

2 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.

By IRVING BERLIN.

Marcia.

f attacca

Till ready

p

p

Voice

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

chanced to meet a sol - dier 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.

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! Some day I'm 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 ov - - er, 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 D.S.