

* * * * *

MANGER RANGERS 2022 – B3 – manger songs

* * * * *

new year's adam

snowman

honeymoon in tok

the heave ho ho ho

fairytale of new york

a long december

so much wine

baby, it's cold outside

the christmas song

white christmas

blue christmas

'twas the night before christmas

have yourself a merry little christmas

try to remember

New Year's Adam

C G Em C
 G D Em C C D G
 G Wintertime stalked me all through the year, gave me chills in the midsummer heat. D
 G D Em C C D
 On warm sandy beaches or soft autumn leaves, I felt cold ice underneath me feet. D
 C G Em C
 Painstaking, slow-waking, watching the clock... days in my mind passing by
 G D Em C C D G D Em C C D G
 It was a deep dark December down in my soul, and you were the 4th of July.

When I got to the jukebox, there was nothing but junk – all the good songs already got played.

People pass by my street, I'm out mowing the lawn – I got no time to sharpen up the blade.

Meanwhile, the days pile up on my desk, and I'm stuck in this endless routine

I'm just another overtime day at the office, and you are a mad Halloween.

G D Em C
 G D Em C D G *auld lang syne*

Maybe the seasons are finally coming around: I see light where before was just grey.

I was the longest night in a long, cold year – but you were the sunrise today.

Yesterday is hard to remember. Tomorrow is hard to believe.

And I'll be your New Year's Adam if you'll be my New Year's Eve.

C G Em C
 Yesterday is hard to remember. Tomorrow is hard to believe.

G D Em C D G
 And I'll be your New Year's Adam if you'll be my New Year's Eve.

G D Em C D G B7
 I'll be your New Year's Adam if you'll be my New Year's Eve.
 C D G B7
 if you'll be my New Year's Eve.
 C D Bb--Ab--G
 if you'll be my New Year's Eve.

Snowman

E C#m A B

E C#m

I remember we met in a field cold and wet

A B

as the snow covered over the land.

E C#m

You put me together in the wild winter weather

A B

And I was like clay in your hand.

A B

You brought me to life – I thought you were my wife

E D

We danced to the frog machine band.

C#m B A

And we danced long after the show.

A B E C#m A B

What a dream for a man made of snow.

December was mild
oh how I smiled
with that look that you stuck on my face.

I just couldn't bear it
when you'd nibble my carrot
as we cavorted all over the place.

But soon, we both knew
I'd be gone, we'd be through
Leaving behind not a trace

Things get hot
and there's no
where to go.

Too much heat
for a man
made of snow

We knew from the start
how things fall apart
Might be hours, might be days, might be weeks.

Our star briefly shone
now I stand here alone
and I feel the drops roll down my cheeks.

But it ain't that I'm crying
and it's better than dying
In some dead room filled up with antiques.

And the sun
warms the world
down below.

Too much sun
for a man
made of snow.

honeymoon in tok

G D Am (C)

They drove the car with the cans still tied to the back
They pulled in to Delta Junction for a piss and a snack
Then they just kept on going pursuing their sweet destiny
A hundred miles further on they reached their hotel
Went out to the trailer and dinged on the bell
Then unlocked their future with the honey moon suite key

One year him
One year her
Can't recall what the ruckuses were
Now they're hitched
Now they're broke
On a sixty-below, midwinter... honeymoon in Tok

They went out that first night toward the pink neon light
And the Mugshot Saloon and a big appetite
But by midnight his head was spinning like a Muklukland swing
He went back to the room passed out on the duvet
She stayed there and kept drinking and kept grinding away
And by morning her drunk little finger had done lost its ring

One part beer
One part love
One part circumstance sent from above
Like a bad
Backcountry joke
On a sixty-below, midwinter... honeymoon in Tok

He woke up on the floor looked around she was gone
He got up figured he could hit Beaver by dawn
Left a note on the bed on the receipt from the wedding bouquet
She washed up on a preacher in a '65 Ford
She gave in to his wisdom gave her heart to the Lord
Wrote a note slipped it under the room door and then ran away

One on the bed
One on the floor
They'll be together for a few days more
They never knew
They never spoke
Two goodbye notes in a honeymoon suite in Tok.

