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Chorus part: sopranos and altos. [189-?]

Kerker, Gustave, 1857-1923; Morton, Hugh, 1865-1916
[s.l.]: [s.n.], [189-?]

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Please do not
Bend or Roll this Part.



Chorus Part No.

Voice Sopranos & Altos.

Opera BELLE \hat{f} NEW YORK.



ARTHUR W. TAMS
MUSIC LIBRARY
109 W. 28TH ST
NEW YORK.

The Belle of New York

Sop & Alts

All^o agitato *Housemaids*

Oh, naughty Mister
Bronson You have'nt been to bed, And
in an-oth er hour You're due, you know, to bed, The
house is top sy tur-ry, And our dusting is'nt done, not done, The
sweeping and the o-ther things, Aren't e-ven yet be-gun,
er-on yet be-gun, No not e-ven yet be-gun, Not be-
gun, Not be-gun, Not be-gun. Oh.
Fie, fie, fie! You naughty Mis-ter Bron-son
my, my, my! You're such a dread-ful man! You'd
better stop your tar-rying, To-day's your day for marry ing, Oh
naughty Mis-ter Harry Bro-son Fie. fie, fie! Oh'

fie, fie, fie! You naughty mis-ter Bronson
 my, my, my! You're such a dreadful man! You'd
 bet-ter stop your tar-ry-ing, To-days your day for mar-ry-ing, Oh
 naugh-ty mis-ter Har-ry Bronson Fie, fie, fie!

Which no body will de-ny
 ny — Which no body will de-ny, — yes
 fel-low, yes fel-low. yes he's a jol-ly good
 fel-low, yes, he's a jolly good fel-low, And he'll
 ne-ver be so-ber a-gain Oh we

guess he's just a wee bit woo-sy Little woo-
 Tri-ple woo, Couldn't blame you if you said he is boo-sy
 Little boo Tri-ple woo woo, Boo woo, Boo woo, Boo woo —

No. 2 Song & Chorus

wonder, falter, and blink'd their eyes with wonder, falter, I've ne'er been know to wonder, falter, with so wonder, falter, with to-
 wonder, falter, and blink'd their eyes with wonder, falter, I've ne'er been know to wonder, falter,
 By thunder! By thunder! And his wife said "Well by the al-tai, the al-tai, I be gan my trip's to the
 thunder! al-tai! And now she is the
 pet - you bet of bantlers, brew ers 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 beautiful chan delier, And Russell
 Sage would fall down dead if he had to pay her
 Sal - ler ee

No 5 *Marcia:* 3/4

With state-ly tread

They come this way, with dignified demeanor

With boom of drum

Our

Souls they'll save, with proud-ly fly-ing banner

Snowy plumes they doff

To their chief they

bow, To their chief doff Snowy plumes To their chief

No 6 Long

Stick at us

li-cious

For in the field of moral ev

dea...vous No com pe...ti tor can shake a stick at

us..... In the

never, no never, were re formers that were so fe - li - - ci - -

tous our virtues continue to strike us, as
 qualities magnificent to see
 of course you could never be like us, But be as
 like us as you're able to be
 be, 'ble to be.

Wine women and
 song Wine woman and song It's writ on the
 pages of life through the ages, that love for them
 ne'er is wrong Night's turned into day--
 winters changed in-to may The world is made bright, The
 heart is made light By wine, women and song The
 world is made bright, The heart is made light By wine women and

song Hail -- All -- Hail wine -- and song --

No 8 Brides maids

Molto

Oh la bello Pa-ri--si

enne, she...do cap-ture all...ze men..... wiz...ze

naugh-ty lit--tle way she'are of walk--ing

When a-cross ze street she go, she... will
" round " room " " "

lift her skirt - jes so, Oh no won-der that she
klick " " " " And her lit -- tle klick it

