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

We twa hae run about the braes, And pou'd the gowans fine; But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt, Sin auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my jo...

We taw 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 lang syne, my jo...

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.
For auld lang syne, my jo