

Auld Lang Syne

Scotland, by Robert Burns (1759-1796)

earliest date: 1797 (Ballad Index)

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1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, and ne-ver brought to mind? Should—

auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, and days o' auld lang syne? *And for*

auld lang— syne, my dear, for auld— lang— syne, we'll—

tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet for auld lang— syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup, and surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear....

We twa hae run about the braes, and pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit, sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear....

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.
For auld lang syne, my dear....

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere, and gie a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude willie-waught for auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear....

<p><i>stoup</i> or <i>stowp</i> = a kind of high narrow jug with a handle <i>fit</i> = foot <i>braid</i> = broad <i>fiere</i> = a brother, a friend <i>willie-waught</i> = a hearty draught</p>