sets the gos...sips talk...ing Oh, la ing
makes the dance en-trance ----

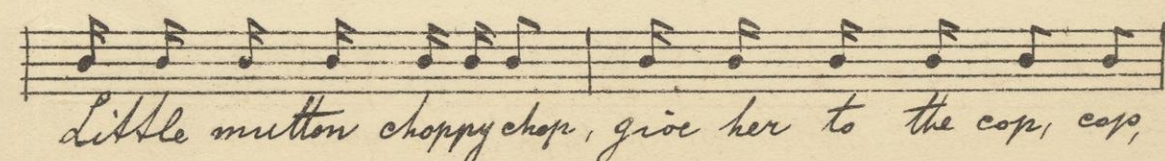
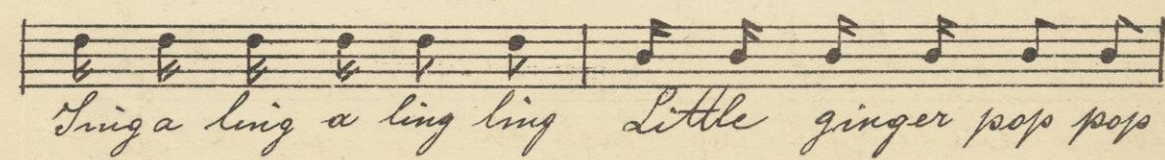
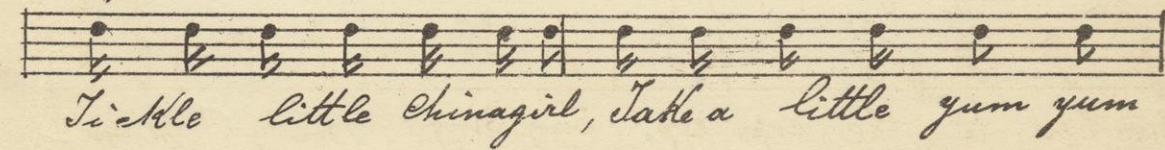
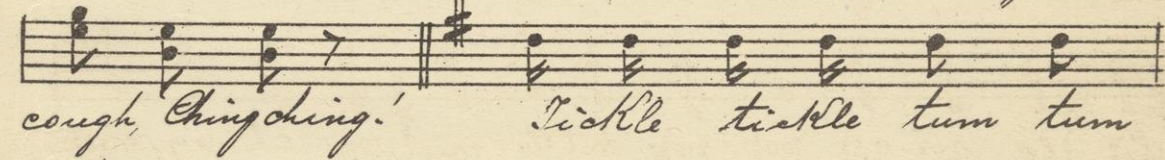
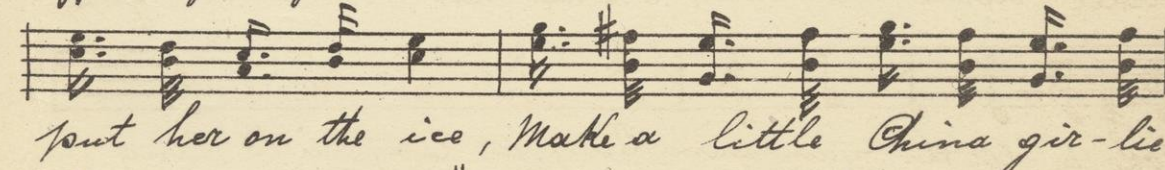
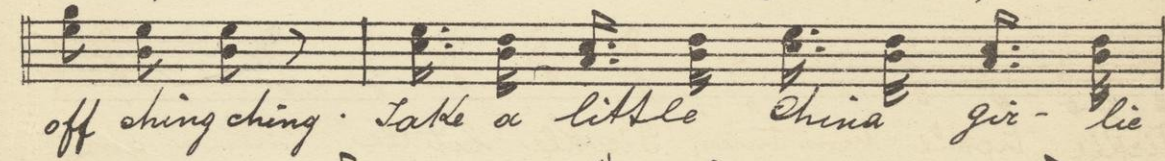
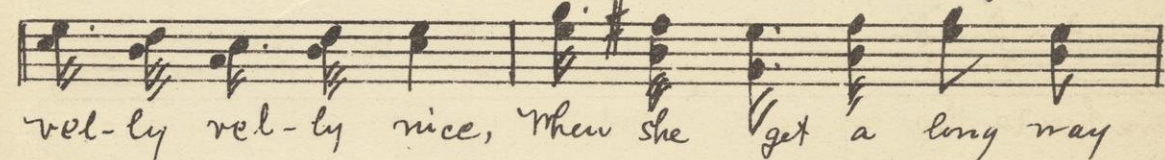
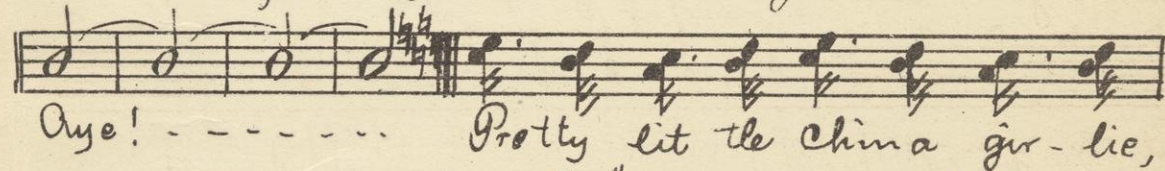
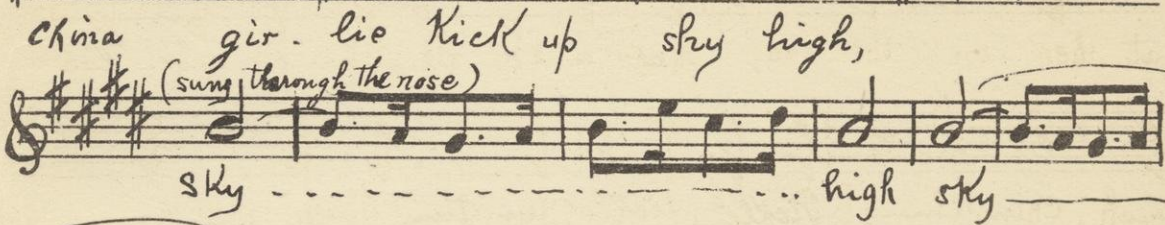
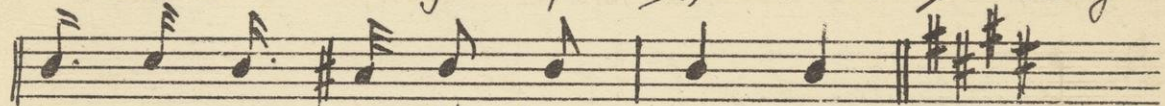
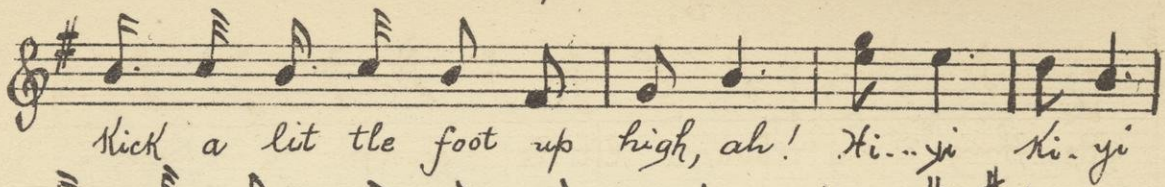
No 10 Chorus

All^{to}

Pret-ty lit-tle

Chin a girl - ie vel-ly vel-ly nice when she got a long way

off, Ching! Ching! Take a little china girlie,
 put her on the ice, Make a lit-tle china gir-lie
 Cough, Ching! Ching! Tickle tickle, tum tum, Tickle little
 China girl, Take a little yum yum, Ting a ling a ling-ling.
 Lit tle gin-gor pop, pop, Little mutton Choppy chop,
 Give her to the cop, cop, send her up to sing sing.
 Tickle tickle tum tum, Tickle little China girl,
 Take a little yum yum Ting a ling a ling
 Lit tle ginger pop, pop, Little mut ton 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!
 china gir lie kick up sky high! Hi yi! Hi yi!



Send her up to Sing Sing, Tickle tickle tum tum

Tickle little Chinagirl, Take a little yum yum

Singa - ling a ling. Little ginger pop pop

Little mutton choppy, chop, Give her to the cop cop,

Sing, sing! Hi ya! Hi ya!

Kick a little feet up high, ah! Hi yi!

Ki yi! China gir - lie Kick up sky high.

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

high, ah! Hi yi! Ki yi!

China girlie kick up sky high,

high! Sky! high!

No 11. *profess* Oh, my!

Marcia
Oh, my! follow on! follow

on! When the light of faith you see.

follow on, follow on, when the light of faith you

meno see. follow, follow, follow on!

No 12. *cheer the flags painted white* Hurrah, hurrah!

3 Hurrah, hurrah!

Then here's to good Old glo-ry And the

dear old Union 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

single fea-ther, Withour flags un-furled, A-

gainst all the world, We'll stand and die to-gether.

No 13. Valse.

She is the

Belle of New York. . . The subject of

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

Boo-e-ry Fragrant and flow-e-ry, When she goes

out for a walk; . . . She's 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. . .

No 14. Finale.

Oh, she's

done ve-ry well up to now, . . . as a

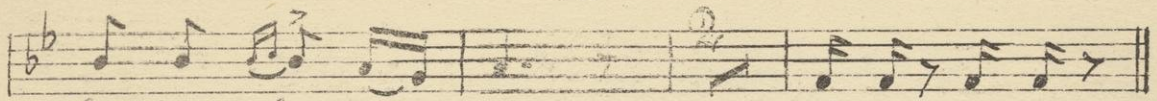
simple little girl, As a quiet little girl, And she
 really would never know how... To con-
 duct her-self as an heiress. She's
 lived in a modest little way, like a
 simple little girl, like a quiet little
 girl, And she feels it her duty to say-- That she
 won't be a million-airess. No she won't,
 no, she won't, No, no! No, no!
 No, she won't, no, she won't, No, she
 won't be a million-airess. 16
 They can go the race, High hi!
 High hi! They'll be in the race, High, hi!

High hi! Hoop la, high hi! Brum ta ra ra
 ra ... Brum ta ra ra ra ... Brum ta ra ra
 ra ... They are never slow, High hi!
 High hi! Keep you on the go, High hi,
 high hi! Hoop la, high hi; Brum ta ra ra
 ra. If you want to spend your money here they
 are, High hi! If you want a million-
 -airess If you're looking for an heiress, Here's a
 little group of ladies that will make your money
 fly, We are free to say we banker To be
 chummy with your banker, And we'd like to give you
 lessons in the art of rolling high, In the

art of rolling high, in the art of rolling
 high, in the art of rolling
 high.

