



Bear in mind, Kid, that Fritzie's scared, too.  
You can bet in the morning a better day's  
dawning,  
So, buck up, and quit feeling blue.

When you stop a swell Blighty, go steady, go  
lightly,

You are in for the time of your life,  
You'll be fondled and feted, and cuddled and  
treated,

By all the swell dames, plus your wife.  
Now, remember, I told yer, my fine little  
soldier—

Don't burn up your coin in Par-ee.  
Steer clear of the "Shallers," the wine and  
the "La La's,"

Go slow! Have a heart! Think of ME!

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## WHAT WILL YOU FOR THE SOLDIER DO?

When you've finished slamming Hindenburg,  
and paid respects to Bill,  
And bottled all the Germans—WITH YOUR  
JAW,

Come down to earth a minute, and let's talk  
some common sense,

'Cos there's trouble loomin' up Apres le  
Guerre.

There's a lot of boys in khaki, who are coming  
home some day,

And we may as well get busy first as last,  
There are Tommies, Jacks and Sammies, and  
they're coming home to stay,

So we'd better get a MOVE ON pretty fast.

They've had HELL enough for breakfast, and  
they've had the same for tea,  
And they're wondering pretty hard what we  
will do,

So, we'd better start a thinkin' and a plannin'  
things, you see,

'Cos there's trouble if we don't, for ME and  
YOU.

Ain't they done their share of scrapping?  
Ain't they staying with it still?

No, they're not a BUNCH OF PIKERS, you  
can bet,

For they'll see it to the FINISH—till they  
finish Crazy Bill—

Yep, but—WHAT ARE ALL MY SOLDIER  
PALS TO GET?