

BUGLE CALL

BUGLE! YOU AINT CALLING ME

Our love for the bugle call has grown now that its notes are a memory. It was once a stringent summons that started our days and a lingering benediction on the night breeze that found us at rest. In our love for it we josh it - as has always been the way.

Cover Page of this Song as it was originally Published in France By and for the A.E.F.

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Words by
Lieut. O. WEILBY
A. E. F.

Musie by
Sergeants A. R. Kennedy
and R. A. Moss - A. E. F.




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GIRONDE
FRANCE**

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MELODY
ORIGINATED
AND
WORDS
WRITTEN
BY
AMERICAN
SOLDIERS
IN
FRANCE



J. Miller

Published by
O. WEILBY
CHICAGO.

On the back of this copy you will find the music and words of this song as it was published at Camp Saint Sulpice, France.

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Bugle! You Aint Calling Me

Tempo di Marcia

A sport-y look-ing fel-low stroll-ing 'round one
That night this same young fel-low just 'bout half past

day Passed by a peace-ful arm-y camp out Rock-ford way 'Twas in the ear-ly morn-ing just a -
ten Sat spooning with his Yan-kee maid in a wood-y glen When soft-ly on the night breeze call to

bout sun-rise And bu-gles were a send-ing first call up to the sky. This nat-ty look-ing
quart-ers came It sound-ed some fa-mil-iar that call was just the same. This cou-ple broke their

in-di-vid-u-al,..... Start-ed stopped and sang as he stood still.
hold and he a-rose,..... Then did sing now what do you sup-pose.

CHORUS

Bu - gle call, Bu - gle call, Bu - gle you aint call - ing me

..... Bu - gle call I aint what I used to

be I'm a - jazz ing 'round now days in a store bought suit And I dont give a

con - ti - nen - tal when you toot Call you bu - gle Bu - gle

Call Bu - gle you aint call - ing me. 1 me. 2