

*JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.*

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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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*Violin*

*Slow*

John An-der-son my Jo John when we were first ac -

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- - quaint; Your locks were like the Ra - - ven, your bonny brow was

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brent; but now your brow is bald John, your locks are like the

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fnaw; but blefsings on your frofty pow John Anderson my Jo.

6 5 6 # 7 6 6 5 3 4 #