

My version of "John Anderson my Jo" is assembled from the following sources:

- *Philomel* (1744)
- *The Masque* (1768)
- two different editions of the *Merry Muses of Caledonia*, published after Robert Burns's death
- an independent orally transmitted version sung by Jimmy McBeath at St. Andrews, collected by Peter Shephard in 1965
- and, of course, Burns's clean "poetic" version

John Anderson, my jo, John,
I wonder what you mean,
To rise so soon in the morning,
And set up so late at e'en?
You'll blear out all your een, John;
And why will you do so?
Come sooner to your bed at e'en,
John Anderson, my jo.

Oh! but it is a fine thing
To peek out o'er the dyke,
But 'tis a muckle finer thing
When I see your hurdies fyke;
When I see your hurdies fyke, John,
And hit the rising blow;
'Tis then I like your chaunter-pipe,
John Anderson, my jo.

I'm backit like a salmon,
I'm breasted like a swan,
My wame it is a down cod,
My middle you may span;
Frae my tap-knot to my tae, John,
I'm like the new-fawn snow;
And 'tis a' for your conveniency,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first aquent,
Your stones gaed rattlin 'gainst ma airse,
An yer cock gaed up ma cunt;
But noo ye're turnin auld John,
It wobbles to and fro,
And it twice goes by for aince goes in,
John Anderson my jo.

Oh John Anderson ma jo, John,
I mind the nicht right weel,
Ye threw me on the bed John,
Ma nakit thing tae feel;
Ye took it in your hands John,
The rovin Tally Ho!
And ye kissed ma lips and spread ma hips,
John Anderson ma jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
You can fuck where'er you please,
Either in our warm bed,
Or else abbon the claes;
Or you shall have the horns, John,
Upon your head to grow;
And that's the cuckold's mallison,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
Ye are a dirty Devil,
Ye've muckle need tae wash yer airse
An kame yer hairy pissle;
But the crabs are crawlin roun' aboot,
In ma napt ye'll soon find now,
For ye're right up through ma shite bum,
John Anderson ma jo.

And when we start to fuck, John,
See that you do your best,
When you begin to plough me,
See that you grip me fast;
See that you grip me fast, John,
Until that I cry, Oh!
Your back shall crack ere I cry slack,
John Anderson, my jo.

Oh John Anderson ma jo, John,
For breakfast we'll hae eggs,
An ye'll gie me the lang thing,
't hings atween your legs;
Ye'll lay me on ma back, John,
Cock up ma dending hole,
An ye'll pink yer pole intae ma hole,
John Anderson ma jo.

John Anderson ma jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And many's the canty rovin' ride,
We've had at ane anither;
But noo we're turnin' auld John,
Come hand in hand we'll go,
For we'll fuck and fart till death dae part,
John Anderson ma jo.

Stephen McLaughlin, May 2011