Pack Up Your Sins And Go To The Devil

By IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

Oh, I got a message from below

'Twas from a man I used to know

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go, b-e-f-o-r-e he de-p-a-r-t-e-d He is j-u-st a-s h-a-p-p-y a-s c-a-n

be,
I'll tell you what he said to me,

He said, "If e-v-e-r you get h-e-a-v-y h-e-a-r-t-e-d."

CHORUS

Pack up your sins and go to the d-e-v-i-l in h-a-d-e-s You'll meet the
finest of gentlemen and the finest of ladies, They'd rather

be down below than up above; Hades is full of thousands of

Joneses and Browns, O'Hoolihans, Cohens and Bradys, You'll hear a

heavenly tune that went to the devil Because the jazz bands

Pack Up Your Sins, etc. 6
They started pickin' it, then put a trick in it, a jazz-y kick in it,

They've got a couple of old reformers in heaven,

Making them go to bed at eleven, Pack up your sins and go
to the devil, And you'll never have to go to bed at all.

Pack Up Your Sins, etc. 6
If you care to dwell, where the weather is hot, H-E-double-L is a

wonderful spot If you need a rest and you're all out of sorts

Had-es is the best of the winter resorts, Par-a-dise doesn't compare All the nice

people are there They come there from ev'rywhere Just to revel with Mis-ter Dev-il

Pack Up Your Sins, etc. 6
Nothing on his mind but a couple of horns, Satan is waitin' with his jazz band

And his band came from Al-a-bam', with a melody hot

No one gives a damn if it's music or not. Satan's melody makes you

Want to dance for ever, And you never have to go to bed at all.

Pack Up Your Sins, etc. 6