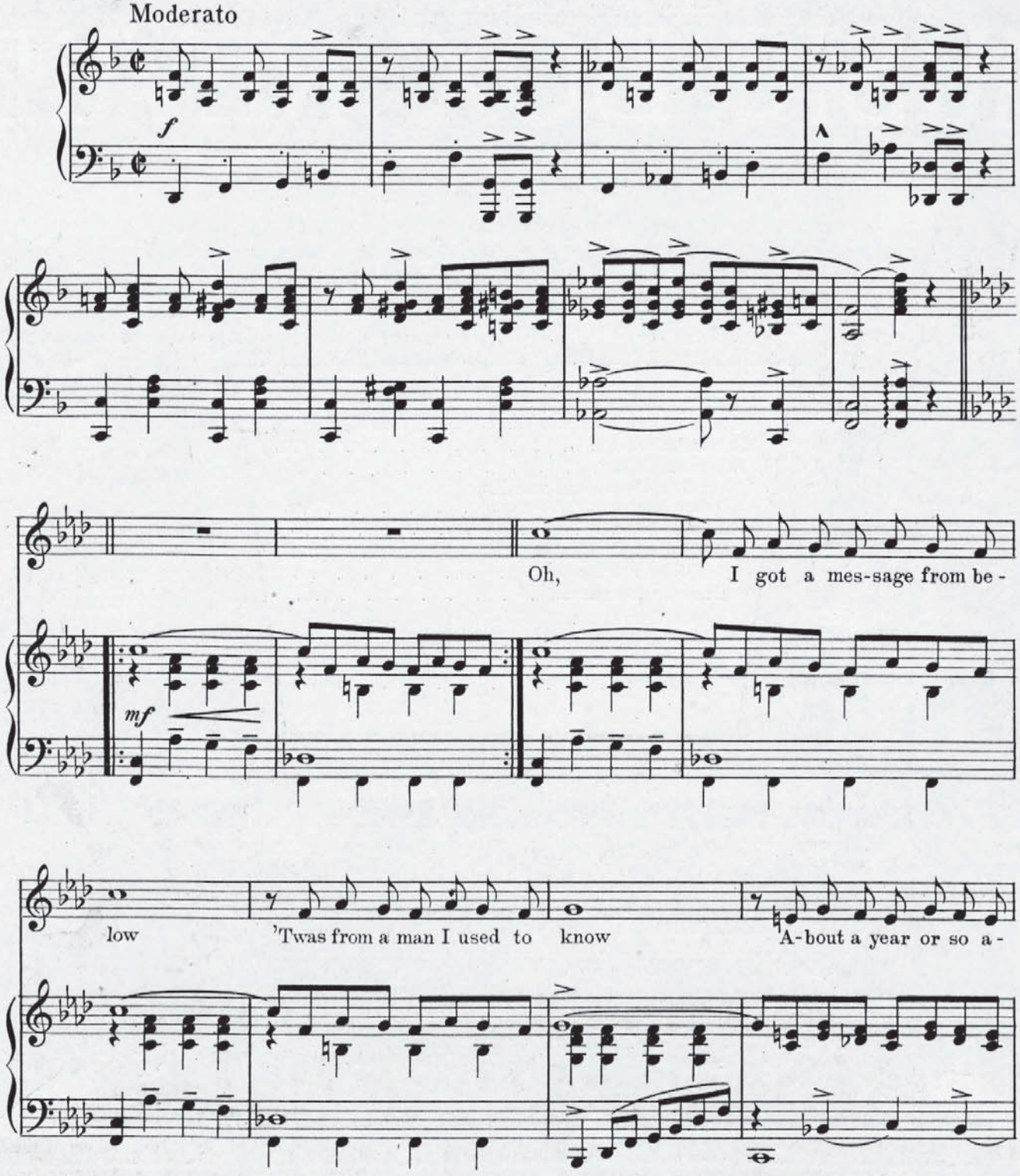
SM 5380

Pack Up Your Sins And Go To The Devil

By IRVING BERLIN



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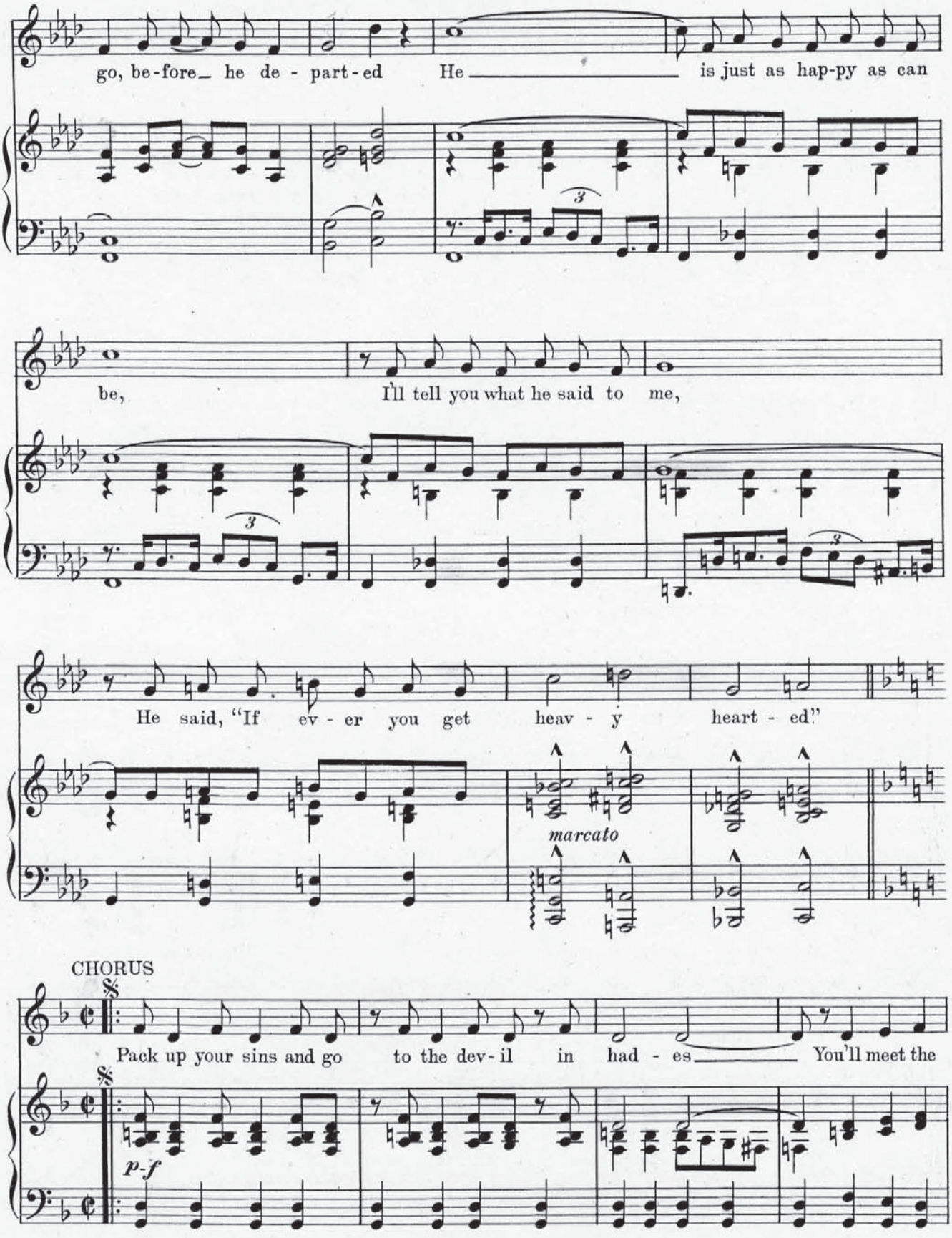
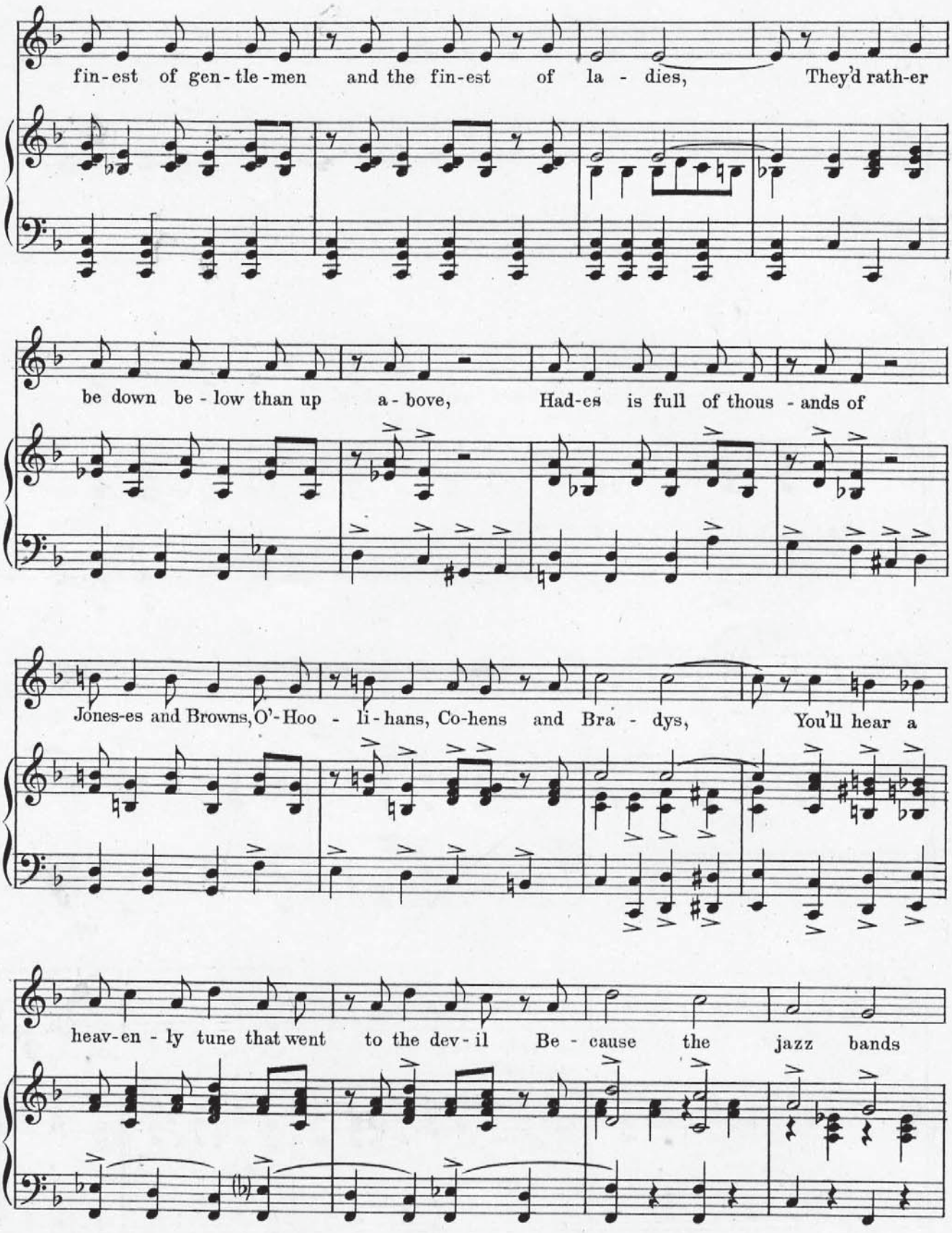
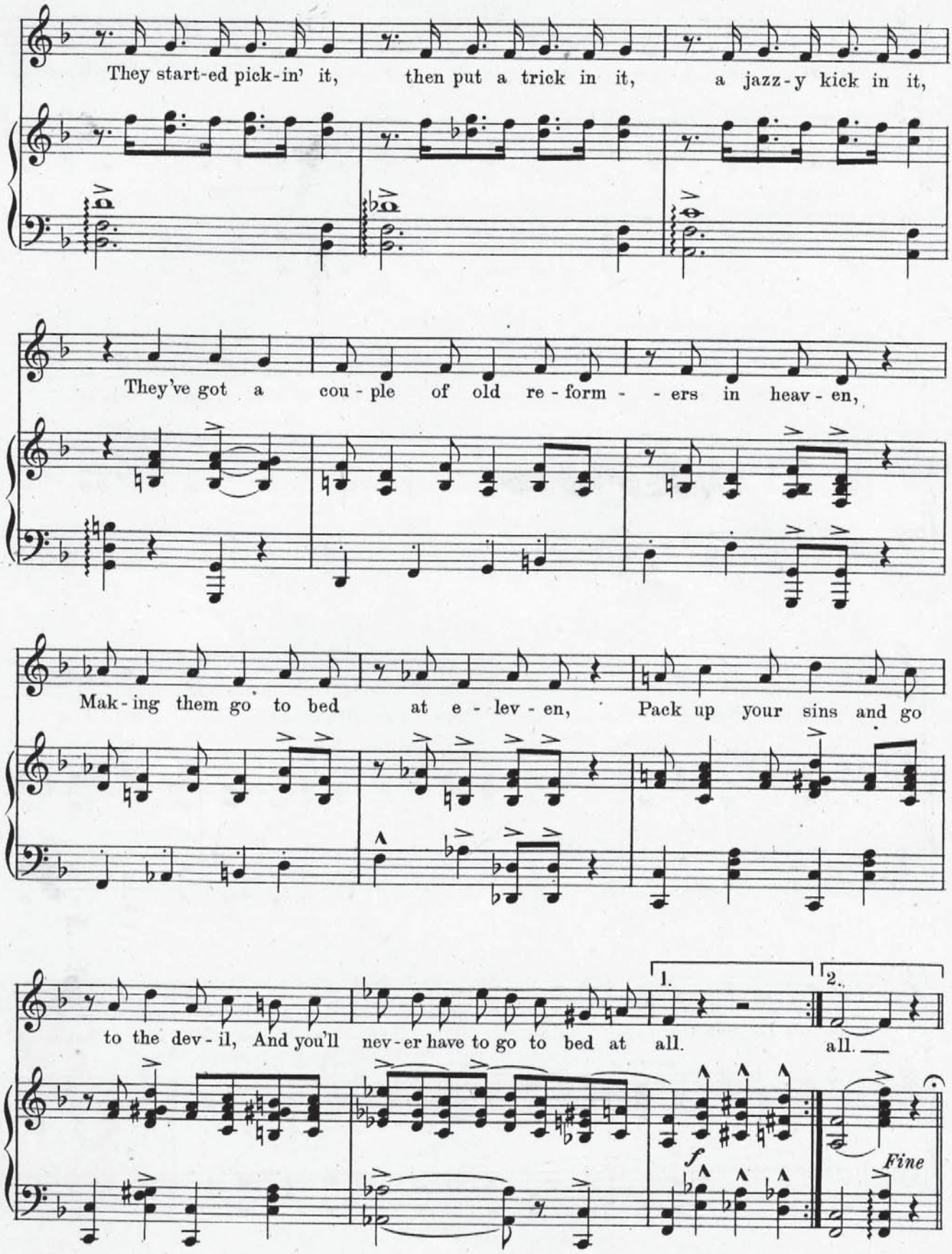
