

M. J. GRANT

AULD LANG SYNE

A Song and its Culture





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Still Winny, &c.

The moon, low trembling in the wave,
Where sailing barks gay shine;
And, like the moon, I trembling crave,
Still Winny wo'n't be mine.
Still Winny, &c.

She is as placid as she's fair,
Her person's beauty shrine;
With me all pleasure she will share,
Still Winny wo'n't be mine.
Still Winny, &c.

I stopt away, to try my skill,
It chanced to tell; in fine,
We met by chance, —she cried I will,
Indeed, I will be thine.
Indeed, I will be thine, my Taff,
I'll willingly be thine;
I vow I will be thine, my Taff,
If you'll be only mine.

4. "Should brandy ever be forgot? A parody"⁴

Air—"Auld langsyne"

SHOULD brandy ever be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should brandy ever be forgot,
For port or sherry wine?
For port or sherry wine, my friend,
For port or sherry wine;
We'll tak' a glass of brandy yet,
And kick away the wine.

And, surely, you'll your quatern be,
And, surely, I'll be mine;
And we will drink so merrily,
But we'll not call for wine.
But we'll not call, &c.

And here's six-pence, my own good friend,
Give me six-pence o' thine;
We'll for another quatern call,
To wile away the time.
To wile away, &c.

5. "Auld lang syne" (J. H. Dixon)⁵

O, aft I've thought upon the hours
 I spent in early years,
 When Fancy strewed my path wi' flowers,
 An' life was free frae cares!
 Oh, aft I've thought upon the days
 When a' was bliss divine,
 The days o' youth, the happy days
 Of auld lang syne!
 Of auld lang syne sae dear,
 Of auld lang syne;
 Oh, dear to me shall ever be
 The days o' lang syne!

When late I sought the village where
 I roamed, a careless boy!
 How changed, alas! a' seemed sa drear
 An' sad, where once was joy!
 The trees were felled which graced the brook,
 Yet still the sun did shine,
 An' sported o'er its breast as erst,
 In auld lang syne!
 In auld lang syne, &c.

No more upon the village-green
 The sportive children played;
 No more the aged sires were seen
 Beneath the hawthorn's shade!
 The dial fra' the kirk was ta'en,
 That told me aft the time,
 And a' seemed altered sin the days
 Of auld lang syne!
 Of auld lang syne, &c.

The cot where did my parents dwell
 Was mould'ring in decay;
 No more its smoke rose in the dell
 But a' in ruin lay!
 No cheerfu' fire glowed on the hearth,
 Where once, wi' friends o' mine,
 I sat at eve, an' heard the tale
 Of auld lang syne!
 Of auld lang syne, &c.

Yet still I love the school-boy spot,
 Though a' my friends are gane

(Those friends who ne'er can be forgot,
 An' I am left alane!
 The well-known scenes o' boyish sports,
 To cheer me a' combine,
 An' recollection, pleased, looks back
 On auld lang syne!
 On auld lang syne, &c.

Sweet village! ne'er I'll leave thee more;
 When a' my days shall cease,
 In thy kirkyard, my troubles o'er,
 I'll rest mysel' in peace!
 Ah! though I've lang a wand'rer been,
 Yet, in my life's decline,
 No more I'll leave the spot which tells
 Of auld lang syne!
 Of auld lang syne, &c.

6. "Should lovers' joys be e'er forgot?"⁶

Air—"Auld lang syne"

SHOULD lovers' joys be e'er forgot,
 Or ever out of mind?
 Should lovers' joys be e'er forgot,
 An' vows sae saft an' kind?
 For vows sae saft an' kind, my love,
 An' days o' lang syne,
 We'll tak a glass for pleasures past,
 An' vows o' lang syne.

We twa hae run about the groves,
 And pu'd the flow'rets fine,
 But parting scenes hae wrought na change
 Sin' auld lang syne,
 For vows sae saft an' kind, my love, &c.

We twa hae run about the glade,
 When simmer days were prime;
 But time has broke wi' us no squares
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For vows sae saft an' kind, my love, &c.

An' there's a hand, my sonsie lass,
 And gies a hand o' thine,
 An' we'll taste of bliss before we part,
 For auld lang syne.
 For vows sae saft an' kind, my love, &c.

