

THE LOST LANGSYNE.

Words by JOHN ARBORY.
Expressively.

Music by J. O. MURDOCH.

The lost lang - syne! O, the lost lang - syne! Wi' the
 day-light sae sweet, an' the gloom - in' sae fine, The heart yirms
 aye, an' the thoct wi - na tyme, For the years far a - wa' i' the
 lost lang - syne, For the years far a - wa' i' the lost lang - syne.

rit.

We trusted at e'en - an' acourtin' gae'd we
 Wi' the sun's beamin' sae bright the mid thorn tree,
 Singin' the song sae light, an' the years far awa' i'
 In the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

Or, the hairst was aft, an' the liltin' was free,
 An' the sangs that were sung were sae pawky an' slow,
 For the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.