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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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# CHORUS PART



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BELLE OF NEW YORK

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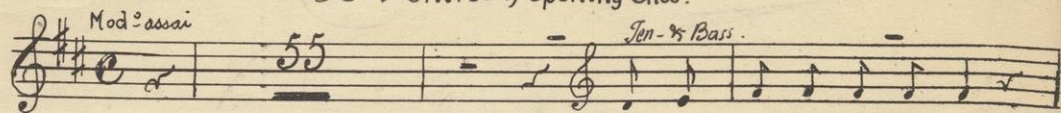
# THE BELLE OF NEW YORK

Words by  
HUGH MURTON

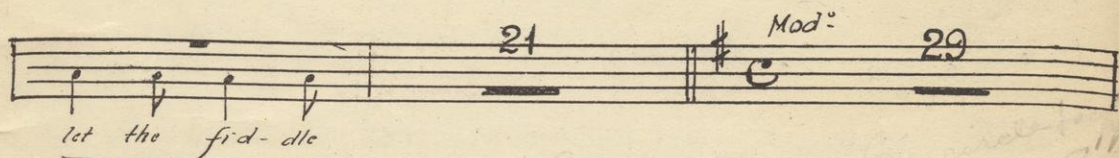
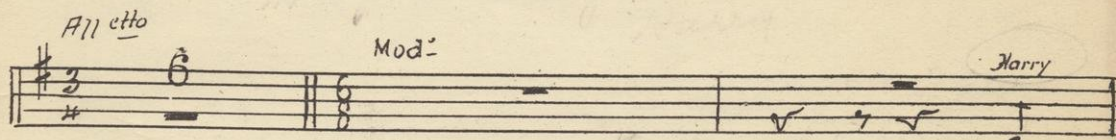
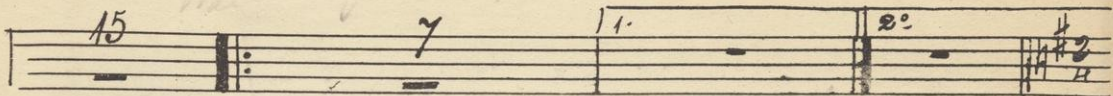
Music by  
GUSTAVE KERKER

SOPR. & ALTO

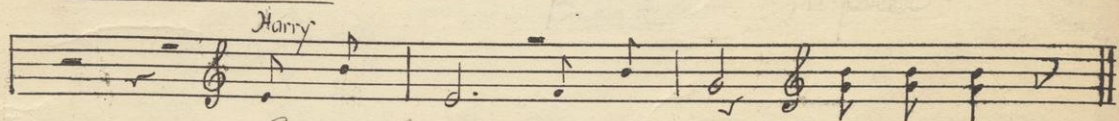
No. 1 Intro. & Opening Chorus.



