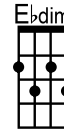
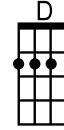
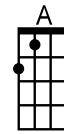


Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning

A D Ebdim
The other day I chanced to meet a soldier friend of mine,
Em D E7 A7
He'd been in camp for sev'ral weeks and he was looking fine;
Em A7 D Ebdim
His muscles had developed and his cheeks were rosy red,
A Ebdim E7 A
I asked him how he liked the life, and this is what he said:



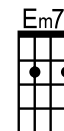
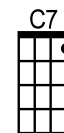
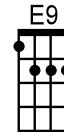
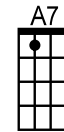
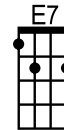
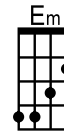
Chorus:

D E9 E7
"Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
A7 D A7 D
Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed;
D Em C7 A7
For the hardest blow of all, is to hear the bugler call:

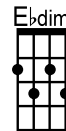
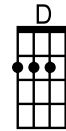
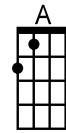
(no chords) You've got to get up, you've got to get up

You've got to get up this morning!

D E9 E7
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Em7 A7 D A7 D
Some day they're going to find him dead;
G Em D Em7
I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily,
D Em A7 D
And spend the rest of my life in bed."

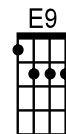
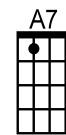
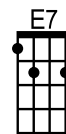
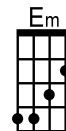


A D Ebdim
 A bugler in the army is the luckiest of men,
 Em D E7 A7
 He wakes the boys at five and then goes back to bed again;
 Em A7 D Ebdim
 He doesn't have to blow again until the afternoon,
 A Ebdim E7 A
 If ev'ry thing goes well with me I'll be a bugler soon.



Chorus

D E9 E7
 "Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
 A7 D A7 D
 Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed;
 D Em C7 A7
 For the hardest blow of all, is to hear the bugler call:
 (no chords) You've got to get up, you've got to get up
 You've got to get up this morning!



D E9 E7
 Oh! boy the minute the battle is over,
 Em7 A7 D A7 D
 Oh! boy the minute the foe is dead;
 G Em D Em7
 I'll put my uniform away, and move to Philadelphia,
 D Em A7 D
 And spend the rest of my life in bed."