All^o 38

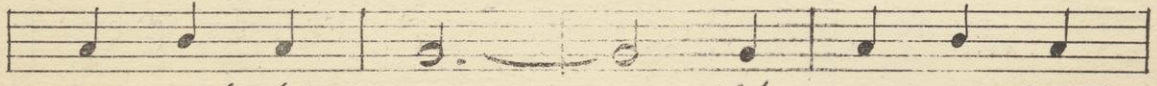
She'll be his heir; now is-n't that real
 She'll be his heir, she'll be his heir; now is-n't that real
 - Kind of her? She'll be his heir; now
 - Kind of her? She'll be his heir, she'll be his heir; now
 is-n't that re-fined of her? She'll be real
 nice, she'll make a sa-cri-fice, she'll say good bye to
 por-er-ty and be his heir. Follow
 on, follow on, when the light of faith you see.
 Follow on, follow on, when the



light of faith you see. Follow, follow,



follow on! Oh, she is the



Belle of New York, ... The subject of



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



Bow-er-y Fragrant and flower-y When she goes



out for a walk, ... She's soft as a



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



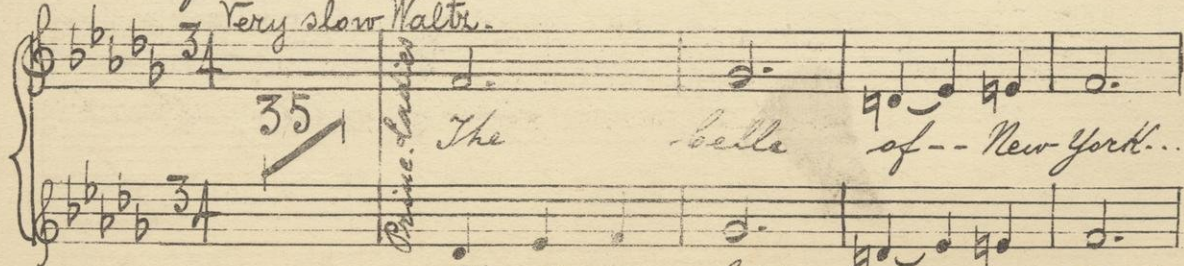
-a-ted to love ... The fellows all



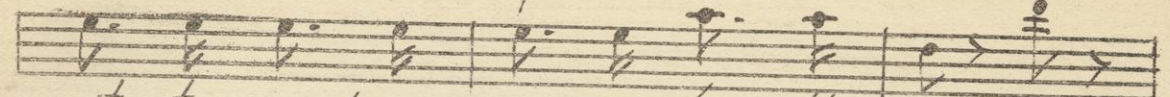
sigh for her, They would all die for her, She is the



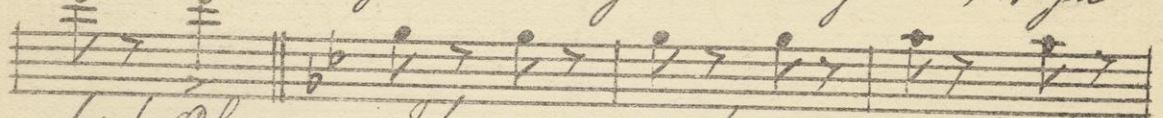
belle of New York.



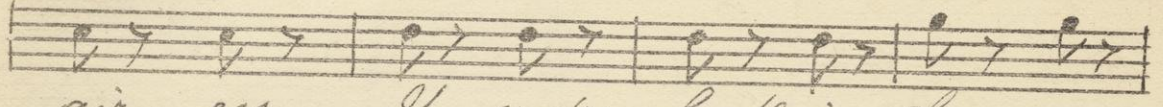
The belle of -- New York...
She is the belle of ... New York...



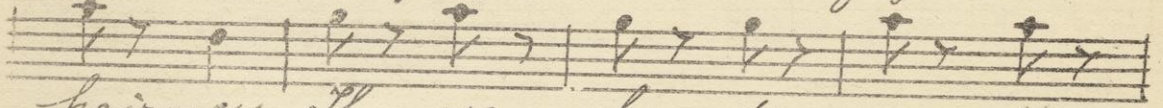
want to spend your money here they are, High



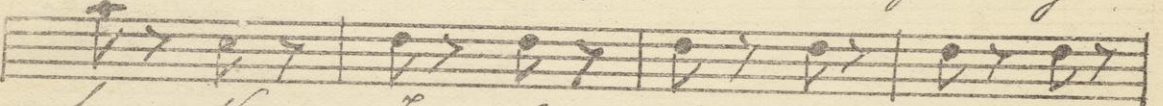
hi! Oh If you want a mil-lion-



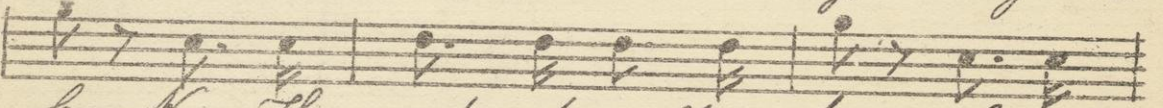
air-ess, If you're look-ing for an



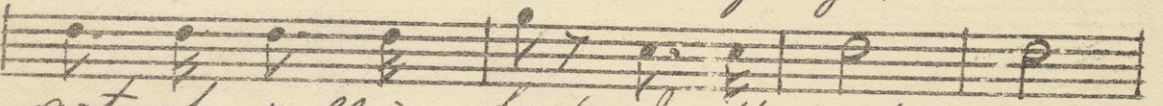
heir-ess, They are free to say they



han-ker To be chummy, with your



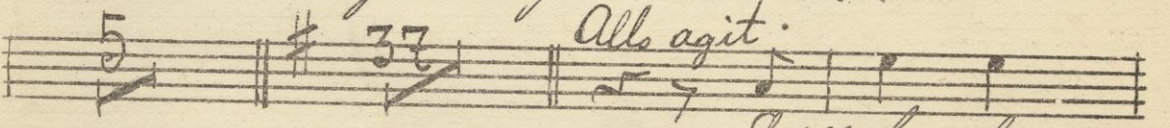
banker, The art of rolling high, In the



art of rolling high, In the art of

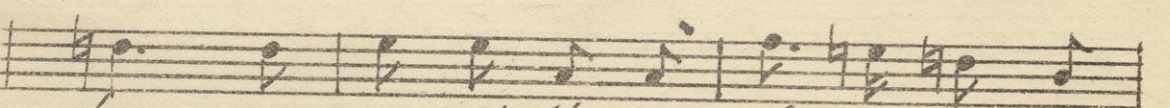


rol-ling high.