Heave Ho Ho Ho

G - - Am - - C - - D - - *ad infinitum*

I woke up this morning at 9:37 excited
I could tell right away there was no one in bed beside me
So I figured you got up to wrap me some special contrivance
But all that I found was that note you left under the tree

B#m - - Am - - G - - D

Merry Christmas—what could it be?

It said “Babe I have always believed in the magic of Christmas
but this year I found was by far the most magic of all.
I fell accidentally in love with a seasonal worker,
when I sat on his lap to rest shopping last week at the mall.”

The depth of the detail describing her painful position
Impressed and depressed me together both at the same time
It droned on for pages and finished up with her decision
to leave with her lover for Lompoc this morning at nine.

B#m - - Am - - G - - D

Merry Christmas—have a nice life.

G - - Am - - C - - D - - *ad infinitum*

When I finished reading I sat back and choked up my eggnog
That suit-renting kid-scaring poser's got nothing on me
My babe must have unresolved issues with her own Father Christmas
To leave me for him on that whim she left under the tree

I think there is something organically evil about her
To fall for a shopping mall Santa just doesn't seem right
Now I can't help but drinking and thinking my bourbons half empty
Hallelujah noel, all to hell a goodnight
Hallelujah noel, all to hell a goodnight
Hallelujah noel, all to hell a goodnight

Bum bum bum, ba ba ba bum (*joyful bell sounds*)

She gave me the heave ho ho ho
Heave ho ho ho
Heave ho ho ho
Christmas Day....

She gave me the heave ho ho ho
Heave ho ho ho
Heave ho ho ho
Christmas Day....

Fairytale of New York

Pogues S. MacGowan J. Finer

G/D D G/D

Asus4/E D G/D

It was Christmas Eve babe In the drunk tank
An old man said to me, won't see another one And then he sang a song
The Rare Old Mountain Dew And I turned my face away
And dreamed about you

Got on a lucky one Came in eighteen to one
I've got a feeling This year's for me and you
So happy Christmas I love you baby
I can see a better time When all our dreams come true

G/D D G/D Asus4 /faster now/ D-A-D G A D

They've got cars
Big as bars
They've got rivers of gold
But the wind goes right through you
It's no place for the old
When you first took my hand
On a cold Christmas Eve
You promised me
Broadway was waiting for me
You were handsome
You were pretty
Queen of New York City
When the band finished playing
They howled out for more
Sinatra was swinging
All the drunks they were singing
We kissed on the corner
Then danced through the night

G Bm A
The boys of the NYPD choir
D Bm
Were singing 'Galway Bay'
D G
And the bells were ringing
A D A Bm G D-A- D Bm D G D-A D
Out for Christmas day

D
You're a bum
D
You're a punk
A
You're an old slut on junk
D G A
Living there almost dead on a drip
D
In that bed
D
You scum bag

You maggot
A
You cheap lousy faggot
D G
Happy Christmas your arse
A
I pray God
D A D
It's our last

A D
I could have been someone
G
So could anyone
D
You took my dreams
A
From me when I first found you
D
I kept them with me babe
G
I put them with my own
D
Can't make it all alone
G A D
I've built my dreams around you

G/B - xx0433
G/A - x05433
Asus4/E - xx2233 or 575785

A Long December - *Counting Crows (from cd 'Recovering the satellites')*

intro: F Bb Gm Bb F Bb Gm

Bb F C Gm
A long December and there's reason to believe

Bb F Bb
Maybe this year will be better than the last

Gm Bb F C
I can't remember the last thing that you said

Gm
as you were leavin'

F Bb
Now the days go by so fast

F Bb Gm
And it's one more day up in the canyons

F Bb Gm
And it's one more night in Hollywood

F Bb Gm -stop- F
If you think that I could be forgiven...I wish you would

Bb Gm Bb
nananananananana..

