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Chorus part: 1st and 2nd tenors. [189-?]

Kerker, Gustave, 1857-1923; Morton, Hugh, 1865-1916
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Schubert

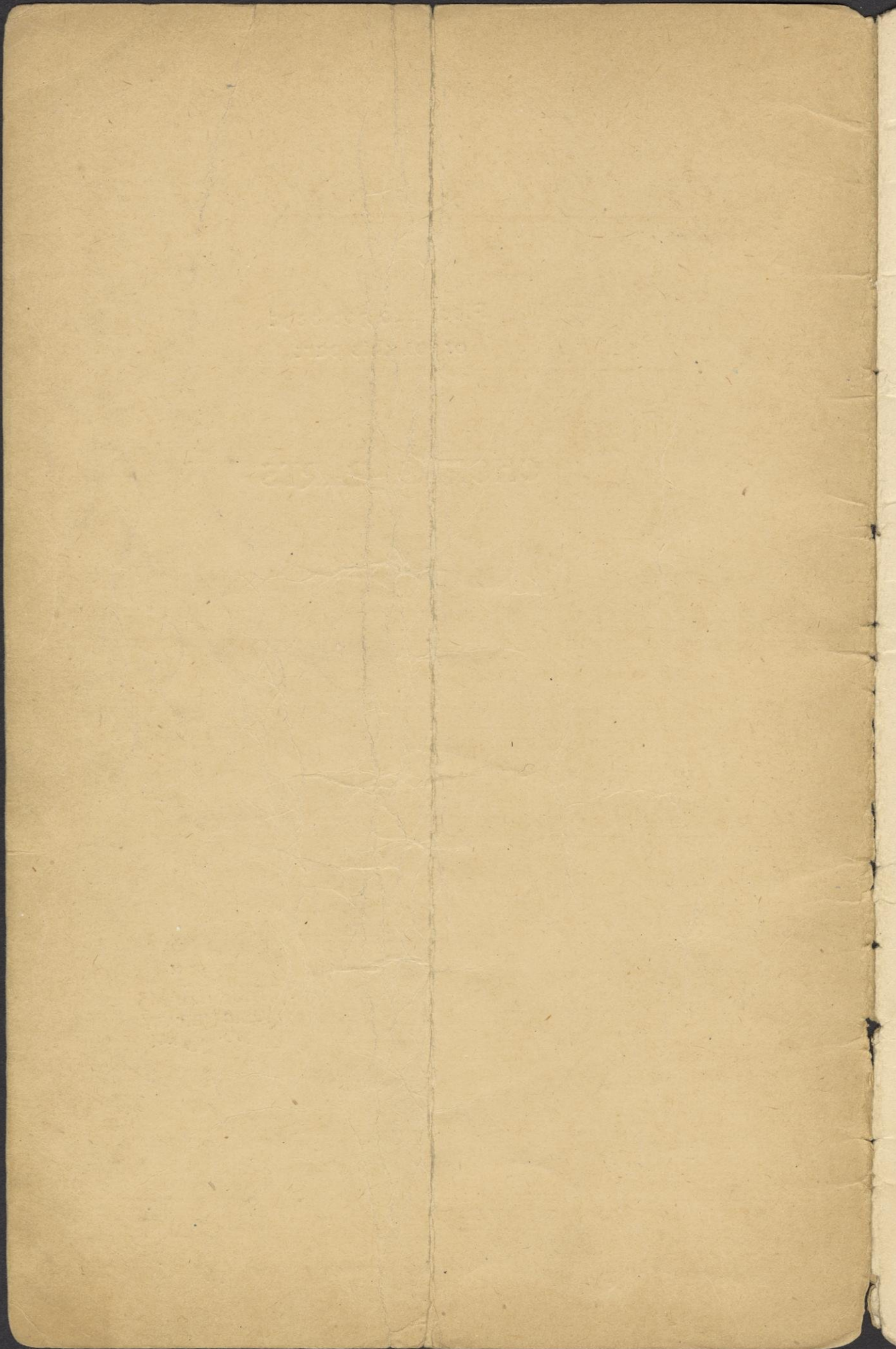
Please do not bend
or roll this part

CHORUS PARTS

1st & 2nd Tenors.

BELLE OF NEW YORK





Tenors. 1.

The Belle of New York.

Words by
Hugh Morton.

Music by
Gustave Hecker.

N^o 1. Intro.^{on} and Opening Chorus.

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

man is twen-ty-one, Let him drink hot rum; Let him

drink it hot and cold - When a man is twen-ty-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

Allegretto. **6** *Moderato*

mor- row?

