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

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CHORUS PART



TENORS

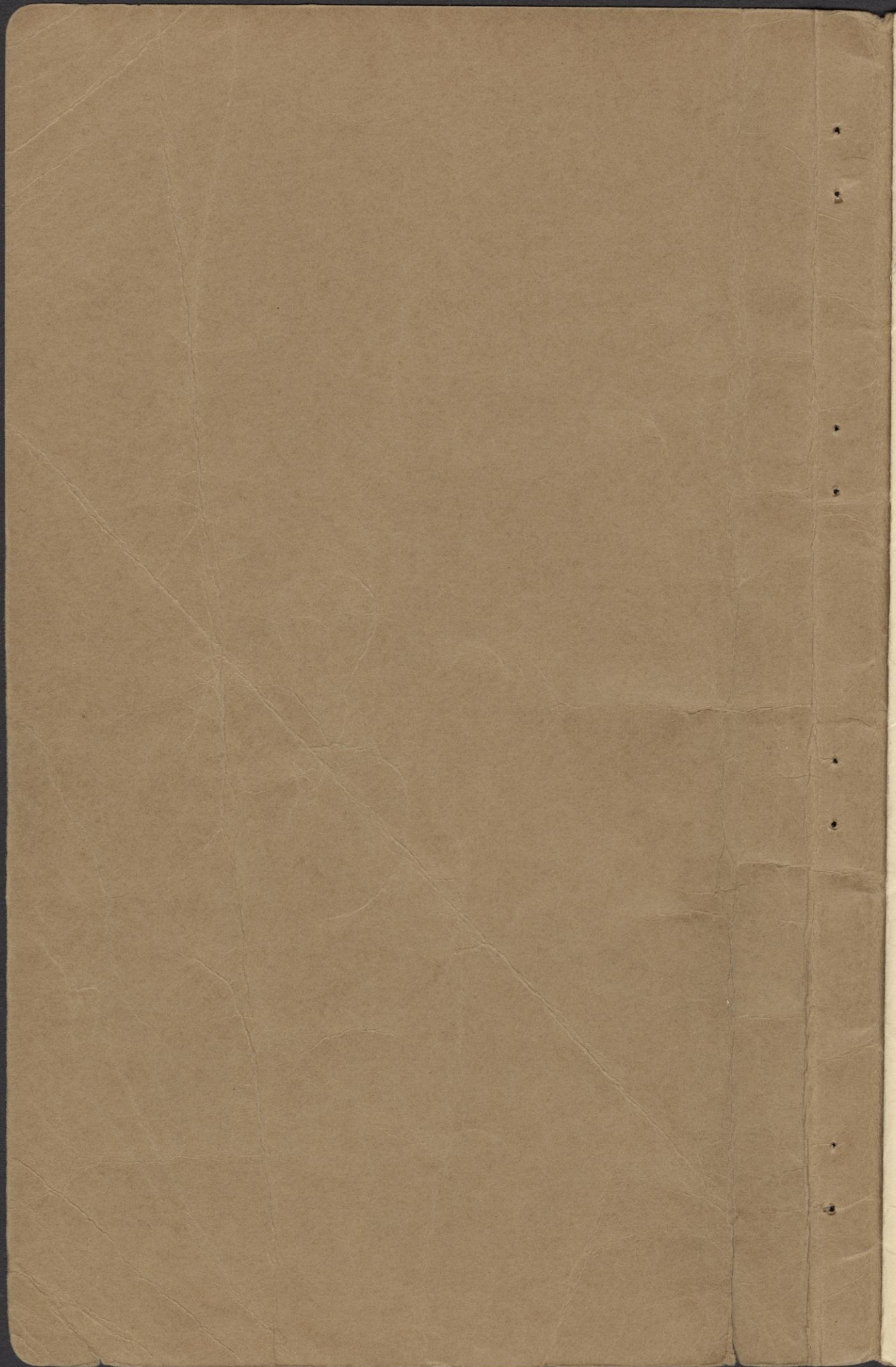
Devi's

BELLE OF NEW YORK



TAMS-WITMARK
MUSIC LIBRARY, Inc.

318 5-117 WEST 45th STREET
NEW YORK CITY



The Belle of New York.

Tenors.

No. 1. Opening Chorus.

Mod^{to} assai. 55

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 never will you be so
gay a-gain, And never will you see such
fun, As you will when the sparkling cup you drain, On the
day when you are twenty one. Then
ben marc.
here, to the day when you're twenty one year.

Ad And you laugh in the face of - sorrow, when you
 don't fear liquor and you drink it hot and
 cold, And you don't care a hang for to-morrow, then

2. *Mod to 9*

- morrow.

And he's going to be married at noonday.
 He's got a big load to
 car-ry, Little woo,
 Trifle woo, Little woo,
 Trifle woo, Little woo,
 Li-dy side, oh, we guess he's just a
 wee bit woosy, Little woo!
 Trifle woo, Could-n't blame you if you

said he is bossy, Little boo

~~Trifle boo. But he's just a- bout to~~

~~take a bride And he's twenty- one years old, be-~~

~~side Hence the highness of his rising side.~~

~~Little sides, Ti-dy tide. cheer~~

~~Oh fie! fie! fie! You~~

~~naughty Mister Bronson, My, my, my! You're~~

~~such a dreadful man! You'd better stop your~~

~~tar-ry-ing, To day's your day for marrying, Oh~~

~~naughty Mister Harry Bronson! fie, fie, fie!~~

~~For he's a golly good~~

~~fellow, yes he's a golly good fellow, Oh~~

Saxet

Sing

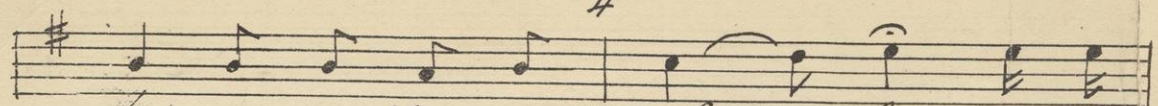
Little sides, Tide

Ti-dy tide.

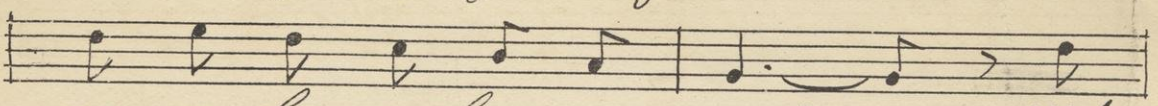
cheer

19

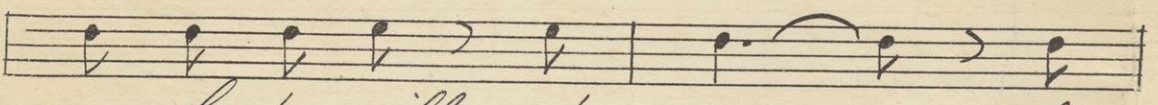
#6 alleto.