The smell of hospitals in winter
And the feeling that it's all a lot of oysters, but no pearls
All at once you look across a crowded room
To see the way that light attaches to a girl

And it's one more day up in the conyons
And it's one more night in Hollywood
If you think you might come to California...I think you should

Drove up to the Hillside Manor sometime after two a.m.
And talked a little while about the year
I guess the winter makes you laugh a little slower
Makes you talk a little lower about
the things you could not show her

And it's been a long December and there's reason to believe
Maybe this year will be better than the last
I can't remember all the times I tried to tell myself
To hold on to these moments as they pass

And it's been one more day up in the canyon
And it's one more night in Hollywood
It's been so long since I've seen the ocean...I guess I should

So Much Wine (Handsome Family)

Posted by Fatelvis and transcribed by Stephen McCann

In my notation

^ means hammer on - pull off
~ means a bend of some sort
/ means slide up
\ means slide down

Chords Used in this song:

D x00232
G 320003
Bm x24432
A x02220

Introduction:

Harmonica solo arranged for guitar (its only approximate so play around with it and I'm open to amendments)

```
e-----
B-----
G-----
D-----0--0--2-4--4-5-5-4--4-2-0-0-2-0--0-----0-----
A--0-2-----2-----
E-----
```

D G D

I had nothing to say on Christmas Day

Bm A G

When you threw all your clothes in the snow

D G D

When you burnt your hair knocked over chairs

Bm G D

I just tried to stay out of your way

D G D

But when you fell asleep with blood on your teeth

Bm G D

I got in my car and drove away

D G

Listen to me Butterfly

G D

Theres only so much wine

D Bm G

That you can drink in one life

G D

And it will never be enough

Bm G D

To save you from the bottom of your glass

Again a harmonica instrumental arranged for guitar - approximately

```
e-----
B-----
G-----2-2--2--2-4-2-2-----2-----
D-----0--0--2-4--4-2-0--0-----0-----4-----4-----
A--0-2-----2-----0-----
E-----
```

*note the final two notes are played together

D G D

Where the state highway starts I stopped my car

Bm A G

I got out and stared at the stars

Again a harmonica instrumental arranged for guitar - approximately

```
D
e-----2-----
B-----3-----
G-----2-2-2-2-4-2-2-----2-----
D-----4-----4-0-----
A-----0-----
E-----x-----
```

Baby It's Cold Outside



C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7
 I really can't stay But baby it's cold outside
 Dm G7 Dm G7
 I've got to go away But baby it's cold outside
 C Cmaj7 C C
 This evening has been So very
 Gm7 Gm7 C7 C7
 nice Been hoping that you'd drop in
 I'll hold your hands, they're just like
 F F F F
 My mother will start to worry
 ice Beautiful what's your
 Fm Fm Fm Fm
 And father will be pacing the floor
 hurry? Listen to the fireplace roar
 C C C C
 So really i'd better scurry
 Beautiful please don't
 Dm Dm G G
 But maybe just a half a drink more
 hurry Put some records on while I pour
 C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7
 The neighbors might think
 Baby it's bad out there
 Dm G7 Dm G7
 Say, what's in this drink?
 No cabs to be had out there
 C Cmaj7 C C
 I wish i knew how To break
 Gm7 Gm7 C7 C7
 the spell
 I'll take your hat, your hair looks
 F F F F
 I ought to say, "No, no, no sir"
 swell Mind if I move in
 Fm Fm G7 G7
 closer?
 At least i'm gonna say that i tried
 What's the sense in hurtin' my
 C Bb7 A7 A7
 I really can't stay Ah, but it's
 pride? Baby don't hold out Ah, but it's
 D7 G7 C C
 cold outside
 cold outside

C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7
 I simply must go - Baby, it's cold outside
 Dm G7 Dm G7
 The answer is no - Ooh darling, it's cold outside
 C Cmaj7 C C
 This welcome has been - I'm lucky that you dropped in
 Gm7 Gm7 C7 C7
 So nice and warm - Look out the window at that
 F F F F
 storm
 My sister will be suspicious
 Man, your lips look delicious
 Fm Fm Fm Fm
 My brother will be there at the door
 Waves upon a tropical
 C C C C
 shore
 My maiden aunt's mind is vicious
 Gosh your lips are de-
 Dm Dm G G
 Well maybe just a half a drink more -
 licious Never such a blizzard
 C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7
 before
 I've got to go home - Oh, baby, you'll freeze out there
 Dm G7 Dm G7
 Say, lend me your coat - It's up to your knees out there
 C Cmaj7 C C
 You've really been grand - I thrill when you touch my hand
 Gm7 Gm7 C7 C7
 But don't you see? - How can you do this thing to
 F F F F
 me?
 There's bound to be talk tomorrow -
 Think of my life long
 Fm Fm G7 G7
 sorrow
 At least there will be plenty implied -
 If you caught pneumonia and
 C Bb7 A7 A7
 died
 I really can't stay - Get over that hold out... Ah, but it's
 D7 G7 C C
 cold outside
 cold outside

where could you be going
 when the wind is blowing
 and it's cold outside...

