

21a. John Anderson my jo

Koželuch
Unpublished

Allegretto

Violin *mf*

Voice

Piano *f*

Violoncello

5

p

p

mf

p

John An - der - son, my

10

jo, John, when Na - ture first be - gan To try her can - ny

14

hand, John, her mas - ter work was Man; And you a-mang them a', John, so

19

trig from top to toe, She_ prov'd to be nae jour-ney work, John An - der - son, my

24

jo.

mf *p*

mf *p*

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

THE LAST TWO STANZAS WRITTEN

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John, when Nature first began
To try her canny hand, John, her master-work was Man;
And you among them a', John, so trig from top to toe,
She prov'd to be no journey-work, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late:
They say ye're turning auld, John, and what though it be so,
Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, when we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the snow
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.