



AULD LANG SYNE*

(Everyone joins hands to make a big circle.
Don't cross your arms yet - that bit
comes later!)

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

(Now everyone crosses their arms)

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.

(At this point, things often get rowdy
as people start running together into
the middle of the circle and singing
faster and faster!)

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

Robert Burns 1759 - 1796

* These versions are taken from The Kilmarnock Edition, which were published during Burns' lifetime.