

# Jack Ingram, Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to mind  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And days of auld lang syne

Days of auld lang syne, my dear,  
Days of years gone by  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of auld lang syne

When young we ran about the hills,  
And pulled the flowers fine;  
We've wandered oh so many miles  
Since days of auld lang syne

We sailed the seas and swam the streams,  
From morning sun till night;  
Time won't erase the memories  
And days of auld lang syne.

Days of years gone by, my dear,  
Days of auld lang syne  
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,  
For days of auld lang syne,

Long ago, long ago, my dear,  
We'll toast it one more time  
We'll raise a glass to a brand new year  
And days of years gone by

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And never brought to mind  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
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