

AULD LANG SYNE by Robert Burns 1788

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And 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

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

We twa hae run about the braes
And pou'd the gowans fine
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne

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

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gives a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right guid-willie-waught
For auld lang syne