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504

*mark*

Please do not  
bend or roll this part



# CHORUS PARTS

No.

*Selma Brown*  
1st & 2nd Tenors.  
VOICE.....

Belle of N Y  
OPERA.....



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none such a prize  
none with your eyes

"above you"  
none half.



Tenors. 1.

# The Belle of New York.

Words by  
Hugh Morton.

Music by  
Gustave Hecker.

## N<sup>o</sup>. 1. *Int<sup>ro</sup>.* and *Opening Chorus.*

Moderato assai. *"When a man is twenty-one."* Chorus

When a man is twenty-one, Let him drink hot rum; Let him  
 drink it hot and cold - When a man is twenty-one, Let him  
 make things hum; Let his life be free and bold, For  
 nev - er will you be so gay a - gain, And  
 nev - er will you see such fun, As you  
 will when the spark - ling cup you drain On the  
 day when you are twen - ty - one. Then

*Ben marcato*

here's to the day when you're twen - ty - one years old And you



Tenors. 2.

laugh in the face of... sor- row, When you  
 don't fear li- quor and you drink it hot and cold, And you  
 don't care a hang for to- - - mor- - - row. Then  
 mor- - - row?

*Allegretto.* *Moderato*

Then let the fid- dle And going to be mar- ried at  
 noon day. And he's going to be mar- ried at  
 noon- - - day. to car- - - ry. He's

*Chorus*

got a big load to car- - - ry.  
 Sit- - the woo- lit- - the woo- Tri- fle woo-

*Moderato*

Lit- - the boo- Tri- fle boo.

Sit- - the kick Lit- the tide- Ti- dy tide- Oh, we

guess he's just a wee bit woo- - - ry,



Tenors. 3.

Let - the woo - Tri - gle woo. Could - not

blame you if you said he is boo - sy,

Let - the boo - Tri - - gle boo. But he's

just a - - bout to take a . . . . bride And he's

twen - - ty - - one years old be - - side Hence the

high - - ness of his ri - - sing tide.

Let - - the tide Ti - - dy tide.

All: agitato. *Hausgenais* Oh naught by Mrs. Geo. Brownson

17 Oh naugh - ty Mis - ter Han - ry Bron - son Fic, fie, fie. Oh *Tenors*

fie, fie, fie! You naugh - ty Mis - ter Bron - son

My, my, my! You're such a dread - ful man! You'd

be - - ter stop your tar - ry - ing, To - day's your day for now - ay sing Oh!



Tenors. 4.

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes.

naught by Mis-ter Bar-ry Bronson! Lie, lie, lie!

*Allegretto.*

male chorus.

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

For he's a jol-ly good

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

fel--low, Yes he's a jol-ly good fel--low, Oh.....

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

he's a jol-ly good fel-----low, And he'll

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

ne--ver be so--ber a---gain.... Which

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

no--bo--dy will de---ny..... Which

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

no--bo--dy will de---ny..... Yes,

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

he's a jol-ly good fel--low, Yes, he's a jol-ly good

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

fel-----low, Yes, he's a jol-ly good

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

fel-----low, And he'll ne--ver be so--ber a--

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

gain.....

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of two sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody concludes with a final note and a fermata.

Tenor.

Oh, we



Tenors. 5.

guess he's just a wee bit woo--sy,  
 Lit--tle woo Tri--fle woo, could not  
 blame you if you said he is boo--sy,  
 (Voices gradually dying out.)  
 Lit--tle boo Tri--fle boo woo, Boo  
 woo, Boo woo, Boo woo

No. 2. Song & Chorus.

All. con spirito

Cora

When I was born, the stars  
 with wonder--ful  
 won--der, with won--der, and think'd their eyes with  
 gal--ter, to gal--ter. I've ne'er been known to  
 won--der, by thun--der!" By thunder! By  
 gal--ter, the al--tar, the  
 thun--der! And his wife said, "Well, by the thun--der!"  
 al--tar, I be--gan my trips to the al--tar!"

rit.



Tenors. 6.

Chorus.