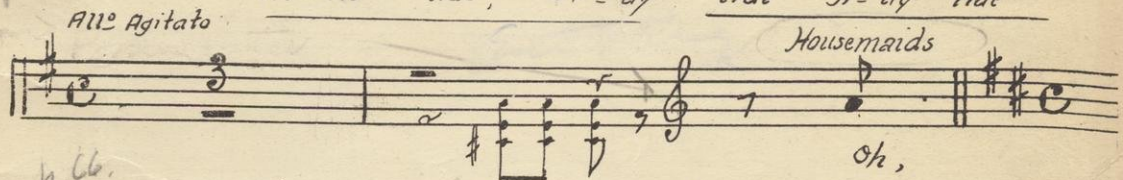
When a man is twenty one



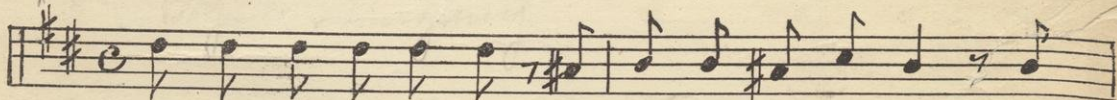
let the fid-dle



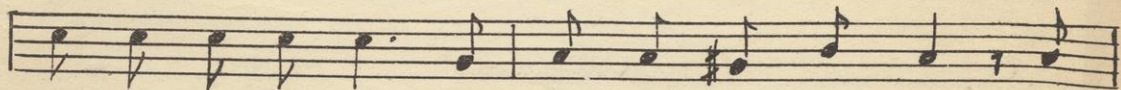
Little tide, Ti-dy tide Ti-dy tide



Oh,



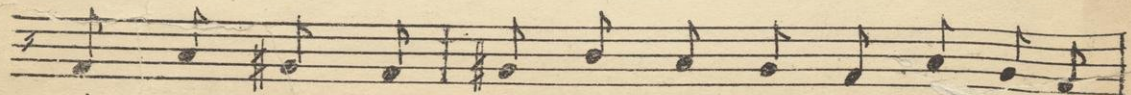
naughty Mister Bronson You hav-n't been to bed, And



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



house, is top-sy tur-by And our dusting is not



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



e - ven yet be - gun, No, not e - ven yet begun, No not

e - ven yet Be - gun, Not be - gun, Not be - gun, Not be -

gun Oh Fie, fie! fie! You

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

such a dread - ful man! You'd better stop your tarry - ing. To

day's your day for mar - ry - ing, Oh naughty Mister

Harry Bronson Fie, fie, fie, Oh

fie, fie, fie, You naughty Mister Bronson,

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

bet - ter stop your tar - ry - ing. To day's your day for

mar - ry - ing Oh naughty Mister Har - ry Bron - son

Fie, fie, fie!

My cho

cho

MALE CHOS.

Handwritten notes and scribbles at the bottom of the page.



p. 16

(Men) S. & A. Jolly Good Fellow 3.

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

use "Line off" for Cora to enter

2-2

Song and Chorus

All: con spirito

p. 20 Cora

When I was born the stars

won-der, fai-ter to with won-der, to fal-ter And blink'd their eyes with I've nev'er been know to

won-der fal-ter. By the thunder-! By the at-tar. The

① Bridesmaids prepare  
 ② With Reg. cho. children come in help with  
 grand finale



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

now I am the pet

*Cora's solo - make Dan*

*Chorus*

If he had to pay my sal-er-ree

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

Ris-sell Sage would fall down dead If he

had to pay her sal-er-ee.

sal-er-ee.

*Off. Pomis,  
 2. B. marks  
 3. Cho. fig.*

*w. Let me say  
 w. he  
 altar*



# 2<sup>o</sup> 3 Song and Dance

All *etto*

Bill.

When

16

The art of dancing

Chor. Oh!

lit - the Si - ster Kis - sie's A janny 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.

2. Dance after last verse

Chor. epit

# 2<sup>o</sup> 4 Song (Fix)

Pony + Boys

Mod<sup>o</sup>

And<sup>no</sup> Grazioso

I be the toy

15

And<sup>no</sup> 13

to fondle you, Oh teach me how to

p. 36

Chor.

love - Oh teach me how to kiss, dear, a



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 — D.C.

# No. 5 March & Chorus

Tempo di Marcia Mod<sup>o</sup>

Gen. & Bass.

S. & A.

12 *3* *2* *1* *2* *3* *4* *5* *6* *7* *8* *9* *10* *11* *12*

stately tread — They come this way With  
 dig-ni-fied de-meanor! With  
 boom of drum, Our souls they'll save, with  
 proudly fly-ing bar-ners Snowy plumes they  
 doff. To their chief they bow... To their chief doff  
 Snowy plumes To their chief from

begin as simus of the League land



# 22° 6 Song (Shabod) the anti-cigarete Society

16 *1. He smips as solo 1. 2. Young 2. cho*

*cho* *8va* *cho* *8va*

And in the field of marab.

stick at us li'-ci-tous

11

For in the field of

moral en-deav-our No com-pe-ti-tor can

shake a stick at us — In the

game of re-form there never, no never, were re-

-form-ers that were so fe-li-ci-tous — Our

vir-tues conti-nue to strike us, As qualities mag-

ni-fi-cent to see — of

course you could nev-er be like us, But be as

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

1. Str. line  
2. Push  
3. Epit to girls



Wine Women & Song

8.

