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

The other day I
A bugler in the

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A bugler in the

chanced to meet a soldier friend of mine, He'd been in camp for several weeks and
army is the luckiest of men, He wakes the boys at five and then goes

he was looking fine; His muscles had developed and his cheeks were rosy
back to bed again; He doesn't have to blow again until the after-

noon, If every thing goes well with me I'll be a bugler soon.

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Chorus

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

Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead;

I'll amputate his reveille, and step up on it heavily,
I'll put my uniform away, and move to Philadelphia,
And spend the rest of my life in bed!”

D.S.