What Cheer 'Ria
Sung by Miss Bessie Bellwood

Written by WILL. HERBERT.  Composed by Miss BESSIE BELLWOOD.

Arranged by GEO. ISON.
I am a girl who's doing very well in the vegetable line, And

as I'd said a bob or two I thought I'd cut a shine, So I

goes and buys some togs, these are very clothes you see, And

with the money I had left I thought I'd have a spree. So I
goes into a music hall where I'd often been before,

I don't go in the gallery, but on the bottom floor,

I sits down by the Chairman, and calls for a pot of Stout, My

pals in the gallery spotted me, and they all commenced to shout—
CHORUS.

What cheer Ria? Ria's on the job, What cheer

Ria? did you speculate a bob, Oh, Ria she's a toff, and she

looks immensikooff, And they all shouted "what cheer

Ria?".
I am a girl what's a-doing very well in the vegetable line
And as I'd saved a bob or two, I thought I'd cut a shine
So I goes and buys some togger, these 'ere wery clothes you see
And with the money I had left, I thought I'd have a spree
So I goes into a Music Hall, where I'd often been afore
I don't go in the gallery, but on the bottom floor
I sits down by the chairman, and calls for a pot of stout
My pals in the gallery, spotted me, and they all commenced to shout.

**Chorus:** What cheer Ria! Ria's on the job
What cheer Ria, did you speculate a bob?
Oh Ria she's a toff and she looks immensikoff
And they all shouted 'What cheer Ria!'

Of course I chaffed them back again, but it won't a bit of use
The poor old Chairman's baldie head, they treated with abuse
They threw an orange down at me, it went bang inside a pot
The beer went up like a fountain, and a toff copt all the lot
It went slap in his chevey, and it made an awful mess
But gave me the needle was, it spoilt my blooming dress
I thought it was getting rather warm, so I goes towards the door
When a man shoves out his gammy leg, and I fell smack upon the floor.

**Chorus:**

Now the gent that keeps the Music Hall he patters to the bloke
Of course they blamed it all on me, but I couldn't see the joke
So I up'd and told the govenor as how he'd shoved me down
And with his jolly old wooden leg, tore the frilling off my gown
But lor bless you! It won't a bit of use, the toff was on the job
They said outside! and out I went, and they stuck to my bob
Of course I felt so wild, to think how I'd been taken down
Next time I'll go in the gallery with my pals, you bet a crown.

**Chorus:**