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

Words by JEFF MORGAN
Music by HARRY VON TILZER

Now
Now
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old Reuben Black took a train from Hack-en-sack, And he came to New York town one day
He

young Johnnie Jones won a bout a hundred bones, At poker and his heart was light
Said

Old Uncle Sam nearly got into a jam, Some trouble down in Mexico
They

thought that he was wise but he opened up his eyes, when he landed on the great white way,
he if witty knows that I've got it in my clothes I can kiss my hundred bucks good night,

start-ed in-to brag and they tramped on our flag and they thought that Sam would let it go,

Soon he saw a pretty little maid she heaved a gentle sigh,
But young Jones was quite a brainy man no Iv'ry heath his dome,

But one morn they woke up with a start, they heard a Yankee band

When she winked her pretty little lamp well he thought that he would die,
He devised a cunning little plan so that night when he got home

There stood Sam, Lord love his little heart just across the Ri-o Grande.
CHORUS

With his hands in his pockets and his pockets in his pants, he said "howdy do" how are you.
With his hands in his pockets and his pockets in his pants, he crept into bed
with eye said Get up and take your clothes off John you must be in a trance,
With his hands in his pockets and his pockets in his pants, he said "howdy do"

You're the sweetest peach that ever grew First she stole his heart without much pain.
He said nothing only just played "dead" Poor John had to lay awake all night
Gosh they'd like to take a crack at you Any nation thinks they've got him scared

Then she took a way his watch and chain, With his hands in his pockets and his
But he saved his little roll alright, With his hands in his pockets and his
They'll wake up and find that he's prepared, With his hands in his pockets and his

With his hands etc. 2