Baby, it's cold outside.

The Christmas Song

Cmaj7 *Dm7* *Em7* *Dm7*
Chestnuts roasting on an open fire
Cmaj7 *Gm7* *C7* *Fmaj7* *E7*
Jack Frost nipping on your nose
Am *Fm6* *C* *B7*
Yuletide carols being sung by a choir
Emaj7 *Fm7* *Dm7* *G* *G7*
And folks dressed up like Eskimos, everybody

Cmaj7 *Dm7* *Em7* *Dm7*
Knows, a turkey and some mistletoe
Cmaj7 *Gm7* *C7* *Fmaj7* *E7*
Help to make the season bright
Am *Fm6* *C* *B7*
Tiny tots with their eyes all aglow
Em *A7* *Dm7* *G7* *C*
Will find it hard to sleep tonight

C7 *Gm* *C7* *Fmaj7*
They know that Santa's on his way
Gm *C7* *Fmaj7*
He's loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh
Fm7 *Bb7* *Eb*
And every mother's child is going to spy
D7 *Gsus4* *G7*
To see if reindeer really know how to fly

Cmaj7 *Dm7* *Em7* *Dm7*
And so, I'm offering this simple phrase
Cmaj7 *Gm7* *C7* *Fmaj7* *E7*
To kids from one to ninety-two
Am *Fm6* *C* *B7*
Although its been said many times, many ways
Em7 *A7* *Dm7* *G* *C*
Merry Chri-st-mas to you

WHITE CHRISTMAS

G Gsus4 G

G Am D D7
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
C Am D G Gsus4 G
Just like the ones I used to know.
G Gmaj7 G7
Where the tree tops glisten,
C Cm
And children listen,
G Em Am D D7
To hear the sleigh bells in the snow.

G Am D D7
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
C Am D G Gsus4 G
With every Christmas card I write.
G Gmaj7 G7 C Cm
May your days be merry and bright,
G Em Am D G
And may all your Christmases be white.

G Am D D7
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
C Am D G Gsus4 G
Just like the ones I used to know.
G Gmaj7 G7
Where the tree tops glisten,
C Cm
And children listen,
G Em Am D D7
To hear the sleigh bells in the snow.

G Am D D7
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,
C Am G Gsus4 G
With every Christmas card I write.
G Gmaj7 G7 C Cm
May your dreams be merry and bright,
G Em Am D G Gsus4 G
And may all your Christmases be white.

blue christmas



Version 1

E B
I'll have a blue Christmas without you
B7 E
I'll be so blue thinking about you
E7 E A F#
Decorations of red on a green Christmas tree
B7 B
Won't be the same dear, if you're not here with me

B7 E B
And the when those blue snowflakes start falling
B7 E
That's when those blue memories start calling
E7 E A F#
You'll be doing all right, with your Christmas of white
B7 E
But I'll have a blue, blue, blue, blue Christmas

E B B7 E

E7 E A F#
You'll be doing all right, with your Christmas of white
B7 E
But I'll have a blue, blue, blue, blue Christmas

Version 2 *Capo II*

D A
I'll have a blue Christmas without you
A7 D
I'll be so blue thinking about you
D7 D G E
Decorations of red on a green Christmas tree
A7 A
Won't be the same dear, if you're not here with me

A7 D A
And the when those blue snowflakes start falling
A7 D
That's when those blue memories start calling
D7 D G E
You'll be doing all right, with your Christmas of white
A7 D
But I'll have a blue, blue, blue, blue Christmas

D A A7 D

D7 D G E
You'll be doing all right, with your Christmas of white
A7 D
But I'll have a blue, blue, blue, blue Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds;
 While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
 And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
 I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
 The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
 Gave a lustre of midday to objects below,
 When what to my wondering eyes did appear,
 But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-deer,
 With a little old driver so lively and quick,
 I knew in a moment he must be St. Nick.
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
 And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
 "Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now *Prancer* and *Vixen!*
 On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donner* and *Blitzen!*
 To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
 Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
 As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
 When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
 So up to the housetop the coursers they flew
 With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too—
 And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
 The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
 As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
 He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
 His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath;
 He had a broad face and a little round belly
 That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
 He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
 And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
 A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight—
 "*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!*"



HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS from the film *MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS*

H.Martin, R.Blane

G Em7 Am7 D7 x2

G Em7 Am7 D7
 Have yourself a merry little Christmas
 G Em7 Am7 D7
 Let your heart be light
 G Em7 Am7 D7 B7 E7 A7 D D7
 Next year all our troubles will be out of sight

G Em7 Am7 D7
 Have yourself a merry little Christmas
 G Em7 Am7 D7
 Make the Yuletide gay
 G Em7 Am7 B7 Em G G7
 Next year all our troubles will be miles away

Cmaj7 Cm6 Bm Bbdim
 Once again as in olden days
 Am D7 Gmaj7
 Happy golden days of yore
 Em F#7 Bm E7
 Faithful friends who were dear to us
 D7 A7 Am7 D7
 Will be near to us once more

G Em7 Am7 D7
 Someday soon we all will be together
 G Em7 Am7 D7
 If the Fates allow
 G Em7 Am7 B7 Em G G7
 Until then, we'll have to muddle through somehow
 Cmaj7 Am7 D7 G
 So have yourself a merry little Christmas now.

G Em7 Am7 D7 x2

G

| G Em Am D7 || G Em Am D7 | Advanced version

G Em Am D7
 Have yourself a merry little Christmas
 G Em Am D7
 Let your heart be light
 G Em Am D7 Em E7 A7 D7
 From now on, our troubles will be out of sight

G Em Am D7
 Have yourself a merry little Christmas
 G Em Am D7
 Make the Yuletide gay
 G Em Am Cm Em G6 G7s4 G7
 From now on, our troubles will be miles away

Cdim Gaug Bm Gdim
 Here we are as in olden days
 Am D7 Gmaj7 G6
 Happy golden days of yore
 Em F#7 Bm E7
 Faithful friends who are dear to us
 D Em Am D7
 Gather near to us once more

G Em Am D7
 Through the years we all will be together
 G Em Am D7
 If the fates allow
 G Em Am D7 Em G6 G7s4 G7
 Hang a shining star upon the highest bough
 Cdim Am D7 G G7s4 G7
 And have yourself a merry little Christmas now

Cdim Gaug Bm Gdim
 Here we are as in Olden days
 Am D7 Gmaj7 G6
 Happy golden days of yore
 Em F#7 Bm E7
 Faithful friends who were dear to us
 D Em Am D7
 Will be near to us once more

G Em Am D7
 Someday soon we all will be together
 G Em Am D7
 If the fates allow
 G Em Am D7 Em G6 G7s4 G7
 Until then we'll have to muddle through somehow
 Cdim Am D7/C G // Cm // G / G2
 So have yourself a merry little Christmas now

Try to Remember

G Am 2x

G Em Am D7
Try to remember, the kind of September,
G Em Am D7
when life was slow and oh, so mellow.

G Em Am D7
Try to remember, the kind of September,
G Em Am D7
when grass was green and grain was yellow.

Bm Em Am D7
Try to remember, the kind of September,
G Em Am D7
when you were a tender and callow fellow.

G Em Am D7
Try to remember, and if you remember,
G
then follow.

G Em Am D7
Try to remember, when life was so tender,
G Em Am D7
that no one wept, except the willow.

G Em Am D7
Try to remember, when life was so tender,
G Em Am D7
that dreams were kept, beside your pillow.

Bm Em Am D7
Try to remember, when life was so tender,
G Em Am D7
that love was an ember, about to billow.

G Em Am D7
Try to remember, and if you remember,
G
then follow.

G Em Am D7
Deep in December, it's nice to remember,
G Em Am D7
although you know, the snow will follow.

G Em Am D7
Deep in December, it's nice to remember,
G Em Am D7
without a hurt, the heart is hollow.

Bm Em Am D7
Deep in December, it's nice to remember,
G Em Am D7
the fire of September, that made us mellow.

G Em Am D7
Deep in December, our hearts should remember,
G Em G Em G
and follow, follow, follow, follow, follow . . .

