

UP IN THE MORNIN EARLY by Robert Burns

Up in the mornin's no for me
Up in the mornin early
When aw the hills are covered wi snaw
I'm shair it's winter fairly

Cauld blaws the wind frae east tae west
The drift is drivin sairly
Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast
I'm shair it's winter fairly

Up in the mornin's no for me
Up in the mornin early
When aw the hills are covered wi snaw
I'm shair it's winter fairly

The birds sit chitterin in the thorn
Aw day they fare but sparely
And lang's the nicht frae e'en tae morn
I'm shair it's winter fairly

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