

Auld Lang Syne

Shall school acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Shall school acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?
How oft we've ran about the fields,
And cull'd the flow'rs so fine!
We'll ne'er forget the days, when they
Are days of auld lang syne.

We oft have cheered each other's work,
From morn to day's decline,
And oft shall still the mem'ry rest
On days of auld lang syne.
In distant lands, though we may be,
Across the foamy brine,
Yet shall no future day destroy
The thought of auld lang syne.

Then take a hand that now is warm
Within a hand of thine;
No distant day shall lose the grasp—
The grasp of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, for auld lang syne,
Our love shall never cool;
We'll have a fondness while we live,
For auld lang syne of school.