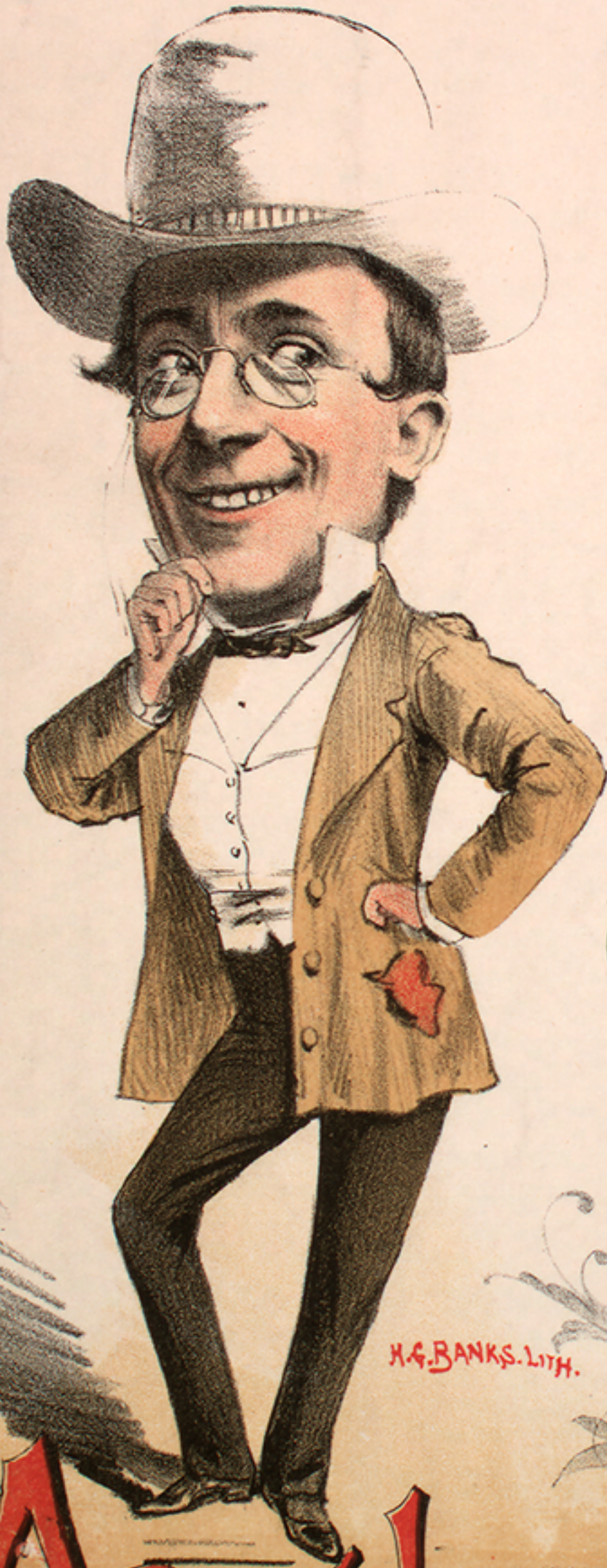


\* This Song must not be Sung in Music Halls, without M<sup>r</sup> Arthur Corneys Permission.

# NEAR IT.



H.G. BANKS. LITH.



WRITTEN  
Composed  
AND  
Sung  
By



# Arthur Corney.

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STANNARD & SON.

# NEAR IT.

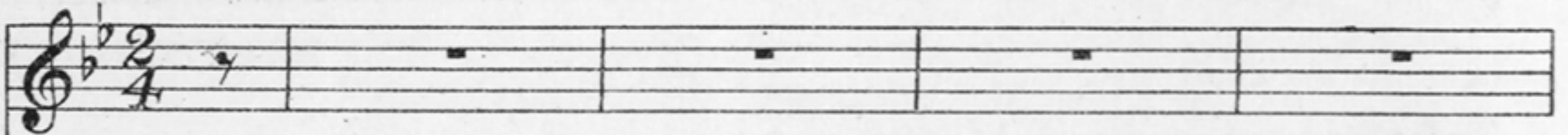


Written and Composed by  
ARTHUR CORNEY.

Arranged by  
EDMUND FORMAN.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

VOICE.



A single musical staff for the voice part, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The staff contains four measures of whole rests.

PIANO.



Piano accompaniment for the first system, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



Continuation of the piano accompaniment from the first system. It includes a single treble clef staff at the top, which appears to be a vocal line with whole rests. Below it are the piano accompaniment staves, continuing the melodic and harmonic material from the previous system.

A man should always be precise, In what he says thro' life, And

I am most pre-cise in all I say to my dear wife; 'Twas

late last night when I roll'd in, To my do-mes-tic bunk, "You're

drunk" my wife said, I replied, "My dear I am not drunk!"

## CHORUS.

But I was near it— precious near it! Though

*f*

I assured my lov-ing wife, I'd not been drunk in all my life! But

near it— jol-ly near it' Not

drunk enough to tell the truth, but near it!

*f*

A man should always be precise,  
 In what he says thro' life,  
 And I am most precise in all,  
 I say to my dear wife;  
 'Twas late last night when I rolled in,  
 To my domestic bunk,  
 "You're drunk!" my wife said — I replied  
 My dear I am *not* drunk! but —

## CHORUS.

I was near it, precious near it,  
 Tho' I assured my loving wife,  
 I'd not been drunk all my life,  
 But near it — jolly near it,  
 Not drunk enough to tell the truth, but near it!

I also am a modest man,  
 And when at the seaside,  
 I hate to see men stare whilst girls,  
 Are bathing in the tide;  
 Oh! no I'm not a hypocrite,  
 I practise what I preach,  
 And whilst the girls are bathing, I,  
 Am never on the beach.

## CHORUS.

But I'm near it, nice and near it,  
 I seek a nice secluded spot,  
 And thro' my glasses see a lot,  
 Quite near it, oh so near it,  
 Not near enough to get run in but — near it!

I went into the Rose and Crown,  
 To get a glass of stout,  
 But there was no one in the bar,  
 And no one near about;  
 The landlord soon came running down,  
 And brought his potman Bill,  
 But why did they make such a noise?  
 I was not *at* the till.

## CHORUS.

But I was near it, awful near it,  
 The Landlord caught me such a whack,  
 Well not exactly on the back,  
 But near it — very near it,  
 They called a savage dog and left me, *near it!*

We have a pretty servant maid,  
 And so has Jones next door,  
 Now tho' I treat our servant Jane,  
 Politely — nothing more;  
 My wife declares I took the girl,  
 To Bufflo' Bill's last night,  
 I said "My dear, by all that's good,  
 I swear you are not right!" but —

## CHORUS.

She was near it — frightful near it,  
 I did not take our girl I'm sure,  
 You see I took the girl next door,  
 How near it! awful near it,  
 My wife of course was wrong, but she was near it!

Without a verse on politics,  
 Of course a song won't go,  
 And so I'll tell you what was said,  
 By me and my pal Joe;  
 "Lord Randolph Churchill," Joe exclaimed,  
 (His temper getting hot,  
 He's the cheekiest man in all the world,  
 I said, "No Joe he's *not*." but —

## CHORUS.

He's near it, very near it,  
 With his moustaches nicely curled,  
 He's not the cheekiest in the world,  
 But near it — jolly near it,  
 And clever as he's cheeky too — or near it.