

WITH HIS HANDS ^{HIS} IN HIS POCKETS AND HIS POCKETS ^{HIS} IN HIS PANTS



WORDS BY
JEFF. MORGAN
MUSIC BY
HARRY VON TILZER



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Effie

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

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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 AMORE (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 (Slightly with feeling)

Hum... Hum, Hum, Hum! sweet mel-o-dies fill the air... strings harmonize

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

while you're there. U - la - la - la they're run-ning too. They play so

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There's Someone More Lonesome Than You

Lyrics by
LOO KLEIN

Music by
HARRY VON TILZER

CHORUS

Some one more lonesome than you... Some one with true eyes of blue...

Day by day she wao-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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