Harry intro his father

S. & A.

(much boisterous?) all

# No. 7 Song & Chorus

All con spirito

B. mids L1 Harry

p. 50

Entr. Cho. Entr. L. 2

Where'er you stray The

Pomes Center

Write women and

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The lyrics 'Where'er you stray The' are written above the notes. The second staff continues the melody with notes G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3. The lyrics 'Write women and' are written below. The third staff has notes G3, F#3, E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2. The lyrics 'song - Wine wo-men and song - It's' are written below. The fourth staff has notes G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2, B1, A1, G1. The lyrics 'writ on the pages of life through the a-ges, That' are written below. The fifth staff has notes G1, F#1, E1, D1, C1, B0, A0, G0. The lyrics 'love for them ne'er is wrong.. Night's turned in to' are written below. The sixth staff has notes G0, F#0, E0, D0, C0, B-1, A-1, G-1. The lyrics 'day - Win-ter's changed in -to May - The' are written below. The seventh staff has notes G-1, F#-1, E-1, D-1, C-1, B-2, A-2, G-2. The lyrics 'world is made bright, The heart is made light By' are written below. The eighth staff has notes G-2, F#-2, E-2, D-2, C-2, B-3, A-3, G-3. The lyrics 'wine, wo-men and song - The world is made bright, The' are written below. The ninth staff has notes G-3, F#-3, E-3, D-3, C-3, B-4, A-4, G-4. The lyrics 'heart is made light By wine, wo-men and' are written below. The tenth staff has notes G-4, F#-4, E-4, D-4, C-4, B-5, A-5, G-5. The lyrics 'song Hail - All Hail, wine and' are written below. The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note G5.

Wm. & Ed. Lind



5. 95 a.

Chorus

# Nº 8 Song ( Fifi & Bridegrooms )

9.

Mod:

15 FIFI -5-

1 ze a-me-ri-can girl she

14 Bridemaids

Parée Oh la

belle Pa-ri-si-enne She do cap-ture all ze

belle " " " "

min- Wiz ze nau-ty lit-tle way she 'ave of

" " " " " " " "

salking dancing Whe a-cross ze street she

When a-round ze room she

go; she will lift her skirt- too so, Oh, no

go; she will kick " " " " And her

won-der that she sets the gas-sips take

lit-tle kick it makes the dance en-trance.

1. 2. 2º 3º d. J.C.

