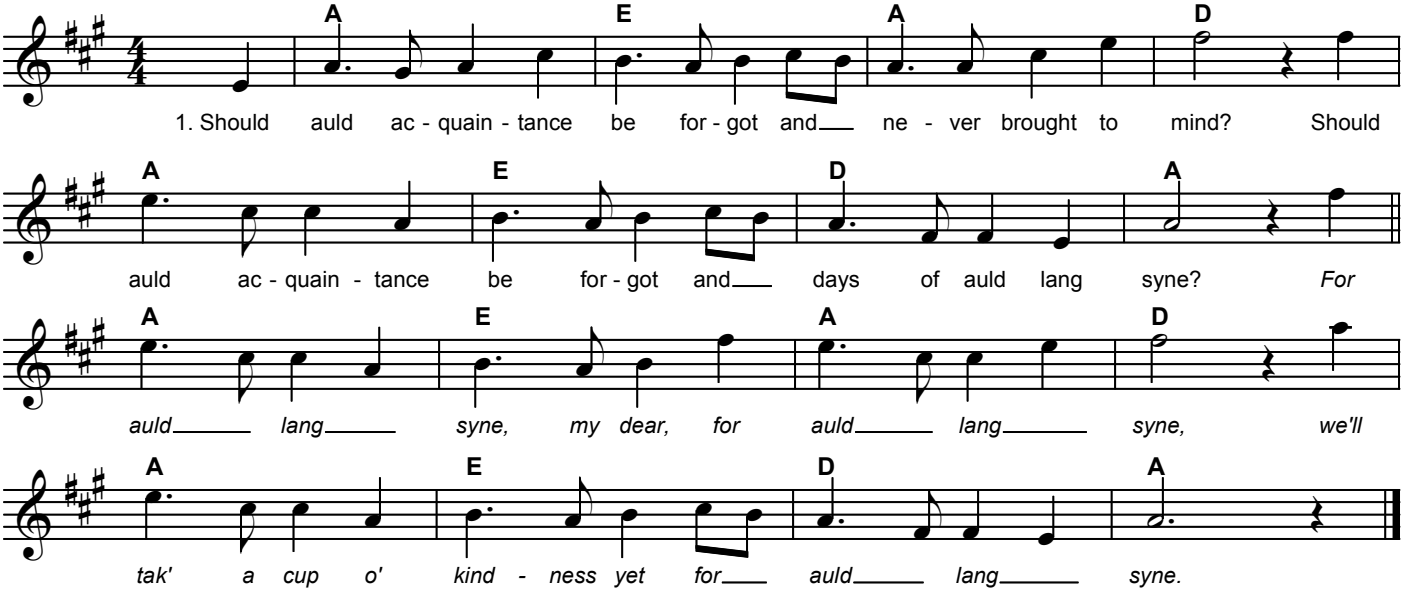
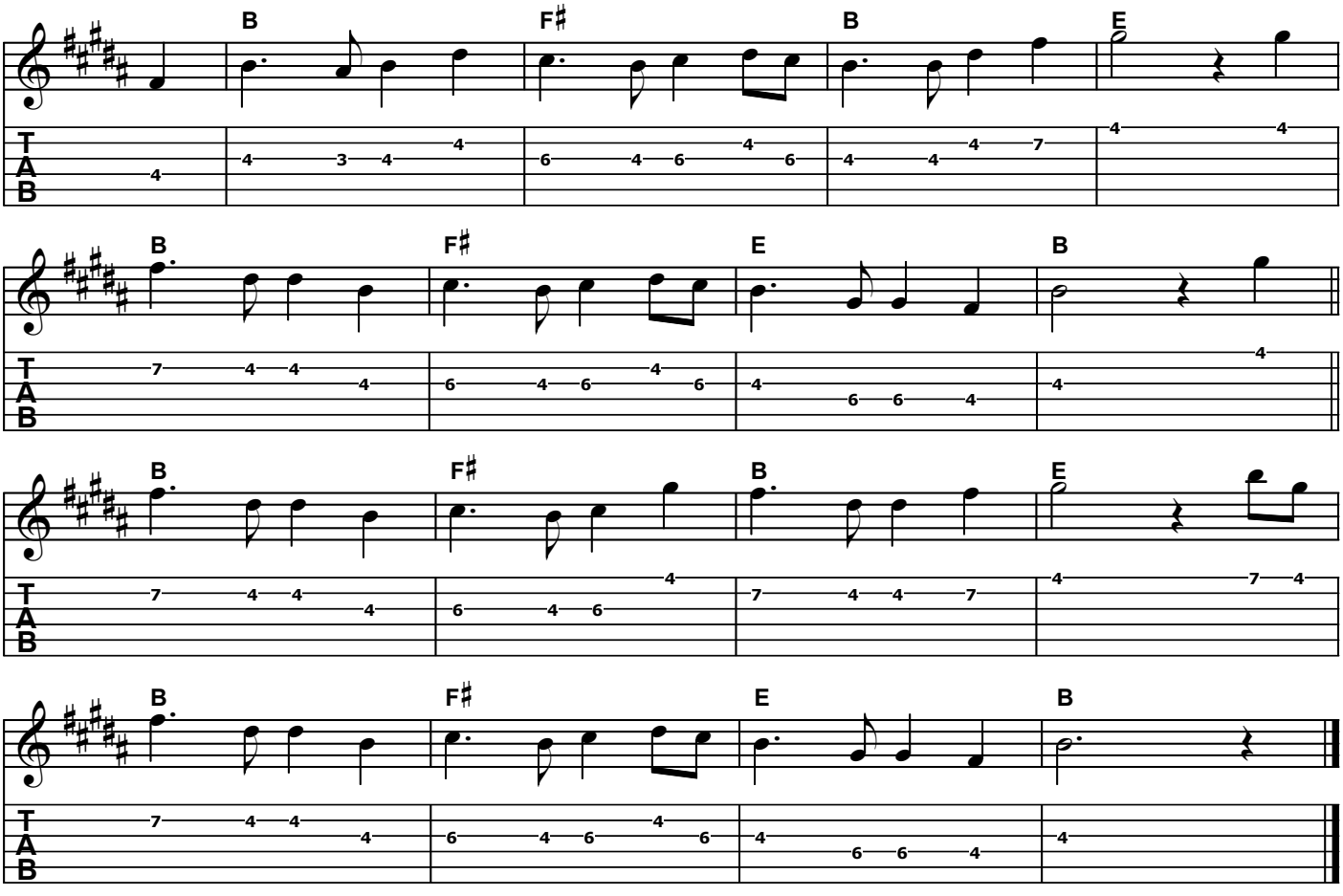
Auld Lang Syne

Scotland, by Robert Burns (1759-1796)



2. We twa hae run aboot the braes and pu'd the gowans fine.
   We've wandered mony a weary foot sin' auld lang syne.
   For auld lang syne, my dear...

3. We twa hae sported in the burn, frae morning sun till dine,
   but seas between us braid hae roared sin' auld lang syne.
   For auld lang syne, my dear...

4. And there's a hand, my trusty friend, and gie a hand o' thine,
   we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne.
   For auld lang syne, my dear...