

## John Anderson, my jo



John An-der-son, my jo, John, When\_ we were first ac - quaint,



Your locks were like the rav - en, Your bon-nie brow was brent;



But now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the snaw;



But\_ bless-ings on your frsot-y pow, John\_ An-der-son, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie 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.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither;  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go.  
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.