If he had to pay my sal-er-ee. And

now she is the pet you bet of bank-ers, brewers and

all that set; The i--dol of the lit--tle boys that

sit up in the gal--ler-ee. When in her diamonds

she ap--pears, she looks like a beauti--ful cham de--lier, And

Rus--sell Sage would fall down dead If he had to pay her

1<sup>st</sup> Verse

sal-er-ee. DC. sal-er-ee.

2<sup>nd</sup> Verse

Allegro.

N<sup>o</sup> 3. Song & Dance.

Allegretto.

Bill.

When lit--tle sis--ter Ris--ie gets a jum--ping

When she re--pre--sents the art of

Chorus.

danc--ing Oh, lit--tle sis--ter Ris--ie's a



Tenors. 7.

jaun-ty lit-tle mis-sie, she can turn a so-mee-sault or  
 hand-spring, Her pret-ty wink-y eye goes, she's  
 full of dink-y-di-dos. When she re-presents the art of  
 Dance. after last verse. Dance-ing. D.C. dance-ing.

No. 4. Song. (Fife.)

Moderato. *Fili & Grazioso And.<sup>no</sup>*  
 To be the toy, of a  
 rit  
 fond...le you, Oh  
 a tempo. *Chorus.*  
 teach me how to love...?... Oh teach me how to  
 kiss, dear, teach me how to squeeze,  
 Teach me how to sit up-on your sym-pa-the-tic  
 knees; Teach me how to coo, dear,  
 Like a tin-ble dove; Teach me how to



Tenors. 8.

*rit*  
 fan - ble you, Oh teach me how to love.....  
 1<sup>o</sup> 2 4 4 4 5  
 File. 1<sup>o</sup> 2<sup>o</sup>  
 Fin. DC.

No. 5. March & Chorus.

Tempo di Marcia Moderato  
 Tenors  
 With

state - by tread, ..... And dig - ni - fied de - meanor, We

come this way ..... Our

does we slay, In mo - ral - i - ty's a - re - na,

Boom, Boom, Boom, tzing, tzing! With boom of drum,

..... And proud - ly fly - ing ban - ner, Your souls we'll save.

Ob - - serve our grave And

re - ver - en - tial man - ner. Boom! Boom!

Boom! tzing, tzing! And now to our Chief we



Tenors. 9.

dont our snow-y plumes. Few men there are who com-  
 -pare with him in pi-e-t-y, All e-vil flees when  
 he com-mand as-umes Of the young Men's Rescue, League and  
 An-ti Ci-gar-ette So-ci-ty. *Schabod.*  
 ty. *Trom*

N. C. Song. (Schabod.)

*18* *chors 8<sup>a</sup>*  
 far co-hoes No com-pet-i-tor can shake a stick at us, stick at us  
*chors 8<sup>a</sup>*  
 M-i-c-i-tous. But be us  
 like us as you're a-ble to be *Tenors.*  
 For

in the field of mo-ral en-dea-vour No com-  
 pe-ti-tor can shake a stick at us, stick at  
 us. In the game of re-form the



nev - - er, No nev - - er were re - - form - ers that were

so fe - - li - - ci - - tous..... Our vir - - tues con - ti - nue to

strike us, As qua - li - ties mag - ni - fi - cent to

see, ..... to re - - - - Of

course you could ne - - ver be like us, But be as

like us as you're a - - ble to be. D.C. be, 'ble to be.

No. 7. Song & Chorus. (Barry.)

All: con spirito. Where'er you stray

life long - - - -

Chorus. Wine wo - - men and song.....

Wine wo - - men and song, .... It's writ on the pa - ges of

life through the a - ges, That love for them ne'er is wrong....



Tenors. 11.

rit.

Night's turned in-to day.... Win-ter's changed in-to  
 a tempo  
 May.... The world is made bright, The heart is made light By  
 wine, wo-men and song... The world is made bright, The  
 heart is made light By wine, wo-men and song, Hail!  
 .... All Hail, wine ..... and  
 song.....

No. 10 Chorus

Allegretto (Chinese Drums No. 1)

8 18

Chorus.

