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[s.l.]: [s.n.], [189-?]

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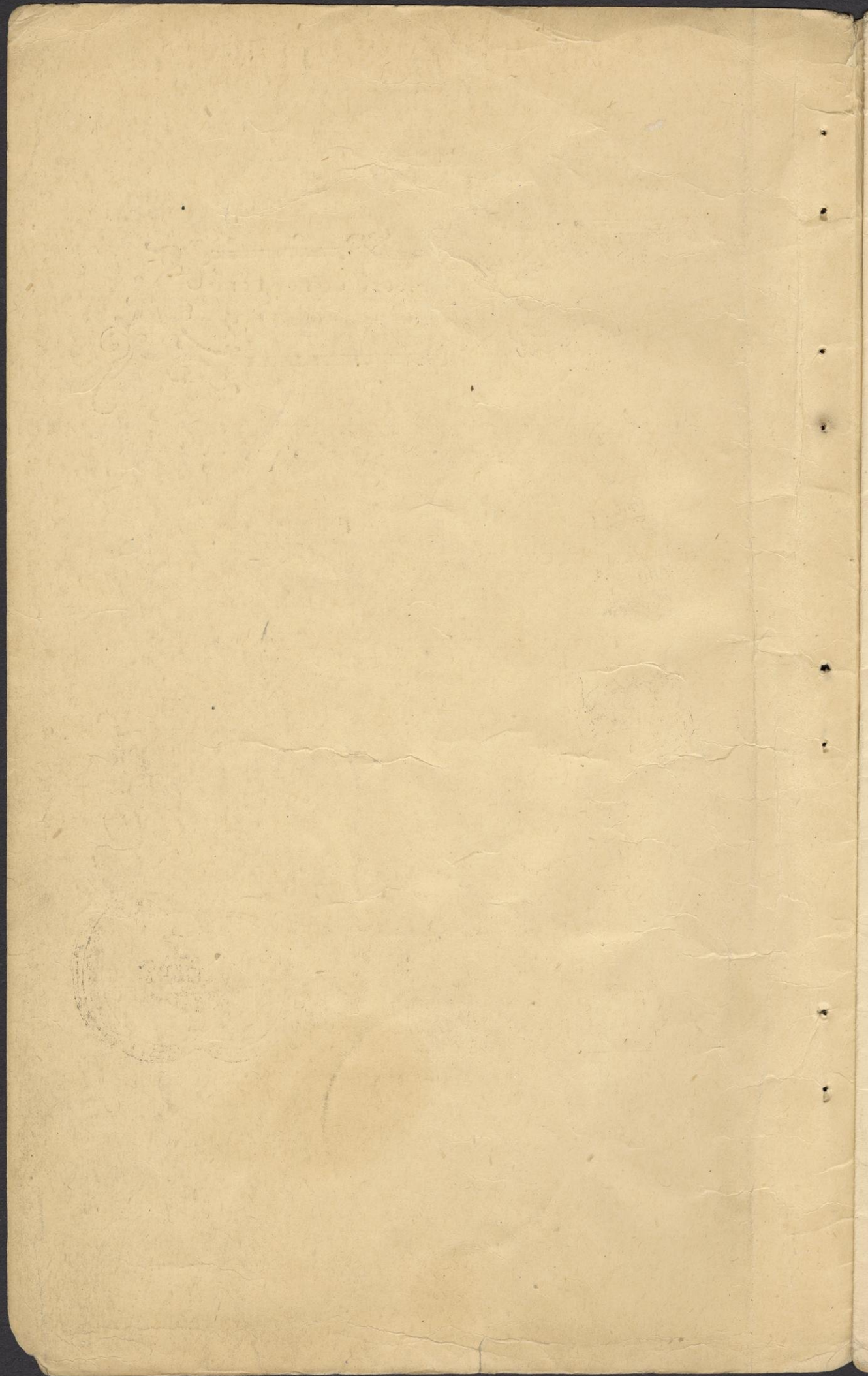
CHORUS PARTS

OF

Sopranos & Altos



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NEW YORK



THE BELLE OF NEW YORK

Words by
HUGH MURTON

Music by
GUSTAVE KERKER

SOPR. & ALTO

No. 1 Intro. & Opening Chos.

Mod^o assai 55 Ten- & Bass.

