

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my jo
For auld lang syne
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness 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.

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

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.

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