

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

Words by
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Music by
HARRY VON TILZER

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. —