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Chorus part: bass. [189-?]

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

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4931

CHORUS PART



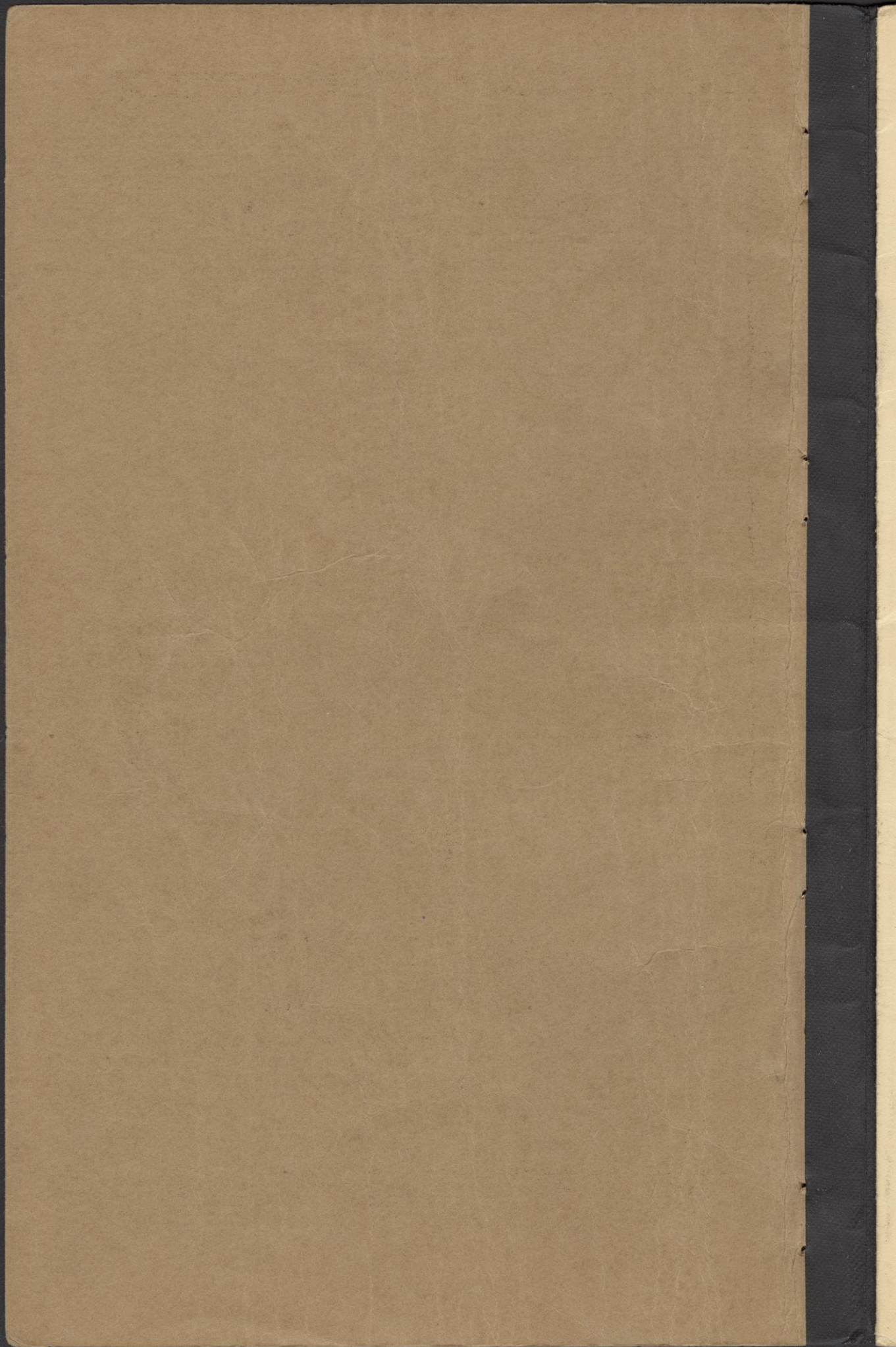
1. Basses

BELLE OF NEW YORK



TAMS-WITMARK
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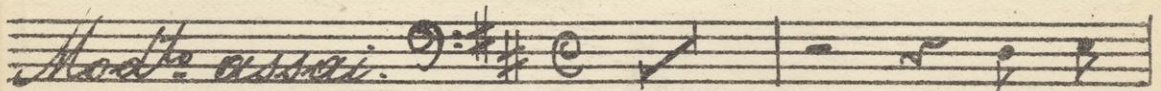
318-320 WEST 46th STREET
NEW YORK CITY



The Belle of New York.

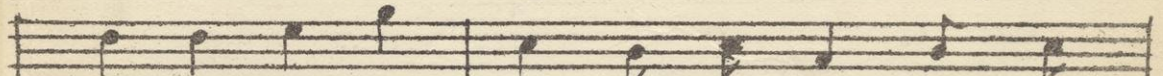
Passes.

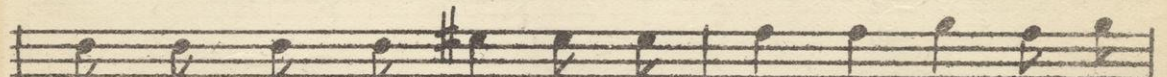
No. 4. Intro. & Opening Chorus.

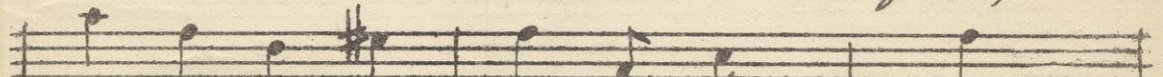
Mod. to allegro. 

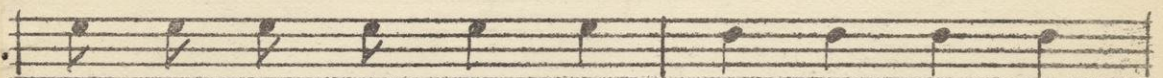
When a

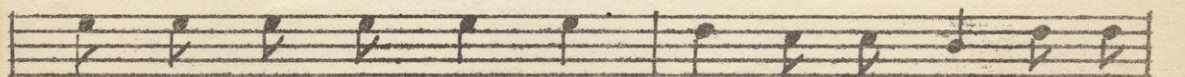

man is twenty one, let him drink hot rum, let him



drink it hot and cold - Hot and cold. When a



man is twenty one, let him make things hum, let his


life be free and bold, free and bold, For


never will you be so gain a - gain, And


never will you see such fun, see such fun, As you


will when the sparkling cup you drain On the


day when you are twen - ty one. Then

marc. 2

here's to the day when you're twentyone years

old And you laugh in the face of - sorrow, When you

don't fear li-quer and you drink it hot and

cold, And you don't care a hang for to -

mor - - - row. Then mor - - - row.

Allgto 3/4 6/8 6/8 9/8

And he's

going to be married at noonday.

He's got a big load to carry.

