

Auld Lang Syne

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
Sin days of auld lang syne

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn
Frae morning sun till dine
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin 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

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
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We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
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