

Simple Sandie's Sang and Story
 Scottish Song
 Words anonymous
 Music by Philip Paul Bliss

1.
 I've aught to tell thee, Godly man;
 I've aught to tell thee, nao...;
 They say my head's a' turned about
 For aught I ken, 'tis true ...
 For Sandie's weak an' wearie nau,
 They say he's like to dee ... ;
 So, Godly man, I'll say my say,
 An' sing my sang to thee ...
 And sing my sang to thee.

2.
 'Tis mae a lang, lang story, mou;
 'Tis but a wee sma' sang...,
 I've hummed it over to mysel'
 In nights sae lane an' lang;
 My nim sweet mither tell it 'me,
 She' have in heav'n, lang syne;
 Oh, mither! Sandie hears nae mair
 Sae sweet a sang as thine ...
 Sae sweet a sang as thine.

3.
 When baieghns an' hirdles slumbrin' lay,
 An' whist an' still was n' ...,
 Beside my bed my mither knelt,
 An' kist my tears awa;
 Whiles I a blinkin' still wad keep,
 She tho't I could na' hear,
 She'd fould her thin, soft han's an pray,
 "O God, bless Sandie dear ...
 O, God bless Sandie dear."

4.
 My mither read wit mournfu' soun'
 An' sang wi' tearfu' ce ...,
 O' Him, the bard o' Glory Lan'
 Wha' died upo' the tree;
 'Till many a time it seemed fu' sure
 My heart wi' grief wad brak,
 To think the sorrows He did hear
 War a' for Sandie's sake ...
 War a' for Sandie's sake.

5.
 'Tis three dead men on three dead trees,
 A wondrous sight to see!
 The Blessed Ane toak 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.