

M. J. GRANT

AULD LANG SYNE

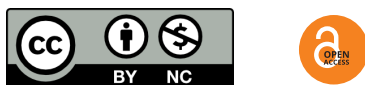
A Song and its Culture





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May not Experience teach thee well
 in *Edward Lang-shank's* Reign,
 How they pretended Good to thee,
 yet since mean'd no such Thing;
 But meerly stole from us the Chair,
 we did so much esteem:
 It's strange to me ye should forget
 good old long sine, &c.

Yet it was not by their own Strength,
 that they gain'd such a Prise;
 But by our base Malecontents
 who did them well advise;
 I mean, the *Cuming, Kilpatrick,*
Vallange of Treach'rous Mind,
 Such Men I fear have now the Cause,
 that we must now so pine.

Do not you mind the Barns of *Air*,
 where eighteen Score were kill'd,
 Under the Colour of a Truce,
 our Worthies Blood was spill'd?
 And what by Force they could not win
 by Fraud they did obtain:
 Me wonders you should so forget,
 good old long sine, &c.

Remember *William Wallace* Wight,
 and his Accomplices,
Scotland they undertook to free,
 when it was in Distress.
 Likewise Sir *James* the Black *Douglas*
 under the *Bruce's* Reign;
 These Men spar'd not their Blood to spill
 for old long sine, &c.

Why did you thy Union break
 thou had of late with *France*;
 Where Honors were conferr'd on thee?
 but now, not so is thy Chance:
 Thou must subject thy Neck unto
 a false proud Nation;
 And more and more strive to forget
 good old long sine, &c.

Was it their seeming Riches that
 induced thee to sell
 Thy Honors, which as never yet
 no Monarch e're could quel?
 Nor our Integritys once break,

in all the bygone Time?
 Yet now ye seem for to forget
 good old long sine, &c.

The elder Brother let him read,
 the Neighbour Margin Line;
 The second than let him look back
 to ruin'd *Darien*:
 I'm hopeful then you will remorse,
 on former Ill that's done;
 And strive in Time for for to maintain
 good old long sine, &c

Now mark and see what is the Cause
 of this so great a Fall:
 Contempt of Faith, Falshood, Deceit,
 and Villany withal;
 But rouse your selves like *Scotish* Lads,
 and quit you selves as Men:
 And more and more strive to maintain
 good old long sine, &c.

2. "A SONG To the tune of AULD LANG SYNE"²

O CALEDON, O CALEDON,
 How wretched is thy fate!
 I, thy St. ANDREW, do lament
 Thy poor abandon'd State.
 O CALEDON, O CALEDON,
 How griev'd am I to think,
 That my sad story written is
 With *Blood* instead of *Ink*.

IN days of Yore you was renown'd
 Conspicuous was your FAME,
 All Nations did your Valour praise,
 And Loyalty proclaim:
 You did your ancient Rights maintain,
 And Liberties defend,
 And scorn'd to have it thought that you
 On *England* did depend.

UNTO your Kings you did adhere,
 Stood by your Royal Race;
 With them you Honour great did gain,
 And Paths of Glory trace:

2 Source: NLS Call no. BCL.AA509, collection of "Rebellious pamphlets" relating to Jacobite Uprising of 1745–1746. A slightly different printing can be found at NLS Ry.III.a.10(071).

With Royal STEWART at your Head,
 All Enemies oppose;
 And, like our brave courageous *Clans*
 In Pieces cut your Foes.

YOUR Kings did Justice then dispense,
 And led you on to Fight;
 And your heroick Valour was,
 Like their Example, bright.
 An happy People then you were,
 In Plenty did [abound],
 And your untainted Loyalty
 With Blessings great was crown'd.

BUT, oh! alas! the Case is chang'd,
 You're wretched and forlorn;
 The Hardhips now impos'd on you,
 By Slaves are only born:
 Your ancient Rights, which you so long
 Did with your Blood maintain,
 Are meanly sold and given up,
 And you dare scarce complain.

FOR Justice now hath fled away,
 With Taxes you're oppress'd,
 And every little pratling Wretch
 May freely you molest:
 The choicest of your noble Blood
 Are banish'd far away,
 And such as do remain at home
 Must truckle and obey.

YOUR martial Spirit's quite decayed,
 You're poor contented Slaves;
 You're kick'd and cuff'd, oppress'd, harrass'd,
 By Scoundrels, Fools and Knaves.
 You did against your King rebel,
 Abjur'd the Royal Race;
 For which just Heaven did punish you
 With Woes, Contempt, Disgrace.

