

For the Eve of Saint Valentine's: A Love Poem With a Difference, from Robbie Burns

Composed in 1789. "John Anderson, My Jo".

"John Anderson, my jo John
when we were first acquaint,
your locks were like the raven,
your bonnie brow was brent,
but now your brow is beld, John,
your locks are like the snow;
but blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

"John Anderson, my jo John
we clamb the hill thegither,
and mony a cantie day, John,
we've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
and hand in hand we'll go,
and sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."