

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.

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.

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