All's agit;

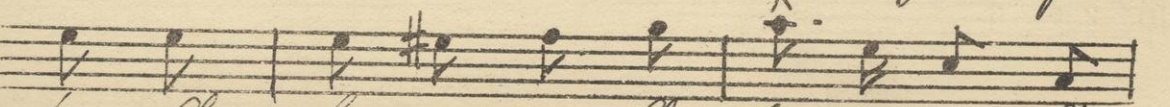
She'll be his



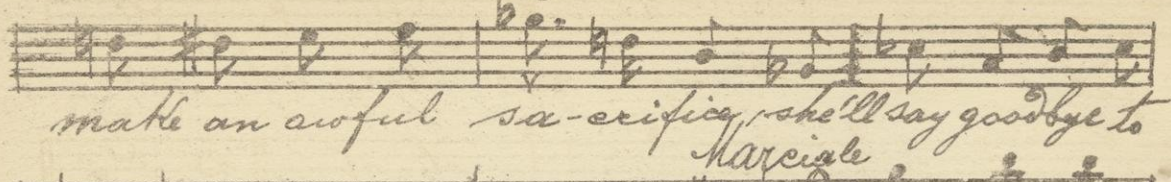
heir; now is-n't that real kind of her? She'll



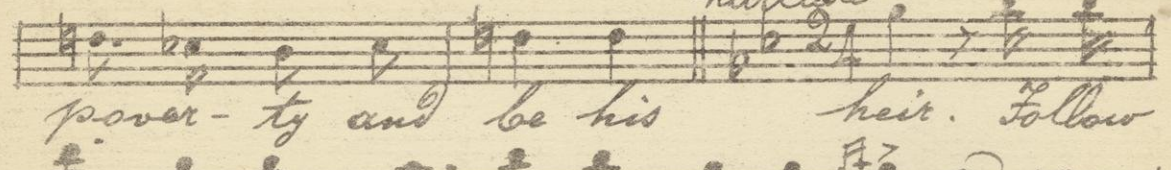
be his heir; now is-n't that re-fined of



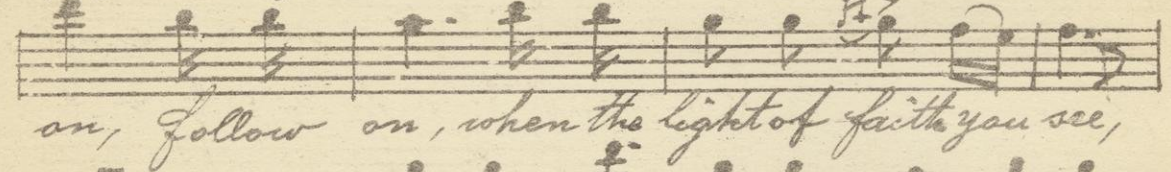
her? She'll be real nice, She'll be real nice, She'll



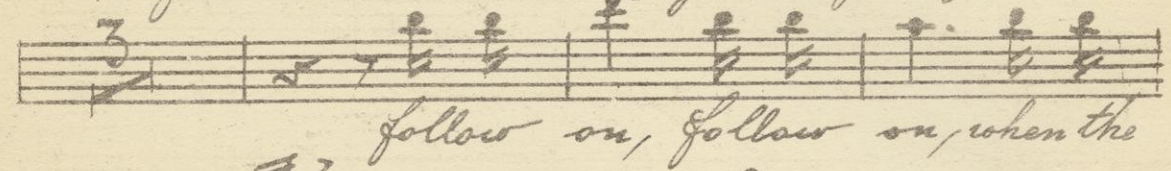
make an awful sa-crifice, she'll say goodbye to



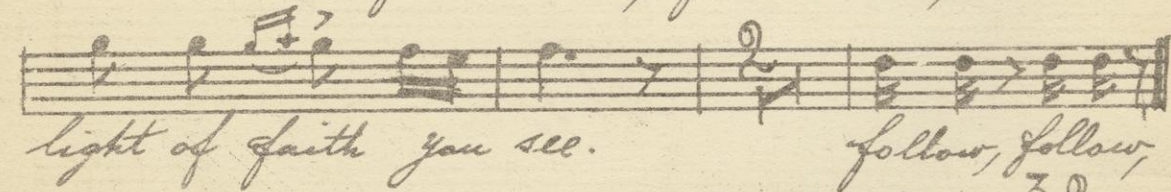
po-ver-ty and be his heir. Follow



on, follow on, when the light of faith you see,



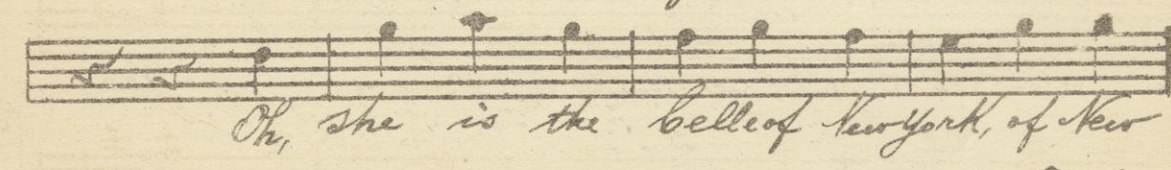
follow on, follow on, when the



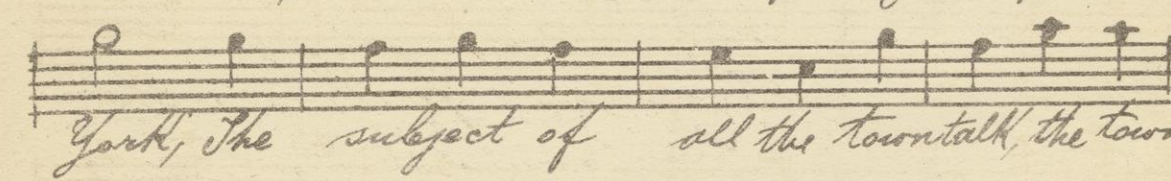
light of faith you see. follow, follow,



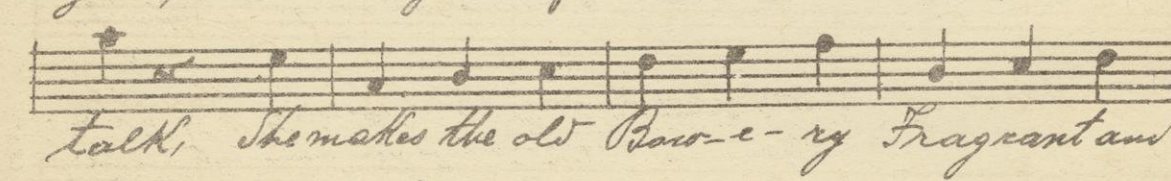
follow on!



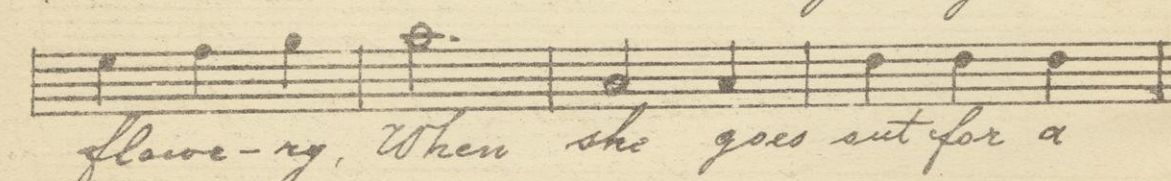
Oh, she is the belle of New York, of New



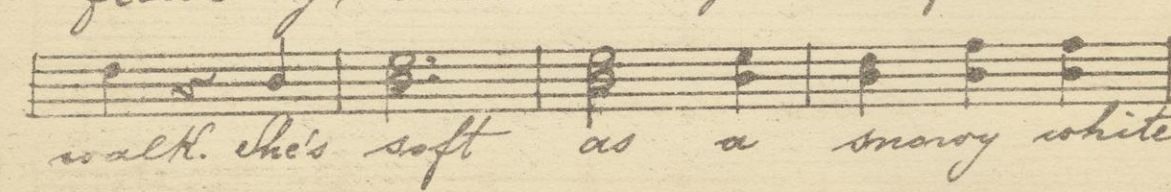
York, The subject of all the town talk, the town



talk, she makes the old Bow-er-y fragrant and



flavo-ry, When she goes out for a



walk. She's soft as a snowy white



dove, she's sim-ply cre-a-ted to love, the

19

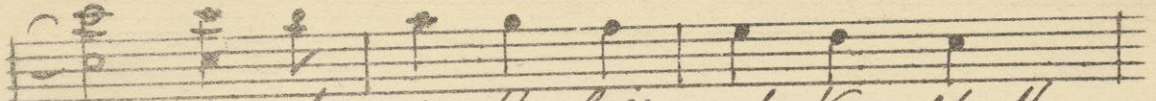
fel - lows all sigh for her, Oh, she
is the belle of New York.

