

# WITH HIS HANDS HIS IN HIS POCKETS AND HIS POCKETS HIS IN HIS PANTS



WORDS BY  
**JEFF. MORGAN**  
MUSIC BY  
**HARRY VON TILZER**



*Effie*

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# With His Hands In His Pockets And His Pockets In His Pants

Words by  
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Music by  
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Now  
Now  
Now

old Reu-ben Black took a train from Hack-en-sack, And he came to New York town one day — He  
young John-nie Jones won a - bout a hun-dred bones, At pok-er and his heart was light — Said  
Old Un-cle Sam near-ly got in - to a jam, Some trou-ble down in Mex - i - co — They

thought that he was wise but he o-pened up his eyes, when he land - ed on the great white way, —  
he if wif - ey knows that I've got it in my clothes I can kiss my hun-dred bucks good night, —  
start - ed in - to brag and they tram-pled on our flag and they thought that Sam would let it go, —

Soon he saw a pret - ty lit - tle maid she heaved a gen - tle sigh, —  
But young Jones was quite a brain - y man no Iv - 'ry 'neath his dome, —  
But one morn they woke up with a start, they heard a Yan - kee band —

When she winked her pret - ty lit - tle lamp well he thought that he would die. —  
He de - vised a cun - ning lit - tle plan so that night when he got home. —  
There stood Sam, Lord love his lit - tle heart just a - cross the Ri - o Grande. —

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CHORUS

With his hands in his pock-ets and his pock - ets in his pants, he said "how dy do"  
 With his hands in his pock-ets and his pock - ets in his pants, he crept in - to bed  
 With his hands in his pock-ets and his pock - ets in his pants, he said "how dy do"

how are you. I'd like to meet your moth - er and your broth - er and your Aunts,  
 wif - ey said Get up and take your clothes off John you must be in a trance,  
 here's a few I've got a lot of oth - ers and they're ach ing for a chance,

You're the sweet-est peach that ev - er grew First she stole his heart with - out much pain.  
 He said noth - ing on - ly just played "dead" Poor John had to lay a - wake all night  
 Gosh they'd like to take a crack at you An - y na - tion thinks they've got him scared

Then she took a way his watch and chain, With his hands in his pock-ets and his  
 But he saved his lit - tle roll al - right, With his hands in his pock-ets and his  
 They'll wake up and find that he's pre - pared, With his hands in his pock-ets and his

pock - ets in his pants he gets a lit - tle wis - er ev - 'ry day. With his day. —  
 pock - ets in his pants he gets a lit - tle wis - er ev - 'ry day. With his day. —  
 pock - ets in his pants he gets a lit - tle wis - er ev - 'ry day. With his day. —



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 WHEN IT'S COTTON BLOSSOM TIME  
 WAY DOWN EAST, TO-NIGHT  
 GOLDEN EYES

### NOVELTY SONGS

CLOSE TO MY HEART  
 SOMEBODY KNOWS  
 WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN  
 WHEN SUNDAY COMES TO TOWN  
 UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG  
 TELL ME SOME MORE  
 OUTSIDE OF THAT, WHY, HE'S ALL RIGHT  
 ALAGAZAM (TO THE MUSIC OF THE BAND)  
 ABIE AND ME AND THE BABY  
 GENERAL HOOLIGAN  
 CHEER UP THE WORST IS YET TO COME  
 COWS MAY COME AND COWS MAY GO  
 THEY ALL HAD A FINGER IN THE PIE  
 DO YOU TAKE THIS WOMAN FOR YOUR  
 LAWFUL WIFE  
 I WONDER WHO WISHED HER ON ME  
 WHAT A FOOL I'D BE  
 NEVER HEARD OF ANYBODY DYING FROM  
 KISS  
 GOOD-BYE BOYS  
 LOVE ME WHILE THE LOVING IS GOOD  
 ROW, ROW, ROW  
 I'D DO AS MUCH FOR YOU  
 THE GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND  
 I'LL SIT RIGHT ON THE MOON  
 THE RAG TIME GOBLIN MAN  
 I WANT A GIRL  
 ALL ALONE

### NOVELTY KID SONGS

ALL ABOARD FOR BLANKET BAY  
 THEY ALWAYS PICK ON ME  
 WHAT'S THE GOOD OF BEING GOOD  
 GEE I WISH I WAS BIG

### INSTRUMENTALS

HONEY BUNCH (FOX TROT)  
 TINGLE TANGLE (FOX TROT)  
 LOVE'S MEMORIES WALTZES  
 POPPY (TANGO)  
 MIO (MORE TANGO)  
 THE BRAZILIAN (TANGO)  
 DON'T STOP (ONE STEP)  
 TRES CHIC (ONE STEP)  
 CANDY KISSES

## On The South Sea Isle

Words and Music by  
 HARRY VON TILZER

CHORUS (Slowly with feeling)

Hmm, ———— Hmm, Hmm, Hmm! ———— sweet mel-o-dies fill the air, ———— strange har-mo-nies

You will hear most ev-ry-where just Hmm, ———— Hmm, Hmm, Hmm! ———— You'll hear them sing-ing

while you're here, ———— U - la - la - les they're strum-ming too, ———— They'll play so

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## There's Someone More Lonesome Than You

Lyric by  
 LOU KLEIN

Music by  
 HARRY VON TILZER

CHORUS

Some one more lone-some than you, ———— Some one with true eyes of blue ————

Day by day she wan-ders through the wild wood, Dream-ing of the love that once she knew, ———— She's

wait-ing and sigh-ing in vain, ———— For you prom-ised you'd be true, ———— While you're

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