

Piper Sandy

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Sandy's cheeks are like the roses
And his eyes are like the sloes;
He's a proper Hieland laddie,
Piping aye where'er he goes.
"O'er the hills and far awa"
Is the tune that he will blaw;
Hirdum, dirdum, dirdum dee,
Sandy is the lad for me!

Moffat 50 TSNR (1933), 8, with music.

MS