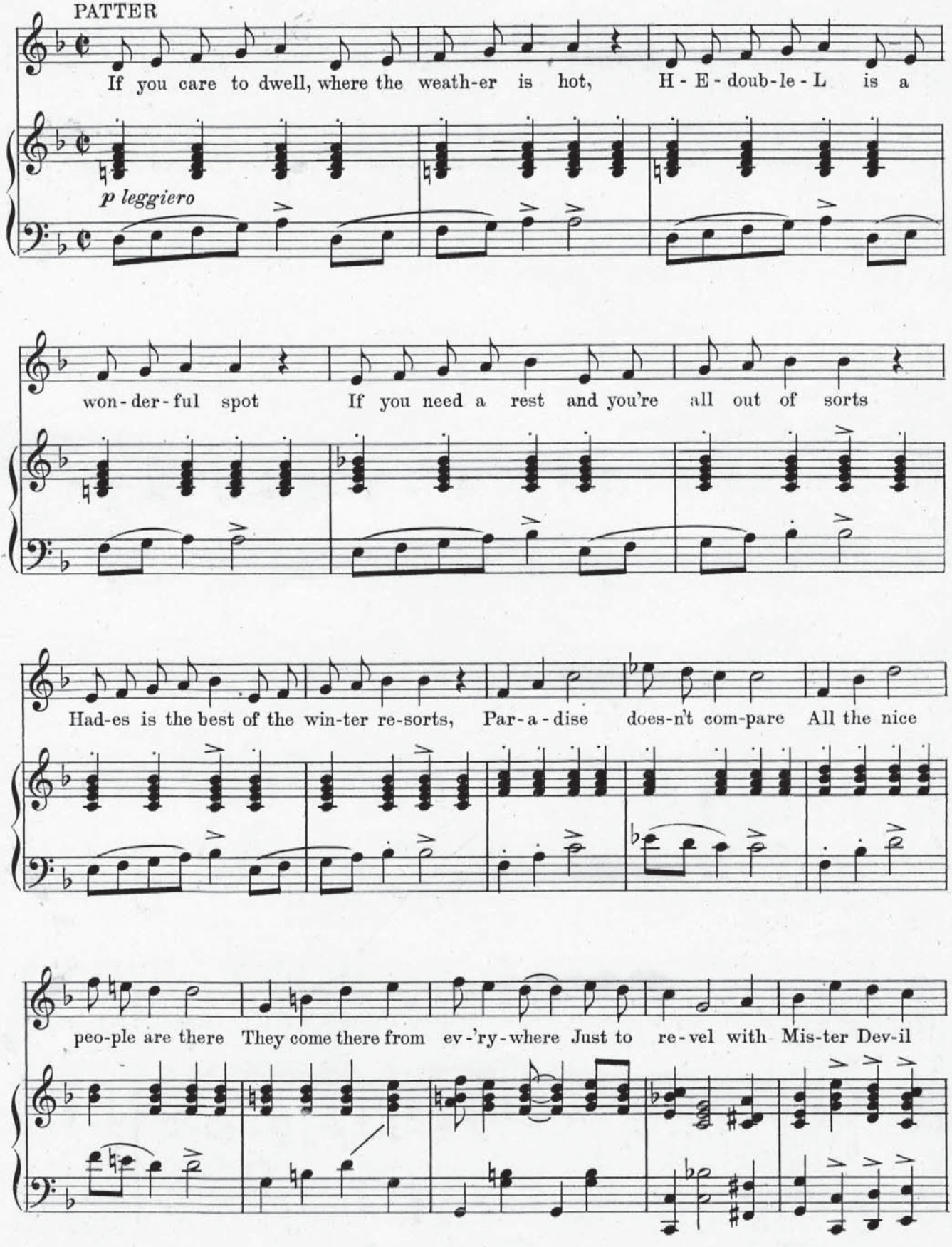
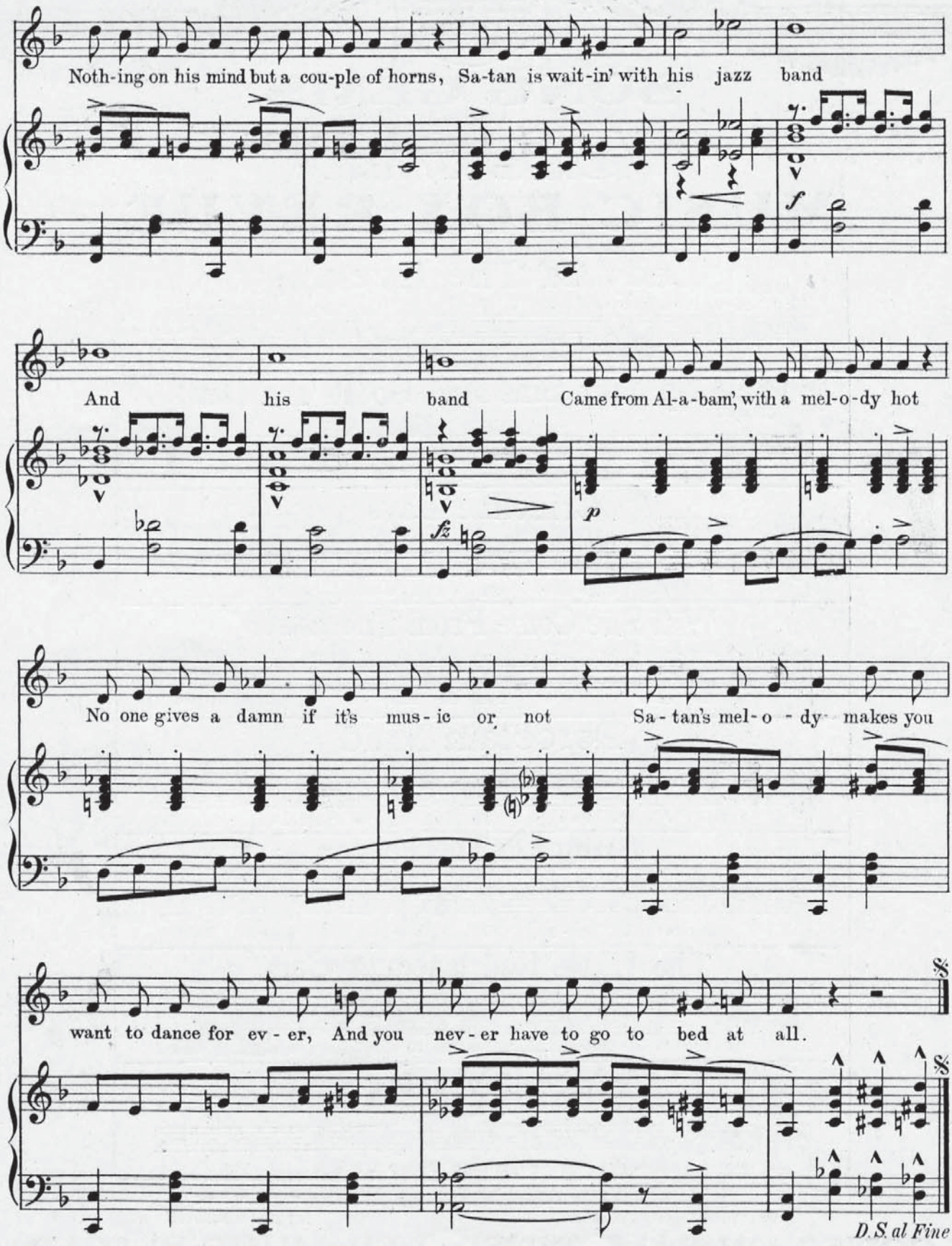

go, be-fore_ he de - part-ed
He
is just as hap-py as can
be,
I'll tell you what he said to me,
He said, "If ev - er you get
heav - y
heart - ed"
marcato
CHORUS
Pack up your sins and go
to the dev-il in had - es
You'll meet the
