



John Anderson

2

13

B

now your brow is bald, John. Your locks are like the snow. but

Pno.

17

B

bles-sings on your frost - y head, John An - der son, my Jo.

Pno.

22

B

John An-der son, my Jo John, we

Pno.

27

B

clamb the hill to - gith - er, and man - y a mer - ry day, John we've had wi' one - an -

Pno.

32

B

oth - er. Now we maun tot - ter down, John, and hand in hand we go, and

Pno.

37

B

sleep to - gith - er at the foot, John An - der - son, — my Jo. —

Pno.