Modto

Little woo

Trifle woo

Little boo

Trifle boo

Little tide

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

Little woo Trifle woo. Could'nt blame you

if you said he is bossy, Little boo,

Trifle boo. But he's just about to take a bride and he's twenty-one years old, beside Hence the

highness of his ri-sing tide. Little tide,

Li-dy tide. Oh

fie, fie, fie! You naughty Mister Bronson,

My, my, my! You're such a dreadful man! You'd better stop your tarry-ing, To day's your day for

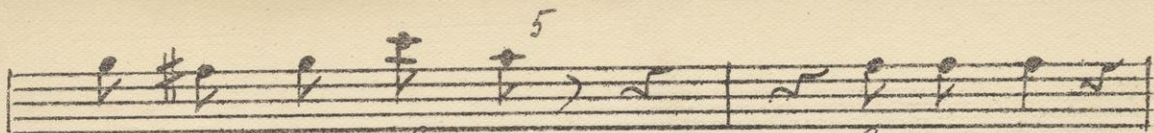
marry-ing, Oh naughty-Mister Harry Bronson,

fie, fie, fie! For

he's a jolly good fel-low. Yes

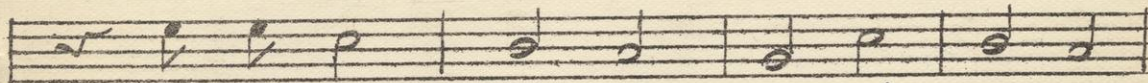
he's a jolly good fellow, Oh
 he's a jolly good fel- low, And he'll
 never be sober a- gain, Which
 no- body will de- ny, - Which
 no- bo- dy will de- ny- yes,
 he's a jolly good fel- low, yes,
 he's a jolly good fellow, yes,
 he's a jolly good fel- low, And he'll
 never be sober a- gain.

Oh, we guess he's just a
 wee bit woasy, Little woo
 Trifle woo, Could'nt blame you if you



said he is bossy.

Little boo



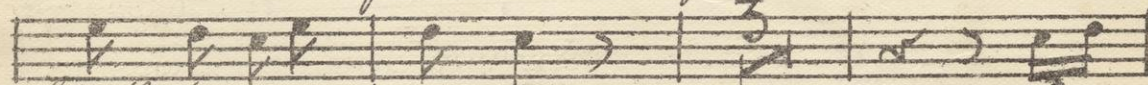
trifle boo, woo, Boo woo, Boo woo, Boo



woo.

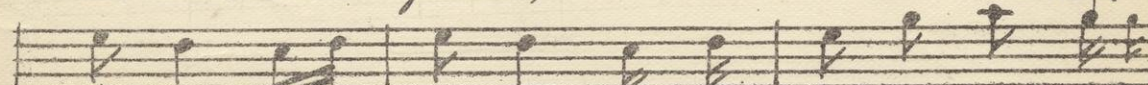


With wonder, with wonder, And
To falter, to fal-ter, I've

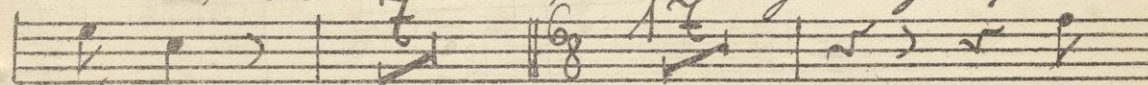


blink'd their eyes with wonder,
ne'er been known to falter,

By
The



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

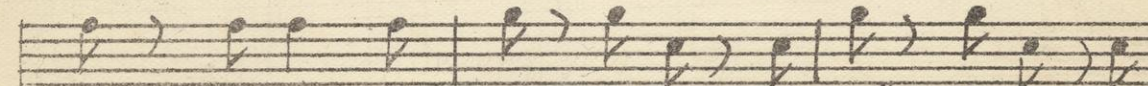


thunder.
al-tar.

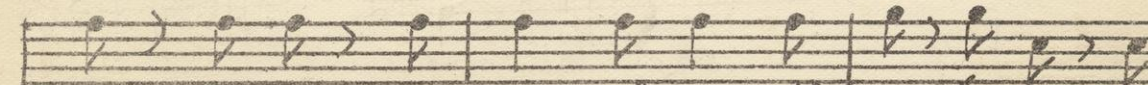
And



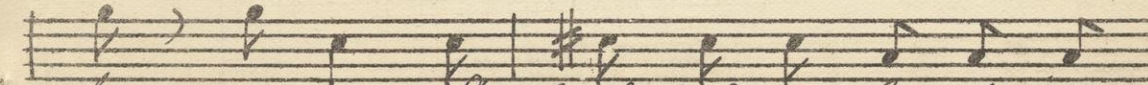
now she is the pet you bet of bankers, brewers &



all that set; The i-dol of the little boys, that



sit up in the gal-ler-ee. When in her diamonds



she appears, she looks like a beauti-ful

Chandelier, And Rus-sel Sage would fall down dead, if he
had to pay her saller-ee. saller-ee.

No 3. Allegretto. Oh

little sister Kissie's a jaunty little
missie, she can turn a somersault or
handspring, Her pretty winking eye goes, she's
full of dinky-di-das When she re-pre-
sents the art of dancing.

No 4. 4 24 16 15

Oh teach me how to Kiss, dear,
Teach me how to squeeze, Teach me how to sit upon your
sympa-thetic knees; Teach me how to coo, dear.

7 *Dim.*

Like a tur-tle dove; Teach me how to
rit. fondle you, Oh teach me how to love.

No. 5. Marcia Mod. *12*

With

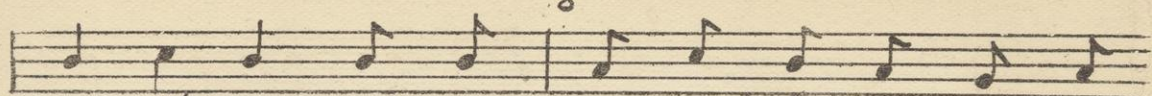
state-ly tread, --- And digni-fied de-
 meanor, We come this way --- Our
 foes we slay, In mo-rali-ty's arena,

Boom, boom, boom, tzing, tzing. With
 boom of drum, --- And proudly flying
 banner, your souls we'll save. *Ob.*

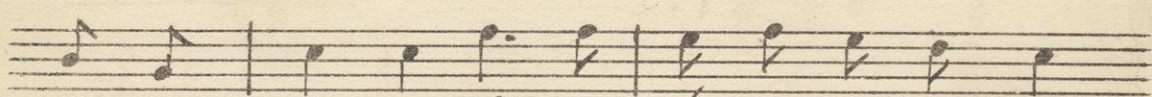
seroe our grave And reveren-tial manner,

Boom, boom, boom tzing tzing. And

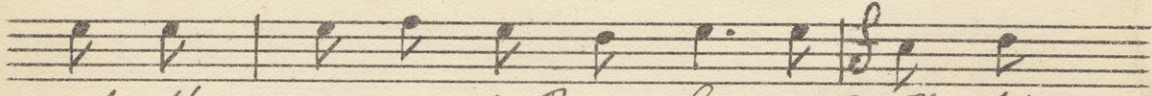
now to our chief we doff our snowy plumes, Few



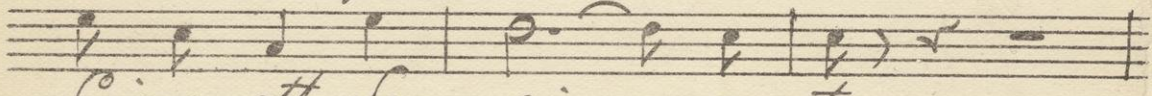
men there are who com-pare with him in psi-e-



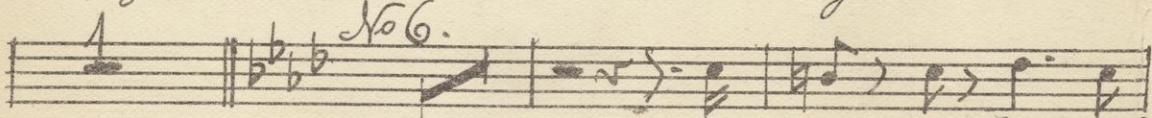
ty, All e-vil flees when he command assumes



