

THERE'S NOTHING IN IT.



Alfred (London) 1871

WRITTEN, COMPOSED
AND SUNG WITH IMMENSE SUCCESS
BY

ARTHUR CORNEY.

ENT. STA. HALL.

PRICE 4/-

LONDON,
HOPWOOD & CREW, 42, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THERE'S NOTHING IN IT.

Written and Composed

by ARTHUR CORNEY.

PIANO. *mf*

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line in 2/4 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, and ending with a quarter note G4. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords: G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, and G2-B2.

The second system of the piano introduction continues the melodic and harmonic patterns. The right hand melody includes a chromatic descent: G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3. The left hand accompaniment features chords: G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, and G2-B2. The system concludes with a *ff* dynamic marking.

Some peo-ple try to be so big, There's nothing in it!

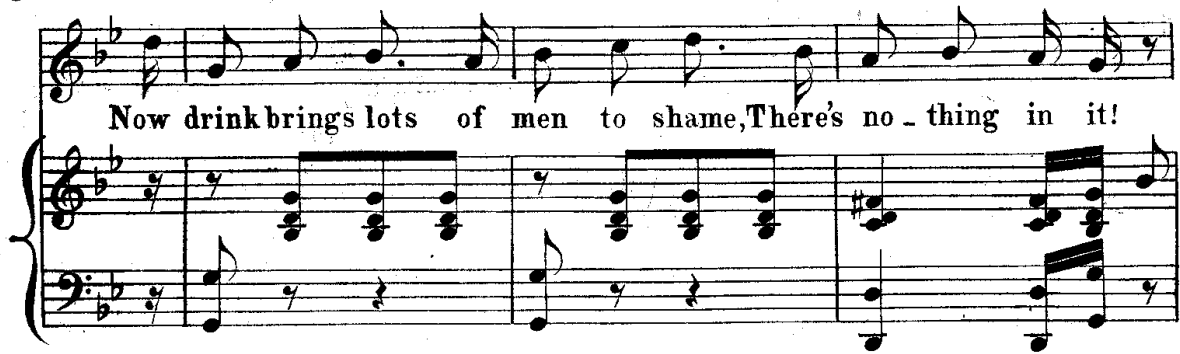
The vocal line is written on a single staff in 2/4 time, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, and ending with a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords: G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, G2-B2, and G2-B2. The left hand plays a simple bass line: G2, G2, G2, G2, G2, G2, G2, and G2.

Their boasting is - -n't worth a fig, There's nothing in it!

In such vain ways I'd ne'er be led, On va - ni - ty I'd

ne'er be fed, Tho' I have such a splendid head There's nothing in it!