Happy
 Then let the fid- dle And going to be mar- ried at

Chorus
 moon- day. And he's going to be mar- ried at
 moon- day. to car- ry- *Ten.* He's

got a big load to car- ry.
Moderato

Sit- the woo- lit- the woo- Tri- gle woo-

lit- the boo- Tri- gle boo.

6
 Sit- the tide. lit- the tide- Ti- dy tide- Oh, we

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

Tenors. 3.

Lit - the woo - Tri - the woo. Could n't

blame you if you said he is too - sy,

Lit - the too - Tri - the too. 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.

Lit - - the tide To - - dy tide.

All: agitato. *Hausenquids* Oh naugh - ty Mis - ter Bron - son

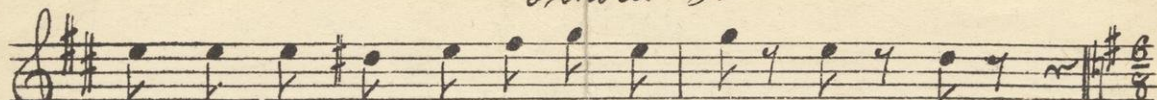
17 Oh naugh - ty Mis - ter Bron - son Fic, fie, fie! Oh

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

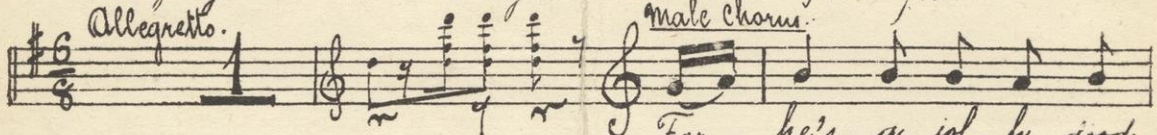
My, my, my! You're such a dread - ful man! You'd

be - - ter stop your tar - ry - ing, To - day's your day for mar - ry - ing. Oh

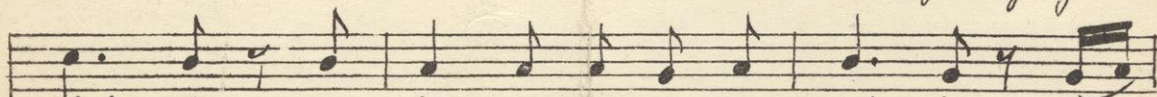
Tenors. 4.



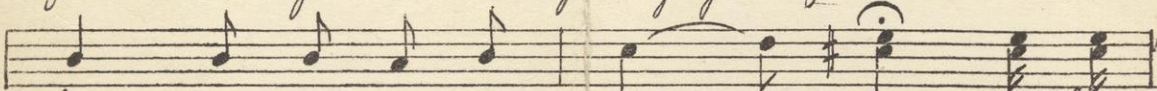
naughty Mis-ter Bar-ry Bronson! Fie, fie, fie!



For he's a job-by good



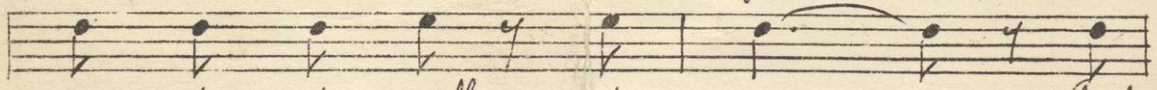
fel--low, Yes he's a job-by good fel--low, Oh.....



he's a job-by good fel-----low, And he'll



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



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



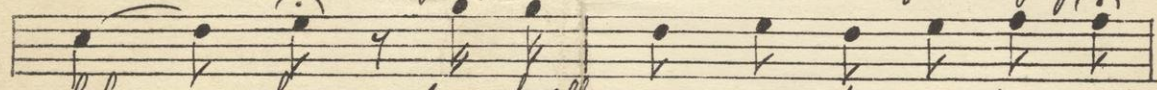
no--bo--dy will de---ny..... Yes,



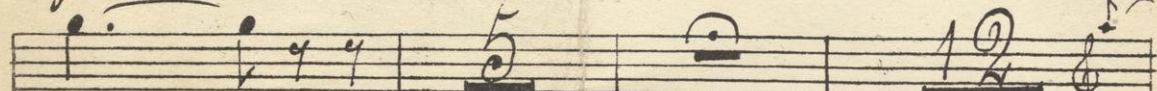
he's a job-by good fel--low, Yes, he's a job-by good



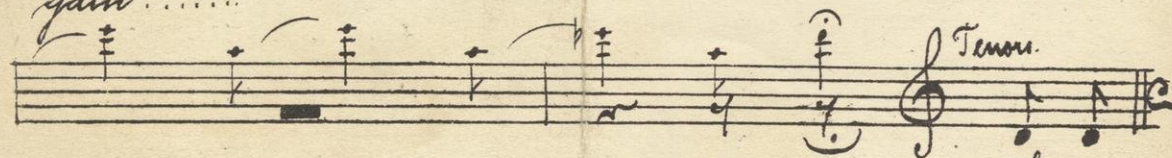
fel---low, Yes, he's a job-by good



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



gain.....



