



AULD LANG SYNE

Lyrics by Robert Burns

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For days of auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Since days of auld lang syne.

And we twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Since days of auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindess yet,
For days of auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp,
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

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