Bally.

(Cue.)

Little dear, gentle maid, little dear,
gentle maid, Oh yes, she's the
sweetest girl in town, Oh yes she's the
sweetest girl in the town, — yes
She is the belle of New York, — The
subject of all the town talk... yes she
is the belle of New York, call her
belle of New York; A sal - va - tion
ar - my girl, army girl, She's the

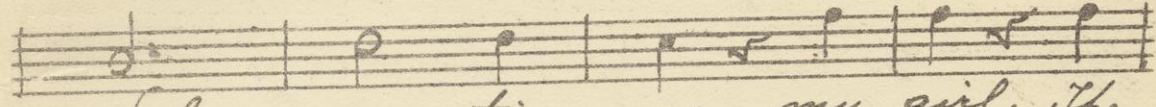
belle of New York, Her head is
 in a whirl, She's the
 belle the belle of gay New York, of
 New York, The subject of town talk,
 She's the belle, the belle of
 gay New York of New York, The
 subject of town talk, Little dear
 Hear her say, hear her say, Oh yes
 she's the sweetest girl in town, Oh yes
 she's the sweetest girl in the town -
 Yes she is the belle of New York -
 She subject of all the town talk -



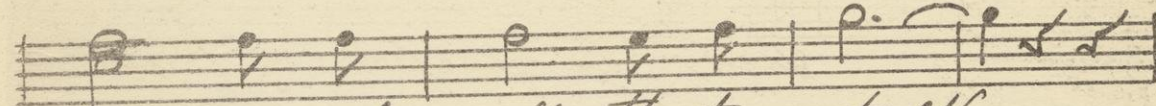
- Yes she is the belle of New York,



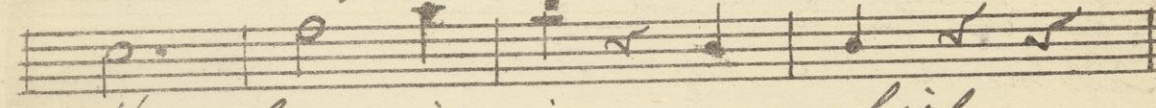
She is the belle of New York - A



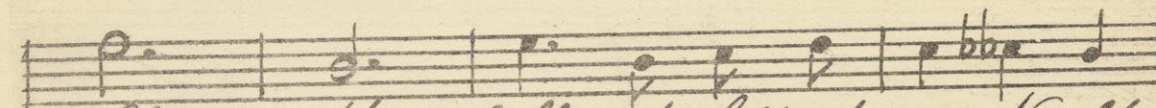
Sal-va-tion ar-my girl, The



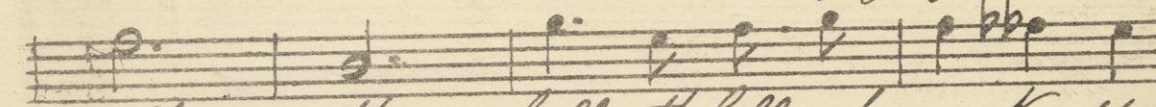
sub-ject of all the town talk. -



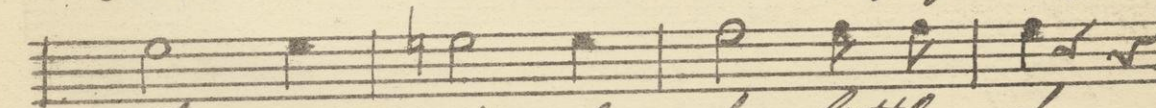
Her head is in a whirl,



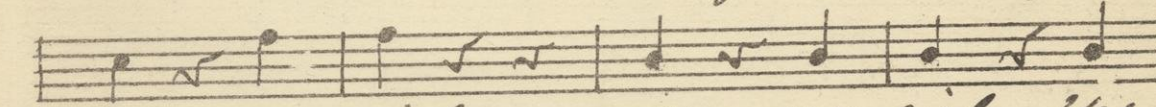
She's the belle, the belle of gay New York,



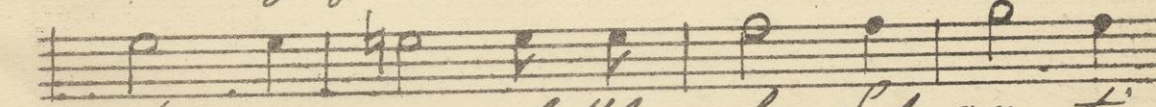
She's the belle, the belle of gay New York,



She a simple shy little shy,



ar-my girl, ar-my girl, yes



she a mere little shy Sal-va-tion



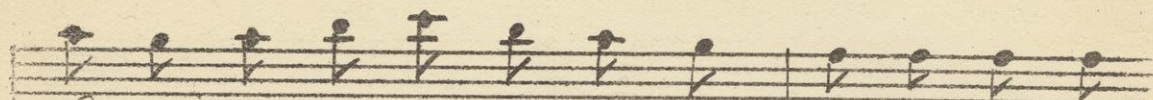
ar-my girl.



End of 1st. Act.

girl.

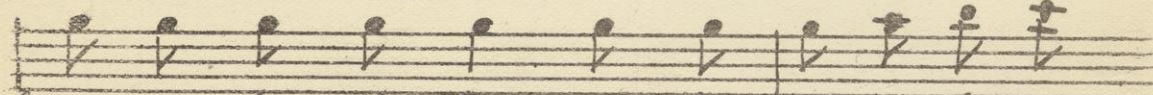
No. 15 *All: agit.* ²² 29 *Oh*



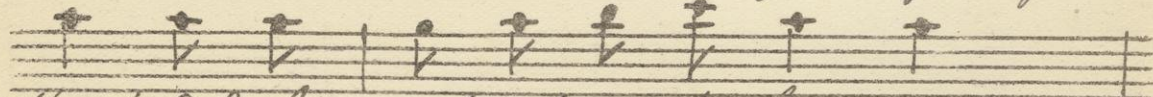
sonny, - - - - - Can't you work a little



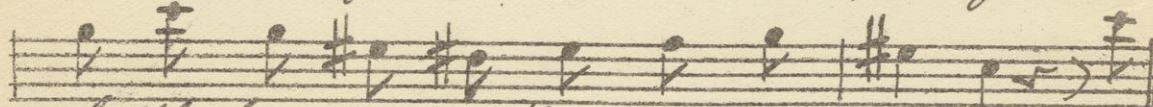
fast; Oh sonny, - - - - - Don't you



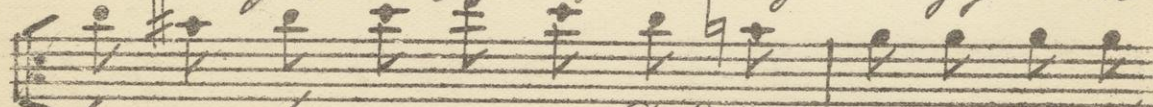
leave me to the last. Oh I've got a fear-ful



thirst, And I'm just about to burst, Why;



