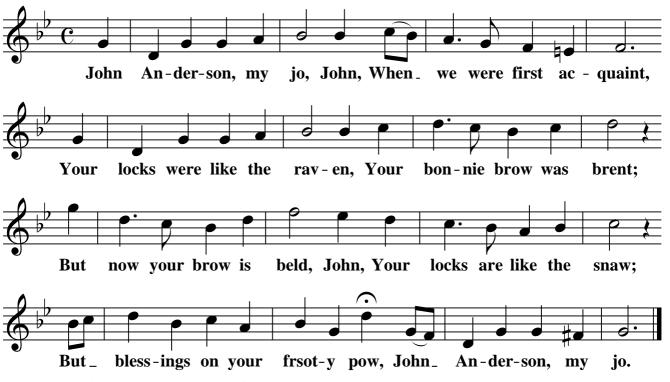
## John Anderson, my jo



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.