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

FROM THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM PRODUCTION
"ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND"

By IRVING BERLIN

Marcia

\[ \text{Music notation}\]

The other day I chanced to meet a
A bugler in the army is the

\[ \text{Music notation}\]

* Symbols for Guitar, Chords for Ukulele and Banjo.

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"Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed;

The hardest blow of all, is to hear the bugler call;
You've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morning!

Oh How I Hate etc. - 4
soldier friend of mine, He'd been in camp for several weeks and
luckiest of men, He wakes the boys at five and then goes

he was looking fine; His muscles had de-
back to bed again; He doesn't have to

veloped and his cheeks were rosy red,
blow again until the afternoon,

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

Oh! How I Hate etc. - 4
Some day I'm going to murder the buggyler,
Oh! boy the minute the battle is over,

Some day they're going to find him dead;
I'll amputate his

reville, and step upon it heavily,
form away, and move to Philadelphia,
and spend the

rest of my life in bed.