Oh, we

Tenors. 5.

guess he's just a wee bit woo-ry,
 Lit-tle woo Tri-ple woo, Could not
 blame you if you said he is boo-ry,
 (Voices gradually dying out.)
 Lit-tle boo- Tri-ple boo woo, Boo
 woo, Boo woo, Boo woo, ... *apt*

No. 2. Song & Chorus.

All. con spirito

Cora

When I was born, the stars with won-der
 won-der, with won-der, and blink'd their eyes with
 fal-ter, to fal-ter, I've ne'er been known to
 won-der, by thun-der! By thunder! By
 fal-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. And

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

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

Bus--sell Sarge would fall down dead If he had to pay her

1st verse 2nd verse Allegro.

sal--ler-ee. DC. sal--ler-ee.

N^o 3. Song & Dance.

Allegretto.

Bill.

When lit--tle Sis--ter Fis--ic gets a jum--ping

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

Chorus.

danc--ing Oh, lit--tle Sis--ter Fis--ic's A

Tenors. 7.

jaun-ty lit-tle mis-sie, she can turn a so-mersault on
 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. ¹²
 dance-ing. D.C. dance-ing.

No. 1. Song. (First.)

Moderato. ³ ⁶/₈ ¹⁵ ^{Andantino} ¹³ ⁶/₈ ^{Chorus.} ^{pp} ^{And.^{no}} ^{Fili} ⁵ ^{Gravioso}

To be the toy, of a
 rit
 to fond---le you, Oh
 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-thetic
 knees; Teach me how to
 Like a tin-ty dove; Teach me how to

~~z dim
 cos, dear,~~

Tenors. 8.

fan-- ble you, Oh teach me how to love....

No. 5. March & Chorus.

Tempo di Marcia Moderato

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

Tenors
With

come this way ... Our

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

Boom, Boom, Boom, trying, trying! With boom of drum,

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

Ob--serve our grave And

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

Boom! trying, trying!

And now to our Chief we

Tenors. 9.

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

N. 6. Song. (Schabod.)

18 *Chor 8^a*
 for co-hoes No com-pet-i-tor can shake a stick at us, stick at us
10
 M--ci-tous. But we as
 Tenors.
 like us as you're a-ble to be
 For
 in the field of mo-ral en-dea-our 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. Me. D.C. be, ble to be.

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

All: con spirito. Where'er you stray The

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 4=1)

8 18

Chorus.

Pret-ty lit-tle
 Chi-na gir-ly, pret-ty, pret-ty 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-lic 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 loot up

high, ah! Hi-yi! Hi-yi!

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

Tenors. 13.

Ki yi! Kick a lit-tle foot up high, ah!
 Ki yi! Ki - - yi! 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-^xtle gin-ger pop, pop, lit-^xtle 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-^xtle Chi-na girl,
Take a lit-^xtle yum yum, Ting-a-ling-a-ling.
Lit-^xtle gin-ger pop, pop, lit-^xtle nut-ton chop-py, chop,
Give her to the cop, cop, sing, sing. Hi ya!
Hi ya! Kick a lit-^xtle foot up high, ah!
Hi yi! Hi yi! Chi-na gir--lie kick up
sky high. Hi yi! Hi yi!
Kick a lit-^xtle 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 or my dif-fer-ent to

rit. Stretto tempo.

nit.

a tempo.

For when these quaters pro-fer.

Chorus.

Tempo di marcia.

Oh, my!

Fol-low me

meno. a tempo.

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

see. Fol-low on! Fol-low

see. Fol-low on! Fol-low

on! When the light of faith you see.

on! When the light of faith you see.

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

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.
 Hur-ra! Hur-ra! Hur-ra! Hur-ra!
 Then here's to good Old Glo-ry.
 We'll stand and die to-ge-ther.

6 *9* *9* *rit.* *a tempo*

Chorus.
 Then here's to good Old Glo-ry And the
 dear old Un-ion Jack, In... bat- - the 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.

a tempo. *rit.* *2*

N. 13. Song. (Blinky Bill.)

Trp. di Valse *cf*
 Blinky Bill.
 There's a great lit - - the
 girl love her Oh! *Chorus.*
 She is the

2 *9*

Tenors. 17.