ing Oh la ing

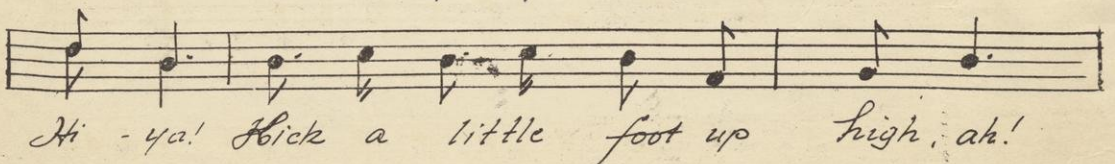
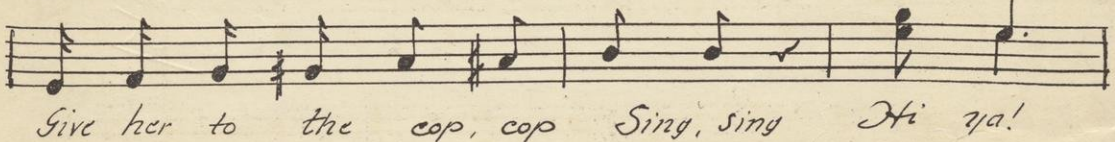
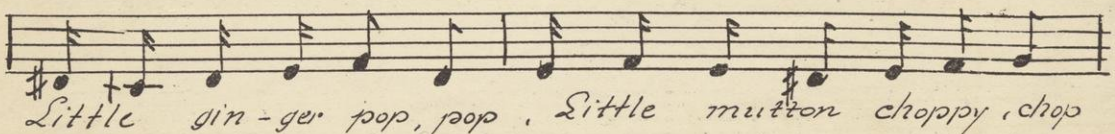
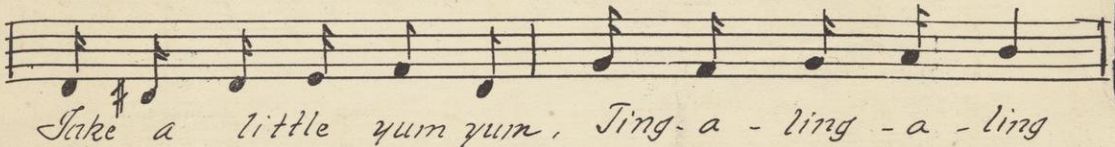
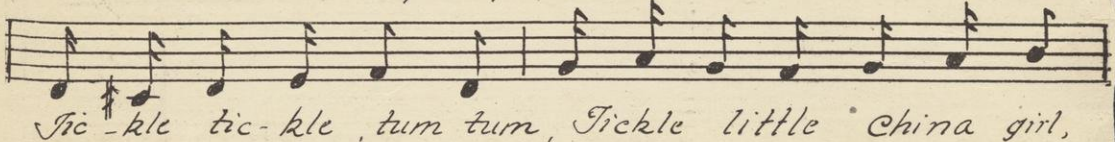
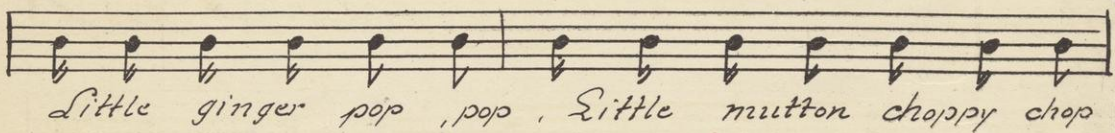
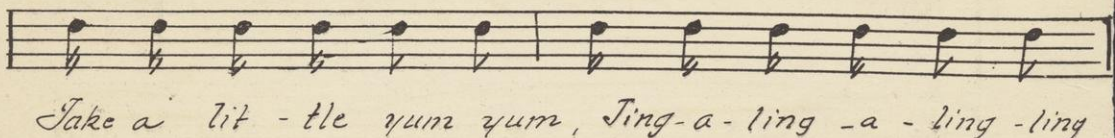
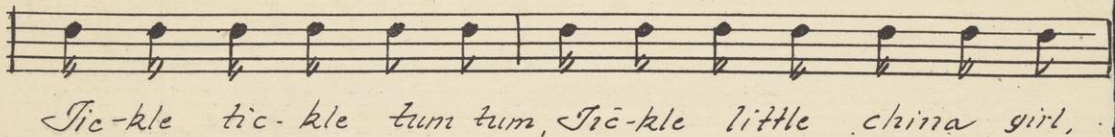
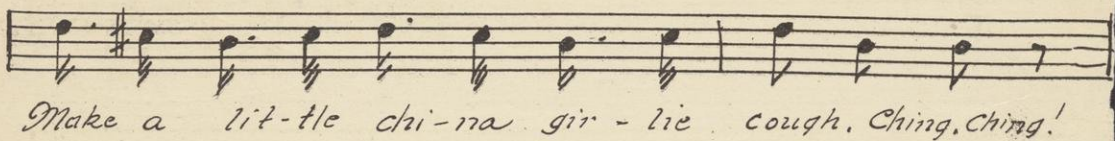
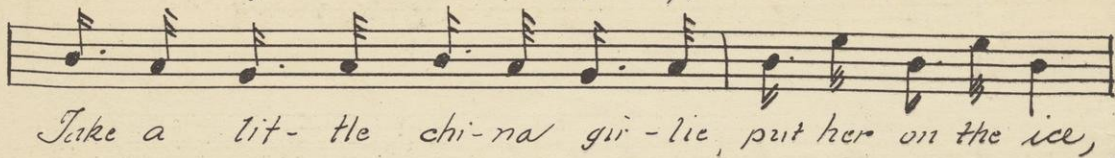
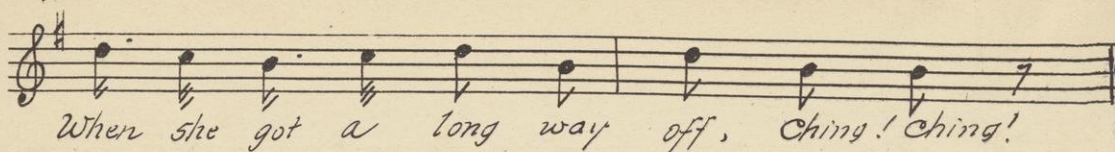
## Nº 10 Chorus

Allegretto 1. Chorus behind Bridemaids 19 Pell St

Chorus 1164

Pretty little china girlie vel-ly vel-ly nice,







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!