When a man is twenty one

15 7 11. 22

All etto 6 Mod^o Harry

21 Mod^o 29

let the fid-dle

Harry

Harry

Lit-tle tide, Ti-dy tide, Ti-dy tide

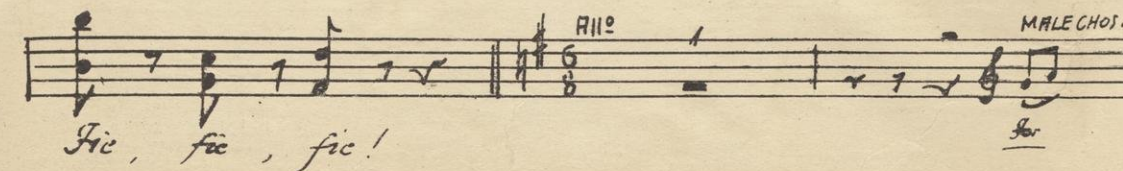
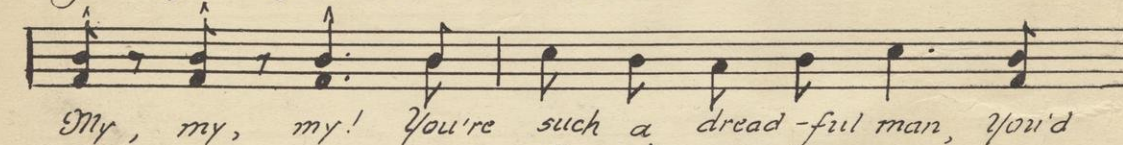
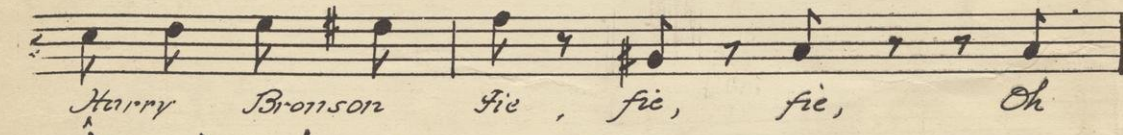
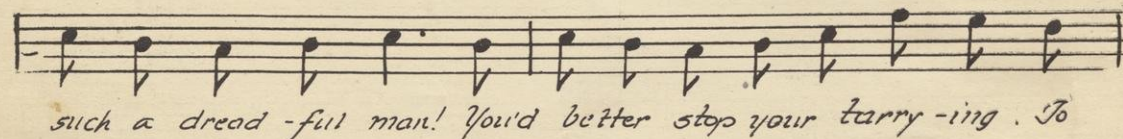
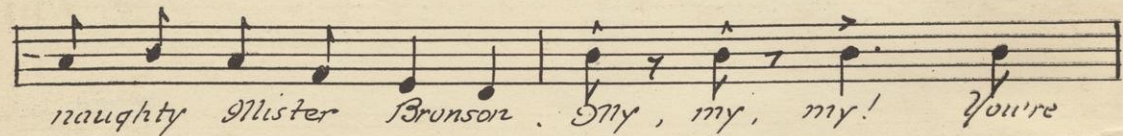
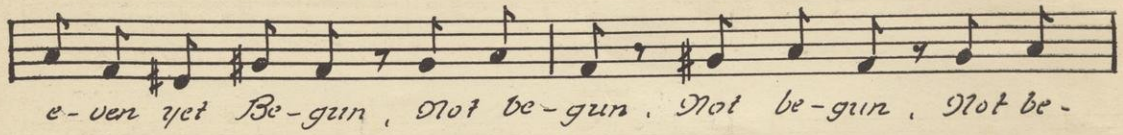
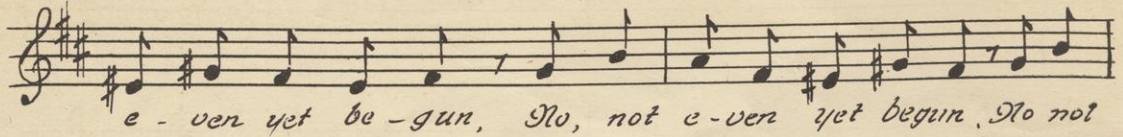
All^o Agitato Housemaids Oh,

naughty Mister Bronson You hav-'n't been to bed, And

in an-o-ther hour You're due, you know to wed. The

house, is top-sy tur-by And our dusting is nit

done, not done; The sweep-ing and the o-ther things done.



no-bo-dy will de-ny... Which no-bo-dy will de-ny — Yes, he's a good fel-low. yes he's a jol-ly good fellow, yes, he's a jolly good fel-... low, And he'll nev-er be so-ber a-gain —

No. 2 Song and Chorus

All: con spirito

Cora When I was born the stars *chor.* With To

won-der, fal-ter with won-der, to fal-ter And blink'd their eyes with wonder fal-ter. I've nev-er been know to By thunder / By The al-tar. The

thunder! And his wife said: "Well by thunder!"
 al-tar, I be-gan my trip; to the al-tar

Coro.
and

now I am the pet

If he had to pay my sal-er-ree *Cres.* And

now she is the pet you bet

bank-ers, brewers and all that set - The

i-dol of the little boys that sit up in the

ga-ler-ee. When in her diam-onds she appears. She

looks like a beauty-ful chan-de-lier, And

Rus-sell Sage would fall down dead If he

had to pay her sal-er-ee. *1st Verse* *D.C.*

sal-er-ee. *2.* *Alc.*

No. 3 Song and Dance

All *etto*

bill-
Whom
chor.
Oh!

The art of dancing

lit - He Si - ster Kis - sie's A jannity little mis - sie
She can turn a so - mer sault or hand - spring . Her
pretty wink - y eyes goes . She's full of dink - y - di - dos
when she re - pre - sents the art of dancing D.C.

