

voice of my heart? It may . . . be for years, and it may be for -

ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen?

John Anderson, My Jo

ROBERT BURNS

Andante

mf

1. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent, Your
 2. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill the-gith-er, And
 3. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When na - ture first be - gan To
 4. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We've seen our bairns' bairns, And

p



locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - ny brow was brent; But
 mon-y a can - ty day, John, We've had wi' ane an - ith - er; Now
 try her can - ny hand, John, Her mas - ter-wark was man; And
 yet, my dear John An - der-son, I'm hap - py in your arms, And



now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the snaw; Yet
 we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go; And we'll
 you a - mang the lave, John, Sae trig frae tap to toe— She
 sae are ye in mine, John; I'w sure ye'll ne'er say no, Tho' the



bles - ings on your frost - y pow, John An - der-son, my jo I
 sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der-son, my jo.
 proved her - sel' nae jour - ney - wark, John An - der-son, my jo.
 days are gane that we ha'e seen, John An - der-son, my jo.

