

'E would sneak around be'ind
To see what 'e could find,
 And 'e'd go for what it was like merry 'ell;
And when the go was through
There was nothing else to do
 But at their funeral just to toll the bell.
It didn't make no odds
If 'twas rats or cats or dogs,
 'E'd sail right in an' do 'is level best;
An' 'e didn't bar no size,
'E'd attend to their demise,
 An' the undertaker then would do the rest.
 So it's Sandy! Sandy! Sandy!
 Oh, you rippin', roarin', pit dog, Sandy M.
 Try and get 'im by the nose
 For I know that there are those
 Who would like to see 'im lick you, Sandy M.

If you'd have been in danger
'E'd 'ave tackled any stranger,
 An' fought 'im till 'is life was all gone out;
You only 'ad to call
An' 'e'd give to you his all,
 An' never ask a word what 'twas about.
An' now 'e's gone away
To the place where 'e will stay,
 I don't know where that is, no more do you;
But 'e did 'is best on earth
An' there'd be a sorry dearth
 Of justice if we asked 'im more to do.
 Then it's Sandy, Sandy, Sandy,
 You good old yaller bullpup, Sandy M.
 Though we've licked you and we've scolded,
 You're as good as ere was moulded,
 An' we doffs our lids in memory, Sandy M.

W. C. B.