1.
2. Dance after last verse

No. 4 Song (Fift)

Mod^o

And^{no} Grazioso

To be the toy

15 And^{no} 13

chor.
love - Oh teach me how to
to fondle you . Oh teach me how to
kiss , dear ,

6.

S. & A.

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 tur-tle dove; Teach me how to fondle you, Oh
 teach me how to love —

mf *dim.* *rit.*

1. 2. 5

D.C.

No. 5 March & Chorus

Tempo di Marcia Mod.^o 12

Gen. & Bass. S. & A.

With state-ly With

stately tread — They come this way, With

dig-ni-fied de-mecaror! With

boom of drum, Our souls they'll save, With

proudly fly-ing ban-ners Snowy plumes they

doff. To their chief they bow, To their chief doff

Snowy plumes To their chief from

No. 6 Song (Shabod) the anti-cigarete Society

And in the field of marab-

No. 7 Song & Chorus

All^o con spirito

Where'er you stray the
Wine women and
song - Wine wo-men and song - It's
writ on the pages of life through the a-ges, That
love for them ne'er is wrong.. Night's turned in to
day - Win-ter's changed in -to 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



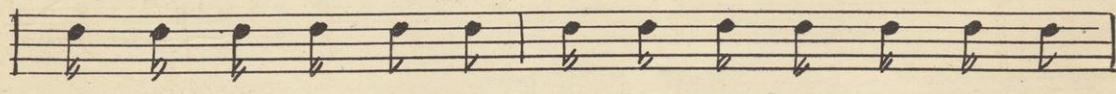
When she got a long way off, Ching! Ching!



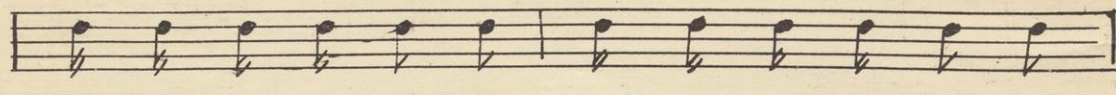
Take a lit-tle chi-na gir-lie, put her on the ice,



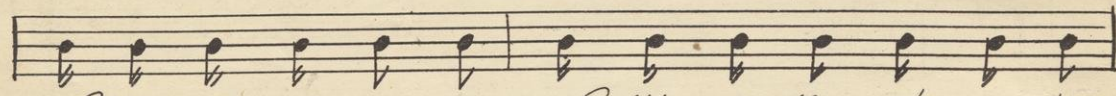
Make a lit-tle chi-na gir-lie cough, Ching, Ching!



Tic-kle tic-kle tum tum, Tic-kle little china girl,



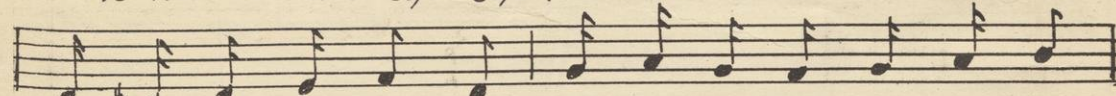
Take a lit-tle yum yum, Jing-a-ling-a-ling-ling



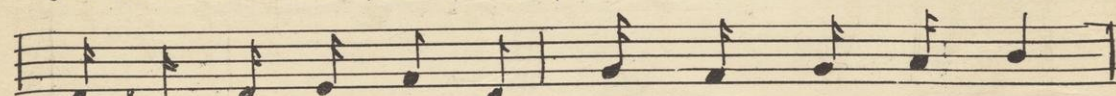
Little ginger pop, pop, Little mutton choppy chop



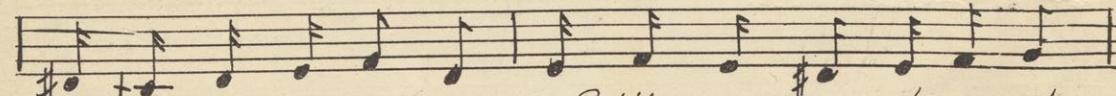
Give her to the cop cop, Send her up to Sing Sing.



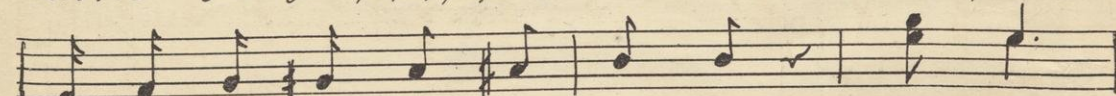
Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum, Tickle little china girl,



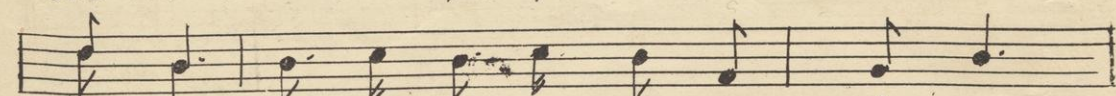
Take a little yum yum, Jing-a-ling-a-ling



Little gin-ger pop, pop, Little mutton choppy, chop



Give her to the cop, cop Sing, sing Hi ya!



