

Auld lang syne

From "Old Songs for Young Voices" collected by Agnes L. Money, 1898

Words by Burns

Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, An' ne-ver brought to min'? Should auld ac-quain-tance

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be for-got, An' days o' lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For

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auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
An' pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

An' here's a han', my trusty frien'!
An gie's a han' o' thine!
An' toom the cup to friendship's growth
And auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.