

We twa ha'e run aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.—*Cho.*

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.—*Cho.*

Then here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.—*Cho.*

