

# JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

Harmonized by Max Vogrich (1852–1916)

1. John Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first acquent, Your locks were like the ra-ven, Your

bon-nie brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow, Yet,

bless-ings on your frost-y pow, John An-der-son, my jo. 2. John An-der-son, my jo, John, We

clamb the hill together; And monie a canty day, John, We've had wi' ane an-ither. Now we maun totter

down, John, But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll sleep together at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.

*più adagio*