Pret-ty lit-tle  
 Chi-na gir-ly, vel-ly, vel-ly nice,  
 When she got a long way off, Ching! Ching!  
 Take a lit-tle Chi-na gir-ly put her on the ice.



Tenors. 12.

Make a lit-tle Chi-na gir-lie cough, Ching! Ching!

Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum, Tic-kle lit-tle Chi-na girl,

Take a lit-tle yum yum, Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling.

Lit-tle gin-ger pop, pop, Lit-tle mut-ton chop-py chop,

Give her to the cop, cop, Send her up to sing sing.

Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum, Tic-kle lit-tle Chi-na girl,

Take a lit-tle yum yum, Ting-a-ling-a-ling.

Lit-tle gin-ger pop, pop, Lit-tle mut-ton chop-py, chop,

Give her to the cop, cop, Sing, Sing.

Hi ya! Hi ya! Kick a lit-tle foot up

high, ah! Hi yi! Hi yi!

Chi-na gir-lie kick up sky high! Hi yi!



Tenors. 13.

Ki gi! Kick a lit-tle foot up high, ah!

Ki gi! Ki --- gi! Chi --- na gir-lie kick up

(sung through the nose.) sky high, sky

high, sky

high, sky high!

Oye!

Pret-ty lit-tle Chi-na gir-lie, vel-ly vel-ly nice,

When she get a long way off, Ching! Ching!

Take a lit-tle Chi-na gir-lie, put her on the ice,

Make a lit-tle Chi-na gir-lie cough, Ching! Ching!

Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum, Tic-kle lit-tle Chi-na girl,

Take a lit-tle gum gum, Tung-a-ling-a-ling-ling.



Tenors. 1st.

lit- the gin-ger pop, pop, lit- the nut-ton chop-py, chop,  
Give her to the cop, cop, send her up to sing sing.  
Tic--kle tic-kle, tum tum, Tic-kle lit- the Chi-na girl,  
Take a lit-- the yum yum, Ting-a-ling-a-ling.  
Lit-- the gin-ger pop, pop, lit- the nut-ton chop-py, chop,  
Give her to the cop, cop, Sing, Sing. Hi ya!  
Hi ya! Kick a lit-- the foot up high, ah!  
Hi yi! Hi yi! Chi-na gir--lie kick up  
sky high. Hi yi! Hi yi!  
Kick a lit-- the foot up high, ah! Hi yi!  
Hi yi! Chi--na gir--lie kick up sky high,  
high! ... Sky! High!



# N.º 11. Song. (Violet.)

*Allegro moderato.*

*Violet. Moderato.*

find it ve-ry dif-fi-cult to

*S'istesso tempo.*

nit.

*a tempo.*

For when these youths pro-fer

*Chorus. Tempo di marcia.*

Oh, my!  
Fol-low me

*meno. a tempo.*

on! Fol-low on! When the light of faith you

*sec. meno.*

Fol-low on! Fol-low

*nit. a tempo.*

on! When the light of faith you see.

*meno.*

Fol-low, Fol-low Fol-low on!

# N.º 12. Song & Chorus.

*Tempo di marcia.*

Come take your hats off, boys, and cheer the



Tenors. 16.

Chorus

Flags Hur-ra! Hur-ra! Hur-ra! Hur-ra!

Then here's to good Old Glo-ry.

rit.

a tempo

We'll stand and die to-ge-ther.

Chorus

Then here's to good Old Glo-ry And the  
 dear old Ab- - ion Jack, In... bat - - tle fierce and  
 go - - ry Let's fight, boys, back to back, We  
 won't for- - get We're Broth-ers yet And birds of a sing-  
 le  
 fea - - ther, With our flags un-furled, A - - gainst all the world, We'll  
 stand and die to - - ge - - ther. D.C.

No. 13 Song. (Blinky Bill.)

Tho. di Valsecchi

Blinky Bill

There's a great lit - - tle

girl. love her ... Oh!

Chorus.

She is the



Tenors. 17.