p-f


fin-est of gen-tle-men and the fin-est of la - dies, They'd rath-er
be down be - low than up a - bove, Had-es is full of thous - ands of
Jones-es and Browns, O'-Hoo - li-hans, Co-hens and Bra - dys, You'll hear a
heav-en - ly tune that went to the dev-il Be - cause the jazz bands


They start-ed pick-in' it, then put a trick in it, a jazz-y kick in it,
They've got a cou - ple of old re - form - - ers in heav - en,
Mak - ing them go to bed at e - lev - en, Pack up your sins and go
to the dev - il, And you'll nev - er have to go to bed at all.
1.
2.
all.
f
Fine


PATTER
If you care to dwell, where the weath-er is hot, H - E - doub-le - L is a
p leggiero
won - der - ful spot If you need a rest and you're all out of sorts
Had-es is the best of the win-ter re-sorts, Par-a-dise does-n't com-pare All the nice
peo-ple are there They come there from ev-'ry-where Just to re-vel with Mis-ter Dev-il


Noth-ing on his mind but a cou-ple of horns, Sa-tan is wait-in' with his jazz band
And his band Came from Al-a-bam', with a mel-o-dy hot
No one gives a damn if it's mus-ic or not Sa-tan's mel-o-dy makes you
want to dance for ev-er, And you nev-er have to go to bed at all.
D.S. al Fine