

John Anderson, My Jo

ROBERT BURNS

Andante

mf

1. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When — we were first ac -
 2. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We — clamb the hill the -

quent, Your locks were like the ra - - ven, Your
 gith - er And mony a can - ty day, John, We've

cresc.

bon - ny brow was brent; But now your brow is beld, John, Your
 had wi' - ane an - ith - er; Now we maun tot - ter down, John, But

dim.

locks are like the snow; Yet — bless - ings on your
 hand in hand we'll go; And we'll sleep the - gith - er

frost - y pow, John An - der - son, my jo!
 at the foot, John An - der son, my jo!