

SM 3950

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

Tune Ukulele
or Banjulele Banjo

A D F# B

By IRVING BERLIN

Marcia

f attacca

Voice

The oth - er day I chanced to meet a
A bu - gler in the arm - y is the

Till ready

p

Ukulele Arr. by
MAY SINGHI BREEN

sol - dier friend of mine, — He'd been in camp for sev - 'ral weeks and
 luck - i - est of men, — He wakes the boys at five and then goes

he was look - ing fine; — His mus - cles had de -
 back to bed a - gain; — He does - n't have to

- vel - oped and his cheeks were ros - y red, — I
 blow a - gain un - til the af - ter - noon, — If

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

CHORUS

“Oh! how I hate to get up in the morn - - ing,

mf-f attacca

Oh! how I'd 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!

p

Some day I'm go-ing to mur-der the bu - gler,
Oh! boy the min-ute the bat-tle is ov - er,

Some day they're go-ing to find him dead; I'll am - pu-tate his
Oh! boy the min-ute the foe is dead; I'll put my un - i -

rev - eil - le, and step up-on it heav - i - ly, And spend the
-form a - way, and move to Phil - a - del - phi - a,

rest of my life in bed?" bed?"

fz *D.S.*