

Robert Burns
John Anderson my jo

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

TUNE: (*As Title*)

I

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo!

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John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' anc anither;

Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo!