Belle of New York, ..... The sub-ject of  
 all the town talk; ..... She makes the old  
 Bow--e--ry Tra-quant and flow--e--ry, When she goes  
 out for a walk..... She's soft as a  
 snow-y white dove..... She's simply cre-at-ed to love,.... The fellows all  
 sigh for her. They would all die for her. She is the  
 Belle of New York.....

*Repeat Chorus for Dance after second Verse.*

*No. 14. Finale Act I.*

*Moderato Schabod.* *Violin*  
 your life my lit-tle girl, in the  
*Piu mosso.* *Moderato*  
 air! Oh, air! You don't re-ly well up to  
 now... That I want be a mil-lion- air -- er *Everybody*  
 Oh! This  
 stone re-ly well up to now,.....



Tenors. 18.

As sim-ple girl, As qui-et girl, And she  
 real-ly would ne-ver know how..... To con-  
 duct her-self as an heir-ess. She's  
 lived in a mo-dest lit-tle way, lit-tle way  
 A sim-ple girl, A qui-et girl, And she  
 feels it her du-ty to say, yes to say That she  
 won't be a mil-lion- air-ess.

No! She won't, No! She won't,  
 No! No! No! No! No! She won't,  
 no! She won't, no! She won't to a mil-lion-  
 air-ess. They can go the

Tenors.  
 High hi! High hi!



Tenors. 19.

High hi! High hi! Hoop-la! High hi!

Rum ta-ra-ra-ra... Rum ta-ra-ra-

-ra... Rum ta-ra-ra-ra...

High hi! High hi! High hi!

High hi! Hoop-la! High hi! Rum ta-ra-ra-

-ra, If you want to spend your money here they

are, High hi! Oh If you

want a mil-lion-aires,

If you're look-ing for a

heir-ess, They are free to say they

han-ker To be chum-my with your

han-ker, The art of roll-ing high, In the



Tenors. 20.

part of rol-ling high, In the part of

rol- - - ling high

All. agitato. 3 All. 7 Harry. De - - cept. I beg, my

1 8 a tempo 9 Violet. Well. I've changed my

rall All. agitato. Chorus. a tempo mind! I'll be your heir. She'll be his heir, she'll

be his heir; now is - nt that real kind of her? She'll

be his heir, she'll be his heir; now is - nt that re-

lined of her? She'll be real nice, she'll be real nice, she'll

make an aw-ful sa - - cri-lice, she'll say good-bye to

poor - - er - ty and be his heir. Fol - low

on, Fol - - low on, when the light of faith you

meno a tempo Fol - low on, Fol - low



Tenors. 21.

on, When the light of faith you see. *meno.*

Fol-low! Fol-low! *rit.* Fol-low on. *Tempo di Valse.*

**29** *Chorus.* She is the Belle of New York. . . . Oh,

she is the belle of New York, The sub-  
 -ject of all the town talk, She makes the old  
 Bow -- er -- y Fra-grant and flow-e -- ry When  
 she goes out for a walk. She's soft as a  
 snow-y white dove, . . . She's sim - - - ply cre-  
 -at-ed to love. . . . The fel - - - lows all sigh for  
 her, Oh! She is the belle of New York.

*Moderato.* *Tempo di Valse*

**23** They call me the belle of New York . . .



Tenors. 22.

Piu mosso.  
cue: Principals.

rit. *a tempo.* *cresc.*

lit - the mina, Hear her say, Hear her say, Oh yes,

she's the sweet - est girl in town, Oh yes

she's the sweet - est girl in the town... Yes

She is the belle of New York..... The sub-ject of

all the town talk..... Yes she is the belle

of New York, call her belle of New

York, Sal - va - tion as - my girl, as my girl

She's the belle of New York, Her

head is in a whirl, She's the

belle the belle of gay New York, of New

York. The sub-ject of town talk She's the



Tenors. 23.