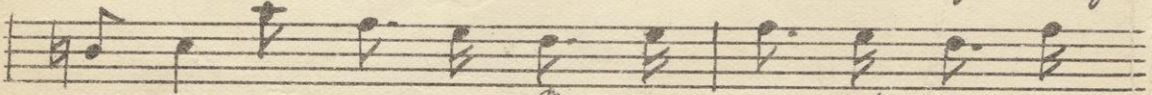
Of the youngmen's Rescue League and Anti--



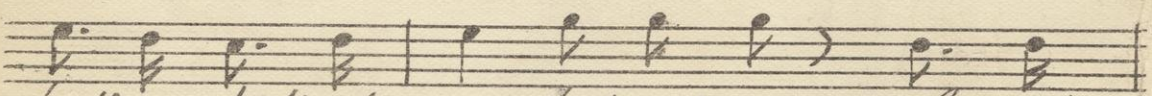
Cigar-ette So-ci--e-ty.



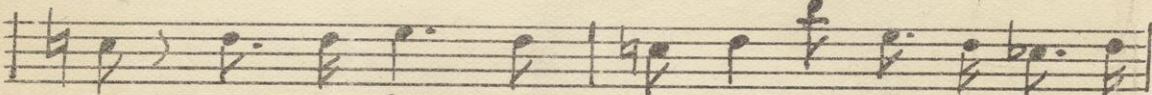
For in the field of



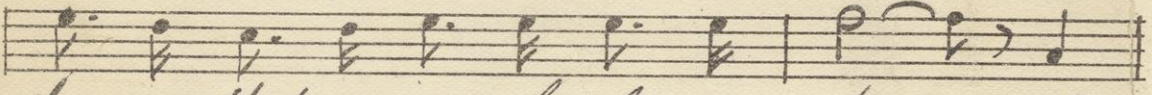
moral endeavour No com-pe-ti-tor can



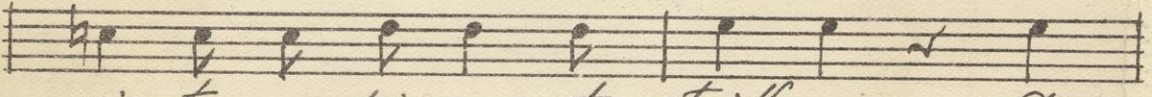
shake a stick at us, stick at us, In the



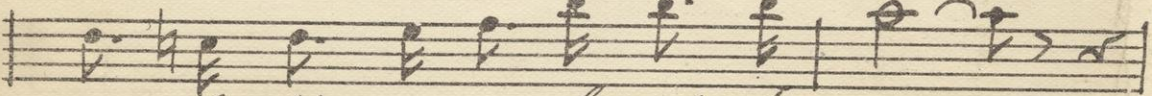
game of reform there never, no never, were re-



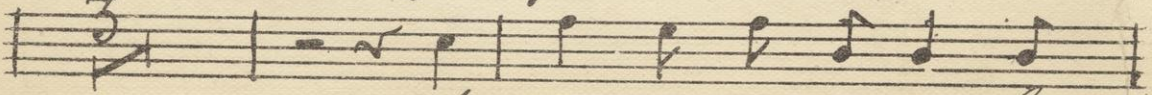
formers that were so fe-li-ci-tous.. Our



vir-tues conti-nue to strike us, As



qua-li-ties magni-ficent to see,



Of course you could never be

9
like us, But be as like us as you're

1st. 2d.
a-ble to be. be, 'ble to be.

To 7. *Alto-spirit.* 27

Wine women and song - Wine women and

song - It's writ on the pages of

life thro' the a-ges, That love for them ne'er, is

wrong - Night's turned in to day -

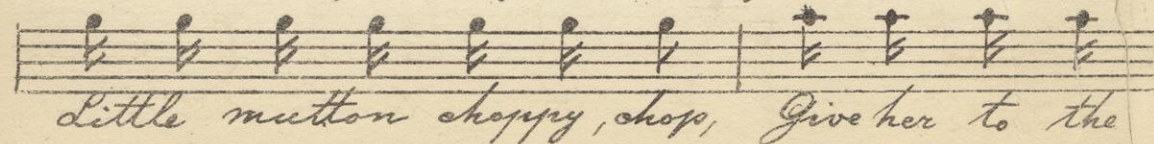
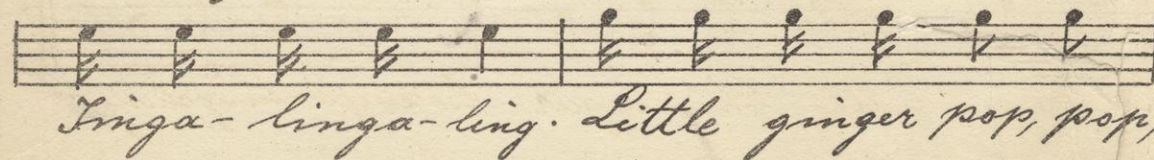
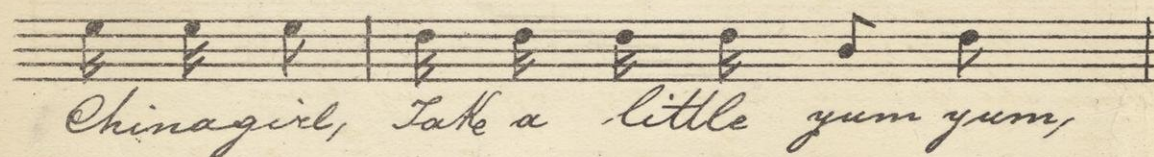
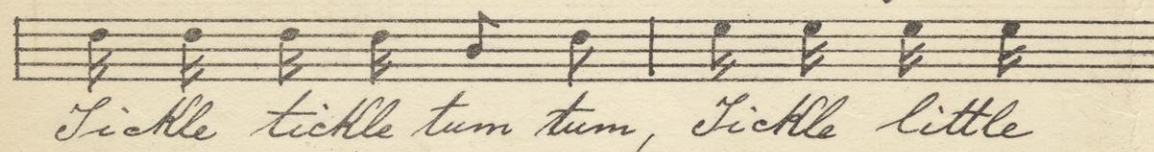
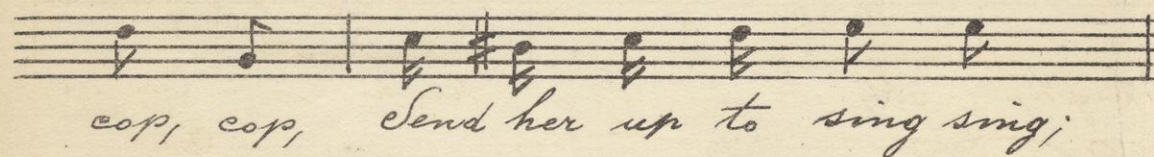
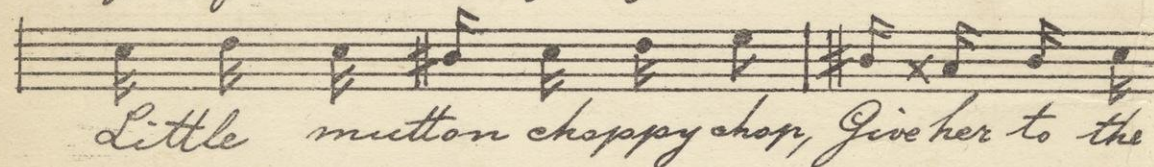
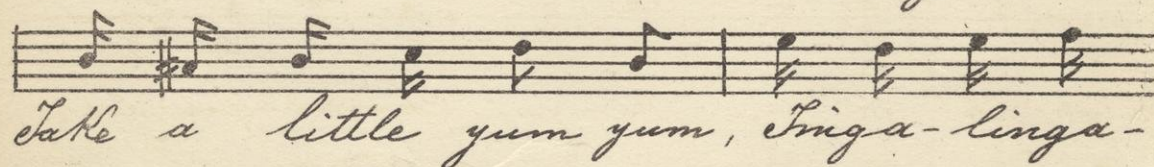
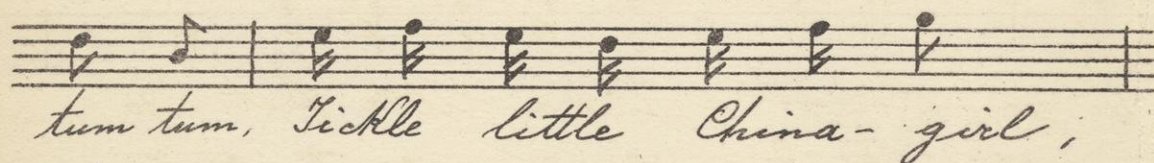
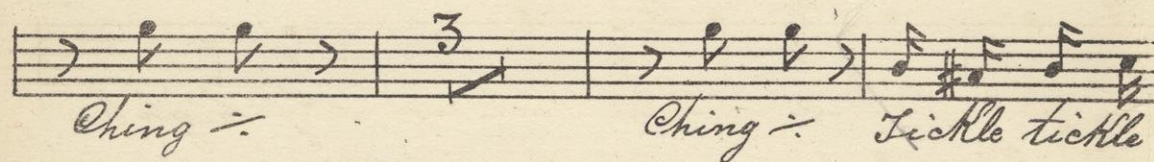
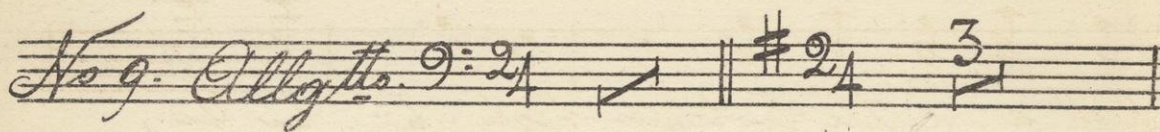
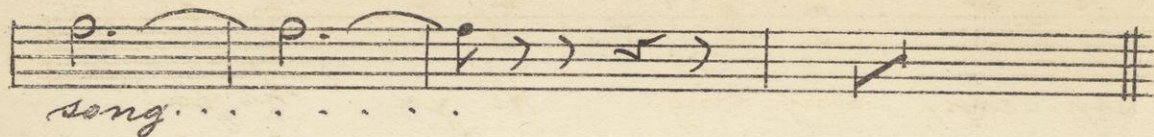
Winter's changed in to May - The world's is made