6 2 10

*a tempo* *rit.* *Chos.* *We'll*

stand and die to - ge - ther

Then here's to good old

Glory And the dear old Un-ion Jack, In  
*the best flag in the world*

but - tle fierce and go - ry *Let's fight, boys, back, to*  
*die for good old glory when ever she's in*

back, We won't forget we're brothers yet And  
*furled along she line she stave melahine*

birds of a sin - gle fea - tter, With our  
*the flag of our own & glory*

flags un - furled, a - gainst all the world, We'll  
*fight to now, will stand by the gun. And*

stand and die to ge - ther. *D.C.*

2 13 Song

N. 86

Tempo di Valse

Chorus

7 23

There's a great little  
 chor.

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

Belle of New York — The sub - ject of

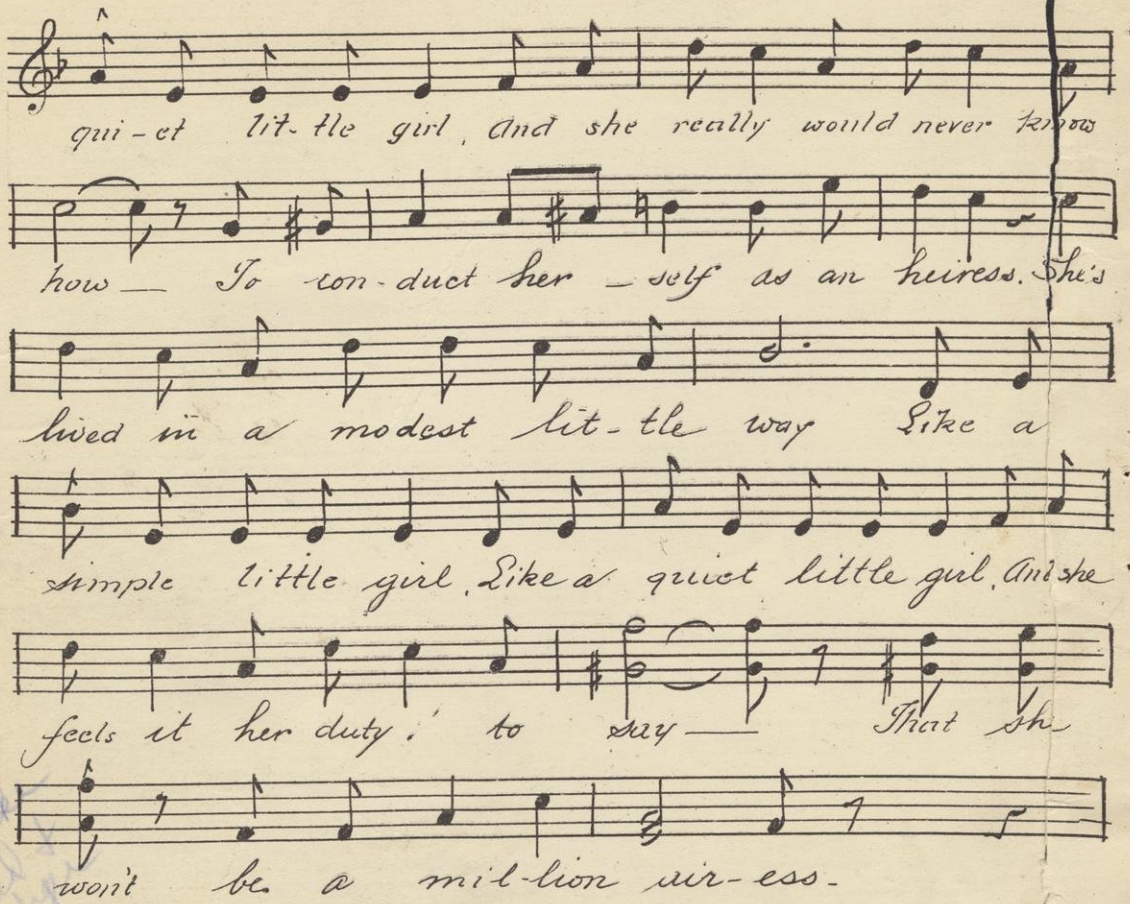


all the town talk, ... She makes the old  
 Bow-e-ry Fra-grant and flow-e-ry When she goes  
 out for a walk. .... She soft as a  
 snow-y white dove. .... She's simply cre-  
 a-ted to love, ... The fellows all sigh for her. *f*  
