

Auld Lang Syne

Dougie MacLean

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought 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 hae run aboot the braes
And pull'd the gowans fine.
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Since days of auld lang syne.

And we twa hae paid'l'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roared
Since days of auld lang syne.

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

And surely you'll be your pint stoop,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And ther's a hand, my trusty fier',
And gie's a hand to thine;
And we'll tak' a right good willywaught,
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.

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