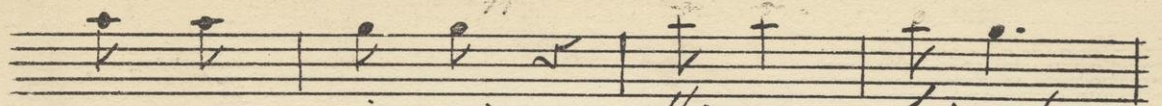
bright, The heart is made light, By wine women and

song. The world is made bright, The

heart is made light By wine, women and

song, Hail, - All Hail, wine and





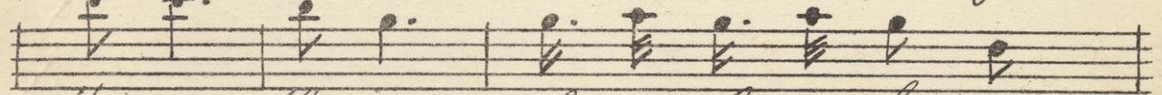
cap, cap, sing, sing. Hi ya, hi ya!



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

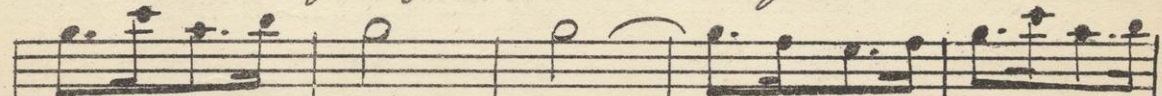


high, ah! Hi yi, Ki-yi! China-girlie

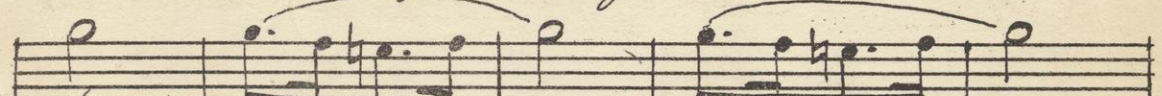


Kick up sky high.

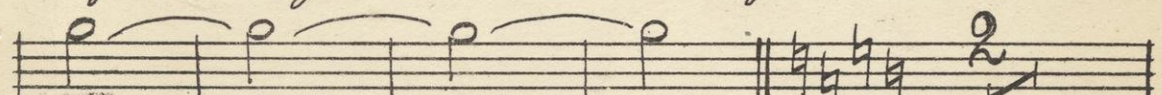
Sky



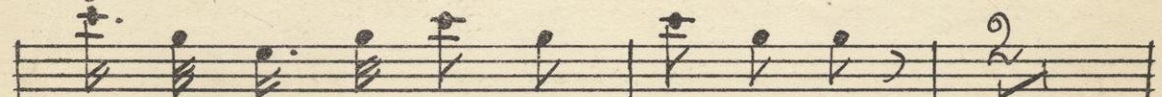
high, sky



high, sky high



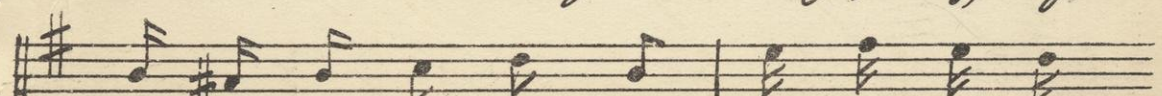
Aye!



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

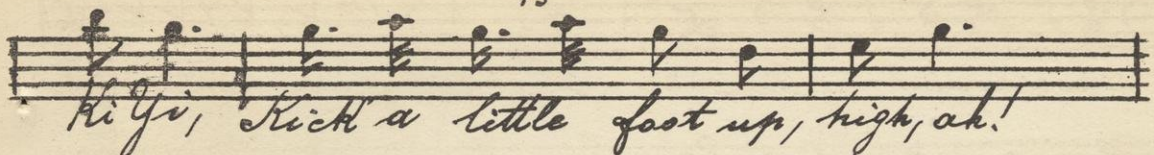


Make a little China girlie cough, chingching!