belle, The belle of gay New York, of New  
 York, The sub-ject of town talk lit-tle dear Lit-tle dear,  
 Hear her say, Hear her say. Oh, Yes she's the  
 sweet-est girl in town Oh yes she's the  
 sweet-est girl in the town..... Yes she is the  
 belle of New York..... The sub-ject of  
 all the town talk..... Yes she is the belle  
 of New York, She is the belle of New York....  
 ..... A Sub- - va- - tion ar- - my girl The  
 sub-ject of all the town talk..... Her  
 head is in a whirl, She's the  
 belle, The belle of gay New York, She's the belle, The belle of



Tenore. 2<sup>da</sup>.

gay New York, She is simple shy lit-tle  
shy as my girl, as my girl. Yes  
she is mere lit-tle shy sal-va-tion  
as my girl...

Act II.

N<sup>o</sup> 15 Opening Chorus "Oh Sonny"

*Allegro Agitato.*

*Chorus.*  
Oh Son-my, Son-my, Son-my, Can't you  
work a lit-tle fast; Oh Son-my, Son-my, Son-my, Don't you  
leave me to the last. Oh I've got a fear-ful thirst, And I'm  
just a-bout to burst-Why, lit-tle boy You're get-ting re-my



Tenors. 25.

la--zy. Oh hur-ry, hur-ry, hur-ry, And put  
 on a lot of steam, Oh hur-ry, hur-ry, hur-ry, And put  
 in a lot of cream, Oh it's get-ting ve-ry late, And I  
 have-nt time to wait-Now then hur-ry up or you will drive me  
 cra--zy, cra--zy, Oh hur-ry up or you will drive me  
 cra--zy, cra--zy, *meno* *2* *7* *5* *Vivace.*  
*rall* *meno* *1* *2* *4* *1* *4* *5*  
 lot of cream in each, A glass of *Alto et Bassi* *ra-ri* ha-riv-la, an-  
 -o--ther glass of peach. *Solo Tenor.* Oh you want to make 'em  
 fiz--zy, And you want to make 'em fiz--zy, And you  
 want to serve 'em, son-ny, with a lot of cream in  
*All.* each, Oh you want to serve them, son-ny, with a



Tenors. 26.

lot of cream in each.

Moderato. *Pin morso*

*Barry.* Moderato

When a man has no-thing but  
S<sup>o</sup> interest tempo.

wealth, young man. Oh I used to roll as  
high When I had lost my mo-ney. Oh he

used to roll as high as the clouds when he had plenty of

mo-ney, and he could number his friends by crowds and the

world was al-ways sun-ny. Most a-ny girl would have

been his bride They thought him as sweet as ho--ney But

oh he went right out with the tide when he had lost his

mo-ney, But oh he went right out with the tide when

he had lost his mo-ney, when he had lost his







Tenors. 28.

Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty

Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty,

Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ra-ta-ta, Ra-ta-ra-ta-ta

Ra-ta-ra-ta-ta, Ra-ta-ra-ta-ta, Ra-ta-ra-ta-ta, Ta-ta-ta-ta,

Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty,

Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty,

Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta too-ty too-ty, too-ty,

Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta, too-ty too-ty.

We do our du-ty just the same. DC. We're the

or-na-men-tal Pu-ri-ty Bri-gade, To our

pu-ri-ty we add a lit-tle fash-ion, A

pret-ty rib-bon of the pro-per shade could



Tenors 29.

ne-ver hin-der real re-li-gious pas-sion. When we  
 fight to con-quer vi-cious-ness and shame, Our.....  
 shin-g trumpets go-ing too-ty, too-ty, We  
 real-ly do not think that we're to blame For  
 dress-ing in a style that suits our beau-ty. We do our  
 du-ty just the same....

N<sup>o</sup> 18. Solo & Chorus. Violet.

All. con spirito. *f* Violet.  
 mean-y of be-ing so do so there. want to be dum-my,  
 Chorus  
 Oh, she wants to see all the  
 sights, She wants to stay out at nights, She  
 wants to see ev-'ry-thing dar-ing, She wants to go ev-'ry-where



Tenors 30.

tear-ing. She's tir-ed of hum-drum things, She  
 feels as though she had wings.....! She  
 wants to be chum-my, She wants to be chum-my, She  
 do so there! DC. there!

