"APRES LA GUERRE!"
(After The War)

This fragment of the "Chicken Reel"
A tune usually whistled or danced by a
soldier in France when contemplating the
close of the war.

Lyric and Music
by B. C. HILLIAM.

Moderato.

1. There's a little old phrase Which is-
2. There will be a great change Which'll
3. There are mother's old pies Which will

used now a days By the boys o-ver there; Oh, it smells of the trench And it's
seem ve-ry strange For the boys o-ver there; They will come home then Like a
glad-den the eyes Of the boys o-ver there; What a whale of a spread In the

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very good French. And it's "Ap-rès la guerre!" All that it means is
lot of new men. Sing-ing "Ap-rès la guerre!" Thanks to the na-tion-al
lit-tle home stead. When it "Ap-rès la guerre!" Fear-ful the fate of the

After the war Which is sure-ly a re-mark you have heard be-fore!
serv-ice plan. Ev-ry slack-er will be changéd to a real big man!
kill joy soul Who will give a sin-gle thought to the Food con-trol!

REFRAIN.

Ap-rès la guerre! There'll be a good time ev -'ry-
where.... Beam-ing mothers, smil-ing misses, Just a world of
Ap-rès la guerre! There'll be a good time ev -'ry-
where.... All like brothers, no more sisses; Just a world of
Ap-rès la guerre! There'll be a good time ev -'ry-
where.... Hug your kiddies, and your Mrs. Just a world of

A.H.C. Ltd. 19005.
After the war, we shall be happier than before;
And the girl who tried your life to wreck.

After the war, we shall be happier than before;
And the tradesman who once made you ill on account.

Even mother-in-law won't be exempt, In the turned you down three times, By heck, Will execute the chicken reel and:

Count of some old unpaid bill, Will execute the chicken reel and:

Welcome home of which you've dreamt, She'll execute the chicken reel and:

Fall up on your neck, Apres la guerre! Apres la guerre! Apres la guerre!
Offer your till, Apres la guerre! Apres la guerre! Apres la guerre!
Die in the attempt Apres la guerre! Apres la guerre! Apres la guerre!
"Hullo, America!"
At the Palace Theatre.

"Apres la Guerre."

Verse 1 by B. C. Hillman.

1
There's a little old phrase
Which is used now-a-days,
By the boys over there—
Oh, it smells of the trench,
But it's very good French—
And it's "Apres la Guerre."

All that it means is "After the War."
Which is surely a remark you have heard before.

Refrain.

Apres la Guerre,
There'll be a good time everywhere;
Beaming mothers, smiling misses,
Just a world of love and kisses.
After the war,
We shall be happier than before;
And the girl who tried your life to wreck,
And turned you down three times by neck,
Will execute the chicken reel and fall upon your neck—

Apres la Guerre.

2
There'll be bread we can eat,
There'll be plenty of meat,
All our coupons we'll tear,
There'll be Government Aha,
There'll be wine by the pail,
When it's Apres la Guerre.

Butter we'll spread till we just can't see:
With sugar, say a pound to a cup of tea.

Refrain.

Apres la Guerre,
There'll be a good time everywhere;
Beaming mothers, smiling misses,
Just a world of love and kisses.
After the war,
We shall be happier than before;
Lloyd George will look so fit and fat,
And Winston Churchill tells me that
He'll execute the chicken reel and buy another hat—

Apres la Guerre.

3
There'll be very loud cheers,
From the cute Profiteers,
You can bet they'll be there.
Everyone you'll see
With an O.B.E.
When it's Apres la Guerre.

Some of the Staff, now it's safe and sound,
Will venture on a trip to the battle-ground.

Refrain.

Apres la Guerre,
There'll be a good time everywhere;
Beaming mothers, smiling misses,
Just a world of love and kisses.
After the war,
We shall be happier than before;
And the Crown Prince though he may not grin,
To learn new manners may begin,
He'll execute the chicken reel and grow another chin—

Apres la Guerre.

4
There'll be faxes galore,
So we'll call three or four.
And they'll all be right there.
There'll be no one on strike,
We will do as we like,
When it's Apres la Guerre!

Policemen, too, can return once more,
To that Spiritual Home they are longing for.

Refrain.

Apres la Guerre,
There'll be a good time everywhere;
Beaming mothers, smiling misses,
Just a world of love and kisses.
After the war,
We shall be happier than before;
The saucy bus-girl, full of glee,
Will ride for miles on someone's knee.
She'll execute the chicken reel and punch your ticket free—

Apres la Guerre.

5
'Twill be very thumbs up,
'Twill be "Good-bye" to Krupp,
And the Fad Berthas there.
All the world will be free,
We'll have cleared all the sea—
When it's Apres la Guerre.

Foch every Boche—well, he'll simply dwarf,
He's the man who put the "off" into Ludendorf.

Refrain.

Apres la Guerre,
There'll be a good time everywhere;
Beaming mothers, smiling misses,
Just a world of love and kisses.
After the war,
We shall be happier than before;
There'll be no more German seen or heard,
And the Kaiser will feel most absurd—
He'll execute the chicken reel and then he'll get the bird—

Apres la Guerre.