

STAY DOWN HERE WHERE YOU BELONG

By Irving Berlin



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Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

till ready

Down be - low, Down be - low,
Kings up there, They don't care,

Sat the Dev - il talk - ing to his son, Who want - ed to go
For the moth - ers who must stay at home, Their sor - rows to bear,

Up a - bove, Up a - bove,
Stay at home, Dont you roam,

He cried "It's get-ting too warm for me down here and so, I'm
Al-though it's warm down be - low, you'll find it's warm - er up there, If

go - ing up on Earth where I can have a lit - tle fun," The
e'er you went up there, my son, I know you'd be sur - prised, You'd

Dev - il sim - ply shook his head and an - swered his son.
find a lot of peo - ple who are not civ - il - ized.

CHORUS

Stay — down here where you be - long, — The folks who

p-f

live a - bove you don't know right from wrong, — To please their

kings — they've all gone out to war, — And not a

one of them knows what he's fight - ing for; — 'Way up a

bove — they say that I'm a Dev-il, and I'm bad,

Kings — up there are big-ger Dev-ils than your dad, — They're

break-ing the hearts of moth-ers, Mak-ing butch-ers out of broth-ers,

You'll find more hell up there, than there is down be-low. — low. —

1. 2.

D.S.