Dance after second Verse. 16.

No. 19 Song. (Blinky Bill)

Allegretto

Blinky Bill

went to Mis-ter Goo-gan's Fan-cy Ball. 13

And she

is - - nit in the game with Ma-mie Clan - - cy." Oh,

Chorus.

lit-tle Ma-mie Clan-cy, Was the girl that caught my fan-cy, Why Li-  
 -ti-tia Ann Ma-ho-mey was-n't in the race at all, If you'd  
 seen my lit-tle Ma-mie, I am sure you couldn't blame me, When I



Tenor. 31.

1<sup>st</sup> verse.  
 said "Ma-lo-ney, she's the Belle of Goo-gan's Fan-cy Ball." D.C.  
 2<sup>nd</sup> verse:  
 Goo-gan's Fan-cy Ball" Dance. (after second verse)

N. 20 Song. (Schabod & Others.)

*f* Moderato.  
 Meet me on the beach, boys,  
 18 you'll be glad that you're a-live.  
 Tenor. *Cresc.*  
 Plump girls, ten-der girls  
 Sol-id girls, and ten-der girls, all sorts of dain-ty girls  
 go-ing out to dive. When you see the lit-tle beauts  
 Trip-ping in their bath-ing suits, you'll be glad it's sum-mer, you'll be  
 glad that you're a--live. Dance. (after second verse) D.C.

N. 21. Chorus.

All.<sup>o</sup> con spirito.  
 25  
 Chorus.  
 For the twen-ti--eth time we'll



Tenors. 32.

drink, We'll drink, We'll drink for the twen-tieth  
 time, .... In o-seams of nec-tar-ous drink we'll sink, For  
 this is a night when to drink, we think, Is  
 hap-pi-ness most sut-ime, .... So  
 as they sing on the Op-er-a stage, Come  
 fill your glass and be mer-ry, .... In bumpers of wine you  
 thirst as-suage, And float right o-ver the fer-ry Over the  
 fer-ry, Over the fer-ry ..... Oh  
 float me, oh float me, In a ri-ver of bright cham-  
 -pagne, .... For we've got a right to get  
 tight to night, If we ne-ver get tight a-  
 gain. Oh float me, oh float me, In a



Tenors. 33

riv-er of bright Cham-pagne, ... For we've got a right to get  
tight to night, If we ne-ver get tight a-  
gain, ..... If we ne-ver get tight a-  
gain, ..... gain.....

No. 23. Finale Act II.

*Schubert.*  
For in the field of moral  
But he as like us as you're a-ble to be....  
Chorus.  
Of course you could ne-ver be like us, But he as  
like us as you're a-ble to be.  
She is the Belle of New York, ... A  
sal-va-tion ar-my girl, The sub-ject of  
all the town talk..... Her head is



Tenors. 34.

*in a whirl. She's the Belle, the Belle of  
gay New York. She's the Belle, the Belle of gay New York.  
She a sim-ple shy, lit-tle shy  
a--- my girl, a--- my girl, Ayes she a  
mere lit-tle shy sal-va-tion a---  
--- my girl*

Lord of Opera.

Roll on I'll be kissing her soon Ah  
tenness moon



For is always fair weather  
when good fellows get together  
with a stein on the table  
and good ringing clear  
Sweet little maid don't be afraid

It's time you knew how we love you  
Short men and tall men worshill  
you all

Choose if you can your type of man

Won't I do

Take me dear

Believe me

Won't I do

For what ere he may be he'll be  
handsome to she if he's only <sup>the</sup> man  
she loves

We're feeling blue all over you  
like brothers

We bow to fate disconsolate

none such a prize none with your eyes

none with your hair none <sup>so</sup> fair



As I hear the band w playing  
the wedding glide, I know  
you will come to my side, and  
when you say love obey  
start this way, just a  
little bolder, well go thro  
life a woman, my little  
bride, and when the preach  
man is through blessing me  
and you, making one of us  
shake your shoulder and  
start to do the happy  
wedding glide.