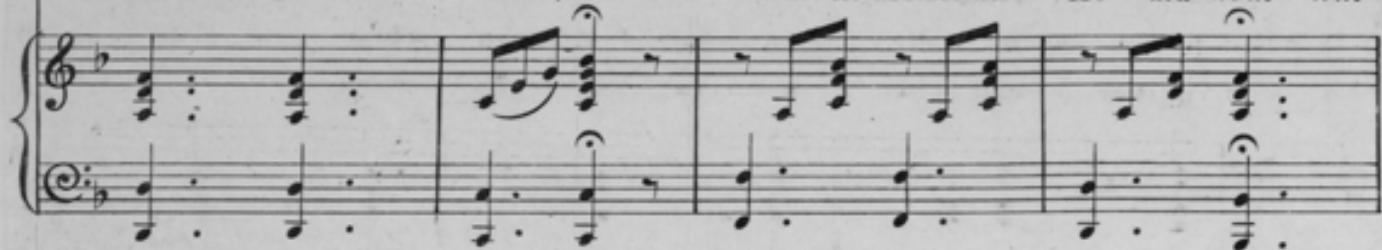
The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the VOICE, starting with a rest followed by a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is for the PIANO, indicated by a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. The piano staff includes a bass clef and a common time signature at the beginning of the second measure. The vocal part has a single note with a fermata over it in the first measure. The piano part features sustained chords with occasional eighth-note patterns.

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-brain' 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

aught I ken, 'tis true... For San - dies weak an' wearie noo, They
 nights sae lane an' lang; My ain sweet mither telt it 'me, She's
 kist my tears a - - wa; Whiles I a blinkin' still wad keep, She
 died up - o' the tree; 'Till mony 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 ha' 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 sicht 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 home.