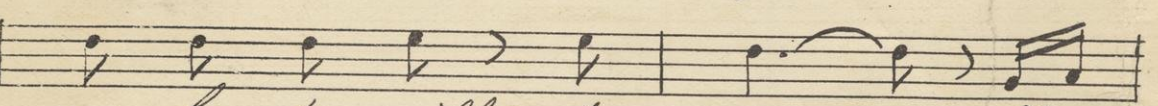
he's a jolly good fel - low, And he'll



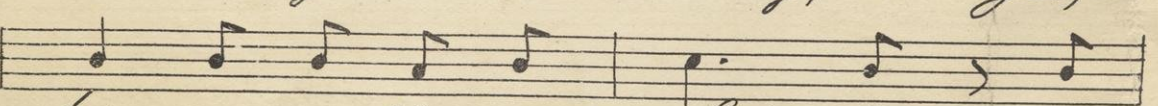
never be sober a - gain. . . Which



no - body will de - ny, . . . Which



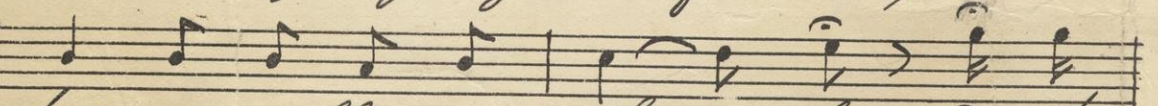
no - bo - dy will de - ny, . . . Yes, -



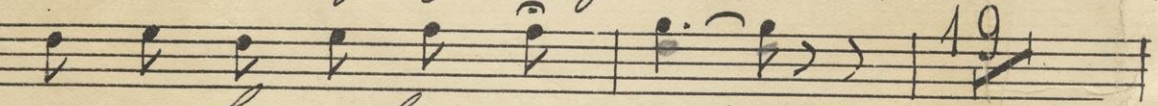
he's a jolly good fel - low, Yes,



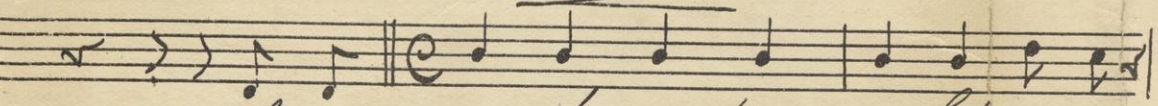
he's a jolly good fel - low, Yes -



he's a jolly good fel - low, And he'll



never be sober a - gain. *Cheer*



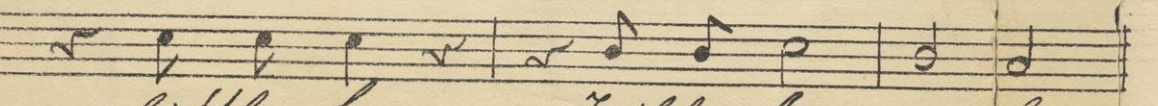
Oh, we guess, he's just a wee bit woosy,



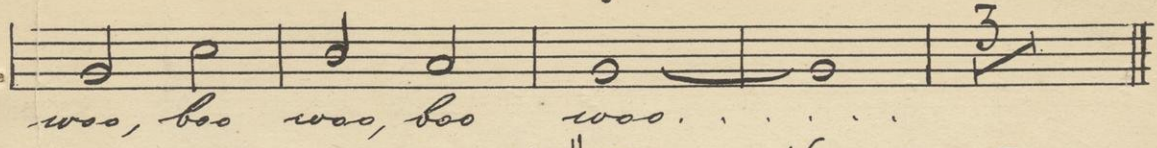
Little woo, Trifle woo, couldn't



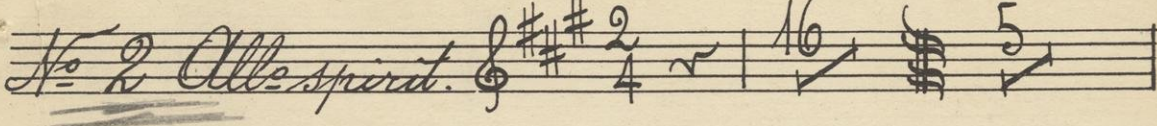
blame you if you said he is boosy,

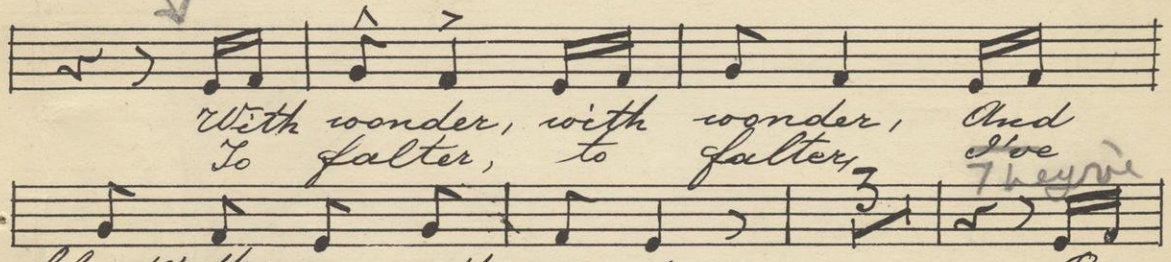


little boo, Trifle boo, woo, boo



was, too was, too was.

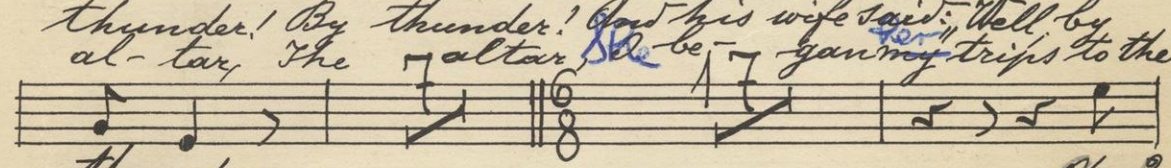
No. 2 *All-spirit.* 



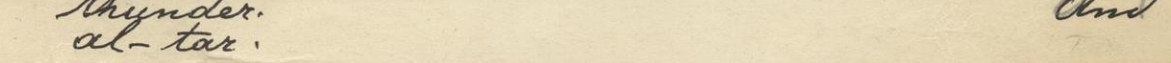
With wonder, with wonder, And
To falter, to falter, I've



