

THE
Favorite Scotch Air
AULD LANGSYNE,

with
Variations
FOR THE
Piano Forte or Harp,

Composed by
D. ROSS.

Baltimore, Published by John Cole.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Oh! years have flown since
Should Auld acquaintance
first we met, And sorrows have been mine, And oft I've thought with fond regret On
be forgot, And never brought to mind; Should Auld acquaintance be forgot, And
Auld lang syne: On Auld lang syne my dear, On Auld lang
days o' lang syne: For Auld lang syne my dear, For Auld lang
syne, And oft I've thought with fond regret, On Auld lang syne.
syne, We'll take a Cup o' kindness yet, For Auld lang syne.

ANDANTE.

2
We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin Auld lang syne. &c.

3
We twa ha'e paidlet in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
Sin Auld lang syne. &c.

4
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. &c.

5
And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a Cup o' kindness yet,
For Auld lang syne. &c.

2
Thy proffer'd friendship cheer'd my heart,
I frankly gave thee mine;
When thou wert near I ceased to weep,
For Auld lang syne. &c.

3
I felt while to thy bosom prest,
That greater bliss was mine;
Than e'er my youthful heart had known,
For Auld lang syne. &c.

4
But fortune points thy path of life,
Far, far away from mine;
This hour may be - when next we meet,
An Auld lang syne. &c.

5
Then fare thee well! - if thou art blest,
My friend will not repine;
But sometimes give a kindly thought,
To Auld lang syne. &c.