Pack Up Your Troubles
In Your Old Kit Bag

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Tempo di Marcia

Private Perks is a funny little
codger With a smile a funny smile

Flanders With his smile his funny smile

Private Perks went a marching into
Private Perks he came back from Bosch-

G E7 G D7 G C Cm B7

Private Perks is a funny little
codger With a smile a funny smile

Five feet He was
Round his

G E7 G D7 G C Cm B7

Private Perks is a funny little
codger With a smile a funny smile

Loved by the privates and commanders For his

Home he then set about recruiting With his

Private Perks he came back from Bosch-

Em B7 Em E7 A7 D7
Flush or broke, he'll have his little joke.
When a throng of Germans came along.
He told all his pals, the short, the tall.
What a be suppressed.

All the other Perks yelled out. This
time he'd had; And as each end

fellows have to grin

When he gets this off his chest,
little bunch is mine!

Keep your heads down, boys, and sing!
Listed like a man, Private Perks said, "Now, my lad,"
CHORUS 2nd time f

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, And smile, smile, smile.

Well marked

While you've a lucifer to light your fag, Smile, boys, that's the style.

What's the use of worrying? It never was worth while, so Pack up your

troubles in your old kit bag And smile, smile, smile.