

Dedicated to my friend "Private Howard Friend" who occupies the cot next to mine and feels as I do about the "bugler."

Oh! How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning.

Marcia

By IRVING BERLIN

f attacca

Till ready

p

p

Voice

The oth - er day I
A bu - gler in the

chanced to meet a sof - tier friend of mine, — He'd been in camp for sev - ral weeks and
arm - y is the luck - i - est of men, — He wakes the boys at five and then goes

he was look - ing fine; — His mus - cles had de - vel - oped and his cheeks were ros - y
back to bed a - gain; — He does - n't have to blow a - gain un - til the af - ter -

red, I asked him how he liked the life, and this is what he said:
noon, If ev - 'ry thing goes well with me I'll be a bu - gler soon.

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Chorus

"Oh! how I hate to get up in the morn - - - ing, Oh! how I'd

mf-f attacca

love to re-main in bed; For the hard-est blow of all, is to hear the bu-gler

call; — You've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morn-ing! Oh! boy the

p

go-ing to mur-der the bu - gler, Some day they're go-ing to find him dead;
min-ute the bat-tle is o - ver, Oh! boy the min-ute the foe is dead;

I'll am-pu-tate his rev-eil-le, and step up-on it heav-i-ly, And spend the
I'll put my un-i-form a-way, and move to Phil-a-del-phi-a,

rest of my life in bed? bed?

fz