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*Auld Lang Syne.*

SHOUL'D auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of lang syne?  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
for auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine,  
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,  
Sin auld lang syne.

Sin auld lang syne, &c.

We twa ha'e paddl'd i' the burn,  
Frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid ha'e row'd,  
Sin auld lang syne.

Sin auld lang syne, &c.

So here's my hand, my trusty frien'  
And gi'e a hand o' thine;  
And we'll tak' a right good waulie waught,  
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be thy pint stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak' a cup of kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne,

For auld lang syne, &c.

F I N I S .

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