 They would all die for her - She is the Belle of New York *D.C.*

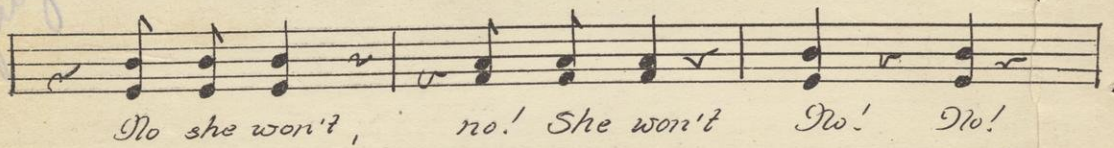
### No 14 Finale Act 1<sup>st</sup>

*Mod- Appo 230 Schabod* *0.91*  
 your life, my tit-tle girl, in the  
*Violet Piu mosso*  
 Oh, sir! oh sir!  
*Harry*  
 I want you to  
*Mod: 15 Everybody*  
 a mil-lion-aires Oh! She's done very well up to  
*Ladies*  
 now - as a simple little girl, as a

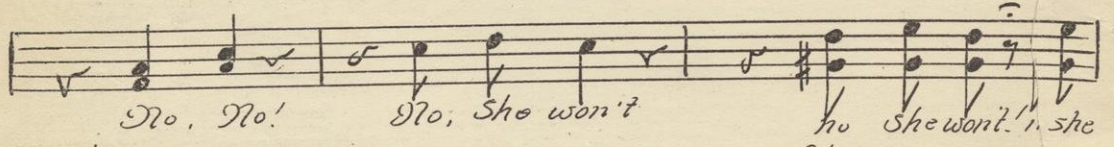




qui-et lit-tle girl, And she really would never know  
 how - To con-duct her - self as an heiress. She's  
 lived in a modest lit-tle way Like a  
 simple little girl, Like a quiet little girl, And she  
 feels it her duty: to say - That she  
 won't be a mil-lion air-ess.



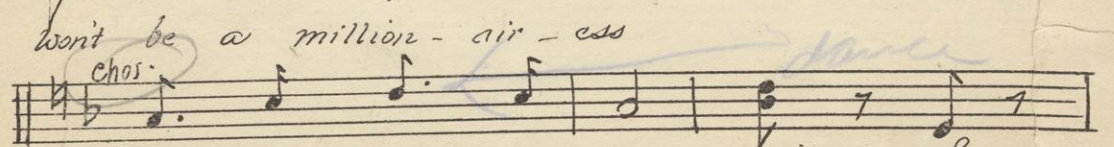
No she won't, no! She won't No! No!



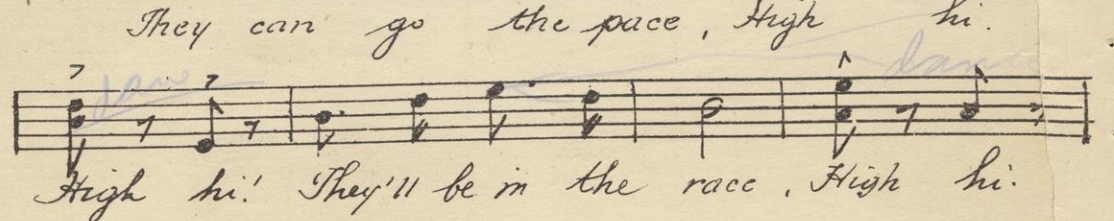
No, No! No, She won't No She won't, she



*allegro* won't be a million - air - ess *Galep.* 16



*choso.* They can go the pace, High hi.