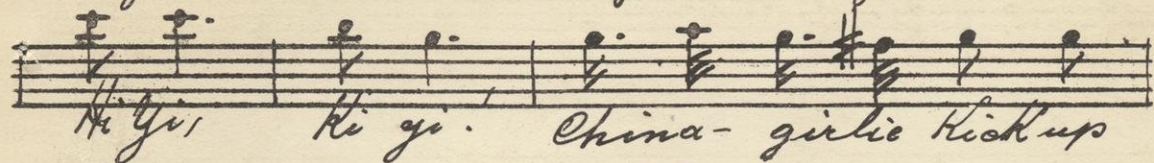


Tickle tickle tum tum, tickle little

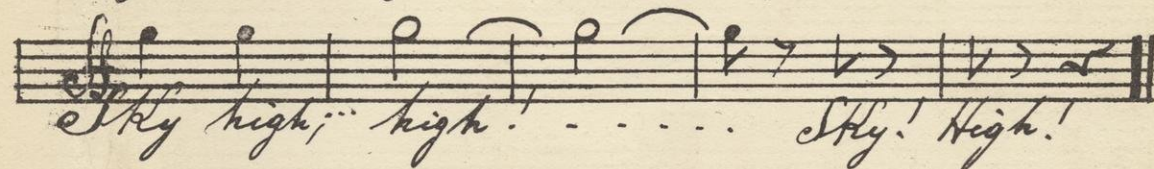
Chinagirl, Take a little yum yum,
 Tinga-linga-lingling. Little ginger
 pop, pop, little mutton choppy, chop,
 Give her to the cop, cop, send her up to
 Sing Sing. Tickle tickle tum tum,
 tickle little chinagirl, Take a little
 yum yum, tinga-ling-a-ling.
 Little ginger pop, pop, little mutton
 choppy, chop, Give her to the cop, cop,
 Sing Sing. Hi-ya! Hi ya! Kick a little
 foot up high, ah! Hi yi! Hi yi!
 China-girlie kick up sky high. Hi yi,



Ki Yi, Kick a little foot up, high, ah!

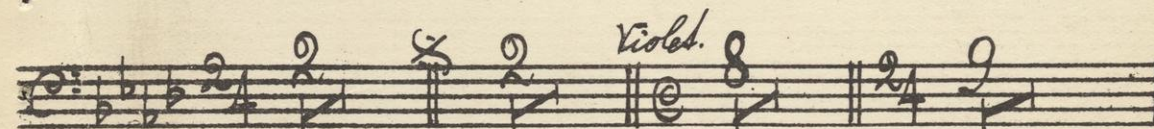


Ki Yi, Ki yi. China-girlie Kick up

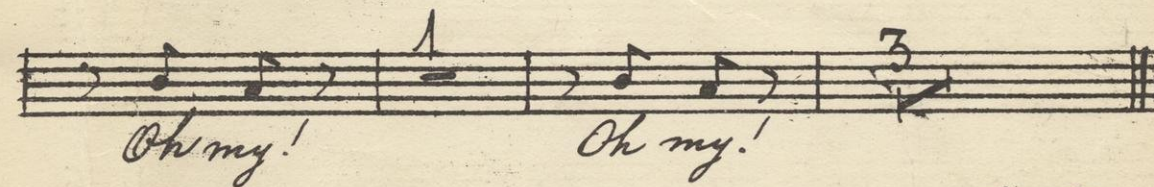


Sky high; high! - - - - - Sky! High!

No. 11. Song & Chorus. *All. mod. to*

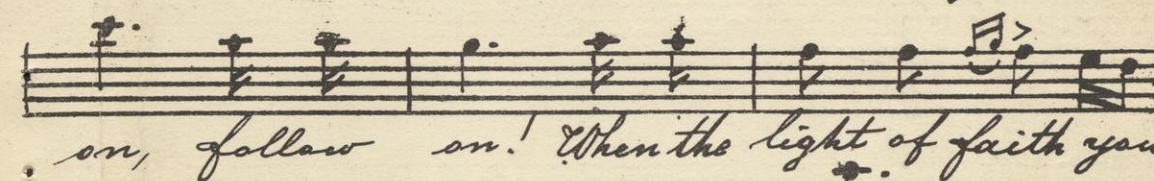


Violet.



Oh my! Oh my!

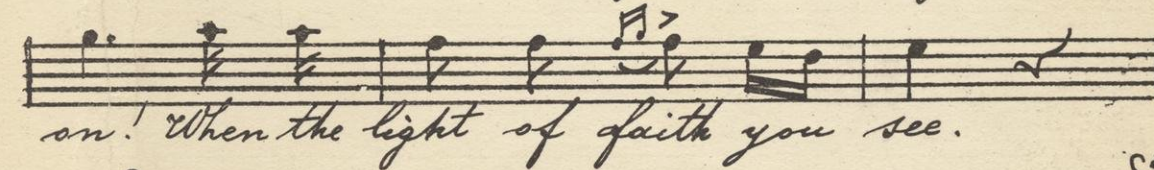
Tempo di Marcia. follow



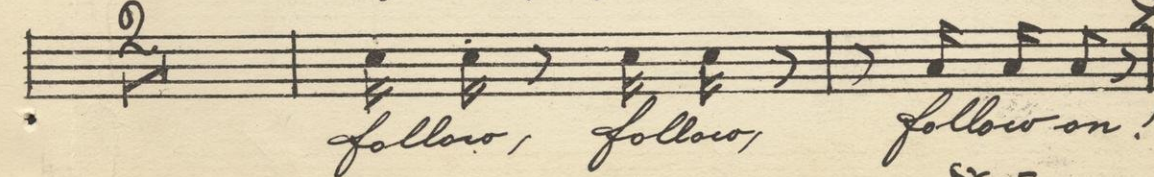
on, follow on! When the light of faith you



see. follow on, follow



on! When the light of faith you see.



follow, follow, follow on!

No. 12. *Tempo di Marcia.*

Hurrah, hurrah, hurra hurrah!

Then here's to good old

glo-ry and the dear old Union Jack, on

bat- tle fierce and glo-ry 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. 43. Tempodi Talor.

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

subject of all the town talk, ... The

makes the old Bowe-ry fragrant and flowery;

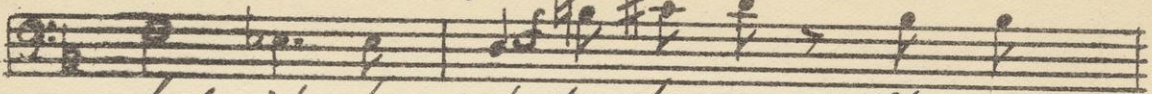
15

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.

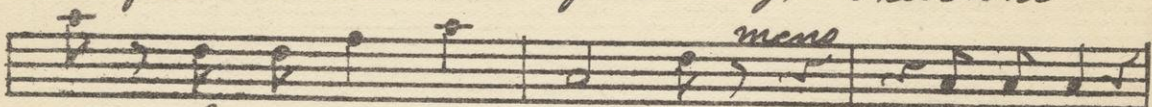
15

And H. Finale I.

