

Up in the Morning Early (song)

CAULD blows the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Chorus.—Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning's, &c.

Robert Burns