Dae ye mind o’ auld lang syne, When Cauther was in its prime,

Westwood Works and Addiewell, West Mains and number nine,

Dae ye mind the Poly Hall, Where we gathered one and all,

And danced the night through till the morning.

Dae ye mind the Happy Land, Where lived the greatest worthies in the land,

Mossend, Gavieside and Shutleha’, Now only in our memory stand,

Dae ye mind o’ Harriet Raw, Raeburn, Breich, Oakbank, them a’,

And walkin’ ower the Drove Loan in the morning.

Dae ye mind Pie Jock and his pies, Nanny Mullen’s picture hoose, oh my,

The chummy seats in the back row, It brings tears tae yer eyes,

Noo they are nae mair, Cauther’s no the same, I’m shair,

As ye walk doon the street in the morning.

Dae ye mind the wee auld shops, Nan Duncan’s watches, rings and clocks,

The Beehive and the Buttercup, Dick Mullen’s wee fruit shop,

McCowatt’s high class millinery, Mick Muny’s wee shop tae,

Where ye got yer woodbines and yer papers every morning.

Dae ye mind o’ J D Brown the printer, The Blacksmith shop, the auld Smiddy,

Lipton’s and Keirsley the cobbler, At the top o’ the Cleugh Brae,

Santini and Tapaldi they came here frae Italy,

Noo instead o’ sunshine they get rain every morning.

Dae ye mind o’ Gillon’s licensed corner shop, The personal service that ye got,

And Grant’s vanilla slices, they just couldna’ be forgot,

The big Co-op Gala day, the weans shouting hip-hooray,

As they marched doon the street in the morning.

Dae ye mind auld Johnny Boyle’s billiard ha’, a meeting place for a’,

The chaff was great and the atmosphere as the players hit the ba’,

Noo ye watch it on the screen, it goes on for weeks it seems,

Until the wee sma’ hours o’ the morning.

Dae ye mind the auld High school, where ye were taught by rod and rule,

Cauther street on divi day, Annie Wilson’s wee tea shop packed full,

Aye ye don’t half miss the Co-op when ye need a new claes rope,

Or a teapot for yer tea in the morning.

Dae ye mind auld Tommy’s barber shop, the razors then, yon big cut-throat,

And Sneddons if you once got it, was an Aladdin’s cave I aye thought,

Watson’s ironmongery was right across the way,

A’ daein’ brisk business in the morning.

Dae ye mind o’ Cauther sports, the procession and the floats,

The streets were lined wi’ folk and weans, some o’ them gey wee tots,

Jack Sleigh and his china stand, hobby horses and pipe bands,

And the sair heids ye had in the morning.

Dae ye mind Tam Halliday the butcher, a right auld wag was he,

And Wilson’s fish in Union street, where ye got kippers for yer tea,

McBryn’s bicycle shop, where ma Raleigh bike I bought,

That was a long time ago in the morning.

Dae ye mind the auld polis station, next door was Ogilvey,

And whit’s his name, ye mind auld wheesht frae the local library,

Kate Tennant’s quaint old shop where as a lassie I hae got,

Ma pencils for the school in the morning.

Dae ye mind the nine penny rattler, the good auld puffy train,

Packed wi’ local lads and lassies, frae the big Toon comin’ hame,

Well the station it’s still there, Now it’s £1.40 single fare,

Tae get ye back hame tae Cauther for the morning.

Dae ye mind the auld lodging hoose, The model was another name,

A place o’ rest for travelling folk, and casual workers far frae hame,

A bed for the tattie howkers, And dry stane dykers till they moved,

On their way doon the street in the morning.

Aw weel I suppose things hae aye tae change, But it’s nice tae bring tae mind,

Tha way things were when we were young, and we were in oor prime,

We aye mind the good auld days, and a’ the freens we made,

And the ones we’ll meet again in the morning.