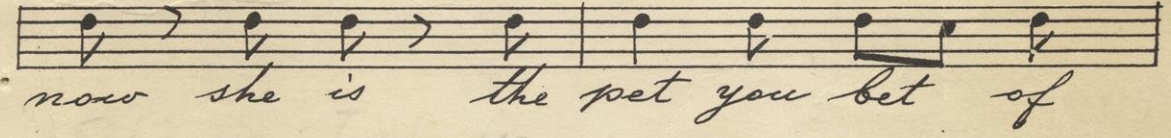
blink'd their eyes with wonder, never been known to falter, By The



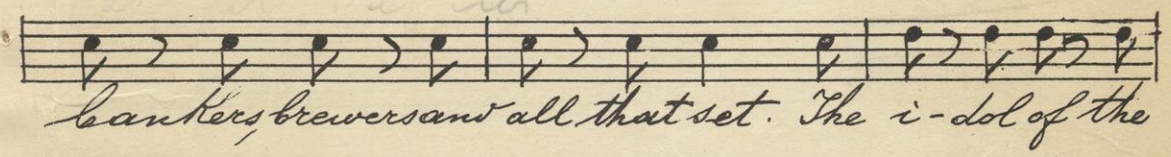
thunder! By thunder! And his wife said: Well by
al-tar, The altar, she be-gan my trips to the



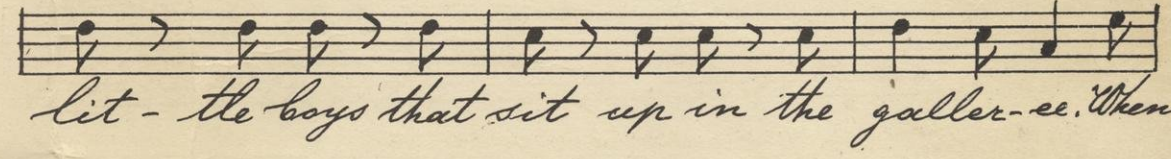
thunder. al-tar. And



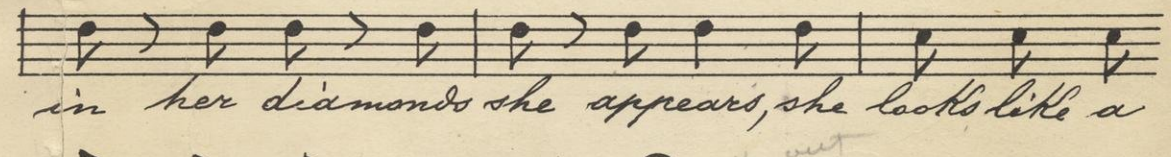
now she is the pet you bet of



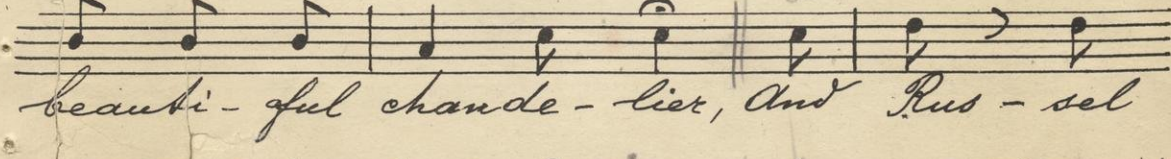
bankers, brewers and all that set. The i-dol of the



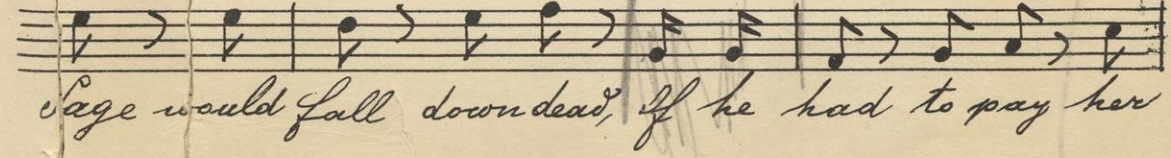
lit-tle boys that sit up in the galler-ee. When



in her diamonds she appears, she looks like a



beauti-ful chande-lier, And Rus-sel



Sage would fall down dead, if he had to pay her

1.

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

Oh, little sister

Kissie's A jaunty little missie,

She can turn a somersault or handspring, her

pretty winkly eye goes, she's full of dinky-

di-dos When she re-presents the art of

dancing. Dance.

Oh

Teach me how to Kiss, dear, Teach me how to

squeeze, Teach me how to sit upon your

sympa-the-tic Knees, Teach me how to

dear, Like a turtle dove.

Sing
dim. *rit.*
 Teach me how to fondle you, Oh teach me how to
Care for
 love....

No. 5. Moderato. $\text{G} \flat \flat \text{C}$ 13

With
 state-ly tread... They

come this way, with dignified demeanor,
 4 1

With boom of drum,

Our souls they'll save, with proudly flying
 banner, Ob-serve our grave and rever-ent-ial

manner. Boom! - - - - - tzing tzing?

And now to our chief we doff our snowy
 plumes, Few men there are who compare with him in

ty, all e-vil flees when he command as-

Carl

sumes of the youngmen's res-cue League and

An-ti-Cigar-ette So-ci-e-ty.

No. 6.  for in the field of

moral endeavour No com-pe-ti-tor can

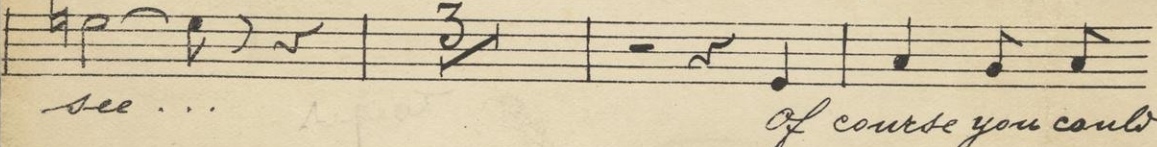
shake a stick at us, stick at us. In the

game of reform there never, no

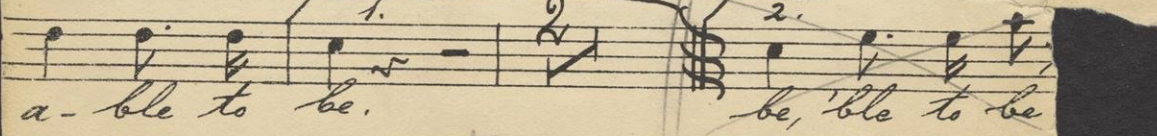
never, were re-formers that were so fe-li-ci-

tous, ^{out} Our vir-tues con-ti-nue to

strike us, as quali-ties magni-fi-cent to

see ...  of course you could

never be like us, but be as like us as you're

a-ble to be.  be, ble to be

repeat

Sing 8-

9

No. 7. Allô spirit. $\frac{6}{8}$ $\sharp\sharp\sharp$

Wine, woman and song, Wine, women and
 song, It's write on the pages of
 life thro' the ages, That love for them ne'er is
 wrong, *Tacet* Night's turned in - to day...
 Win - ter's changed in - to *Sing* May... The
 world is made bright, The heart is made light *Tacet*
 By wine women and song. *Sing* The world is made
 bright, the heart is made light, By wine women and
 song, Hail... all Hail, wine.. and
 song!