Hi-ya! Kick a little foot up high, ah!

Hi-yi! Ki-yi! Chi-na gir-lie kick up

sky high! Hi-yi! Ki-yi! Kick a little foot up

high ah Hi-yi! Ki-yi! Chi-na gir-lie kick up

sky high. sky *(sung through the nose)*

high, sky high sky

high eye

high eye

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

When she get a long way off Ching! Ching!

Take a lit-tle China girlie, put her on the ice,

Make a little China girlie, cough, Ching! Ching!

Tic-kle ti-ckle tum tum, Tickle little china girl,

Take a lit-tle yum yum, Jing-a - ling - a ling-ling

Lit-tle gin-ger pop, pop, Little mutton choppy, chop

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

Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum Tickle little China Girl

Take a little yum yum Jing-a - ling - a ling

Lit-tle gin-ger pop pop, Little mutton choppy, chop

Give her to the cop, cop, Sing, Sing. Hi ya!

Hi - ya! Kick a little foot up high, ah!

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

sky high. Hi-yi! Hi-yi kick a little foot up

high, ah! Hi-yi! Hi-yi! China gir-lie kick up

sky high high. . . . Sky! High!

92° 11 Song

All. Mod. 4 8 2 5. Violet.

Mod. L'istesso tempo 5 2 5

rit. atempo 2 Chos. Oh! my!

1 3 Tempo di Marcia Oh - my! Follow

on! Follow oh! When the light of faith you

see. Follow on! Follow

on When the light of faith you see.

2 Follow Follow Follow on. D.C.

92° 12 Song & Chos

Tempo di Marcia 3 Come take your hats off

Chos. Hurrah Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

stand and die to - ge - ther

Then here's to good old

Glory and the dear old Un-ion Jack, In -

bat - tle fierce and go-ry Let's fight, boys, back, to

back, We won't forget we're brothers yet And

birds of a sin - gle 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

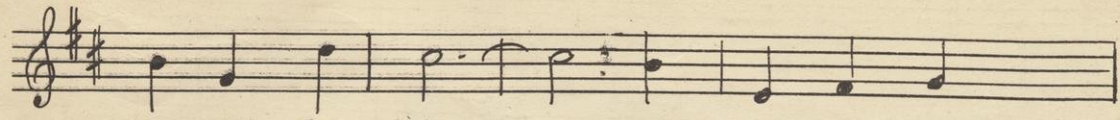
Tempo di Valse

There's a great little

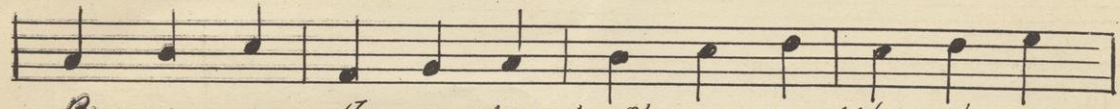
chor.

one that don't love her - Oh! She is the

Belle of New York - The sub - ject of



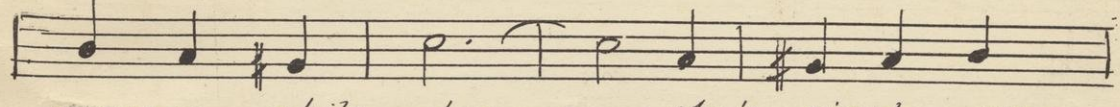
all the town talk, ... She makes the old



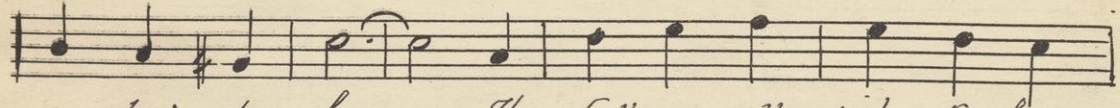
Row- e - ry Fra-grant and flow- e - ry when she goes



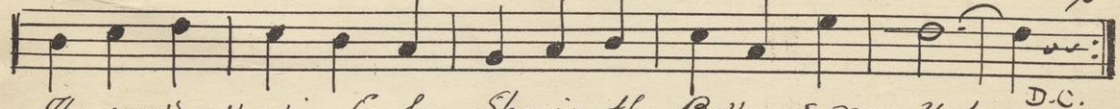
out for a walk. She soft as a



snow-y white dove. She's simply cre-



a - ted to love, ... The fellows all sigh for her.

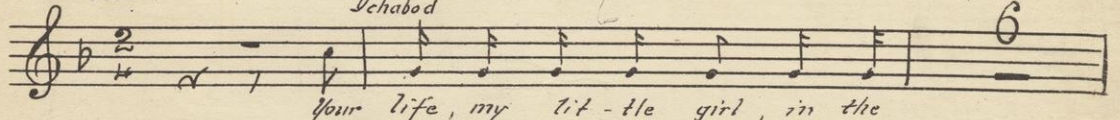


They would all die for her - She is the Belle of New York

D.C.

