

John Anderson

♩ = 110

Musik: Trd. Sco.

Tekst: Robert Burns

(Play in Eb - guitar capo 1.)

John. An - der - son, my jo, John when we were first ac - quaint,
your locks were like the ra - ven, your bon - ny brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John, your locks are like the snow;
but bles - sings on your fros - ty pow, - John An - der - son, my jo.

1. 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.

2. 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 Anderson, my jo.