

AULD LANG SYNE

by Robert Burns

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brocht tae mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o auld lang syne

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

We twaw hae run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin days o auld lang syne

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

And we twaw hae paidled in the burn
Frae mornin sun til dine
But seas atween us braid hae roared
Sin days o auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my jo
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o kindness yet
For days o 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-willie waucht
For auld lang syne

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

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

