

SM 1890

# Nothing To Do Until To-Morrow.

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Kind permission of "TAD" N.Y. Journal.

Words by  
JACK DRISLANE.

Music by  
GEO. W. MEYER.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music in 2/4 time. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with chords. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *fz* (forzando).

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "Geel but I'm a luck-y man, as lucky as can This week I've a cinch of it, I hard-ly work at". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are: "be, No one in this town, has got a job the same as me; all, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, I just built a three mile wall;". The piano accompaniment features chords and a steady bass line. Dynamics include *fz*.

The third system shows the final part of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are: "All the ea - sy jobs you see are hard-ships when com - pared Thurs-day, Fri - day, Sat - ur - day, I'll work all night a - gain, Which". The piano accompaniment concludes with chords and a final bass line. Dynamics include *fz*.

The Greatest of all Love Ballads,  
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FOR A YANKEE DOOLEY BOY!"  
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A Most Beautiful Ballad "My Rosary Of Dreams" This song is positively a gem. Semi-high class, both in melody and lyric.

With the job that I se - cured, I'll tell you—don't get scared.  
 makes it ea - sy Sun - day, I'll just work from twelve to ten.

## Refrain.

I get up at four in the morn - ing, Bring in the wat - er and the  
 I get up at four in the morn - ing, Bring in the wat - er and the

coal; Cut ten a - cres of hay, by twelve in the day— The  
 coal; Cut ten a - cres of hay, by twelve in the day— The

boss is a grand old soul (God bless him). Five minutes for din - ner then at  
 boss is a grand old soul (God bless him). Five minutes for din - ner then at

Nothing To Do etc. 4.

A splendid baritone or bass solo "As Deep As The Deep Blue Sea" by the peerless writer, H. W. Petrie, whose fame as the Composer of "A Sleep In The Deep" is world wide.

noon time,                      And back to work feel - ing fine.                      Then I  
 noon time,                      And back to work feel - ing fine.                      Then I

clean all the win - dows and I sweep up the floors,  
 go to the sta - ble and I hitch up the mule,

Pol - ish all the han - dles of the big front doors: Gee! but I'm a  
 Dress up twen - ty chil - dren and I drive to school: Gee! but I'm a

luck - y guy,                      noth - ing to do un - til to - mor - row.                      mor - row.  
 luck - y guy,                      noth - ing to do un - til to - mor - row.                      mor - row.

Nothing To Do etc.4.

Don't fail to secure "We All Fall" This song is one of the biggest hits this season—in Songland.

FEMALE VERSION OF  
Nothing To Do Until To-Morrow.

Words by JACK DRISLANE.

Music by GEO. W. MEYER.

Geel but I'm a lucky girl, as lucky as can be,  
No girl in this town has got a job the same as me;  
All the jobs that you have seen are hardships when compared,  
With the job that I secured - just listen - don't get scared.

Cho.

I get up at four in the morning, bring in the water and the coal,  
Make up the beds, for all the sleepyheads,  
I don't quit until I'm told; (How lucky)  
Cook the dinner for the boarders,  
Then wash the dishes until four;  
Then I start into iron after I've done the wash,  
By Golly! I've an easy time - and that's no josh,  
Geel but I'm a lucky girl,  
Nothing to do until to-morrow

Extra Cho.

I get up at four in the morning, make all the cakes and pies and rolls,  
Start the furnace and the stove, it's a joke by jove;  
The bosses are grand old souls - (God bless them)  
Wind the clocks and start in sewing,  
Set the table then for forty-five;  
I start on the farm, and I follow up the ploughs,  
Come in at six o'clock and milk a hundred cows,  
Geel but I'm a lucky girl,  
Nothing to do until to-morrow