Nos 8 & 9 *Tacet*.

No. 10. Chorus. *All^{to}*. $\text{G}^{\#} \frac{2}{4}$

Pretty little Chinagirlie, velly velly nice,

When she got a long way off, ching ching,

Take a little Chinagirlie, put her on the ice,

Make a little Chinagirlie cough, ching ching,

Tickle, tickle tum tum, Tickle little chinagirl,

Take a little yum yum, Ting-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,

Tickle - tum tum, tickle little chinagirl,

Take a little yum yum, Ting-a-ling-a-ling.

Little ginger pop, pop, little mutton chi,

Give her to the cap, cap, Sing sing. Hi ya!

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

Hi yi, Ki yi! China-girlie 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,

(through the nose)
sky high,

sky high

Aye!

Pretty lit-tle china-

gir-lie, velly, velly nice,

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

Take a little china girlie, put her on the ice,

Make a little china girlie cough, ching ching,

Tickle — sum sum, tickle little china girl,

Take a little yum yum, Ting-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,

Tickle — sum sum, tickle little

China-girl, take a little yum yum,

Tingalinga-ling Little ginger 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!

13
Ki-yi! China-girlie kick up sky high.

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

high ah! Ki-yi, Ki-yi! China-girlie

Kick up sky high, high

... Sky ... high!

No. 11. *All. molto*

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 see.

2 follow, Me follow on!

No. 12. Song & Chorus

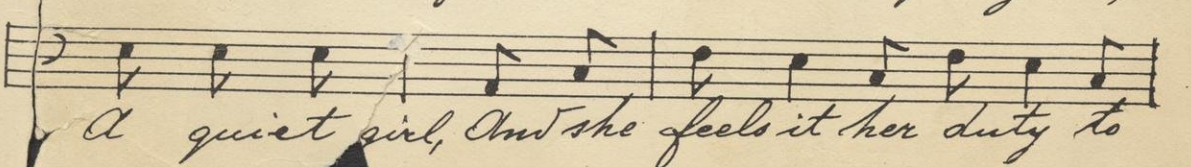
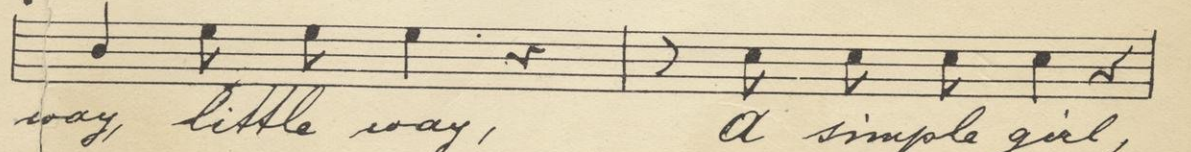
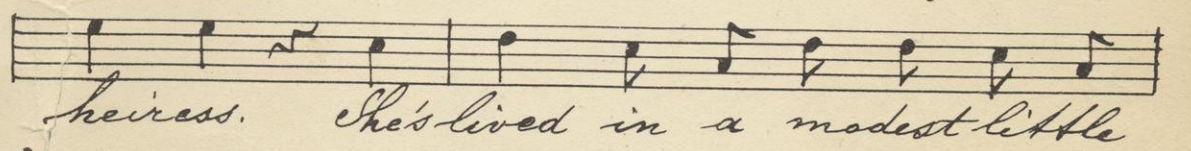
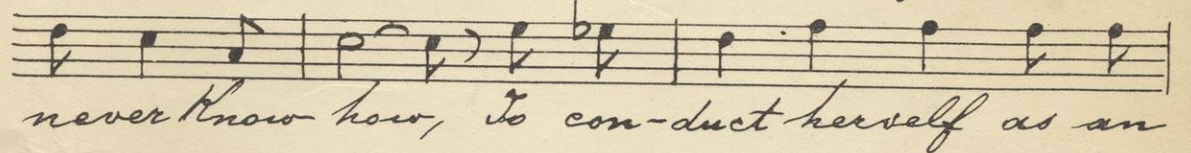
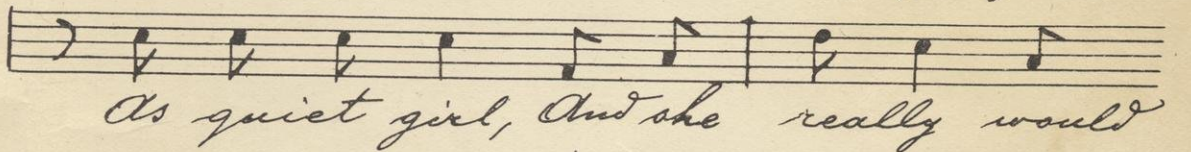
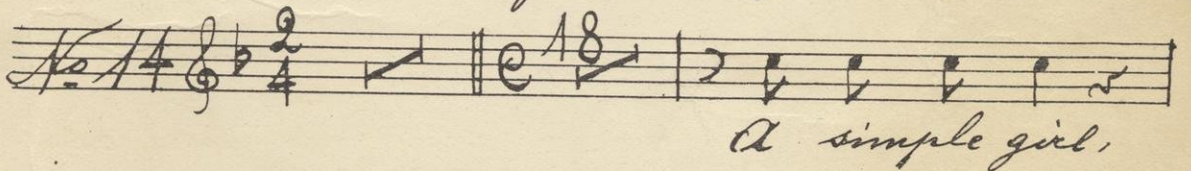
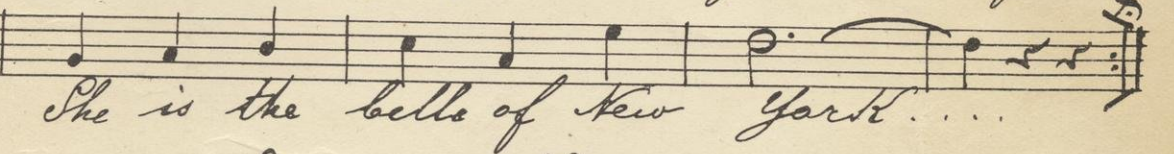
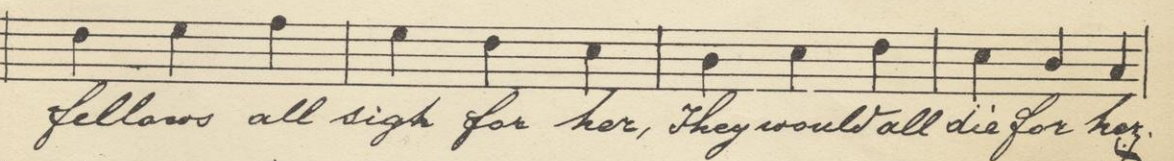
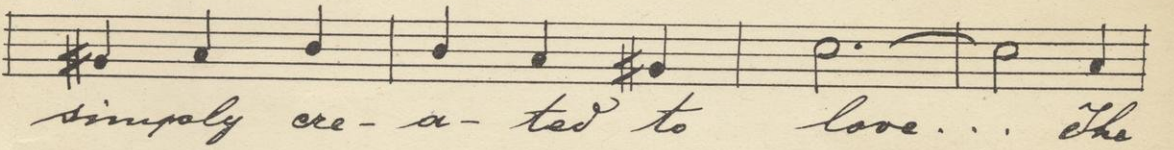
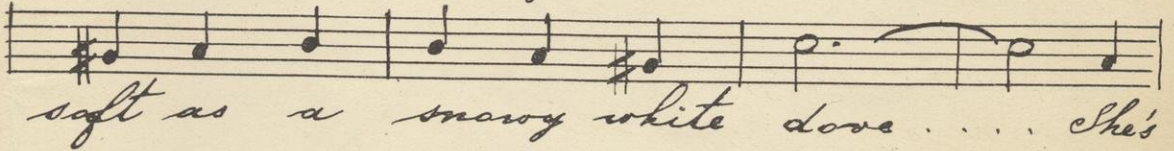
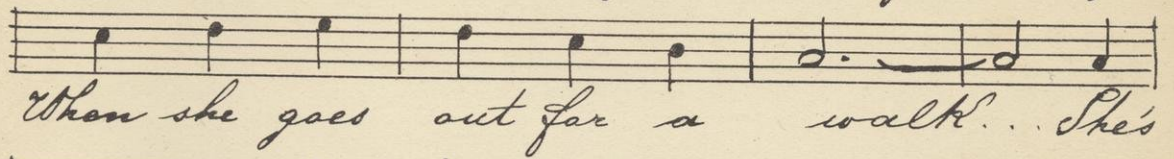
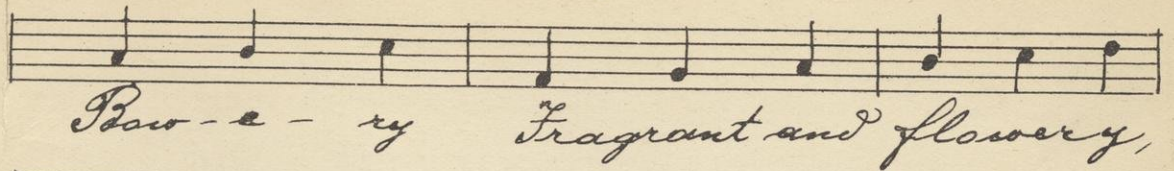
14