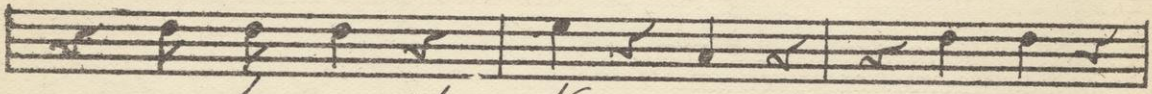
Oh! she's done very well up to now,
 As simple girl, As quiet girl, And she
 really would never know how, her-
 self as an heiress; she's lived in a
 modest little way, little way,
 A simple girl, A quiet girl, and she



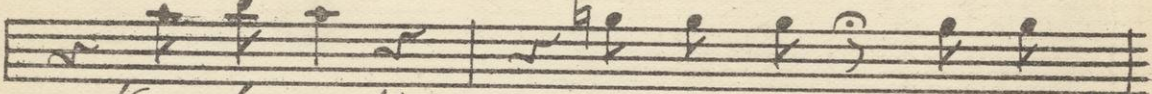
feels it her duty to say, That she



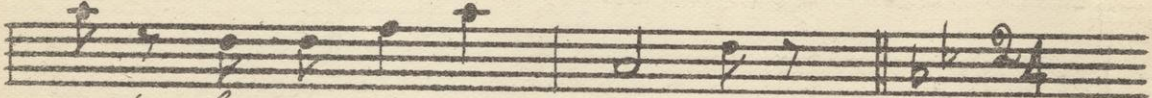
won't be a million-air-ess. ^{men} No, she won't,



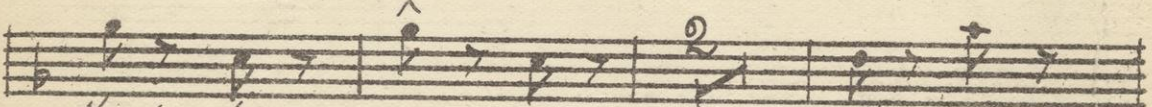
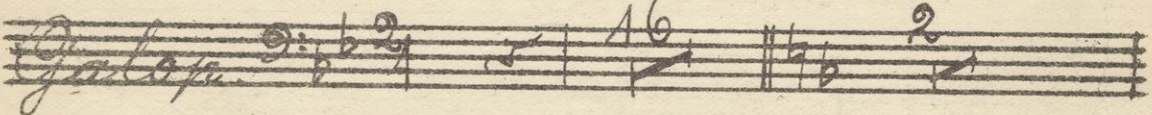
no she won't. No, no, no no!



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



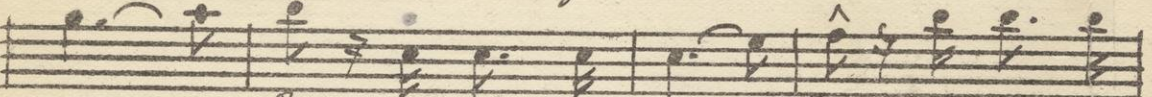
won't be a million-air-ess.



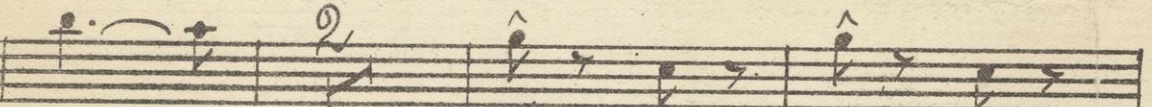
High hi! High hi!



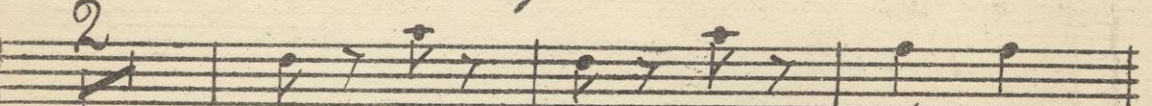
Hoopla, high hi! Brum ta ra ra



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 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.

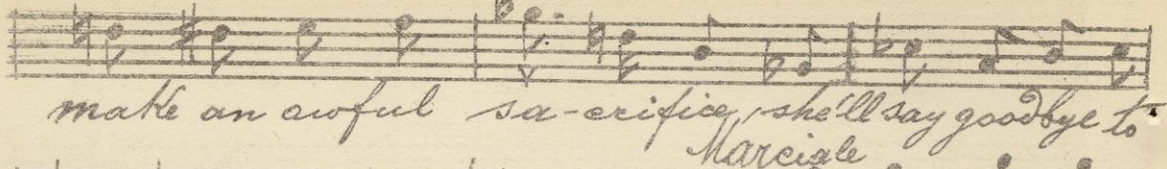
All agit;

She'll be his

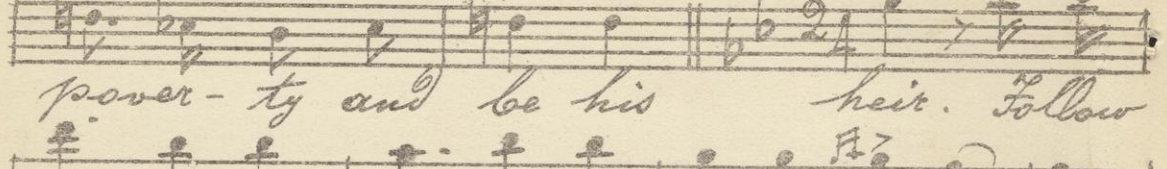
heir; now is-n't that real kind of her? She'll

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

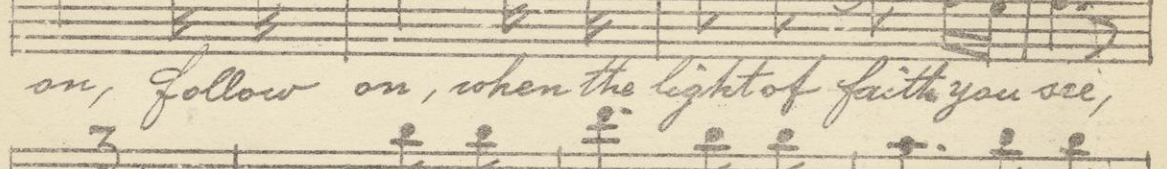
her? She'll be real nice, She'll be real nice, She'll



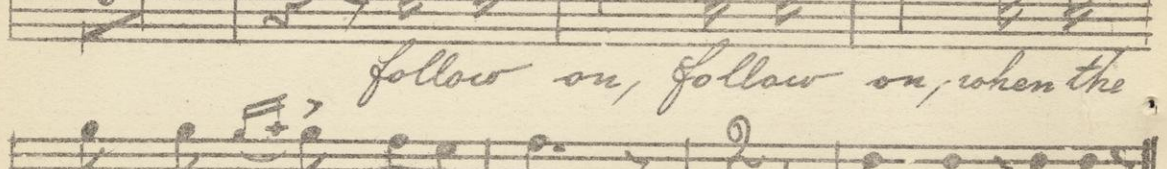
make an awful sa-cri-fice, she'll say goodbye to



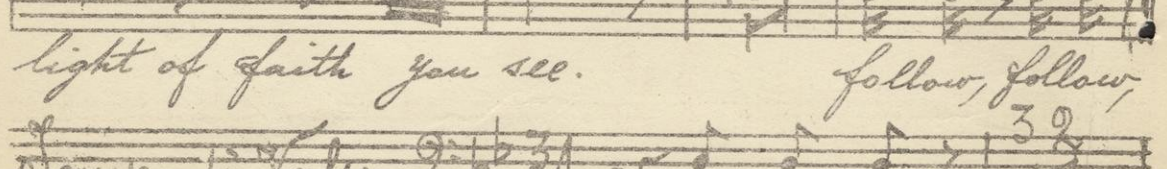
Marziale
pover-ty and be his heir. Follow



