ARE YOU THERE





GREETED BY VAST AUDIENCES EVERY EVENING WITH ENORMOUS APPLAUSE.

ENT. STA. HALL.

PRICE 3

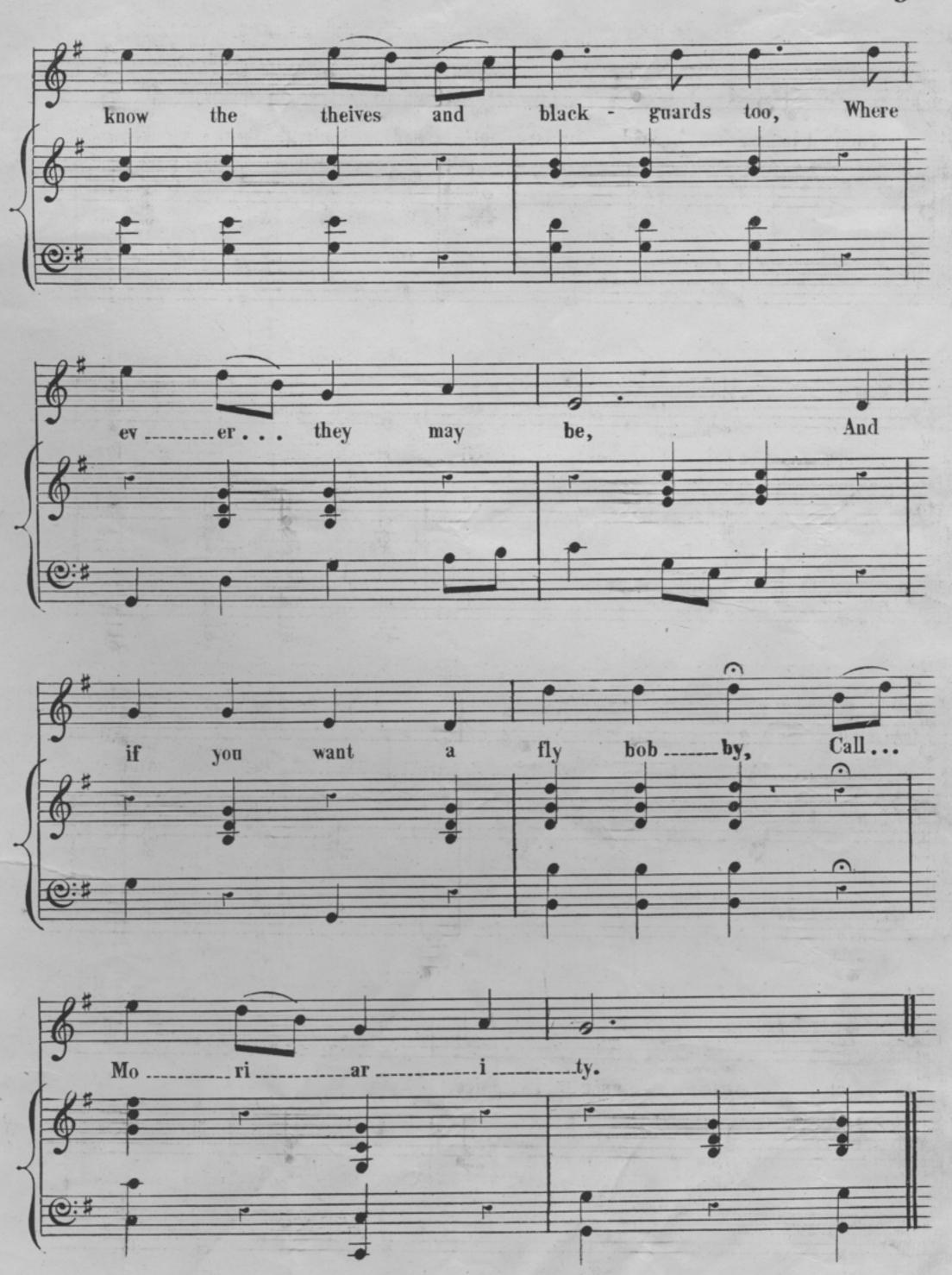
LONDON;
H. D'ALCORN & C. 25, POLAND STREET, W.

(REMOVED FROM OXFORD STREET.)

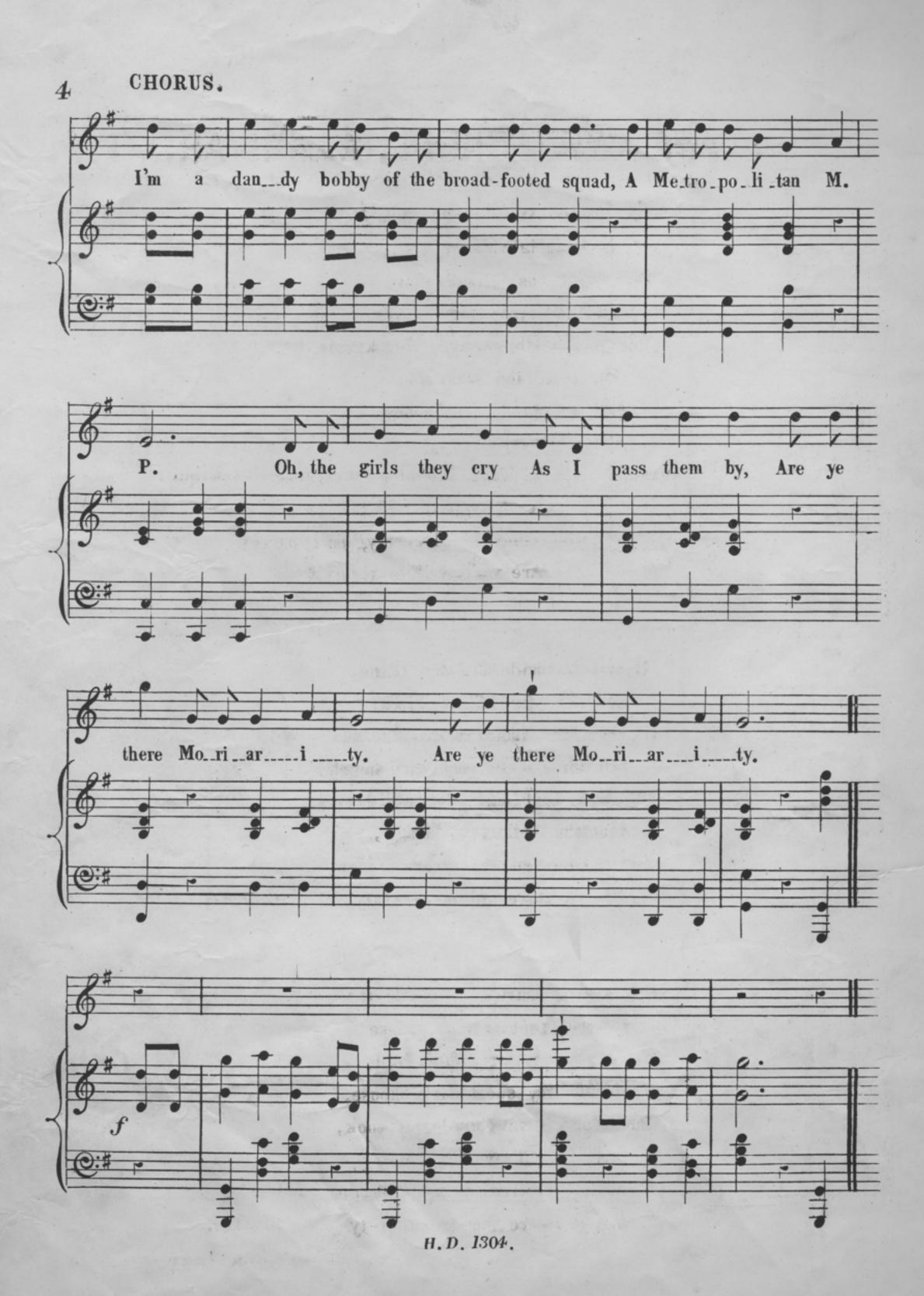
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ARE YOU THERE MO-RI-AR-I-TY.





H.D. 1304.



ARE YOU THERE MO-RI-AR-I-TY.

I'm located up at head quarters,

As special officer,

Cor-ne-li-us Ri-ar-i-ty,

And at your service, sir,

I know the thieves and blackguards too,

Wherever they may be,

And if ye want a fly bobby,

Call Mo-ri-ar-i-ty.

CHORUS. I'm a dandy bobby of the broadfooted squad,

A Metropolitan M. P.

Oh! the girls they cry, as I pass by
Are ye there Mo-ri-ar-i-ty.

My suit is made of Navy Blue,
And fits just like a duck;
I escort the ladies across the road,
All through the mud and muck;
The cabs and carts stop till I pass,
I'm the ladies pet Bobby,
And as they go they murmur low,
Are ye there Mo-ri-ar-i-ty.

CHORUS.

I'm tender-hearted. soft and true,

I would not harm a mouse,

That's why my duty often falls

Inside my sweetheart's house.

One night I sat beside my cook,

And she at the side of me;

When her mistress opened the door and said,

Are ye there Mo-ri-ar-i-ty. Chorus.