

# Robert Burns, Auld Lang Syne



Robert Burns, as painted by Alexander Nasmyth in 1787  
(National Portrait Gallery, London)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne!

Chorus.-For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne.  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
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, &c.

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.  
For auld, &c.

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.  
For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!  
And gie's a hand [o'](#) thine!  
And we'll [tak](#) a right gude-willie waught,  
For [auld lang](#) syne.  
For auld, &c.