

# Auld Lang Syne

Text: Robert Burns/Claus Ludwig Laue/Père Jacques Sevin, Musik: Traditionell

Ed von Schleck

$\text{♩} = 80$

Should old ac - quaintance be forgot, and ne - ver brought to mind? Should  
Nehmt Abschied, Brü - der, un - gewiss ist al - le Wie - der - kehr, die  
Faut - il nous quit - ter sans espoir sans espoir de re - tour? Faut -

5  
old ac - quain - tance be for - got, and old lang syne? For  
Zu - kunft liegt in Fin - ster - nis und macht das Herz uns schwer. Der  
il nous quit - ter sans espoir de nous re - voir un jour? Ce

9  
auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll  
Him mel wölbt sich ü - bers Land, a - de, auf Wie der - seh'n! Wir  
n'est qu'un au re - voir, mes frères, ce n'est qu'un au re - voir. Oui,

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take a cup of kind - ness yet, for auld lang syne.  
ru - hen all in Got - tes Hand, lebt wohl auf Wie der - seh'n.  
nous nous re - ver - rons, mes frères, ce n'est qu'un au re - voir.

# Wild Rover

Traditional

Ed von Schleck

$\text{♩} = 140$

Soprano  
Alto  
Tenor  
Bass

1. I've been a wild ro - ver for ma - ny's the year, and I spent all my  
2. I went to an alehouse I used to fre - quent, and I told the land -  
3. I pulled from me po - cket a hand - ful of gold, and on the round  
4. I'll have none of your whiskeys nor fine Spa - nish wines, for your words show you  
5. I'll go home to me pa - rents, con - fess what I've done, and I'll ask them to

mo - ney on whis - key and beer. and now I'm re - tur - ning with gold in great store,  
la - dy me mo - ney was spent. I asked her for cre - dit, she answered me "nay,  
ta - ble it glittered and rolled. She said "I have whiskeys and wines of the best,  
clearly as no friend of mine. there's o - thers most wil - ling to o - pen a door,  
par - don their pro - di - gal son. And if they for - give me as oft times be - fore,

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and I ne - ver will play the wild ro - ver no more. Ref. And it's no, nay, never!  
such a cus - tom as yours I could have a - ny day".  
and the words that I told you were on - ly in jest".  
to a man co - ming home from a far distant shore.  
I ne - ver will play the wild ro - ver no more.

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No, nay, never, no more, will I play the wild ro - ver. No never — no more!