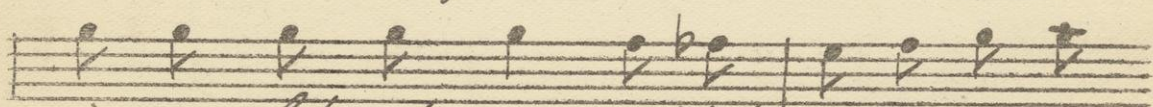
little boy you're getting ve-ry lazy. Oh



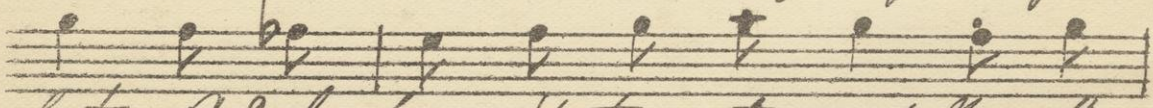
hurry, hurry, - - - - - And put on a lot of



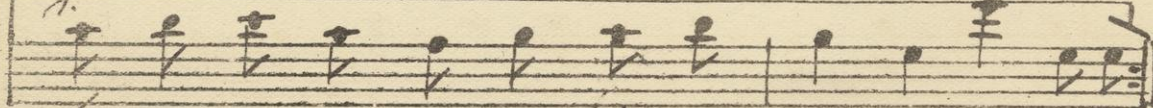
steam, Oh hurry, - - - - - And put



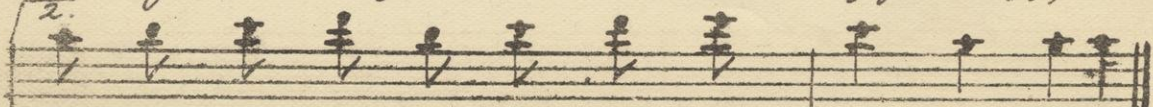
in a lot of cream, Oh it's getting very



late, And I have-n't time to wait, Now then

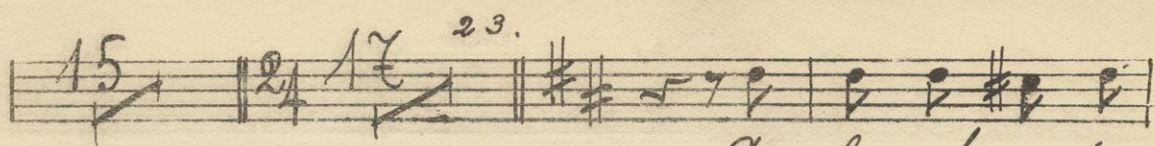


hurry up or you will drive me crazy, crazy, Oh

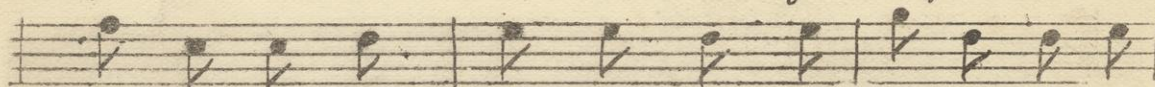


hurry up, or you will drive me crazy, crazy.

15 24 17 23.



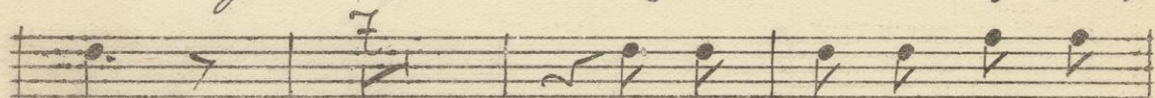
A glass of sars'pa-



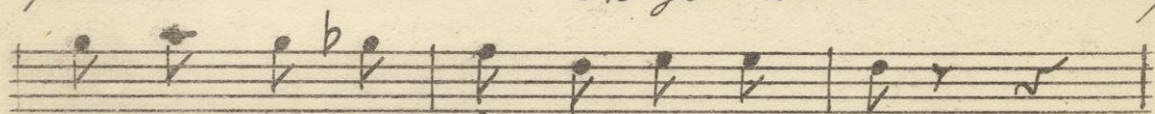
rilla, and an- o- ther of wa- nilla, And an-



o- ther glass of o- range, and on- other glass of

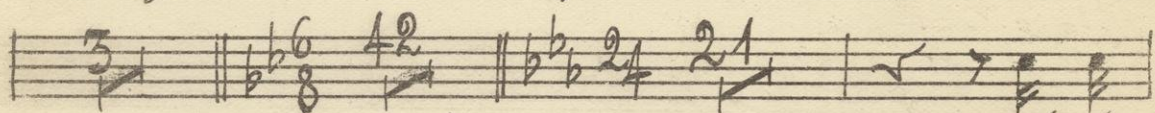


peach. Oh you want to serve them,

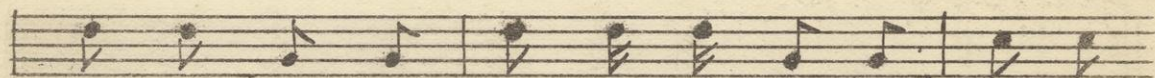


somy, with a lot of cream in each.

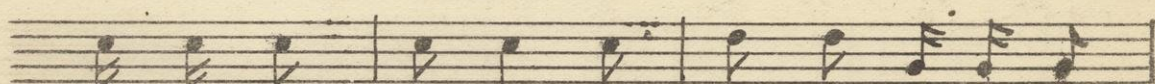
3 6 42 24 21



Oh he



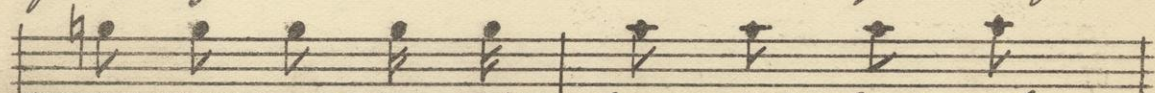
used to roll as high as the clouds When he had



plenty of money, and he could number his



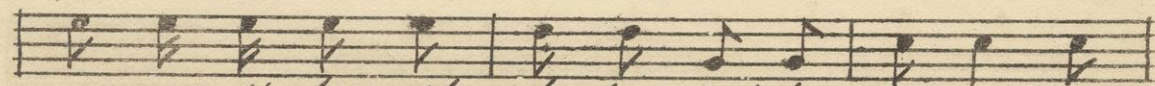
friends by crowds And the world was always sunny, Most



any girl would have been his bride They



thought him as sweet as honey 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.

a glass of sars'-pa-
 rilla and an- o- ther of vanilla, And an-
 o- ther glass of o- range and an- other glass of

peach. Oh you want to make them sizzzy, And you
 want to make 'em fizzy, And you want to serve 'em
 sonny, with a lot of cream in each, And you
 want to serve 'em sonny, with a lot
 of cream in each.

