

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west
Up in the Morning Early
Robert Burns, 1788

Cauld blaws 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 cover'd wi snaw
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

2. 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.

Chorus: