ARTHUR ROBERTS GREAT SONG.

WE ARE WE ARE WE ARE.



F BOWYER

GILBERT HARROW.

SUNC WITH ENORMOUS SUCCESS

ARTHUR ROBERTS.

LONDON HOPWOOD & CREW 42 NEW BOND ST W

WE ARE, WE ARE, WE ARE.

OR

THE MERRY FAMILY.

Written by F. BOWYER.

Composed by
GILBERT HARROW.







H & C.2289.

I claim your kind attention just to tell you in a song, About a happy family t'which I myself belong, Who always keep their spirits up to ninety in the shade, I think we are about as warm as families are made; There's "Fan," and "Loo" for merriment are fairly on the joh, And then there's brother Robert too (for short we call him"Bob") And Jane's a gal you all should see and then there's Ma and Pa. Oh! we are a merry family, we are, we are, we are. CHORUS

Fanny plays at honeypots, Loo's the gal to skip, Bob's the finest whistler that ever cocked a lip, Jane can play a tune or two upon the gay guitar, Oh!we are a merry family, We are, we are, we are!

Although our ancient family can boast a royal descent, We often leave the brokers in to square a quarter's rent, But Jane's so fascinating like, she's got a happy knack, Of flirting with the broker, while the goods go out the back; And Ma will crack some funny jokes, while Bob'll sit beneath, And whistle till you'd really think he'd blow away his teeth, Then Jane'll treat him to a tune, upon her light guitar, Ohlwe are a merry family, we are, we are, we are. (Chorus) Fanny plays at honeypots, &c.

We used to take in lodgers just to give the gals a chance, To get a chap who'd take them to a theatre or a dance, But Pa would get upon the spree and often in the morn, They'd wake and find their waistcoats and the other things in pawn; Or else he'd borrow coin of them and when they had no more, He'd quietly give them notice just to ease them off the door, And the gals would say you naughty boys how dare you go so far, Oh! we are a merry family, we are, we are, we are, (Chorus) Fanny plays at honeypots, &c.

Now poverty is not a crime as everybody knows, And we're not overburdened with too many suits of clothes, So once a week we stay in bed and think it jolly fun, To bow to circumstances while the washing's being done; So if you mean to visit us of fun we promise lots, Fan shall show you how to play a game of honey-pots, Bob shall whistle, Loo shall skip, so shall Ma and Pa, Oh! we are a merry family, we are, we are, we are. (Chorus) Fanny plays at honeypots, &c. H&C. 2289. Berridge, Bro Engraverr & Steam Lithe?