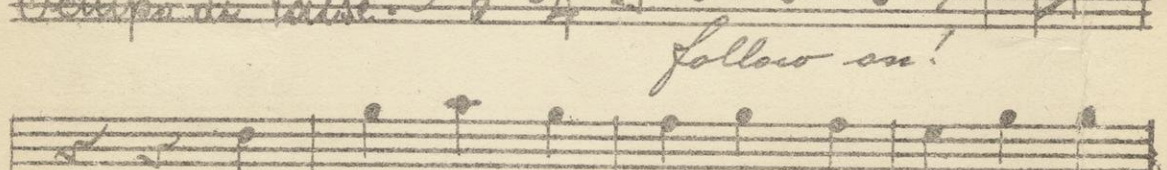
on, Follow on, when the light of faith you see,



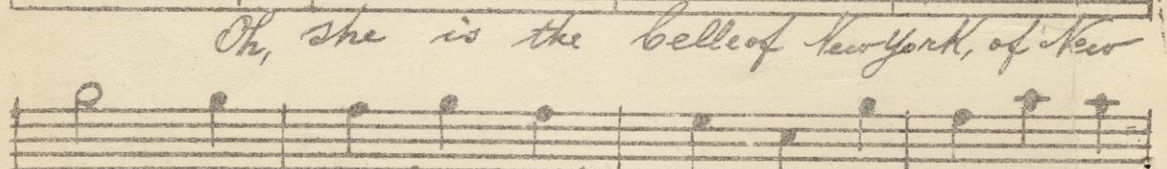
follow on, follow on, when the



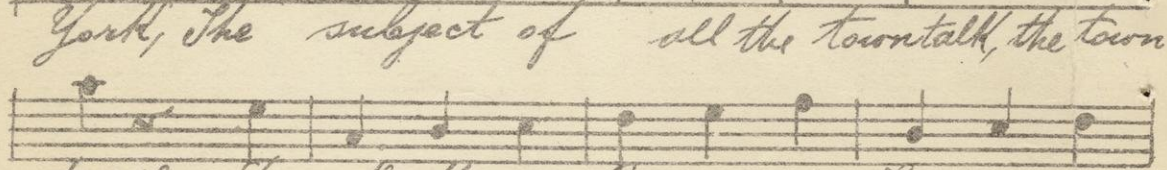
light of faith you see. follow, follow,



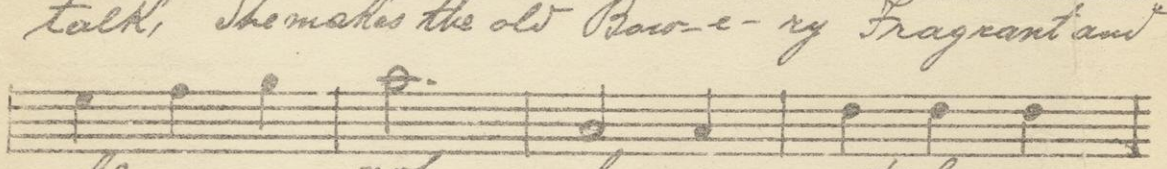
Tempore False. Follow on!



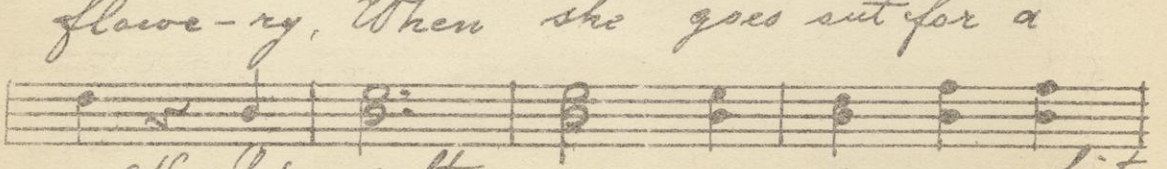
Oh, she is the belle of New York, of New



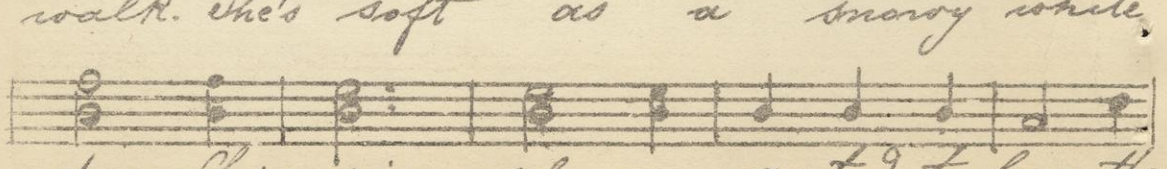
York, the subject of all the town talk, the town



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



flowe-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

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

Waltz. 3/4

(cres.)

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

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 -
 The 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,

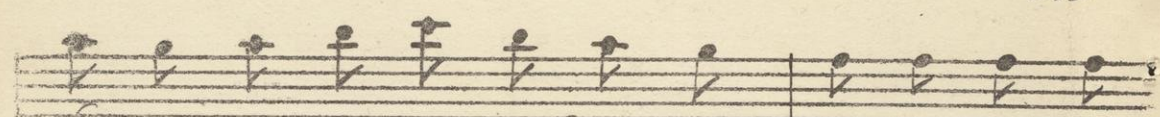
ar-my girl, ar-my girl, yes

she a mere little shy Sal-va-tion

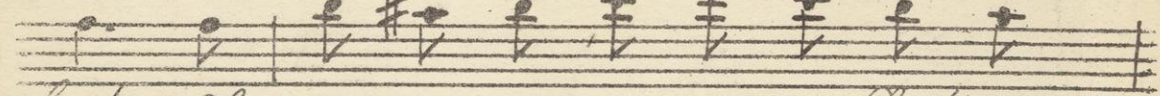
ar my -

girl. End of 1st. Act.

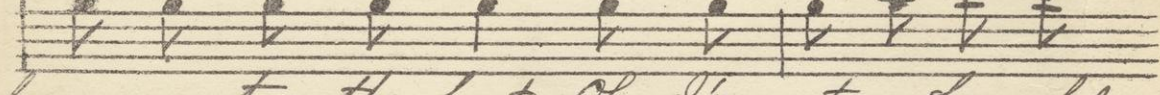
No 15 *Allegretto* ²² 29 *Oh*



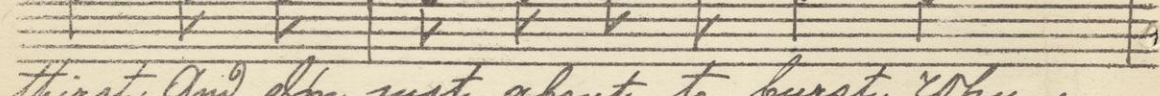
Sonny, - - - Can't you work a little



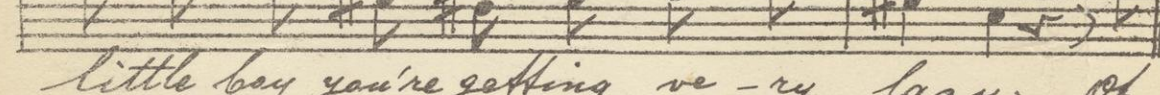
fast; Oh sonny, - - - Don't you



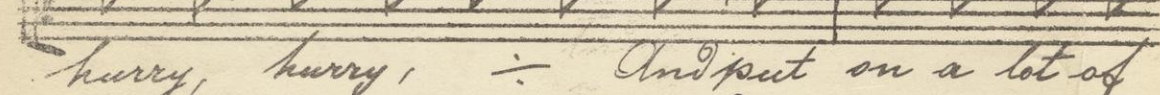
leave me to the last. Oh I've got a fear-fal



