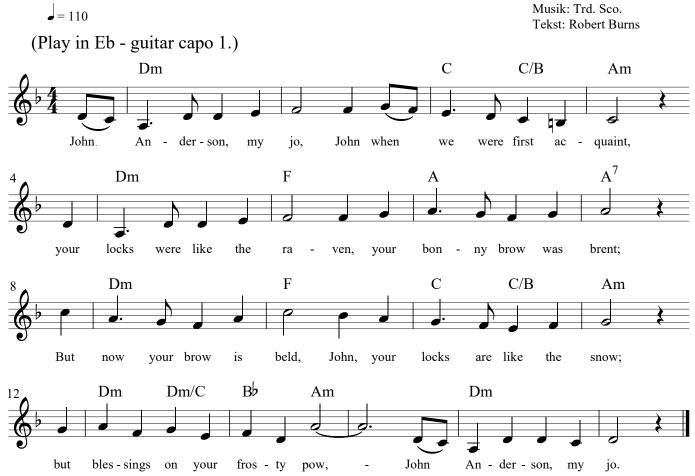
## John Anderson



- 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 hills the-gither; And mony a cantie day, John, We've had wi' one anither. Now we mon totter down, John, And hand in hand we'll go, And sleep the'gither at the foot -John Andserson, my jo.