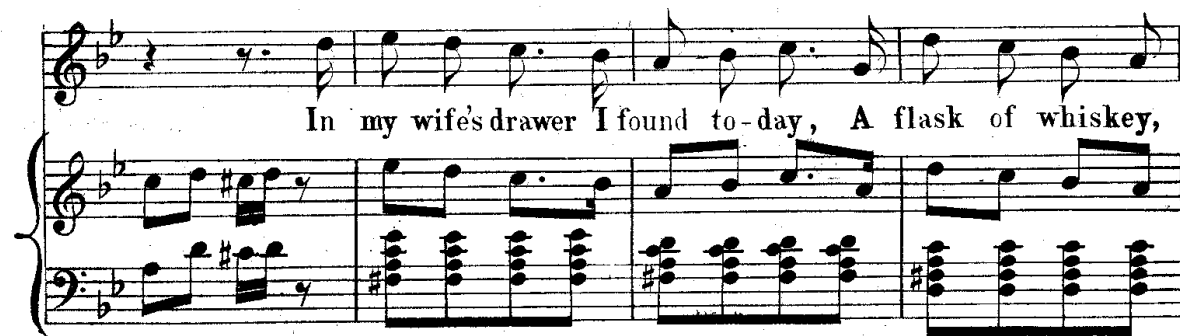
ff



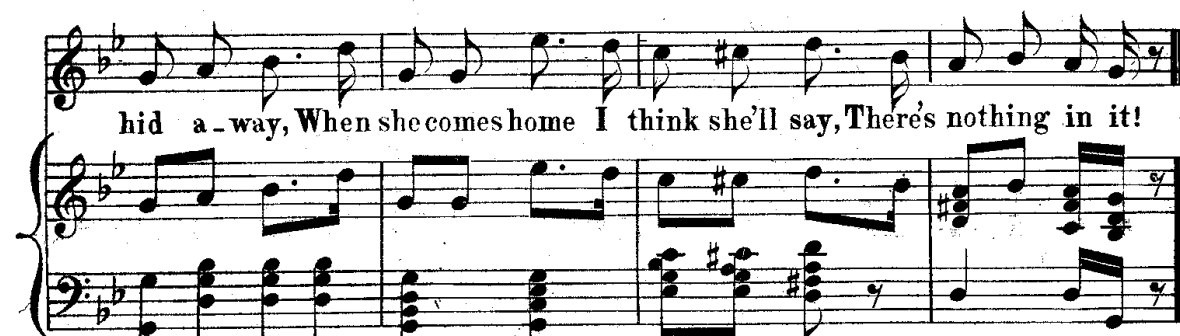
Now drink brings lots of men to shame, There's no-thing in it!




I am an old 'un at the game, There's no-thing in it!



In my wife's drawer I found to-day, A flask of whiskey,



hid a-way, When she comes home I think she'll say, There's nothing in it!



1.

Some people try to be so big,
 There's nothing in it!
Their boasting isn't worth a fig,
 There's nothing in it!
In such vain ways I'd ne'er be led,
On vanity I'd not be fed;
Though I have such a splendid head,
 There's nothing in it.

2.

Now drink brings lots of men to shame,
 There's nothing in it.
I am an old 'un at the game,
 There's nothing in it!
In my wife's drawer I found to-day
A flask of whiskey, hid away,
When she comes home, I think she'll say,
 "There's nothing in it!"

3.

Ah! Poverty's an awful curse,
 There's nothing in it;
And, though I have a *great big* purse,
 There's nothing in it.
So little wealth my lot does bless,
That hunger oft gives me distress,
And, though a "stum jack" I possess,
 There's nothing in it!

4.

Teetotalism I can't stand,
 There's nothing in it!
Though some folks think it is so grand,
 There's nothing in it.
My old friend Brown, like all wise men,
Enjoys a drink— just now and then—
But won't take on cold water, when
 There's nothing in it!

5.

I told you I was poor— Ah well,
 There's nothing in it.
My furniture I've had to sell—
 There's nothing in it!
My rent is fifteen weeks behind,
But there's *one* comfort in my mind:—
When the broker cracks my crib, he'll find
 There's nothing in it!

6.

I've had a try at married life,
 There's nothing in it!
Unless you reckon care and strife,
 There's nothing in it!
'Tis five years back— I'll ne'er forget,
Since we were married, me and Bet;
I've bought a cradle but, as yet,
 There's nothing in it!

HOPWOOD & CREW'S

New List of the most Successful and Popular Comic Songs.

TWO SHILLINGS EACH NET, POST FREE.

ONLY ONE.

Sung by JAMES FAWN.
Only one,
One umbrella have I got,
Only one,
Just enough, don't want a lot,
I visited friend Jones, and saw
Two splendid gamps behind his door,
When I was gone he said "Oh! lor!
There's only one!"

SO LONG AS THE WORLD GOES ROUND.

Sung by G. H. MACDERMOTT
So long as the world goes round,
Will frisky old maids abound,
First happy and careless, then cappy and hairless
So long as the world goes round.

THE BLESSINGS OF MARRIAGE;

OR,
I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS IT.

Sung by CHARLES GODFREY.
That's one of the blessings of marriage,
A portion of true married bliss,
You *single* men don't know what happiness means,
These loving attentions you miss,
Old bachelors why have you married?
Now why don't you go and get married?
Your life's not begun, for you miss all the fun,
And *will*, till to church you are carried.

HIS LORDSHIP WINK'D AT THE COUNSEL;

OR,
THE BREACH OF PROMISE.

Sung by HARRY RICKARDS.
His Lordship wink'd at the Counsel,
The Counsel wink'd at the Clerk,
The Jury pass'd a wink along
And murmur'd, "here's a lark!"
The Usher wink'd at the Bobby,
The Bobby left his seat
And, turning to the window, wink'd
At somebody out in the street.

DOWN WENT THE CAPTAIN.