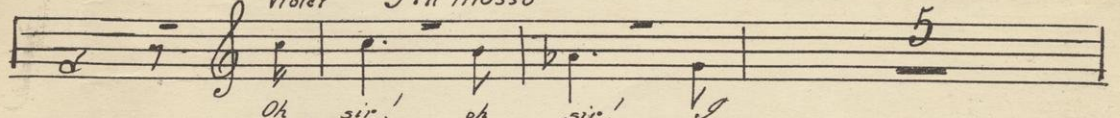
No 14 Finale Act 1st

Mod-



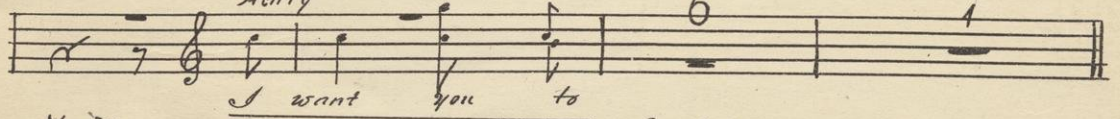
Your life, my lit-tle girl, in the

Violet *Piu mosso*



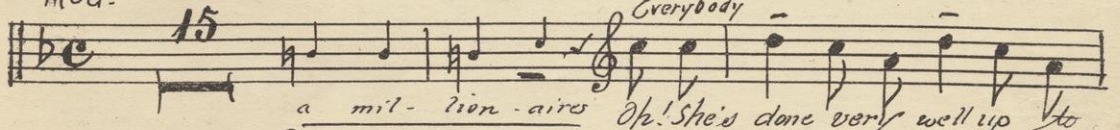
Oh, sir! oh sir!

Harry



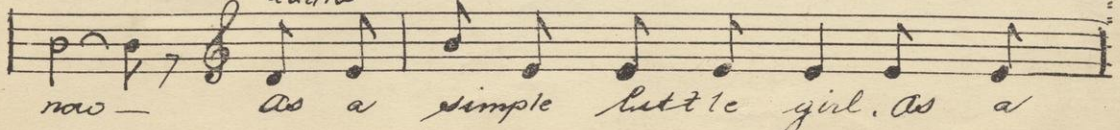
I want you to

Mod:

