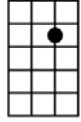


SING F#

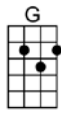


PACK UP YOUR SORROWS - Richard Farina

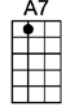
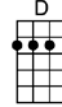
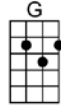
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: chords of chorus

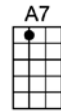
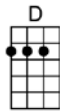
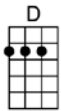
Chorus:



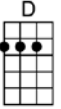
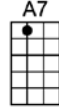
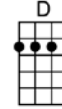
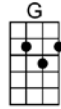
If somehow you could pack up your sorrows, and give them all to me,



You would lose them, I know how to use them, give them all to me.

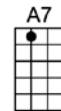
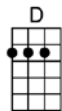
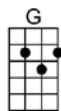
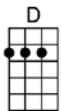


No use crying, talking to a stranger, naming the sorrows you've seen.

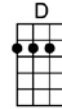
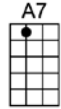
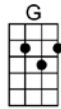
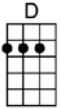


Oh, 'cause there's too many bad times, too many sad times, and nobody knows what you mean.

CHORUS

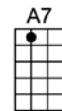
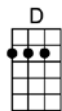
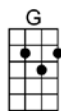
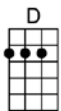


No use rambling, walking in the shadows, trailing a wandering star.

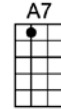


No one beside you, no one to hide you, nobody knows where you are.

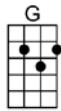
CHORUS



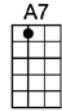
No use roaming, walking by the roadside, seeking a satisfied mind.



Ah, but there's too many highways, too many byways, and nobody walking be-hind.



If somehow you could pack up your sorrows, and give them all to me,



You would lose them, I know how to use them, give them all to me. (repeat line)

PACK UP YOUR SORROWS-Richard Farina

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: chords of chorus

Chorus:

D G D A7
If somehow you could pack up your sorrows, and give them all to me,

D G D A7 D
You would lose them, I know how to use them, give them all to me.

D G D A7
No use crying, talking to a stranger, naming the sorrows you've seen.

D G D A7 D
Oh, 'cause there's too many bad times, too many sad times, and nobody knows what you mean.

CHORUS

D G D A7
No use rambling, walking in the shadows, trailing a wandering star.

D G D A7 D
No one beside you, no one to hide you, nobody knows where you are.

CHORUS

D G D A7
No use roaming, walking by the roadside, seeking a satisfied mind.

D G D A7 D
Ah, but there's too many highways, too many byways, and nobody walking be-hind.

D G D A7
If somehow you could pack up your sorrows, and give them all to me,

D G D A7 D
You would lose them, I know how to use them, give them all to me.

D G D A7 D
You would lose them, I know how to use them, give them all to me.