

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brocht 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 auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' 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.

We twa ha'e paidled i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin' 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 here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
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.