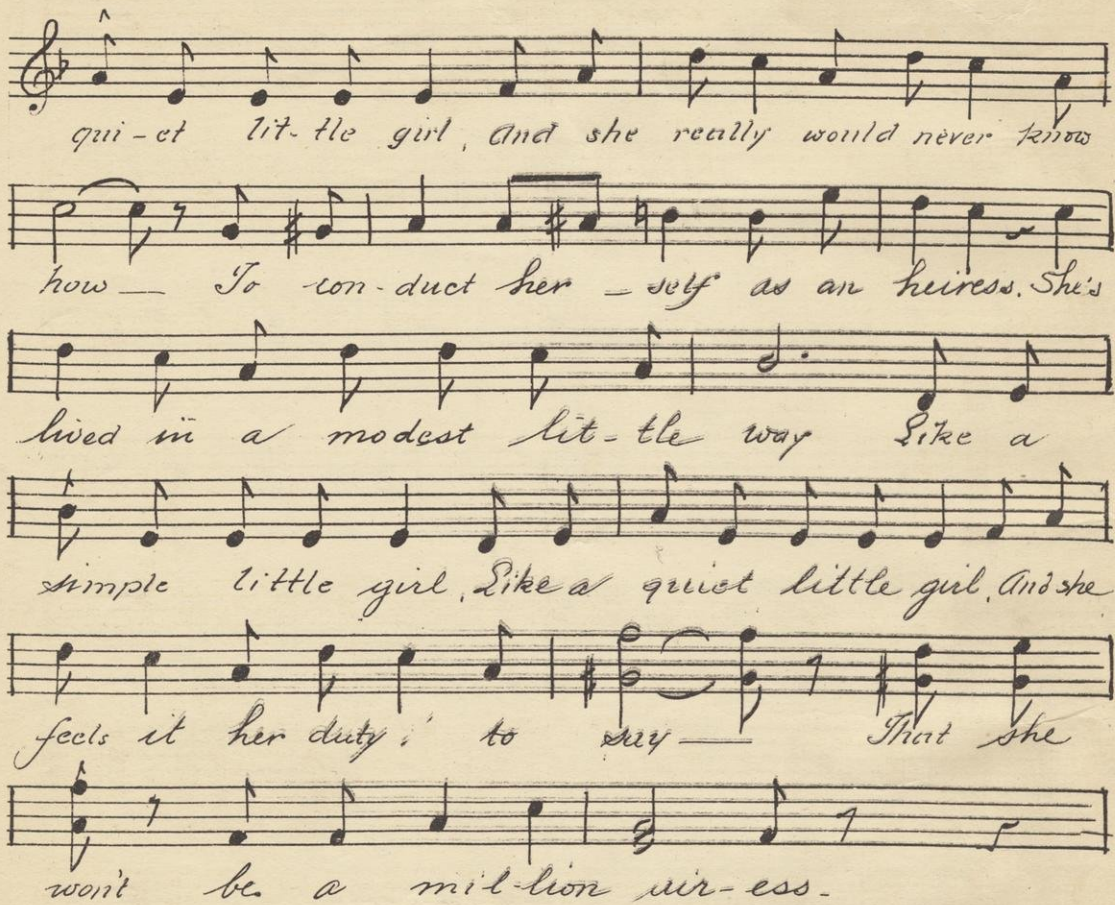


a mil-lion-aires Oh! She's done very well up to

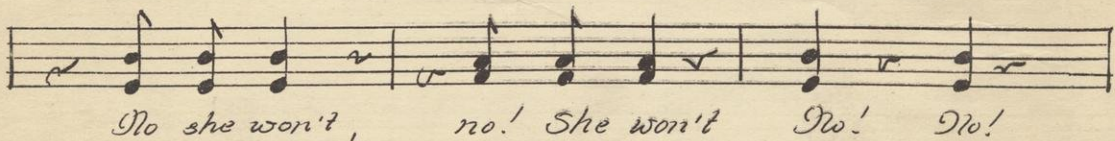
Ladies



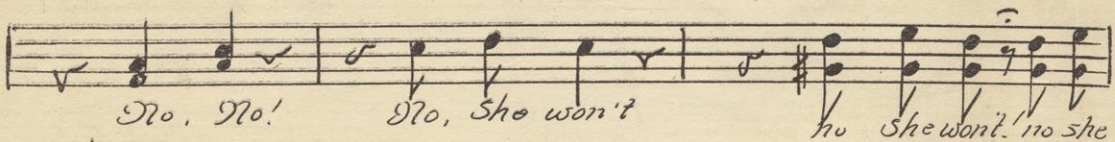
now - As a simple little girl. As a



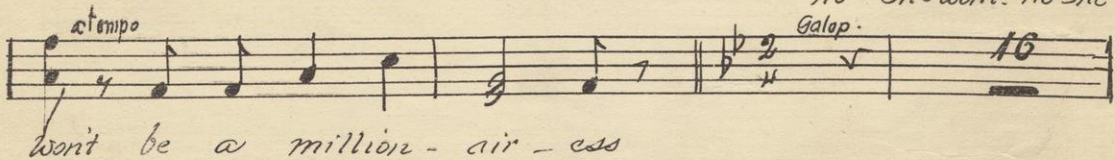
qui-et lit-tle girl, And she really would never know
 how - To con-duct her - self as an heiress. She's
 lived in a modest lit-tle way Like a
 simple little girl, Like a quiet little girl, And she
 feels it her duty: to say - That she
 won't be a mil-lion air-ess.



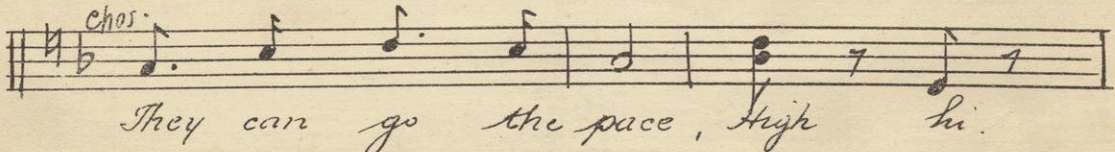
No she won't, no! She won't No! No!



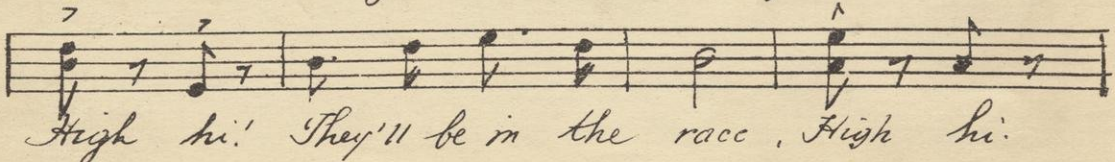
No, No! No, She won't no She won't! no she



atempo
 won't be a million - air - ess
Galop.



Chos.
 They can go the pace, High hi.



High hi! They'll be in the race, High hi.

High hi! Hoop-la! High hi! Krum ta-ra-ra.

ra... Krum ta-ra-ra-ra

Krum ta-ra-ra-ra. They are never er

slow. High hi! High hi! Keep you on the

go. High hi! High hi! Hoop-la! High hi!

Krum ta-ra-ra-ra. If you want to spend your

mon-ey here we are. High hi! If you

want a mil-lion-air-ess. If you're looking for an

heir-ess Here's a lit-tle group of

la-dies that will make your mon-ey

fly We are free to stay we han-ker To the

chum my with your banker, And we'd like to give you
 les-sons in the art of rolling high. In the
 art of rol-ling high, in the art of rol-ling
 high, in the art of rol-ling
 high

All^o agitato

29

Vio
 Well, I've changed my mind! I'll be your heir -
 She'll
 be his heir now is - n't that real
 be his heir, she'll be his heir, now is - n't that real
 kind of heir? She'll be his heir now
 kind of heir? She'll be his heir, She'll be his heir, now
 is - n't that re-fined of her? She'll be real.