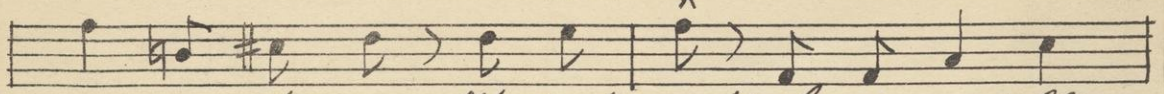
Hurrah, -

Hurrah, -

Then here's to good old glo-ry and the
dear old Union Jack, In battle fierce and
gory let's fight, boys, back to back, We
won't forget We're brothers yet And birds of a
single fea-ther, with our flags un-furled, A-
gainst all the world, We'll stand and die to-
ge-ther.

No. 13. She is the
belle of New York --- The subject of
all the town talk. She makes the old

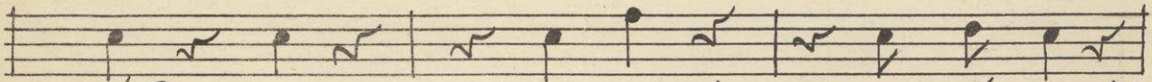




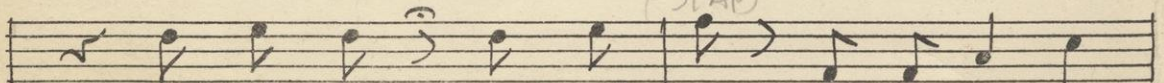
say, yes to say, That she won't be a million-



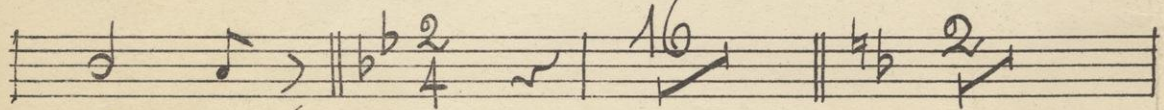
air-ess. No, she won't, —



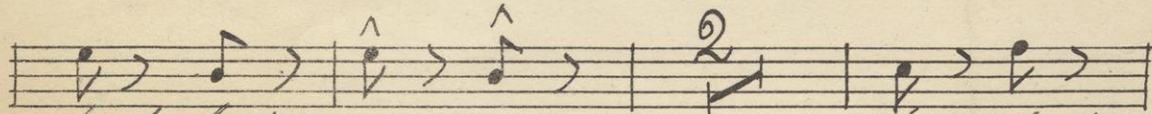
No no, no no! No she won't,



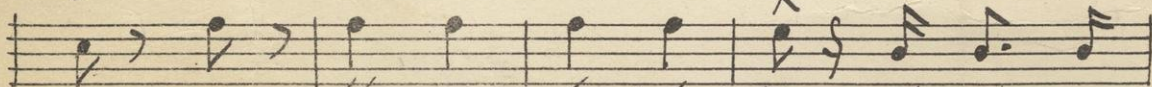
no she won't, no she won't be a million-



air-ess!



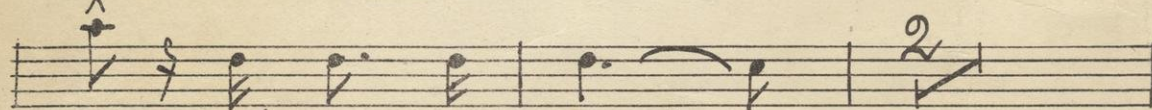
High hi! high hi!



