

IRVING BERLIN'S BUGLE SONG
OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP
IN THE MORNING



BY
**IRVING
BERLIN**

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.



Voice

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

Till ready

p

p

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
p
 Oh! boy the
 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,
 1 rest of my life in bed?” 2 bed?”
fz *D S*

AT HALF PAST NINE

WORDS BY **SAM M. LEWIS & JOE YOUNG** MUSIC BY **ARCHIE GOTTLER**

At half past nine, You and I will be one, At half past nine,
 When the par-son is done; You'll hear the whole fam-i - ly, Whis-pring to
 me; May all your troub - les, Be lit - tle ones, lit - tle ones; At half past nine,

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