

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag

G - D - G - D

G C G

Private Perks is a funny little codger,

Em D G

with a smile a funny smile.

B7 Em

Five feet none, he's an artful little dodger,

A - A7 D

with a smile, a sunny smile.

Gm F Bb A A7 D

Flush or broke he'll have his little joke, he can't be suppress'd

D7 B7 Em G

all the other fellows have to grin,

A A7 D

when he gets this off his chest. Hi !

Chorus

G C G

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile,

G B7 Em A A7 D

while you've a Lucifer to light your fag, smile, boys, that's the style.

G D C G D D7

What's the use of worrying? It never was worthwhile, so,

G C G D G

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile.

+ G - D - G - D

G C G

Private Perks went a-marching into Flanders

Em D G

with his smile, his funny smile,

B7 Em

he was lov'd by the privates and commanders,

A - A7 D

for his smile, his sunny smile.

Gm F Bb A A7 D

When a throng of Germans came along with a mighty swing,

D7 B7 Em G

Perks yell'd out, "This little bunch is mine!

A A7 D

Keep your heads down, boys and sing !" Hi !

Chorus

G C G

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile,

G B7 Em A A7 D

while you've a Lucifer to light your fag, smile, boys, that's the style.

G D C G D D7

What's the use of worrying? It never was worthwhile, so,

G C G D G

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile.

+ G - D - G - D

(George Asaf and Felix Powell, 1915)

(This version sung by Murray Johnson, 1916)