No 16 Duet: Facet

No. 1 Ca. 9:24 4 ²⁵ # # # C ~~12~~ 12

pppp ³ Ra ta ta too-ty too-ty, too-ty,

³ Ra ta ta too-ty, ÷ ÷

³ Ra ta ta too-ty, ÷ ÷

³ Ra ta ta, too-ty, ÷ ÷

³ Ra ta ta, too-ty, ÷ ÷

³ Ra ta ta, too-ty, ÷ ÷

³ Ra ta ta too-ty, ÷ ÷

ra ta ra ta ta, ra ta ra ta ta,

ra ta ra ta ta, ra ta ra ta ta,

³ Ra ta ra ta ta, ³ Ta ta ta ta!

pppp ³ Ra ta ta too ty, too ty, too-ty,

Ra ta ta too-ty, \div \div
 Ra ta ta too-ty, too-ty, \div
 ra ta ta too-ty \div \div
 ra ta ta, too-ty, \div \div
 Ra ta ta, too-ty, \div \div
 ra ta ta, too-ty, ra ta ta, too-ty,
 too-ty, *1mo* We do our
 duty, *2do* Just the same. We're the
 or-namen-tal pu-ri-ty bri-gade, To our
 pu-ri-ty We add a lit-tle fashion, A-
 pretty rib-bon of the proper shade, Could
 nev-er hinder real re-ligious passion, When we



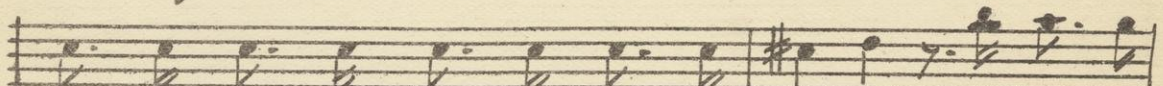
fight to conquer vi-ciousness and shame, Our



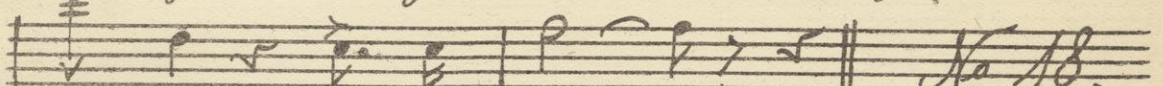
shin-y trumpets going too-ty, tooty, We



really do not think that we're to blame for

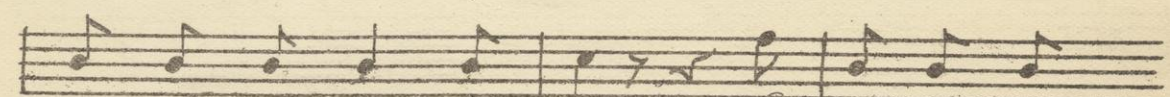


dressing in a style that suits our beauty; We do our



du-ty Just the same.

No. 18.



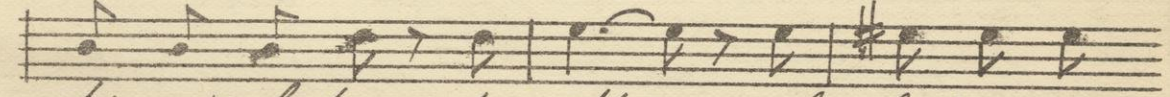
wants to see all the sights, She wants to stay



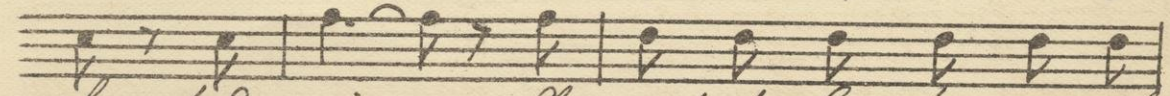
out at nights, She wants to see ev-'rything



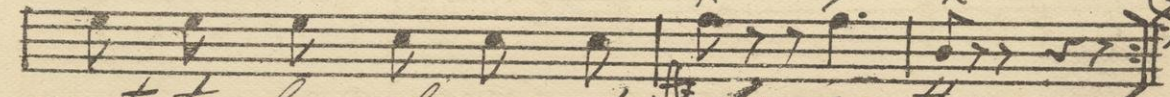
da-ring, She wants to go ev-'ry where tearing; she's



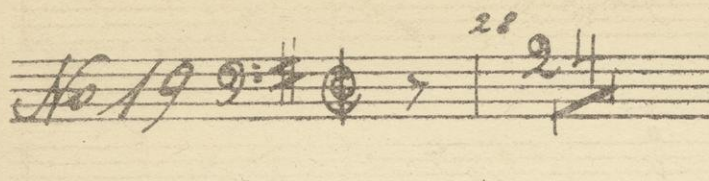
ti-res of hum-drum things, she feels as though


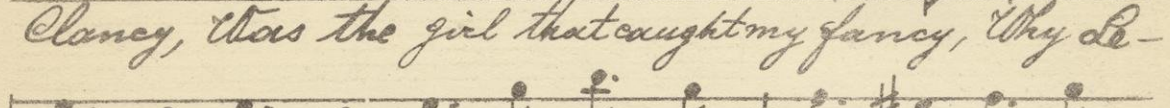
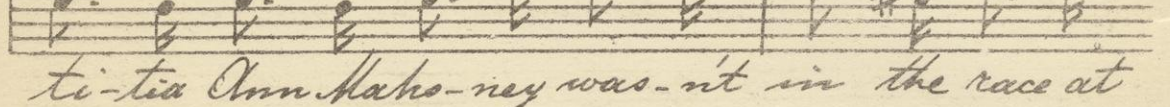

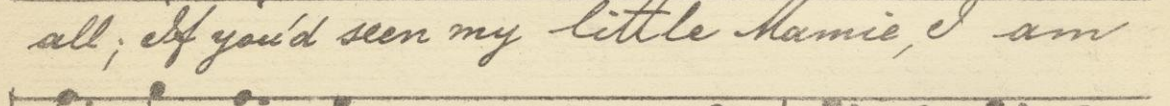


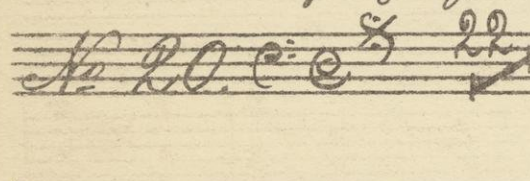
she had wings, She wants to be chummy, she

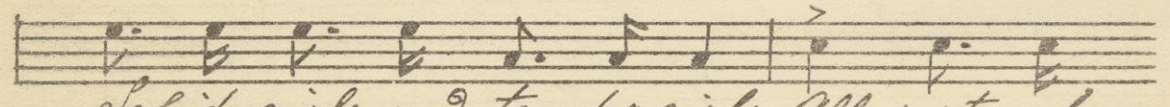
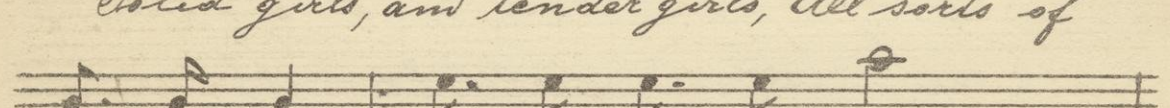
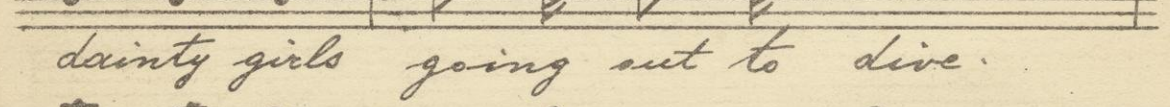
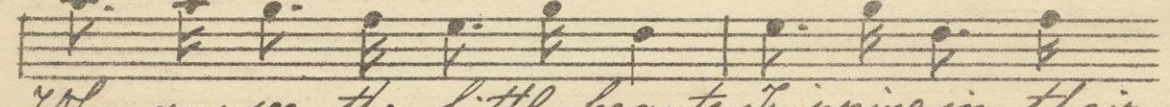
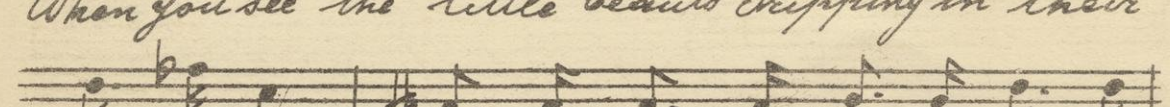


wants to be slummy, she do so there.

