

Auld Lang Syne

André Rieu

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 take 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 take 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 gies a hand o' thine !
And we'll tak a right gude-willie-waught,
for auld lang syne.