Hoopla, high hi! Brum ta ra ra



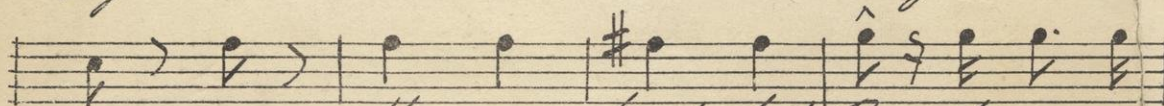
ra... Brum ta ra ra ra!...



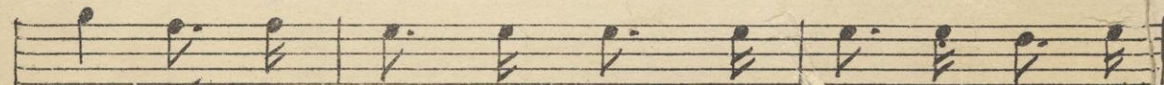
Brum ta ra ra ra!...



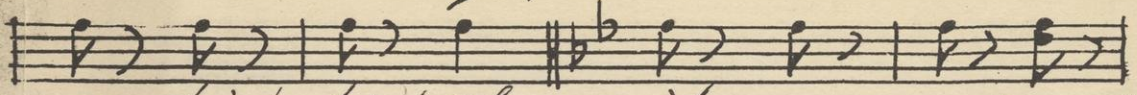
High hi! High hi!



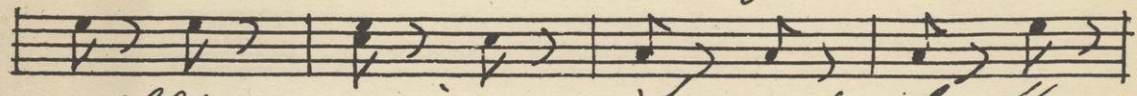
Hoopla high hi! Brum ta ra ra



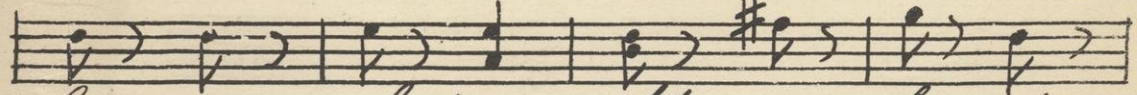
ra, If you want to spend your money here they



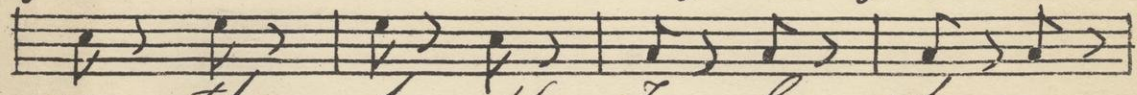
are high hi! Oh if you want a



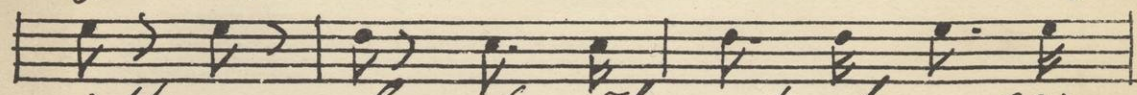
million-airess, if you're looking



for an heiress, they are free to



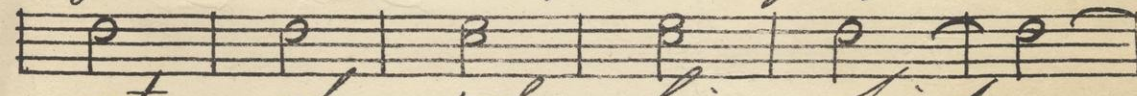
say they hanker to be shummy,



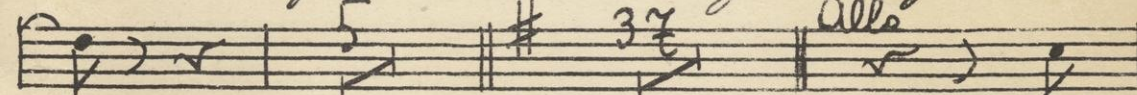
with your hanker, The art of rolling



high in the art of rolling high, in the



art of rol-ling high...



37

Allo

She'll



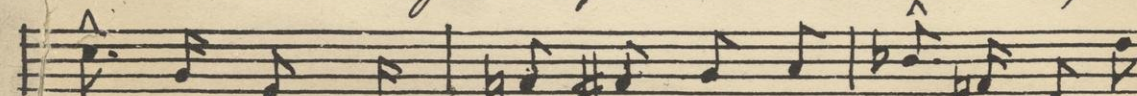
be his heir, she'll be his heir, now is n't that real



kind of her? She'll be his heir, she'll be his heir, now



is n't that re-fined of her? She'll be real nice, she'll



be real nice, she'll make an awful sacrifice, she'll

say good bye to poverty and be his

Marcia
 heir. Follow on, follow on, when the

light of faith you see. Follow

on, — when the light of faith you

see. follow —

Calse. follow on!

Oh, she is the belle of New

York, The sub-ject of all the town

talk, she makes the old bowery fragrant and

flowery, 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 fel - lows all sigh for

her, oh she is the belle of New York

valse. cue Principals.

Little minx

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.. The subject of all the town

talk.. Yes she is the belle of New York

call her belle of New York, a

sal - vation ar - my girl, army girl

she's the belle of New York.

Her head is in a whirl,
Pim mosso
 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
 of New York, the subject
 gay New York, Little dear,
 of town talk,
 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
tempo I.

belle of New York. A Sal-va-tion
 ar-my girl, The subject 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.

my girl.
 2nd Act Opening.

Allo agitato.

Oh sonny, - - - can't you
 work a little fast; oh sonny, sonny
 sonny, don't you leave me to the last. Oh I've
 got a fearful thirst, and I'm just about to
 burst Why, little boy you're getting ve-ry
 lazy. Oh 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 haven'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!

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

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
 a-ny 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 - other of va -

rilla, And an - other glass of o - range and an -

- other glass of peach. Oh you want to make them

sizzy 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 17a, Marcia.

pppp *3*
Ra ta ta tooty

3
tooty - ra ta ta tooty - -

Handwritten musical score on ten staves. The lyrics are: *ra ta ta tooty*, *ra ta ta tooty*, *ra ta ta tooty*, *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.*, *Ra ta ta tooty*, *ra ta ta tooty*, *ra ta ta tooty*, *tooty Ra ta ta tooty*, *tooty ra ta ta tooty*, *ra ta ta tooty ra ta ta tooty*. The score includes musical notation with treble clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and various rhythmic values. Trills are indicated by a '3' above the notes. Dynamics include *pppp* and *pppp*. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

too-ty. We do our
 duty, Just the same. We're the
 ornamental purity brigade, To our
 purity we add a little fashion, A
 pretty ribbon of the proper shade, could
 never hinder real religious passion, when we
 fight to conquer viciousness and shame. Our
 shiny trumpets going tooty tooty, We
 really do not think that we're to blame for
 dressing in a style that suits our beauty,
 We do our duty, Just the same.

