

AULD LANG SYNE

First verse, traditional

Traditional

Other verses, Robert Burns (1759–1796)

p

1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should
 2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
 4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 wan-der'd mon-y a wea-ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang
 seas be-tween us braid ba'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.