

# 21c. John Anderson my jo

Koželuch

Thomson Vol II (1801), 51

*Poco allegretto*

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

5

John An - der - son, my

*fz*

*p*

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.

*fz*

***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.

***HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.***

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

How cruel are the parents  
 Who riches only prize,  
 And to the wealthy booby  
 Poor woman sacrifice:  
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter,  
 Has but a choice of strife,  
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,  
 Become a wretched wife!

The rav'ning hawk pursuing,  
 The trembling dove thus flies,  
 To shun impelling ruin  
 A while her pinions tries;  
 'Till of escape despairing,  
 No shelter or retreat,  
 She trusts the ruthless falconer  
 And drops beneath his feet.