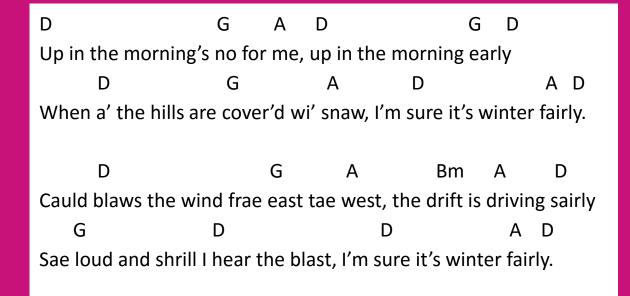
Up in the Morning Early - Ukulele



The birds sit chittering in the thorn, a'day they fare but sparely And lang the night frae e'en tae morn, I'm sure it's winter fairly.