THIS Prince alone the Crown should wear,
 And Royal Sceptre sway;
 To him alone you should submit,
 And your allegiance pay.
 A Prince indu'd with Virtues rare,
 So Warlike, Just and Great,
 That, were it not to punish you,
 He'd have a better Fate.

O CALEDON, O CALEDON,
 Look back from whence you fell,
 And from your Suff'rings learn your Guild,
 And never more rebel:
 Regain your ancient Liberties,
 Redeem your Rights and Laws,
 Restore your injur'd lawful King,
 Or perish in the Cause.

YOUR Reputation thus you may,
 Thus only can retrieve;
 And, till you Justice do to him,
 You need not think to thrive.
 O may th'Almighty King of Kings
 His sov'reign Pow'r extend,
 And his Anointed's precious Life
 From Perils all defend.

O may just Heav'n assert his Right,
 Him to his own restore,
 And may the *Scottish* Nation shine
 Illustrious as before.
 O CALEDON, O CALEDON,
 How joyful would I be!
 To see the King upon the Throne,
 And you from Chains set free.

FINIS

3. "A ballad for those whose honour is sound,
 Who cannot be named, and must not be found. Written by
 a Sculpter in the Year 1746"³

Should old gay mirth and cheerfulness
 Be dash'd for evermore,
 Since late success in wickedness
 Made Whigs insult and roar?
 O no: their execrable pranks
 Oblige us to divine,
 We'll soon have grounds of joy and thanks,
 As we had lang syne.

3 Acc. to James Dick, this is from *The True Loyalist*, 1779; here quoted from James Hogg: *Jacobite Relics*, vol. II, Song LXXXVI. Murray Pittock states that there are very similar songs found in other sources, including NLS MS 2910 26v (*Should auld honour be forgot / And mirth thought on no more*): see the editorial notes to *Jacobite Relics*, 519. In Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, the tune given is M2.

Though our dear native prince be toss'd
 From this oppressive land,
 And foreign tyrants rule the roast [*sic*],
 With high and barbarous hand:
 Yet he who did proud Pharaoh crush,
 To save old Jacob's line,
 Our Charles will visit in the bush,
 Lik Moses lang syne.

Though God spares long the raging set
 Which on rebellion doat,
 Yet his perfections ne'er will let
 His justice be forgot.
 If we, with patient faith, our cause
 To's providence resign,
 He'll sure restore our king and laws,
 As he did lang syne.

Our valiant prince will shortly land,
 With twenty thousand stout,
 And these, join'd by each loyal clan,
 Shall kick the German out.
 Then upright men, whom rogues attaint,
 Shall bruik their own again,
 And we'll have a free parliament,
 As we had lang syne.

Rejoice then ye, with all your might,
 Who will for justice stand,
 And would give Caesar his true right,
 As Jesus did command;
 While terror must all those annoy
 Who horridly combine
 The vineyard's true heir to destroy,
 Like Judas lang syne.

A health to those fam'd Gladsmuir gain'd,
 And circled Derby's cross:
 Who won Falkirk, and boldly strain'd
 To win Culloden moss.
 Health to all those who'll do't again,
 And no just cause decline.
 May Charles soon vanquish, and James reign,
 As they did lang syne.

4. Jacobite “Auld Lang Syne” attributed to Lochiel’s Regiment (Le Régiment d’Albanie), 1747⁴

Though now we take King Lewie’s fee
And drink King Lewie’s wine,
We’ll bring the King frae ower the sea,
As in auld lang syne.

For, he that did proud Pharaoh crush,
And save auld Jacob’s line,
Will speak to Charlie in the Bush,
Like Moses, lang syne.

For oft we’ve garred the red coats run,
Frae Garry to the Thine,
Fra Bauge brig to Falkirk moor,
No that lang syne.

The Duke may with the Devil drink,
And we’ the deil may dine,
But Charlie’s dine in Holyrood,
As in auld lang syne.

For he that did proud Pharaoh crush,
To save auld Jacob’s line,
Shall speak to Charlie in the Bush,
Like Moses, lang syne.

5. “Ballad. Tune *Auld Lang Syne*”⁵

Should auld honour be forgot
And mirth thought on no more
Since late success in Wickedness
Makes Whigs insult and roar
Nor will we though the Jails are crammed
With loyal men repine [?]
But soon we’ll hope to be as blythe
As we were lang syne.

Though our dear native Prince is chaced
From this oppressed land
And foreigners do rule the roost
With a Barbarian’s hand
Though might oer Right doth tyrannize

4 Source: <http://www.lochiel.net/archives/arch124.html>, apparently found in the collection of Andrew Lang.

5 Source: NLS MS 2910, “Poems composed since the attempt. 1745.”, 32–33. Handwritten MS from various sources.

And perjured rogues Combine
Never to let us be as free
As we were lang syne.

Observe though by lord a while thus graced [?]
Those that on mischief dote
Yet his perfections near well let
A just cause be forgot
If we with patience do submit
Erelong he will incline
To make our just cause trumpet yet
Like auld lang syne.

Brave royal Charles will soon return
With twenty thousand stout
And those with his highlanders
Will kick the German out
Then Truth and Justice now knock'd down
Shall rear their head and then
We shall have a Scots Parliament
As we had lang syne.

When once the grant Proprietor
Enjoys his right and place
His subjects that have valid rights
And can just titles trace
Each man shall sit in peace below
His fig-tree and his vine
And Tories shall be favourites
For auld lang syne.

Clean up your hearts ye that do sculk [?]
For king and country's cause
The righteous Lord regards you with
Compassion and applause
Your sufferings [pall r??d] with bliss
Both human & divine
And punish some for crimes they've done
Even not long syne.

Rejoice I say all ye that flee
Incog. through hill and dale
And drink a bumper to the King
And to the Prince each meal
Though water's oft your liquor now
We'll shortly drink good wine
Well-pleased we'll think then on the straits [?]
That we had lang syne.

A health to those that Gladsmuir gain'd
 And [d??d??dared??] at Darby Cross
 A Health to those that won Falkirk
 And faced Culloden moss
 A Health to all that steadfast stand
 And neer from truth decline
 May Heaven smile on James's son
 As on Charles lang syne.

6. "Song. To the same Tune" [i.e., *Auld Lang Syne*]⁶

Should Scotland's Glory be forgot
 Of it nae mair be heard
 Our independence rooted out
 And slavery put instead
 Are Scotsmen's spirits now so broke
 Their bold and gorgeous mind
 That they should not at all reflect
 On auld lang syne.

In days of old we were renown'd [*sic*]
 Conspicuous was our fame
 All nations did our valour prize
 And loyalty proclaim
 We did our native rights maintain
 And liberties defend
 Nor would we have it said that we
 On England should depend.

Our ancient nation then was brave
 Invincible and stout
 Her sons even Rome's great Emperor
 Could never put to rout.
 Nor not so much as tribute get
 Though Caesar was his name
 Should not the thoughts of acts like these
 Rekindle such a flame.

Nor was it only then we made
 The World's proud depart [??] yield
 Corbredus Galdus spite of Rome
 Did always keep the field
 He with his men did so behave
 Romans themselves did deign
 Humbly to Scots to offer peace
 But this was lang syne.

6 Source: NLS MS 2910, "Poems composed since the attempt. 1745.", 33–34. Handwritten MS from various sources.

The great Sir William Wallace with
 His comrades stout and bold
 Scotland freed when twas enslaved
 By English Edwards Gold
 Sir James the Black Douglas likewise
 Under the Bruce's reign
 When danger call'd [*sic*] always stood firm
 For auld lang syne.

Sir John the Graham's unspotted fame
 Shall never be forgot
 He was an honour to his name
 A true and valiant Scot.
 The great Montrose The brave Dundee
 Were heroes in their time
 And never spard [*sic*] their blood to spill
 For auld lang syne.

Alas our case is now much chang'd
 We're wretched and forlorn
 The hardships vile impos'd on us
 By slaves are only born
 O Caledon O Caledon
 It grieves my soul to think
 That thy sad story written is
 With blood instead of ink.

O Scotland What becomes of thee
 When England sits thy judge
 Mayst thou not then expect to be
 Oppress'd without refuge
 What would our ancient nobles say
 Could they behold the scene
 Will ye not for shame reflect
 On auld lang syne.

How oft have our forefathers fought
 In Liberty's defence
 Shall we then have it stoln [*sic*] away
 By German influence
 Well curse the actors of the deed
 When under yoke we pine
 But were't not best once more to risque [?]
 For auld lang syne.

Your great ancestors valiant deeds
 Sit full before your eyes
 And bain [??] to emulate each act
 In native glory rise
 Be but yourselves nor Germans dread

Though hell with them combine
 In spite of both you shall enjoy
 Your auld lang syne.

7. "Shall Monarchy Be Quite Forgot"⁷

Shall monarchy be quite forgot
 As it has never been?
 Antiquity be rooted out,
 As an inglorious thing?
 Are Scotsmen's hearts now grown so cold,
 the veil so o'er their mind,
 That they can never once reflect
 On auld lang-syne?

