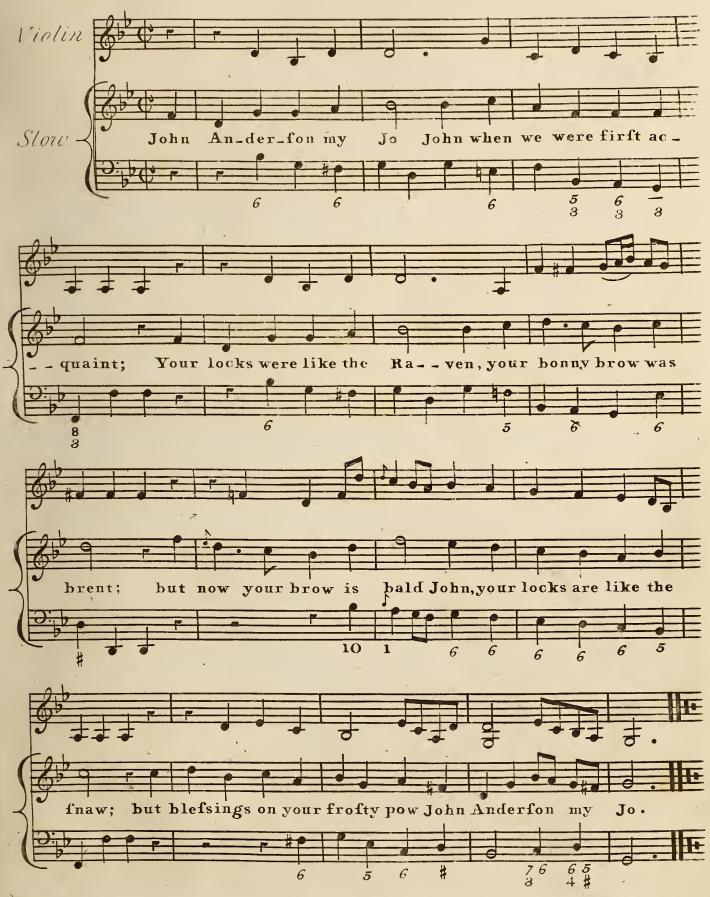
## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN Anderfon, my jo, John, When we were firft acquaint, Your locks were like the raven, Your bonny brow was brent : But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the fnaw ; But bleffings on your frofty pow, John Anderfon, my jo.

John Anderfon, 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, And hand in hand we'll go, And fleep thegither at the foot, John Anderfon, my jo.

John Anderson.



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