

SM 3367

Dedicated to my friend Jimmie Rice.  
"APRES LA GUERRE!"  
(After The War!)

This fragment of the "Chicken Reel" is invariably 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 lit - tle old phrase Which is -  
2. There will be a great change Which'll  
3. There are mo - ther'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

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

Aft - er the war Which is sure - ly a re - mark you have heard be - fore!  
 ser - vice plan, Ev - 'ry slack - er will be chang'd 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 -  
 Ap - rès la guerre!... There'll be a good time ev - 'ry -  
 Ap - rès la guerre!... There'll be a good time ev - 'ry -

where!... Beam - ing mothers, smil ing misses, Just a world of  
 where!... All like brothers, no more sisses, Just a world of  
 where!... Hug your kiddies, and your Mrs Just a world of

love and kiss-es..... Af-ter the war..... We shall be hap-pier than be -  
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 love and kiss-es..... Af-ter the war..... We shall be hap-pier than be -

- fore, And the girl who tried your life to wreck And  
 - fore, And the trades man who once made you ill on ac -  
 - fore, E - ven mo-ther in - law won't be ex - empt, In the

turned you down three times, by heck, Will ex - e-cute the chick - en reel and  
 - count of some old un - paid bill, Will ex - e-cute the chick - en reel and  
 wel - come home of which you've dreamt, She'll ex - e-cute the chick - en reel and

fall up on your neck, Ap - res la guerre! guerre!  
 of - fer you his till, Ap - res la guerre! guerre!  
 die in the at-tempt Ap - res la guerre! guerre!

1. 2.

— Words as Sung in —  
"HULLO, AMERICA!"

AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

"APRES LA GUERRE."

Verse 1 by B. C. HILLIAM.

Verses 2, 3, 4 & 5 by CLIFFORD GREY.

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 heck,  
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 Ale,  
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 taxis 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!  
Pacifists, 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:  
And 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 Fat 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 Ludendorff.

*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.