Burns's original Scots verse ^[5]	(singable)	(as Scots speakers would sound)	(Burns's own Ayrshire dialect) ^[12]
<p>Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and auld lang syne?^[a]</p> <p><i>Chorus:</i> For auld lang syne, my jo, for auld lang syne, we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.</p> <p>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.</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p>Should <u>old</u> acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind? Should <u>old</u> acquaintance be forgot, and auld lang syne?</p> <p><i>Chorus</i> For <u>auld</u> lang syne, my <u>dear</u>, for <u>auld</u> lang syne, we'll take a cup of kindness yet, for <u>auld</u> lang syne.</p> <p>And surely you'll <u>buy</u> your pint <u>cup</u>! and surely I'll <u>buy</u> mine! And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for <u>auld</u> lang syne.</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p>Shid ald akwentans bee firgot, an nivr brocht^[c] ti mynd? Shid ald akwentans bee firgot, an ald lang syn*?</p> <p><i>Chorus:</i> Fir ald lang syn, ma jo, fir ald lang syn, wil tak a cup o kyndnes yet, fir ald lang syn.</p> <p>An sheerly yil bee yur pynt-staup! an sheerly al bee myn! An will tak a cup o kyndnes yet, fir ald lang syn.</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p>fɪd ɔːld ə.kwɛn.tɛns bi fɛr.gɒt ən nɪ.vər brɔxt tɪ maɪn fɪd ɔːld ə.kwɛn.tɛns bi fɛr.gɒt ən ɔːld lɑŋ sɛɪn</p> <p><i>Chorus:</i> fɛr ɔːld lɑŋ sɛɪn mɑ dʒo fɛr ɔːld lɑŋ sɛɪn wɪl tɑk ə kʌp o kɛɪn.nɛs jɛt fɛr ɔːld lɑŋ sɛɪn</p> <p>ən fɛr.ɪl jɪd bi jʊr paɪnt.staʊp ən fɛr.ɪl ɑːl bi maɪn ən wɪl tɑk ə kʌp o kɛɪn.nɛs jɛt fɛr ɔːld lɑŋ sɛɪn</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>
<p>We twa hae run about the braes, and pou'd the gowans fine; But we've wander'd mony a weary fit, sin' auld lang syne.</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p>We <u>two</u> have run about the <u>hills</u>, and <u>picked</u> the <u>daisies</u> fine; But we've wandered <u>many</u> a weary <u>foot</u>, <u>since</u> auld lang syne.</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p>We twa hay rin about the braes, an pood the gowans fyn; Bit weev wandert monae a weery fet, sin ald lang syn.</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p>wɪ twɔː hɛː rʌn ə.bʊt ðə brɛːz ən puːd ðə ɡəʊ.ənz faɪn bʌt wɪv wɔːn.ərɪt mɒn.ə nə ə wɪrɪ fɪt sɪn ɔːld lɑŋ sɛɪn</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>
<p>We twa hae paidl'd in the burn, frae morning sun till dine,^[b] But seas between us braid hae roar'd sin' auld lang syne.</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p>We <u>two</u> have <u>paddled</u> in the <u>stream</u>, <u>from</u> morning sun till dine; But seas between us <u>broad</u> have <u>roared</u> <u>since</u> auld lang syne.</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p>We twa hay pedilt in the burn, fray mornin sun til dyn; But seas between us bred hay roard sin ald lang syn.</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p>wɪ twɔː hɛː pe.dɪl ɪn ðə bɜːn frɛː mɔːr.nɪn sʌn tɪl daɪn bʌt sɪz ə.twɪn əs brɛd hɛː rɔːrd sɪn ɔːld lɑŋ sɛɪn</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>
<p>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.</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p>And there's a hand my trusty <u>friend</u>! And <u>give</u> me a hand o' thine! And we'll <u>take</u> a right <u>good-will draught</u>, for auld lang syne.</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p>An thers a han, my trustee feer! an gees a han o thyn! And we'll tak a richt^[c] gude-willie-waucht,^[c] fir ald lang syn.</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>	<p>ən ðɛːr z ə hɑːn mɑ trʌs.tɪ fɪr ən ɡɪːz ə hɑːn o ðaɪn ən wɪl tɑk ə rɪxt ɡɪd wɑːl wɑːxt fɛr ɔːld lɑŋ sɛɪn</p> <p><i>Chorus</i></p>