

M. J. GRANT

AULD LANG SYNE

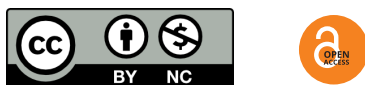
A Song and its Culture





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B2 The version published in *The Scots Musical Museum*, 1796

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne!

Chorus

For auld lang syne my jo,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a *cup o' kindness yet
 for auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
 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'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld &c.

We twa hae paidl'd in 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 hand, my trusty fiere!
 And gie's a hand o' thine!
 And we'll tak a right gude-willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld &c.

**Some Sing, Kiss, in place of Cup*

B3 A version written by Burns into a copy of vol. I of the
Scots Musical Museum

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne?

Chorus

And for auld lang syne, my jo,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

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

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin auld lang syne.
And for, &c.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin auld lang syne.
And for, &c.

And there's a hand my trusty fiere!
 And gies a hand o' thine!
 And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught
 For auld lang syne.
And for, &c.

B4 The version sent to George Thomson, September 1793

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my Dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne—

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

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn,
Frae mornin sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.—
For auld &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty feire,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught
For auld lang syne.—
For auld &c.

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

B5 What may have been a “working version”, now held in
the Burns Cottage Museum in Alloway

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.—

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary fitt
Sin auld lang syne.—

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

And there's a hand, [paper torn]
And gie's a hand[paper torn]
And we'll tak a righ[paper torn]
For auld lang [paper torn]

Appendix 3

Seven Parodies and Contrafacta from *The Universal Songster*, vols. II-III (1829, 1834)

1. "I'll drive dull sorrow from my mind"¹

Air—"Auld Lang Syne"

My wife she died three months ago,
And left poor I to moan;
My wife she died three months ago,
And now I sleep alone.

I'll drive dull sorrow from my mind
With wettings of my clay;
And, should I meet a lass that's kind,
I'll have a wedding-day.

Then banish sorrow from my heart,
I'll be so blithe and gay;
And when sly Cupid points his dart,
I will not run away.

2. "'Tis true this life's a languid stream"²

Air—"Auld Langsyne"

'Tis true this life's a languid stream,
How dark its course would keep,
If friendship's sweet and sunny beam,
Smiled not on its cold sleep.

For auld langsyne, my friend,
For auld langsne,
We'll quaff a cup
Of friendship up
And auld langsyne.

1 Vol. II, 309.

2 Vol. III, 80.

Behold this brimming sparkling bowl,
 To friendship quaff it up;
 This pure libation, where the soul
 Is hovering o'er the cup.

For auld langsyne, &c.

Then mem'ry shall bring back the days
 When smiling hope was ours;
 Her white wings shedding fairy rays
 To light our path of flowers.

For auld langsyne, &c.

But give us Jove's ambrosial wave,
 For we should quaff that stream,
 When toasting her, whose ripe lip gave
 The kiss of "love's young dream."

For auld langsyne, &c.

3. "Winny won't be mine"³

Air—"Auld lang syne."—(O'Brien)

I have my goats, a cow, and horse,
 And Sunday suit, that's fine;
 And I have something that's not brass,
 Still Winny wo'n't [*sic*] be mine.
 Still Winny wo'n't [*sic*] be mine, I fear.
 Still she'll not be mine;
 O Winny wo'nt [*sic*] be mine, my dear,
 No, Winny wo'nt be mine.

We both have gambolled o'er the vale—
 I helped to milk her kine,
 And quaffed with her my home-brewed ale,
 Still Winny wo'n't be mine.
 Still Winny, &c.

On yon high rock we sat to view
 The wide spread rolling brine;
 It's there I vowed I would be true,
 Still Winny wo'n't be mine.
 Still Winny, &c.

O'er Erin's western hills so blue,
 We see the sun's decline,
 Though grass and spray woo maiden dew,
 Still Winny wo'n't be mine.

3 Vol. III, 110–111.