

Pick Up Your Troubles in Your Old Bag-Kit-George Asaf (1915)
(and Smile, Smile, Smile)
Music by Felix Powell, 18??-1942

1.
Private Perks is a funny little codger
With a smile a funny smile.
Five feet none, hes and artful little dodger
With a smile a funny smile.
Flush or broke hell have his little joke,
He cant be suppressd.
All the other fellows have to grin
When he gets this off his chest, Hi!

CHORUS [sung twice after each verse]
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile,
While youve a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, thats the style.
Whats the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so
Pack up your trou-bles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

2. Private Perks went a-marching into Flanders
With his smile his funny smile.
He was lovd by the privates and commanders
For his smile his funny smile.
When a throng of Bosches came along
With a mighty swing,
Perks yelld out, This little bunch is mine!
Keep your heads down, boys and sing, Hi!

3.
Private Perks he came back from Bosche-shooting
With his smile his funny smile.
Round his home he then set about recruiting
With his smile his funny smile.
He told all his pals, the short, the tall,
What a time hed had;
And as each enlisted like a man
Private Perks said Now my lad, Hi!