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Auld Lang Syne (5)

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(Allan Ramsay)

Notes - The following is Ramsay's version of this grand old song. An older version is to be found in Watson's collection of Scots Poems, Part III published in 1716.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Though they return with scars?
These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:

Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest,
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
A thousand Cupids play,
Whilst through the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay.

Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such slavery great,
While bounded like a ball:

But sunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline;
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
You may pursue the chace,
And, after a blythe bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:

And in a vacant rainy day
You shall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleased with the sweet air,
And sings of generous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the powers above.

Next day, with consent and glad haste,
They approach'd the sacred shrine,
Where the good priest the couple blest,
And put them out of pine.

(From "Celebrated Songs Of Scotland",
edited by John D. Ross, 1887)

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