

## John Anderson My Jo

Eddi Reader

John Anderson, my jo, John Anderson, my jo  
when we were first acquaint  
your locks were like the raven  
your bonie brow was brent  
but now your brow is beld, John  
and your locks are like the snaw  
but blessings on your frosty pow  
John Anderson, my jo

John Anderson, my jo  
we'd climb the hill thegither  
and monys a cantie day, John  
we've had wi' ane anither  
now we maun totter down, John  
and hand in hand we'll go  
to sleep thegither at the foot  
John Anderson, my jo, John Anderson, my jo