No 18 Song & Chorus.

No 18

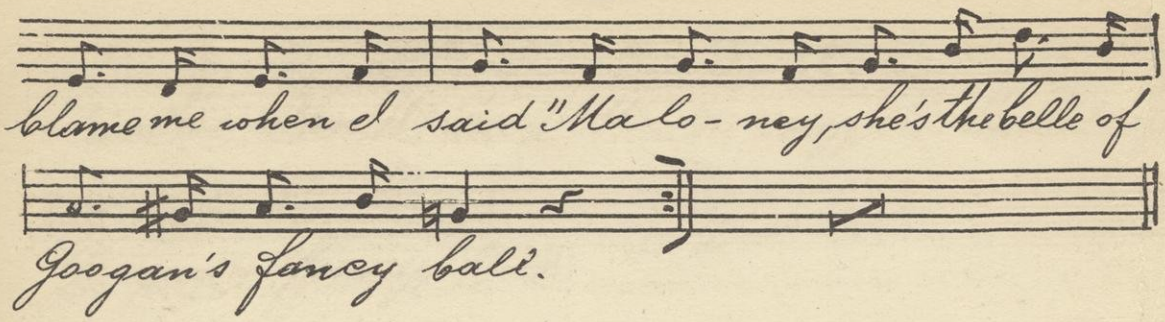
27

Oh she wants to see
 all the sights, she wants to stay out at nights
 she wants to see ev-rything daring, she
 wants to go ev-rywhere 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.

No 19.

Allegretto.

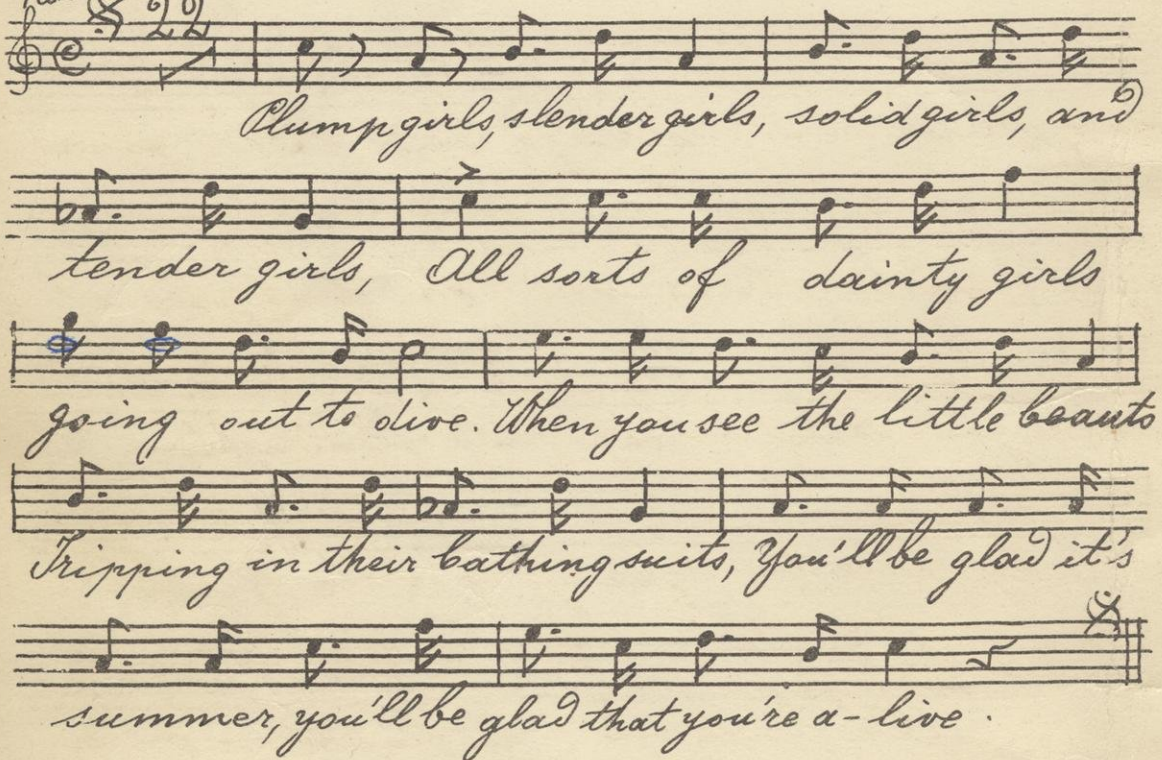
Little Mamie Clancy, was the girl that
 caught my fancy, why Le-ti-tia Ann Ma-
 honey was n't in the race at all; if you'd
 seen my little Mamie, I am sure you could n't



blame me when I said "Ma-lo-ney, she's the belle of
Googan's fancy ball.

No 20. Chorus

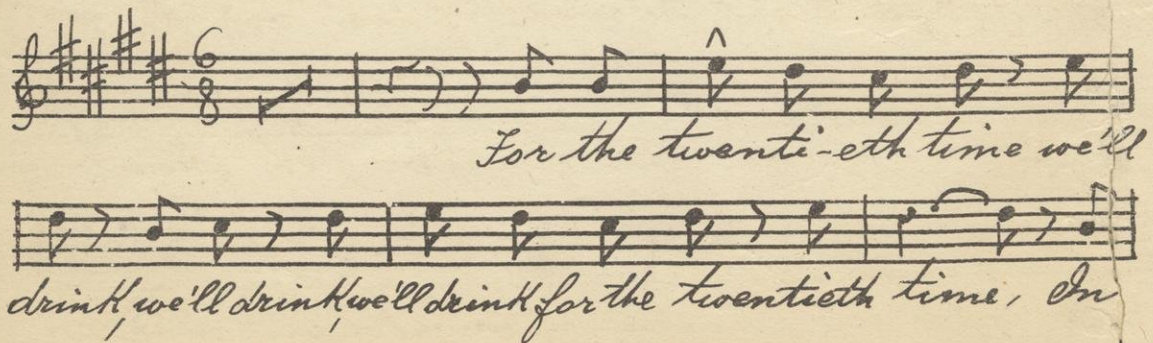
Mod. $\frac{2}{2}$



Plump girls, slender girls, solid girls, and
tender girls, All sorts of dainty girls
going out to live. 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.

