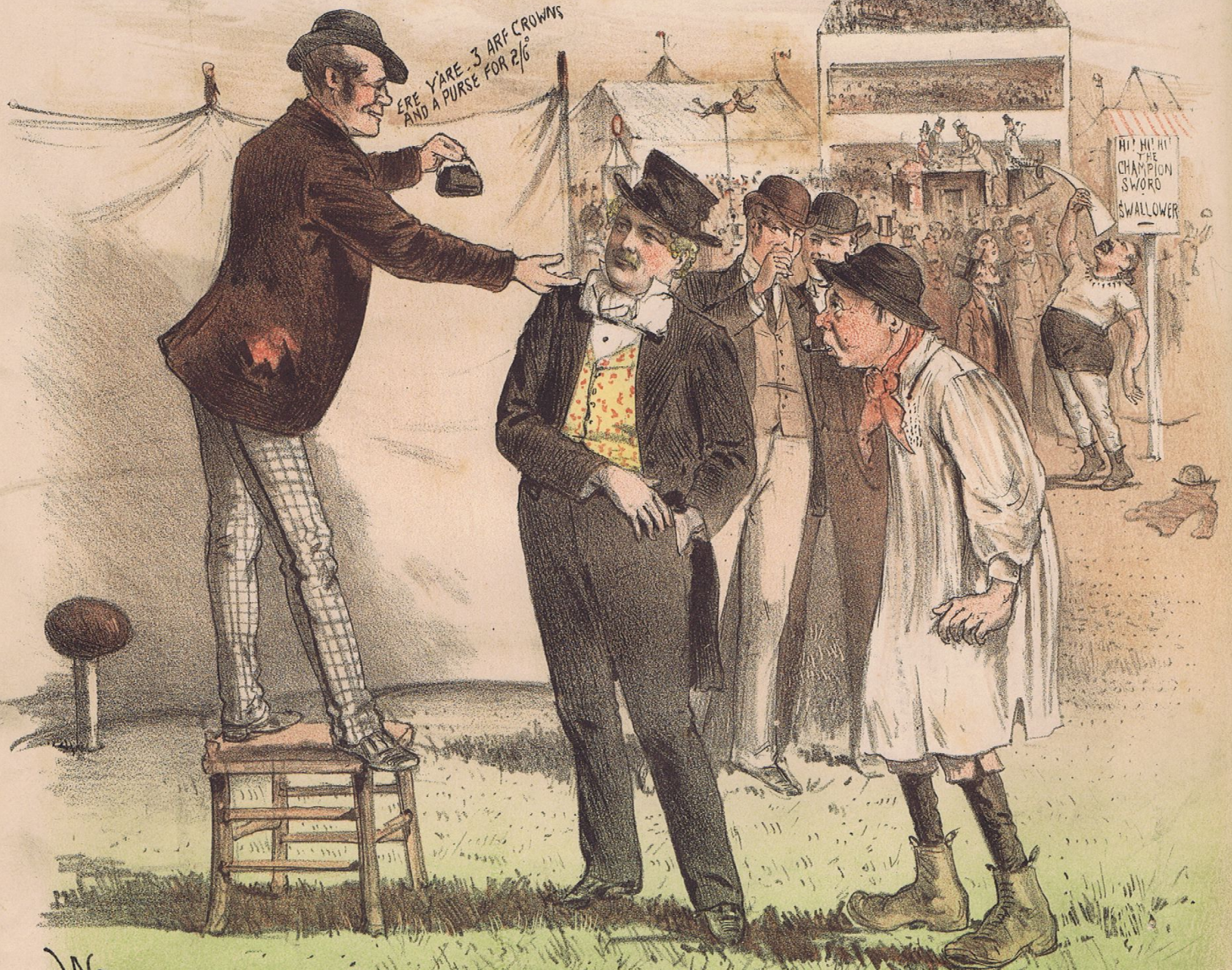


SUNG ALSO WITH THE GREATEST SUCCESS BY CHARLES GERARD.

There's Nothing in it.



WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY

JOSEPH TABRAR.

SUNG WITH IMMENSE SUCCESS BY

SAM TORR.

ENT. STA. HALL.

LONDON:
HOPWOOD & CREW, 42, NEW BOND STREET, W.
STANNARD & SON.

PRICE 4/-

H.G. BANKS LITH

THERE'S NOTHING IN IT.

Written and Composed

by JOSEPH TABRAR.

MODERATO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is set in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'MODERATO'. The score consists of two systems. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a quarter rest, and then a series of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The piano accompaniment starts with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The second system continues the vocal line with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment continues with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The score concludes with a double bar line.

I might as well ex-pect some day to be a Prince or King, As

hope to meet with great success in ev'-ry song I sing, This

song for twelve or eighteen months has been up-on the shelf, And

real-ly I must own, although I made it up my-self—

rall:

CHORUS.

There's nothing in it! There's nothing in it! It's when I

sit and write, Late at night these i - - deas come; There's nothing

in it! There's nothing in it! When in - to

songs you quiz, You find there is a vac - u - um. There's nothing - um.

I might as well expect, some day
 To be a Prince or King,
 As hope to meet with great success
 In every song I sing;
 This song for twelve or eighteen months
 Has been upon the shelf,
 And really, I must own, although
 I made it up myself —

CHORUS.

There's nothing in it, there's nothing in it,
 It's when I sit and write, late at night
 These ideas come;
 There's nothing in it, there's nothing in it,
 When into songs you quiz, you find there is
 A vacuum.

It's not a comic song without
 It speaks of girls and love,
 And pleasant hours of courting, 'neath
 The stars that shine above;
 To talk of matrimonial bliss,
 Of course is jolly fun,
 And though it's nice to have a kiss,
 When all is said and done —

CHORUS.

There's nothing in it, there's nothing in it,
 Although it's very nice once or twice,
 To say yum! yum!
 There's nothing in it, there's nothing in it,
 When into love you quiz, you find there is
 A vacuum.

We have to have a racy verse
 About the racing class,
 For no mistake about it, they're
 The boys to spend the "brass,"
 And though the three card trick is bad,
 The "three half crowns" is worse,
 You hand the man a shilling, but
 When he hands you the purse —

CHORUS.

There's nothing in it, there's nothing in it,
 If you say "look here you" this game wont do,
 He's deaf and dumb;
 There's nothing in it, there's nothing in it,
 When in the purse you quiz, you find there is
 A vacuum.

By many people I've been told,
 Much pleasure it affords
 To go into the Commons, or
 Into the House of Lords;
 And by some great Phrenologist,
 It lately has been said,
 With reference to the "Home Rule Bump"
 On M^r Gladstone's Head —

CHORUS.

There's nothing in it, there's nothing in it,
 That is, without it would make a good
 Big side drum;
 There's nothing in it, there's nothing in it,
 When in some heads you quiz, you find there is
 A vacuum.

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<u>I did it</u> - - -	"	4/-
<u>Because she ain't built that way</u> - - -	G. W. HUNTER	4/-
<u>I'm so fly</u> - - -	JENNY HILL	4/-
<u>'Twas only a year ago</u> - - -	ARTHUR ROBERTS	4/-

(Parody on Tosti's Celebrated Song, "It came with the merry May, love.")

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