

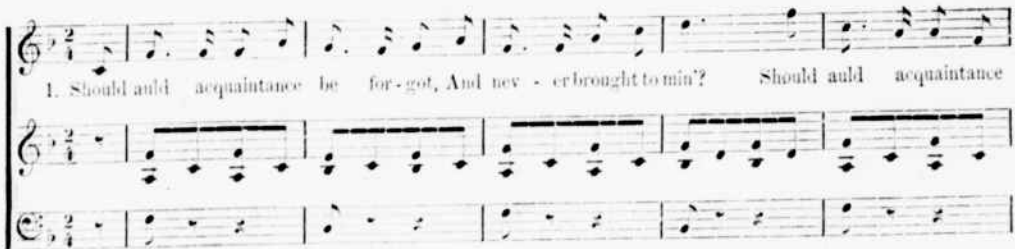
AULD LANG SYNE

Illustrated Song Number 37

From a Painting by CHASE EMERSON



Words by
Robert Burns



Music from an
old Scottish song

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lane syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fere,
And gie's a hand o' thine ;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
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,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.