Dance.

No 21. Allō spirit.



For the twentieth time we'll
drink, we'll drink, we'll drink for the twentieth 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 over the
 ferry, o'er the ferry, o'er the ferry --
 Oh float me, oh float me on 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 champagne, 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.

2nd Finale. 17

of
 course you could never be like us,
 but be as like us as you're able to
 False. be.

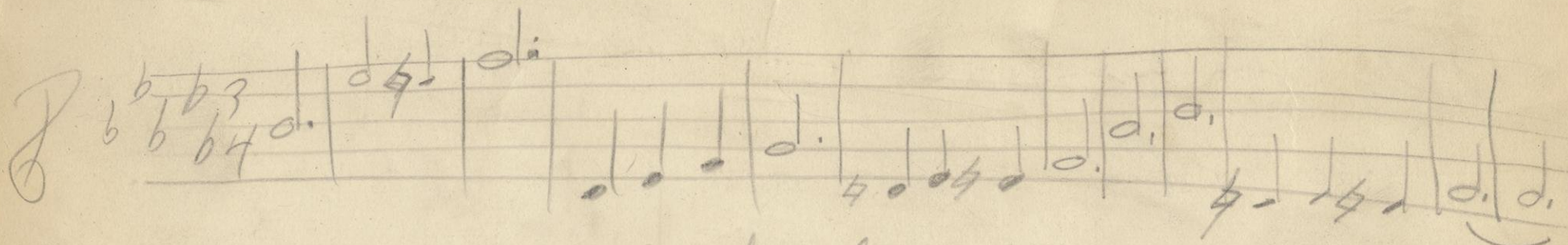
She is the belle of New York. A
 sal- vation ar- my girl, the
 subject of all the town talk...
 Her head is in a whirl, she's
 the belle, the belle of gay New York, she's

the bells, the bells of gay New York, she a
 sim-ple shy, little shy ar-my
 girl, ar-my girl, yes she a
 mere little shy sal-vation ar...
 my girl!

No. 28.

Don't you
 know there's nothing in it, life comes a-long and
 we go thro' it, And at times I real-ly
 don't see how we do it, Don't you know.

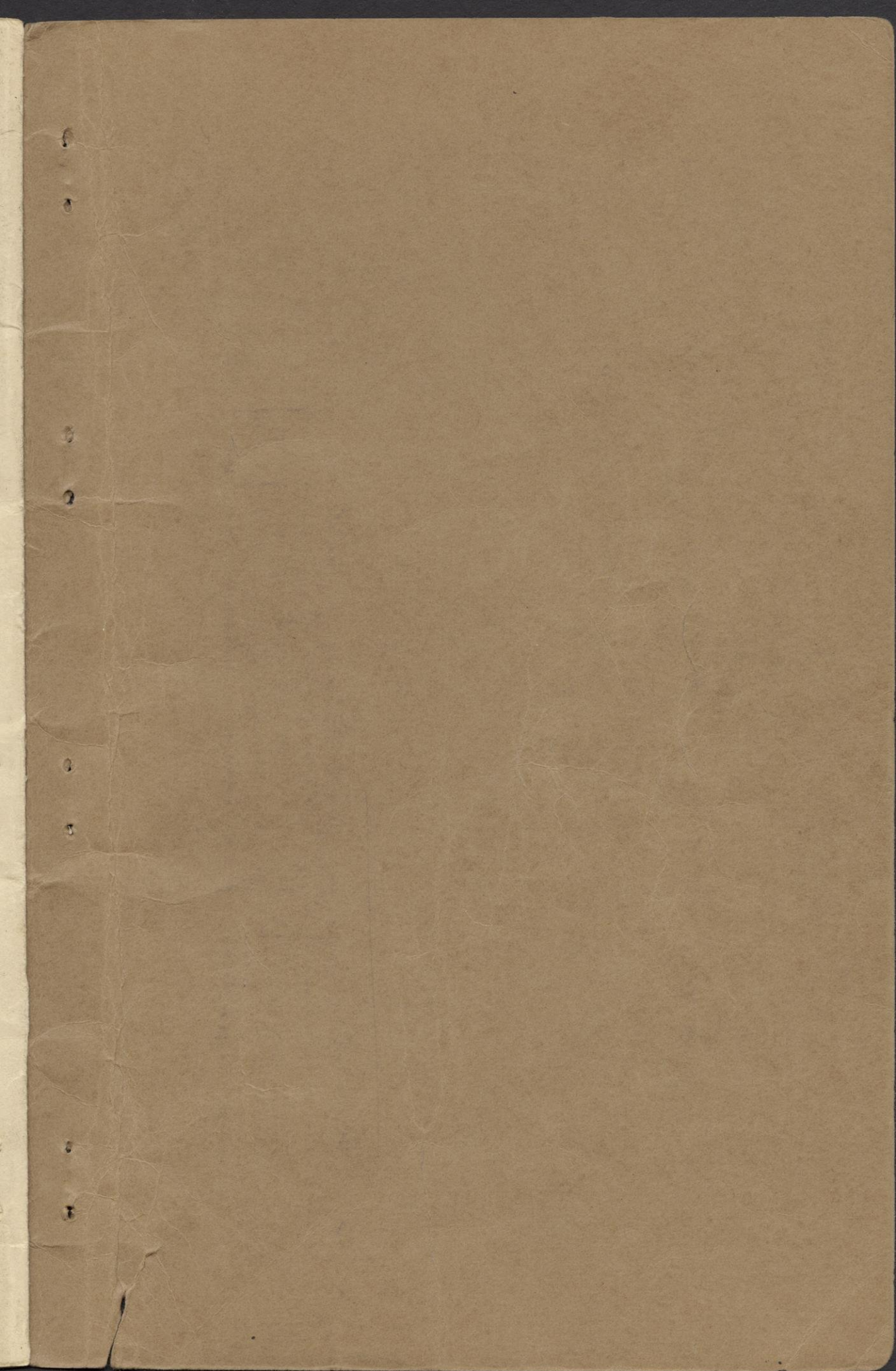
Andte.
 And at times I real-ly don't see
 how we do it, don't you know.
 End of the Opera.



With stately tread, and dignified demeanor, We come this way
Our foes we say, du mo-rali-ty arena, Boom est.
with boom of Drum, and proudly flying banner, your souls (real)
save, and ~~now to our chief~~ I'll serve our grave and
reverential manner. Boom est.

and now to our chief we daff our snowy plumes
few men there are who can compare with him in piety.

when he comes around
I'll give them
all



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