

Unknown Artist, Auld Lang Syne Original

AULD LANG SYNE (original)
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.
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.
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?
note: Burns based his song on this.
filename(AULDLNG3
play.exe AULDLNG2
ARB
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