No 19  ²²
Little Hamie

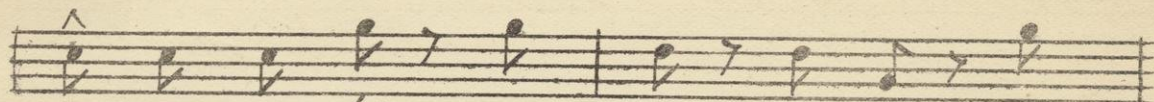

Clancy, 'twas the girl that caught my fancy, Why Le-

ti-tia Ann Maho-ney was - nit in the race at

all; If you'd seen my little Hamie, I am

sure you couldn't blame me, When I said "Mahoney,

She's the belle of Grogan's Fancy ball.

No 20  ²²
Plump girls, slender girls,

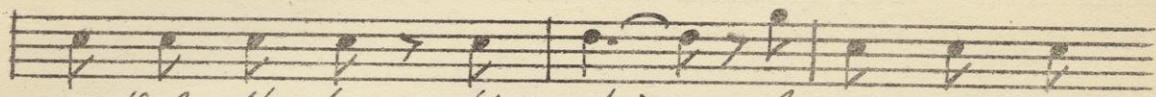

Solid girls, and tender girls, All sorts of

dainty girls going out to dive.

When you see the little beauts tripping in their

bathing suits, You'll be glad it's Summer, you'll be

glad that you're a-live.



For the



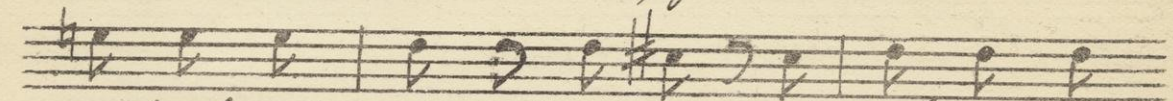
twenti-eth time we'll drink, we'll drink, We'll



drink for the twen-tieth time, In oceans of



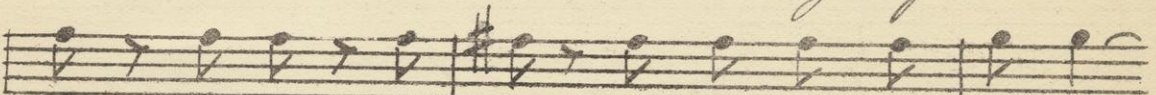
nectarous drink we'll sink, for this is a



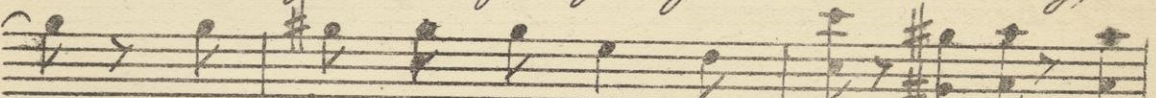
night when to drink, we think, is happiness



most sub-lime, so as they sing on the



Op- 'ra stage, Come fill your glass and be merry -



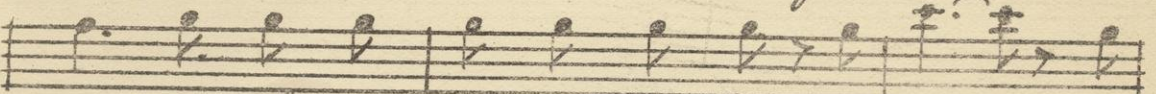
- In bumpers of wine your thirst assuage, and



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



o'er the ferry Oh float me, oh



float me, in a river of bright champagne, for



we've got a right to get tight to night, if we

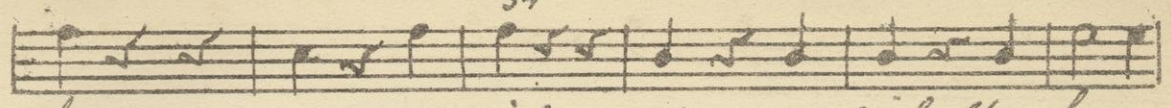
never get tight a-gain. Oh float me, oh
float me, in a river of bright cham-
pagne. For we've got a right to get
tight to night, if we never get tight a-
gain, - if we never get tight a-gain.

No. 23. *Finale.* *Waltz.* 31

See also on Page 31

She is the

belle of New York, --- A sal-vation
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
gay New York. She a sim-ple shy, little



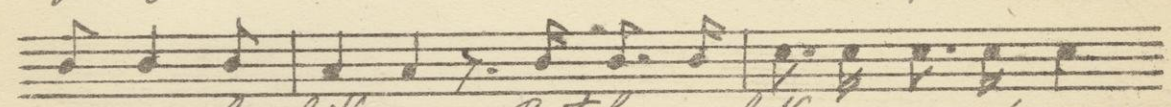
shy, ar - my girl, ar - my girl, yaasha a



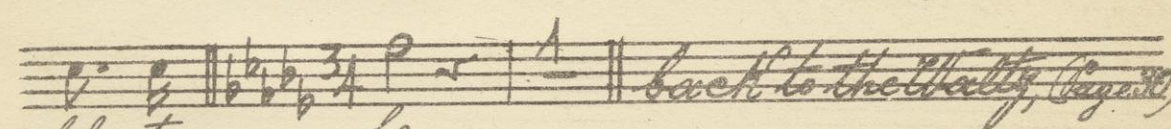
mere little shy sal - va - tion ar - - - -



my girl. . . . *fine.* Of course you could



never be like us, But be as like us as you're a -



-ble to be. *back to the Chatty, (Repeat)*



Don't you know, there's



nothing in it, Life comes a - long and we go



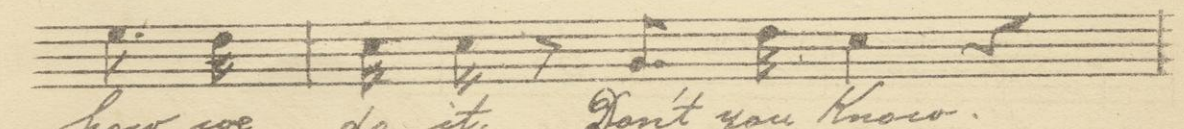
thro' it, And at times I really don't see how we



do it, Don't you know.



And at times I really don't see



how we do it, Don't you know.



Da Capo.
End of the Operetta.