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



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

ra - - - Rrum ta-ra-ra-ra

Rrum 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!

Rrum 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

Ita-dies that will make your mon-ey

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



drum my 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

*And agitato* *change sides*

29

*Viol.* *Chorus*  
*All<sup>o</sup> agitato*

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



nice, She'll make a sa-cri-fice She'll

say good-bye to po-ve-ry and be his

tempo di Marcia

hey Follow on, Follow on, When the

light of Faith you see.

Molto

3

Fol-low on, Follow on, When the

light of Faith you see.

Tempo di Valse

2

Follow! Follow! Fol-low on.

29

ens.

She is the belle of New-York — Oh,

she is the belle of New York — The sub-ject of

all the town talk — She makes the old

Bow - 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. WatB tempo 30 rit. 2 a tempo. 3

All Principal Ladies

Bridemaids

She is the belle of New York

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 she's 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 gay New  
 York — The sub-ject of Town  
 Oh Yes she's the belle of New

*Tempo 1-*  
*Fin mosso*



York — The subject of all the town talk —  
 yes she is the belle of New York —  
 oh 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 little shy Sal -



(Everyone stops singing)

S. & A.

23.

-va-tion ar... my girl

# Act 2<sup>nd</sup>

## 92° 15' Opening Chorus

All<sup>o</sup> Agitato

Chor.

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

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

*cru-zy, cru-zy,*  
 2 *rall.* *Vivace*  
 13 *flu-vo* *a glass of sars'-pa-*  
*nil-la.* *a lot of cream in each* *Alto*

*glass of sars'pa nil-la. And an- o-ther of va-*  
*nil-la And an- o-ther glass of o-range, and an-*  
*-o-ther glass of peach. Oh you want to make 'em*

*siz-zy, And you want to make 'em fix-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*

*lot, of cream in each.*







*Vivace*

A glass of sars' pa.  
 -rit - la And an - o - ther of va - nil - la. And an -  
 o - ther glass of o - range and an - o - ther glass of  
 peach Oh you want to make them sizzzy, 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.

*Presto*

No 17a Song vs Chorus

*Tempo di Marcia*  
 sung at end of verse only

dress. we're the 1917. Ra-ta-ta, too, ty, too-ty too-ty  
 Ra-ta-ta too-ty too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta, tooty tooty tooty



Ra-tu-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.

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, Fur-  
 shin-y trumpets go-ing too-ty, too-ty; We  
 really do not think that we're to blame for  
 dress-ing in a style that suit our beauty,  
 We do our du-ty just the same...

## No 18 Song & Chos.

All<sup>o</sup> 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 dur-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 15*

# 20:19 Song

ant. 4 3 13-13. 15  
 When I went Mamie  
 Clancy" Oh Little Ma-mie Clancy, was the  
 girl that caught my fancy, Why Se-ti-tia Ann Mahoney was not  
 in the race 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  
 Goo-gan's Fancy Ball" D.C. Goo-gan's Fancy Ball"

*Chos.*

*DANCE AFTER 2nd Verse*



# No. 20 Song

Mod:

Meet me on the beach boys, -

You'll be glad that you're a live

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

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

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

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

Dance (After 2<sup>nd</sup> Verse)



## 97° 21

*All: con spirito* 25

*chor.*

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, so  
 hap - pi - ness most sub - blime — so  
 as they sing on the Op - era 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



fer-ry O'er the ferry . . . . . oh  
float me, oh float me, In a riv-er of bright cham-  
paigne, 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-paigne, 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

No. 23 Female Oct 2<sup>o</sup>

For in the field of able to  
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

340.

## No. 27 Song & Chos.

*All: con spirito* *Sinfkins.*

*Were*  
**F. CHOS.**

going to have a wed-ding here to day . . .

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 love the  
yes, he hates to 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-o-tion

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

*rit.*

rage--  
-aired . . .

Oh he's the father of the

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



pa - rent he's pe - cu - liar - ly u - nique <sup>quillad.</sup>  
 mit a fa - ther's pride and fondness proper are -  
 ... When his daughter comes a thous 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, <sup>and after</sup> ~~no~~ their time, He'll  
 come a - gain and weep an - o - ther time  
 1. 2. 1.  
 a. time.







