

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?'
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak: a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lung syne!

["Is not the Scotch phrase," Burns writes to Mrs. Dunlop, "Auld lang syne, exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul: I shall give you the verses on the other sheet. Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment." "The following song," says the poet, when he communicated it to George Thomson, "an old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air." These are strong words, but there can be no doubt that, save for a line or two, we owe the song to no other minstrel than "minstrel Burns."]

Poetical Works of Robert Burns with Critical and Biographical Notes, Allan Cunningham; Philadelphia; Porter and Coates, 1874 Iowa Masonic Library BU 821.67 C91 pc

Brother Robert Burns was born in Alloway, Scotland on January 25, 1759, 250 years ago this year.