

Auld Lang Syne

2/0 0 0 0 2 1 0 1 2 0 0 2 4 5
 Should auld ac- quain- tance be for- got, and nev- er brought to mind?

5 4 2 2 0 1 0 1 2~1 0 2/1 2/1 2/0 0
 Should auld ac- quain- tance be for- got, and days of auld lang syne?

5 4~2 2~0 1 0 1 5 4~2 2~4 5
 For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne;

5 4 2 2 0 1 0 1 2~1 0~2/1 2/1~2/0 0
 We'll take a cup o' kind- ness yet for auld lang syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with scars?
 These are a noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars;
 Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Shall Monarchy be quite forgot,
 And of it no more heard?
 Antiquity be razed about
 And slav'ry put in stead?
 Is Scotsman's blood now grown so cold,
 The valor of their mind,
 That they can never once reflect
 On old lang syne?

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend
 You may pursue the chase,
 And after a blythe bottle end
 All cares in my embrace.
 And in a vacant rainy day
 You shall be wholly mine:
 We'll make the hours run smooth away
 And laugh at lang syne.