An' surely you'll gie me your heart,
 As surely I'll gie mine;
 And we'll tak a kiss before we part,
 For auld lang syne.
 For vows sae saft an' kind, my love, &c.

7. "War was proclaimed 'twixt love and I"⁷

Air—"Auld lang syne."—(K. O. B.)

WAR was proclaimed 'twixt love and I,
 He shot his arrows keen,
 Said I, you over-match me, boy,
 We'll rest upon the green.
 We'll rest upon the green, my lad,
 We'll rest upon the green.
 A truce he signed, and I was glad,
 A willow stood between.

Now many years had passed away,
 Secure from Cupid's smart,
 Though age bore part, ah! lack-a-day,
 Sigh-tingle went my heart.
 Sigh-tingle went my heart, ha, ha!
 Sigh-tingle went my heart;
 The frigid thing commenced to thaw
 Through Cupid's fervid dart.

Another truce, cried I, sweet child,
 I hope you'll grant to me;
 With guile, he answered very mild,
 To that, I'll not agree.
 To that, I'll not agree, when down
 I fell, upon my life,
 And felt a tingling on my crown
 Through tumbling on a wife.

She died one day, in Cupid came,
 Saying, gray-beard, there you be,
 You'll require another dame,
 Here's ansother touch at thee;
 Here's another touch at thee, old boy,
 Here's another touch at thee;
 His darts he shot, ah! let him plot,
 He'll never more touch me.

Appendix 4

Eight Nineteenth-Century German Translations

1. “Die alte gute Zeit” (Wilhelm Gerhard)¹

Wer lenkt nicht gern den heitern Blick
In die Vergangenheit?
Wer denkt nicht alter Freundschaft gern
Und alter guter Zeit?
Der alten guten Zeit, mein Herz!
Der alten guten Zeit!
Im vollen Becher lebe sie,
Die alte gute Zeit!

Wir pflückten Blumen uns im Wald,
Auf Rainen schmal und breit,
Und denken pilgermüde noch
Der alten guten Zeit.
Der alten guten Zeit, mein Herz! *etc.*

Wie freut' als Knaben uns am Bach
Der muntern Welle Streit!
Doch Meere brausten zwischen uns
Seit jener goldnen Zeit.
Der alten guten Zeit, mein Herz! *etc.*

Gieb, Bruder, gieb mir deine Hand;
Die meine sieh bereit!
Ein Händedruck, ein froher Blick
Der alten guten Zeit! *etc.*

1 Gerhard 1840.

2. "Soll alte Freundschaft vergessen sein" (Eduard Fiedler)²

Soll alte Freundschaft vergessen sein,
 Versenkt in Dunkelheit,
 Soll alte Freundschaft vergessen sein,
 Und die Tag' aus alter Zeit?

Auf die alte Zeit, mein Freund,
 Auf die gute, alte Zeit,
 Laß trinken uns einen Becher noch,
 Auf die gute alte Zeit.

Einst rannten ringsum durch die Höh'n,
 Gänsblümchen pflückend, wir Beid',
 Nun hat uns das Wandern müde gemacht,
 Seit der guten alten Zeit.

Einst spielten wir zwei Beid' am Bach
 Vom Morgen bis Mittagszeit,
 Doch brüllten schon Meere zwischen uns
 Seit der guten alten Zeit.

Hier ist meine Hand, mein treuer Freund,
 Die Deine zu drücken bereit.
 Hoch leben möge bei gutem Trunk
 Die gute alte Zeit.

Und ein Maßbecher muß es sein,
 Ein Becher groß und weit,
 Und wir leeren ein Glas in Freundschaft noch
 Auf die gute alte Zeit.

3. "Die alte Zeit" (Heinrich Julius Heintze)³

Sollt' alte Lieb' vergessen sein,
 Und nimmermehr erneut?
 Sollt' alte Lieb' vergessen sein
 Und Tag' aus alter Zeit?

Der alten Zeit, mein Freund,
 Der alten Zeit,
 Noch weih' ein freundlich Glas mit mir
 Der alten Zeit!

Da streiften wir auf grünen Au'n,
 Vom Maslieb schon erfreut;
 Doch müde ward oft unser Fuß
 Seit alter Zeit.

2 Fiedler 1846.

3 Heintze 1846.