

John Anderson, My Jo (Robert Burns)

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When first we used to meet,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was sleek.
Now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow.
But blessings on your frosty head,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clumb the hill together;
And many a canty day, John,
We've had with one another.
Now we must totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.
John Anderson, my jo, John, John Anderson!