Sung by G. H. MACDERMOTT.
Down went the Captain, down went the crew.
The first mate, the second mate, the little middies too,
Down went the Bo's'n, and swore his love was true,
But she couldn't have 'em all, and so,
What was the gal to do?

OH! WHAT A HAPPY LAND IS ENGLAND.

Sung by CHARLES GODFREY.
Rule, rule Britannia, God save the Queen!
These times *are* times seldom to be seen,
As long as we have voices, long as fields are green,
Singing, Oh what a happy land is England!

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JERRY BUILT.

Sung by JAMES FAWN.
And there's the cat, that eat the rat,
And the servant girl's not fat,
And there's the children with the cramp,
Because the place is always damp.
And there's the workman always nigh,
And the Plumber always dry,
And through the roof you see the sky,
In the house that Jerry built.

WHERE ARE YOU? THERE YOU ARE!

Sung by ARTHUR LLOYD.
Where are ye in such a case, eh?
If the question I asked near and far,
I'd ne'er get an answer, I know that I can't, sir,
'Cause I'm in the know, There you are!

POP! POP! POP!

Sung by WILL OLIVER.
I "pop" my watch, and I "pop" my chain,
Pop across to the shop again,
"Pop" my clothes—I'd "pop" my brain,
If I'd a brain to pop.
Popsy (my wife) for "popping" my clothes,
Pops up and pops me a pop on the nose;
I pop into bed, pop under my head,
And say "pop goes the weasel."

I'LL PLACE IT IN THE HANDS OF MY SOLICITOR.

Sung by ARTHUR LLOYD.
I'll place it in the hands of my solicitor
I'll have this thing put right,
I'll spend my money, oh ain't it funny,
How money makes the lawyers fight.

WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN.

Sung by JAMES FAWN.
Who's always true to us? Woman! woman!
Who sticks like glue to us, since the world began?
Who loves to cut a dash, who likes to spend the cash,
But who has to pay the damage, *man, poor man!*

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

Sung by G. H. MACDERMOTT.
Sweethearts and wives! Sweethearts and wives!
Girls are the joy of all our lives,
When pretty lips kiss,
* * * * * (Here the Vocalist must imitate the sound of a kiss.)
Who can resist the darlings?

THREE YOUNG MEN WHO NEVER WENT ASTRAY.

Sung by G. H. MACDERMOTT.
They looked to the East, they looked to the West,
And thought of the bonnie girls that they loved best.
But the cats were at home, so the mice said, "Let us play!"
Three young men who never went astray!

NOT MUCH;

OR,
IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING AT ALL.

Sung by G. H. MACDERMOTT.
Still, they're better than nothing at all!
(Audience.) Not much!
Not better than nothing at all?
(Audience.) Not much!
Though "tight" is each dress,
You'll surely confess—
They're better than nothing at all;
(Audience.) Not much!

THE BROKEN DOWN MASHER.

Sung by GEORGE BYFORD.
I'm a gone to the deuce-ity, not any use-ity,
Show flag of truce-ity fellah,
Crawl up the Strand-ity, matches in hand-ity,
Pipe-lights, Sir? loudly I call.
Wear shabby clothes-ity, boots without toes-ity,
Cold in my does-ity, Swellah,
Wash at a pump-ity, doss in the lump-ity,
Bottled up masher of all.

ALL FOR THE SAKE OF SARAH.

Sung by HARRY RICKARDS.
Sarah! Sarah! no girl could be fairer,
I loved Sarah, and Sarah she loved me,
Until she had a notion, of sailing on the ocean,
Along with a man who played in the band
Of the Royal Artillery!

THE MUSICAL WIFE;

OR,
NURSERY RHYMES.

Sung by JAMES FAWN.
"Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and of whey;
There came down a spider, and squatted beside her"—
(Ugh!)—She's singing like that all the day!

MIND THE PAINT.

Sung by G. H. MACDERMOTT.
Mind the paint! mind the paint
It won't be dry for weeks"—
Was it the paint on the door he meant,
Or the bloom on the pretty girl's cheeks?
Certainly not—certainly not—
She looked just like a saint—
Wherever you go—take care you know,
Be sure and "mind the paint!"

LONDON: HOPWOOD & CREW, 42, New Bond Street, W.