In days of yore ye were renown'd,
 Conspicuous was your fame;
 All nations they did honour you,
 Your loyalty proclaim.
 Ye did your ancient rights maintain,
 And liberty defend,
 And scorn'd to have it said, that you
 On England would depend.

But now, alas! your case is chang'd,
 You're wretched and forlorn;
 The hardships now impos'd on you,
 By slaves are only borne.
 Oh, Caledon! oh, Caledon!
 It grieves me sair, to think
 That thy sad story written is
 With blood, instead of ink.

Scotland, what will become of thee,
 When England sits thy judge?
 Thy banish'd Prince, so long from home,--
 O! where is thy refuge?
 To ruin thee, 'tis plainly seen,
 Must be their black design;
 And will you not, alas, reflect
 On auld lang-syne?

How oft have our forefathers bled
 In Liberty's defence!
 And shall we have it stol'n away
 By German Influence?

7 Source: R. A. Smith, *The Scottish Minstrel*, vol. III [1821].

The price of so much Scottish blood
Shall we consent to tine?
And will we not, alas! reflect
On auld lang-syne?

When great Sir William Wallace liv'd,
And his accomplices,
Scotland he undertook to free,
When she was in distress.
Like wise Sir James, the black Douglas,
Who liv'd in Bruce's reign;
These men spar'd not their blood to spill,
For auld lang-syne.

Sir John the Graeme, of lasting fame,
Shall never be forgot;
He was an honour to his name,
A brave and valiant Scot.
The great Montrose, the brave Dundee,
Were heroes in their time;
They spar'd not ev'n their mother's sons
For auld lang-syne.

Then, let the ever glorious name
Of Wallace lead you on;
Wallace, to save his country, oft
Engag'd near ten to one:
Then, rouse, my valiant Scottish lads,
Behave yourself like men,
And Scotland yet again shall see
Her auld lang-syne.

8. Jacobite "Auld Lang Syne", by Andrew Lang (1844–1912)⁸

Shall ancient freedom be forgot
And the auld Stuart line?
Shall ancient freedom be forgot
And Auld Lang Syne?
Though now we take King Louis' fee
And drink King Louis' wine,
We'll bring the King frae o'er the sea
For Auld Lang Syne.

We twa hae waded deep in blood,
And broke the red-coat line,
And forded Eden white in flood

8 Lang 1923, 64–65.

For Auld Lang Syne.
And we hae fought the English coofs
Frae Garry to the Rhine,
Frae Gledsmuir to the field o' Val
In Auld Lang Syne.

The Butcher wi' the deil shall drink
And wi' the deevil dine,
But Charles shall dine in Holyrood
For Auld Lang Syne,
For He wha did proud Pharoah crush
And save auld Jacob's line,
Shall speak wi' Charlie in the Bush
Like Moses, lang syne.

Appendix 2

Burns's *Auld Lang Syne*—The Five Versions (B1-B5)

This Appendix contains the five extant versions of the text of *Auld Lang Syne* from Burns himself;¹ they are discussed in more detail in Chapter 3:

- B1** The version sent to Frances Dunlop, 7 December 1788; *Letters*, no. 290; the manuscript can be viewed at <http://purl.dlib.indiana.edu/iudl/general/VAB6977>.²
- B2** The version published in *The Scots Musical Museum*, 1796.
- B3** A version written by Burns into a copy of vol. I of the *Scots Musical Museum* (the so-called “Interleaved Scots Musical Museum”); taken here from Dick (ed.) 1906.
- B4** The version sent to George Thomson, September 1793; *Letters*, no. 586; the manuscript can be viewed at <https://www.themorgan.org/collection/Auld-Lang-Syne/8>
- B5** What may have been a “working version”, now held in the Burns Cottage Museum in Alloway; the manuscript can be viewed at <https://www.nts.org.uk/stories/auld-lang-syne>

1 As noted in Chapter 3, a further, partial version in Burns's hand which formed part of the Law MS is not currently accessible to researchers.

2 This manuscript was previously on deposit at the Library of Congress; some sources list this as two separate MSS, one in Washington and one in Indiana.

B1 The version sent to Frances Dunlop, 7 December 1788

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never thought upon?
 Let's hae a waught o' Malaga,
 For auld lang syne.—

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my jo,
 For auld lang syne;
 Let's hae a waught o' Malaga,
 For auld lang sy[n]e.—

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup!
 And surely I'll be mine!
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.—
 For auld &c.

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

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin auld lang syne.—
 For auld &c.

And there's a han', my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a han' o' thine!
 And we'll tak a right gudewilly waught,
 For auld lang syne!—