

Up in the morning early

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Or time to snuggle back under the bedclothes? A winter song and poem from Scotland by Robert Burns written in 1788.

Em D C B
Cold blows the wind from east to west, The drift is driv - ing -
Em B Em D C B
sair - ly. So loud and shrill I hear the blast, I'm sure it's win - ter -
Em B G D G C G
fair - ly. Up in the morn - ing's no - for me, Up in the morn - ing ear - ly When
G G7 C Em Bm Em
a' the hills are cover'd with snow, I'm sure it is win - ter fair - ly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast
I'm sure it's winter fairly.



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 chattering in the thorn,
A' day they fae but spairly;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn
I'm sure it's winter fairly

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.