All^o agitato

nice, She'll make a de-ori-fice She'll
rall.
 say good-bye to po-ver-ty and be his
tempo di Marcia
 her Follow on, Follow on, When the
Meno 3
 light of Faith you see.
atempo
 Fol-low on, Follow on, When the
 light of Faith you see. 2
Tempo di Valse
 Follow! Follow! Fol-low on.
 29 *crs.*
 She is the belle of New-York — Oh,
 she is the belle of New York — The subject of
 all the town talk — She makes the old
 Bow - e - ry Fra-grant and flow-e-ry
 When she goes out for a walk —

She's soft as a snowy white dove -
 She's simply cre - a - ted to love - - -
 ... The fellows all sigh for her, They would all
 die for her, She is the belle of New - York -

Mod.

Very slow. Waltz tempo **30** *rit.* **2** *a tempo.* **3**

All Principal Ladies *Bridemaids* **4**

She is the belle of New York ...

Chorus. (cue Bridemaids)

Ha. Lit - tle minx, Lit - tle minx, Hear her say
 Hear her say, She's the belle of gay New -
 York - The sub - ject of all talk -
 ... she think shes the belle of New - York -
 Did you ev - er hear such sil - ly

talk — As to say she's the belle of New
 York, Yes. They call her belle of New
 York, ar-my girl, She's
 the belle of New York.
 She's the belle
 of New York
 She's the belle
 of New York,
 lit-tle dear lit-tle dear Hear her say
 Hear her say, she's the belle of guy New
 York — The sub-ject of town
 talk — Oh yes she's the belle of New.

rall.
Tempo 1.
Tri-mosso

York — The subject of all the town talk —
 yes she is the belle of New York —
 She is the belle of New York —
 a simple lit-tle shy Sal-va-tion
 ar - my girl The sub-ject of all the town
 talk — And her poor stu - pid lit - tle
 head is in a dread-ful whirl, She is the
 belle of New York — The sub-ject of
 all the town talk She a
 sim-ple Shy Sal-va-tion ar - my
 girl, sal-va-tion ar - - my girl, yes
 she a mere lit-tle shy Sal -

-va-tion ar my
girl

Act 2nd

92-15 Opening Chorus

All^o Agitato 27

Chos.
Oh sonny, sonny, sonny, Can't you

work a lit-tle fast; Oh sonny, sonny, sonny, Don't you

leave me to the last. Oh I've got a fearful thirst, And I'm

just a-bout to burst. Why, lit-tle boy you're getting very

la-zy Oh hurry, hurry, hurry, and put

on a lot of steam, Oh hurry, hurry, hurry, and put

in a lot of cream, Oh it's getting very late, And I

1. have n't time to wait slow then hurry up or you will driveme

2. Crazy, crazy, oh hurry up or you will drive me.

cra-zy, cra-zy,

MENO 2 *rall.* *Vivace* fla-vor a glass of sars'pa-

13 *Alto* rilla. a lot of cream in each a

glass of sars'pa ril-la. And an- o- ther of va-

nil- la And an- o- ther glass of o- range, and an-

5. & A. -o- ther glass of peach. Oh you want to make 'em

siz-zy, And you want to make 'em fia-zy, And you

want to serve 'em, son-ny, with a lot of cream in

each. Oh you want to serve them, sonny, with a

1 2 lot, of cream in each.

Mod^o

Fin mosso

Harry
When a man has no-thing but

young man When I had lost my

mon-ey Oh he used to roll as high as the clouds when

he had plen-ty of money, 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 honny But oh he went right

out with the tide. When he had lost his

money, But oh he went right out with the tide when

he had lost his money, When he had lost his

money, When he had lost his money.

26.

S. & A.

Vivace

A glass of sars' pa-
 -mil-la And an-o-ther of va-mil-la. And an-
 -o-ther glass of o-range and an-o-ther glass of
 peach Oh you want to make them six-zy, And you
 want to make 'em fix-zy, and you want to serve 'em
 son-ny, with a lot of cream in each, And you
 want to serve 'em san-ny with a lot
 of cream in each.

And you want to make 'em six-zy, and you want to serve 'em son-ny, with a lot of cream in each, And you want to serve 'em san-ny with a lot of cream in each.

Presto

No. 17a Song vs Choo

Tempo di Marcia
sung at end of verse only

dress. - we're the popp. Ra-ta-ta, too, ty, too-ty too-ty
 Ra-ta-ta too-ty too-ty, too-ty. Ratata, tooty tooty tooty

Ra-ta-ta, too-ty too-ty too-ty, Rata-ta, tooty tooty tooty

Rata-ta, tooty tooty tooty, Rata-ta too-ty tooty tooty

Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta

Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta

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

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

Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Rata-ta, tooty

too-ty, too-ty Rata-ta, too-ty Rata-ta too-ty

too-ty We do our

du-ty just the same D.C. We're the

or-na-men-tal puri-ty Bri-gade To our

pu-ri-ty, we add a lit-tle fashion a.

pretty rib-bon of the pro-per shade Could
 nev-er hin-der real re-li-gious passion, When we
 fight to con-quer vi-cious-ness and shame, Our-
 shin-y trumpets go-ing too-ty, too-ty; We
 really do not think that we're to blame for
 dressing in a style that suit our beauty,
 We do our du-ty just the same...

