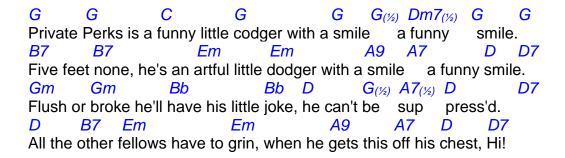# Smile, Smile, Smile (Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag) lyrics by George Henry Powell (pseudonym is George Asaf) and music by Felix Powell (1915)

G   G   C   G   G   G(½) Dm7(½) G   G
Private Perks is a funny little codger with a smile   a funny   smile.
B7   B7   Em   Em   A9   A7   D   D7
Five feet none, he's an artful little dodger with a smile   a funny smile.
Gm   Gm   Bb   Bb D   G(½) A7(½) D   D7
Flush or broke he'll have his little joke, he can't be   sup   press'd.
D   B7   Em   Em   A9   A7   D   D7
All the other fellows have to grin, when he gets this off his chest, Hi!

G   G   G   G(½) Cdim7(½) Em C   G   G
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,   and   smile, smile, smile,
G   G   G(½) B7(½) Em A9   A7   D7   D7
While you've a lucifer to light your   fag, smile, boys, that's the style.
G   G   D7   D7(½) G7(½) C(½) D7(½) G(½) A7(½) D   D7
What's the use of worrying?   It   nev   er   was worth while, so!
G   G   G   G(½) C(½) G   D7 G   G
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and   smile, smile, smile.

Private Perks went a-marching into Flanders wWith his smile his funny smile.
He was lov'd by the privates and commanders fFor his smile his funny smile.
When a throng of Bosches came along wWith a mighty swing,
Perks yell'd out, "This little bunch is mine! Keep your heads down, boys and sing, Hi!

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 he'd had;
And as each enlisted like a man, Private Perks said 'Now my lad,' Hi!