

Reference copy, please return to Music Division

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

Marchia
Fattacca

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VOICE

Till ready

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 - nt 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.

M1146.B

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 AMERICA'S PROBLEM
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CHORUS

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

mf faticca

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, Some day they're go-ing to find him
Oh! boy the min-ute the bat-tle is ov - - er, Oh! boy the min-ute the foe is

dead; I'll am-pu-tate his rev-ell-ile, and step up-on it heav-i-ly, And
dead; I'll put my un-i-form a-way and move to Phil-a-del-phi-a, And

spend the rest of my life in bed. bed.

f *D.S.*

EAT MORE FISH. CHEERS. 1845. ROUNTY. AND TAYLOR. POKER & HUTTON FOR OUR FIGHTERS.

Oct 14 May