No 18 Song & Chos.

All^o con spirito Violet.
 I'm
 29
 weary of being so prime I do so—
 Chos.
 Oh she wants to see all the
 rights, She wants to stay out at nights, She

wants to see ev'ry thing dar-ing She
wants to go ev-ry where tearing She's tired of hum-drum
things, --- She feels as though she had wings, --- She
wants to be chummy, She wants to be slummy, She
do so there! D.C. there!

Dance 16

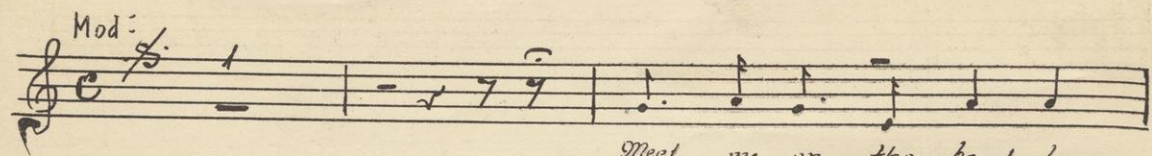
22-19 Song

When I went Mamie
Clancy" Oh Little Ma-mie Clancy, Was the
girl that caught my fancy, Why Le-ti-tia Ann Mahoney was not
in the rose at all: If you'd seen my little Mamie, I am
sure you couldn't blame me, when I said "Ma-lo-ney, She's the Belle of
Googan's Fancy Ball" D.C. Googan's Fancy Ball

Chorus

DANCE AFTER 2nd Verse 3

No. 20 Song

Mod: 

18 

Meet me on the beach boys, -
You'll be glad that you're a live *Grazioso*
 1st sop *Plump girls, slender girls*

So-lid girls, and ten-der girls, All sorts of dainty girls

go-ing out to dive. When you see the little beauts

stripping in their bathing suits, You'll be glad it is

summer, you'll be glad that you're a-live. D.C.

Dance (After 2nd Verse) 8

No 21

All^o con spirito 25

For the

twen-ty-eth time we'll drink, we'll drink, we'll

drink for the twen-tieth time — In

a - ceans of nec-ta-rous drink we'll sink, for

this is a night when to drink, we think, Is

hap-pi-ness most sub - - - blime — So

as they sing on the Op - - - ra stage, Come

fill your glass and be merry In

bumpers of wine your thirst as - - - suage, And

float right o - - - ver the ferry o'er the

for-ry O'er the ferry - - - - - oh
float me, oh float me, In a riv-er of bright cham-
pagne, For we've got a right to get
tight to night. If we never get tight a-
gain. Oh float me, oh float me, In a
riv-er of bright cham-pagne, For
we've got a right to get tight to night. If we
nev-er get tight a - gain - - - - - If we
never get tight a - gain

tempo

No. 23 Female Oct 2^o

For in the field of able to
Chos. be - - - - -
Of course you could never be - - - - -

like us. But be as like us as your a-ble to
 Tempo di Valse
 be. She is the Belle of New
 York — a... simple little shy salvation
 ar — my girl. The sub-ject of all the town
 talk — — And her poor stu - pid lit - tle
 head is in a dread - ful whirl. She is the
 Belle of New York — The sub-ject of
 all the town talk — She a
 simple shy — sal-va-tion ar - my
 girl. sal-va-tion ar - my girl. Yes
 she a mere little shy sal - va - tion
 ar my? girl. —

APPENDIX

N^o. 27 Song & Chos.

All: con spirito *Snickins.*

Were

going to have a wed-ding here to day . . . *F. CHOS.*

la-dy's going to marry. a chap whose name is Harry
 of - ten times is rather, Se-vere upon a father

He's the fa-ther of the yes, he hates to love his

happy fi-an-ces *Her*
 daughter when she's young. . . *He*

ad-mir a-ble gra-ces Are known in sundry places
 finds a heal-ing lo-tion. For his grief and his em-otion

If yes. Ev'-ry where she travels she's the
 his son-in-law's a mul-ti-mil-lion

rit. rage - -
 - aires. . .

Oh he's the father of the

Queen of Co-mic Op-e-ra . . . as a

pa - rent he's pe - cu - ti' - r ly u - nique ^f you'll ad
 mit a fa - ther's pride and fondness proper are -
 ... When his daughter earns a throu and ev - 'ry
 week. Since her in - fancy they've ne - ver been a
 part a day. Their af - fection for each other is sub.
 - time - But a millionaire has stolen Cora's
 heart a - way, And he'll weep a - bout it
 when he gets the time, 's'mo' their time, He'll
 come a - gain and weep an - o - ther time
 1. 2. 1.
 a. time.

