

Up in the Morning Early

Music: R. Schneider

Lyrics: adapted from Robert Burns (1788)

*Cold blows the wind from east to the west
Trees are forced to dance, swaying wildly
So loud and shrill, I hear the blast
I fear that it's winter come early*

*Low in the sky, the sun bravely shines
But offers no warmth to the land, or me
And soon I must rise, to do what must be done
Outside in the cold winter come early*

Chorus

*To rise up in the morning, that is so hard for me
To rise up in the morning, so damn early
When the hills are all covered with snow, I'm sure
Once more it's the cold winter come early*

*There is nowhere to hide, and no place to run
The birds today they fare, oh so poorly
So I turn my head, and dream better times
When winter no longer comes early*

Chorus