

# John Anderson, My Jo, John - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

John Anderson, My Jo, John.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, when nature first began  
To try her canny band, John, her master-work was man;  
And ye amang them a', John, sae trig frae top to toe,  
She proved to be na' journey-work, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, ye were my first conceit,  
And ye need na' think it strange, John, tho I ca' ye trim and neat;  
There's some folks say ye're old, John, but I ne'er think you so,  
For ye are a' the same to me, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, when we were first acquent,  
Your locks were like the raven, John, your bonnie brow was brent;  
But now ye're getting auld, John, your locks are like the snaw;  
Yet blessing on that frosty pow, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, frae year to year we've past,  
And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our last;  
But let not that affright us, John; our hearts were ne'er our foe;  
Tho' the days are gaue that we have seen, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, we've clamb'd the hill thegither,  
And m'long 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.