Belle of New York, The sub-ject of
 all the town talk; She makes the old
 Bow---e---ry Tra-grant and floir-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.*

Finale Act I

Moderato *Ichabod* *Violin*
 your life my lit-tle girl, in the *Oh's*
Piu mosso. *Moderato*
 air! oh, air! Joe-done we--ry well up to
 now. That I want be a mil-lion- air -- us *everybody*
 Oh! She's
 done we--ry 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-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

ess. *Galop.* 16. *Allegro* 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 - - - air - - - es,

If you're look - - ing for a

heir - - es, They are free to say they

han - - ker To be chum - my with your

han - - ker, The art of rol - ling high, In the

Tenors. 20.

art of rol-ling high, In the art of

rol- - - ling high ...

All.° agitato. 3/4 *Barry.* Ac - - cept. I beg, my

a tempo *Violet.* Well. I've changed my

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

be his heir; now is -n't that real kind of her? she'll

be his heir, she'll be his heir; now is -n't that re-

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

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

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

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

mens a tempo Fol - low on, Fol - low

Tenors. 21.

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

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

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

a tempo. Cora Piu mosso.

rit. 11 cue. Principals.

lit - the mina, 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, at sal - - - va - - - tion ar - - my girl, ar - 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 Sal- - 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

Tenors. 2d.

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

Act II.

No. 15. Opening Chorus "Oh Sonny"

Allegro Agitato 2/7
 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 ve-ry

Tenors. 25.

ha--ry. 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* *Vivace.*
 rath-er than your fla--vor. son-ny, with a

lot of cream in each, *Alto et Bassi* a glass of sars' ha-riv-la, an-

-o--ther glass of peach. *S.d. Tenor.* Oh you want to make 'em

siz--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.

Fin mosso

Harry.

Moderato

When a man has no-thing but

interest tempo.

wealth, young man.

Oh I used to roll as

high

When I had lost my mo-ney.

Chorus.

Oh he

used to roll as high as the clouds When he had plen-ty of

mo-ney, And he could num-ber 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. 27.

Allegro *Vivace*

mo-ney, When he had lost his mo-ney.

Allegro

A glass of rasp-ber-ries And an-o-ther of wa-nil-la, And an-o-ther glass of o-range and an-o-ther glass of peach. Oh you want to make them siz-gy, And you want to make 'em siz-gy, And you want to serve 'em son-ny, with a lot of cream in each, And you want to serve 'em son-ny, with a lot of cream in each.

Allegro *Presto.*

N^o 17(a) Song & Chorus. *(Cresc.)*

Andantino.

hope I do not shock My

The on-ly thing that's changed has been my dress. . . . *Like the*

Tempo di marcia. *(sung at 2nd verse only.)*

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

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

fect-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- y trump-ets go- ing too- ty, too- ty, We
 real- y 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. 18. Solo & Chorus. (Violet.)

All. con spirito. *ff* Violet. *f*
 1

mean- y of be- ing so want to be hummy,
 do so there. 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- 'rywhere

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 stum-my, She
 do so there! DC. there!

Dance after second Verse. 16.

No. 19 Song. (Blinky Bill)

Allegretto ♩

Blinky Bill
 When I

13

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

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

Chorus.

lit-tle Ma-mie Chan-cy, Was the girl that caught my fan-cy, Why let-
 -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

Tenors. 31.

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

N. 20 Song. (Schabod & Others.)

$\frac{4}{4}$ Moderato.
 meet me on the beach, boys,
 18 You'll be glad that you're a-live.
 Tenor. Grazioso.
 Plump girls, slon-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
 Dance. (after second verse)
 glad that you're a-live. D.C. 8

N. 21. Chorus.

All.^o 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 oceans of nec-tar-ous drink we'll sink, For
this is a night when to drink, we think, Is
hap-pi-ness most sub-lime, So
as they sing on the Op- - -ra stage, Come
fill your glass and be mer-ry, In bumpers of wine you
thirst as-a-uge, 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-
-paigne, 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--
 a tempo. gain,
 gain,

No. 23. Finale Act II.

Allegro.
 For in the field of moral
 But be as like us as you're a-- ble to be.....

Chorus.
 Of course you could ne-ver be like us, But be as
 like us as you're a-- ble to be. *Tempo di Valse.*
 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
ar--- my girl, ar--- my girl, Yes she a
mere lit-tle shy sal-va-tion ar-----
----- my girl
Lord of Opera.

