UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving fairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning's nae for me,
Up in the morning early,
When a' the hills are clad wi' snaw,
I'm sure it is winter fairly.

The birds fit 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.