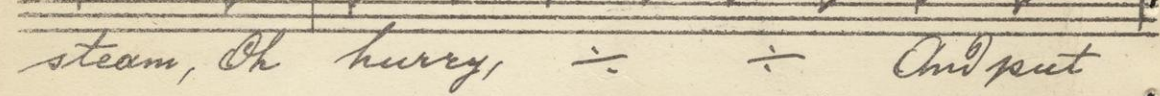
thirst, And I'm just about to burst, Why,



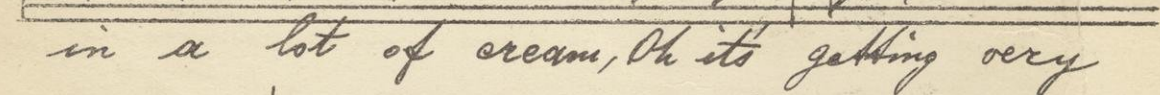
little boy you're getting ve-ry lazy. Oh



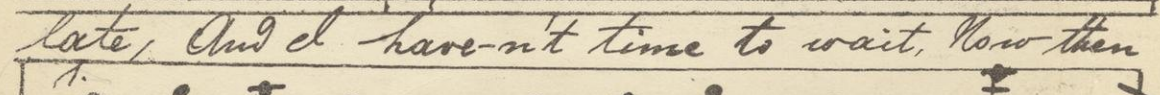
hurry, hurry, - - - And put on a lot of



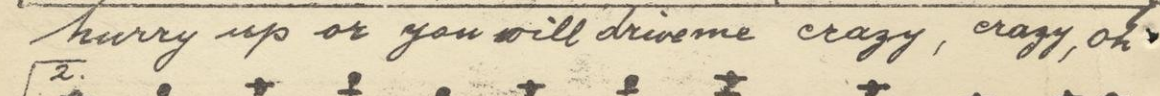
steam, Oh hurry, - - - And put



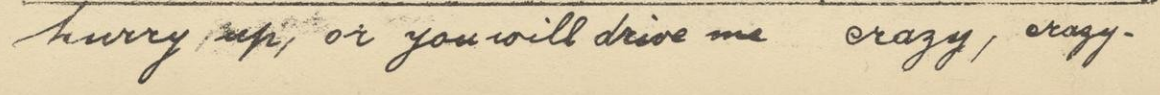
in a lot of cream, Oh it's getting very



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

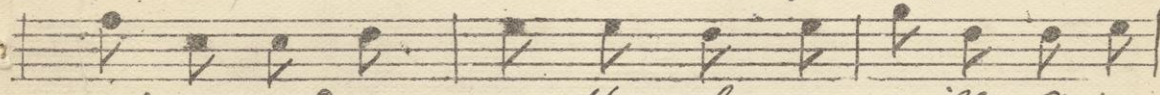


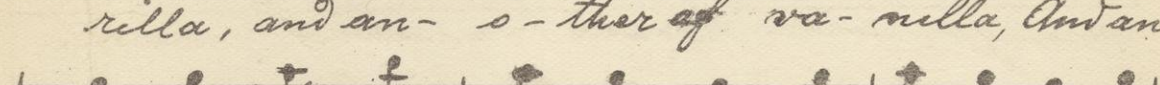
^{1.} hurry up or you will drive me crazy, crazy, Oh

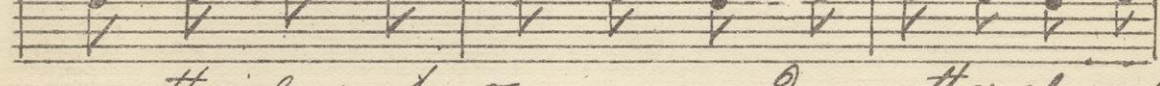


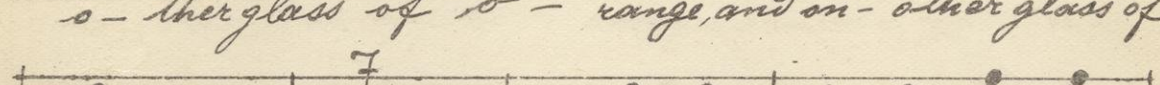
^{2.} hurry up, or you will drive me crazy, crazy.

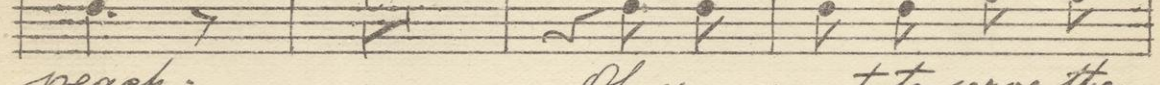
15 | 24 17 | 

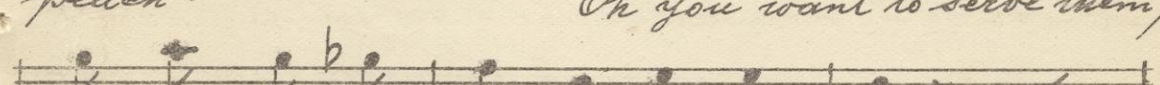


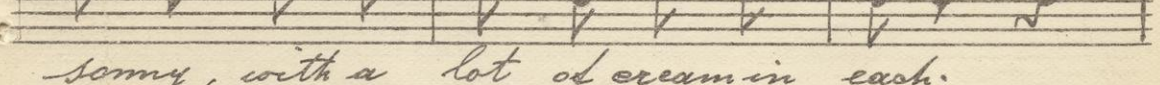


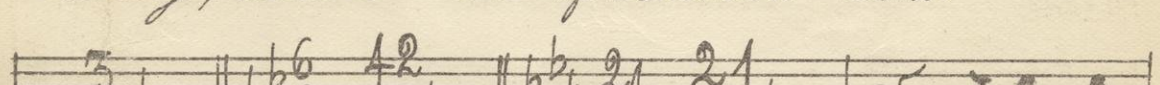


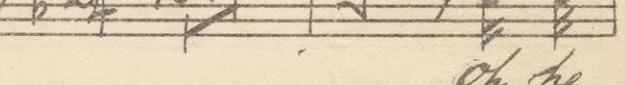




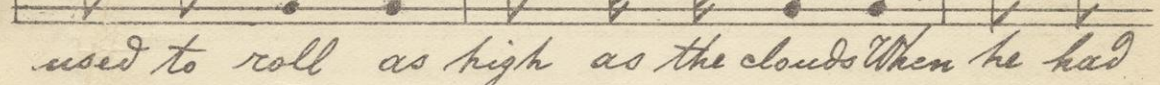


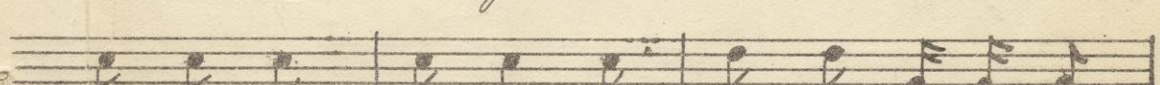


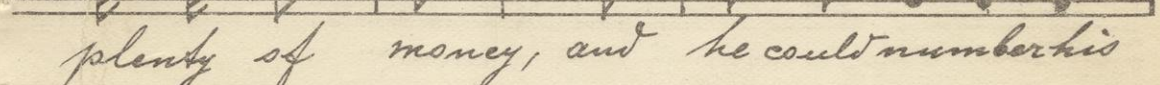


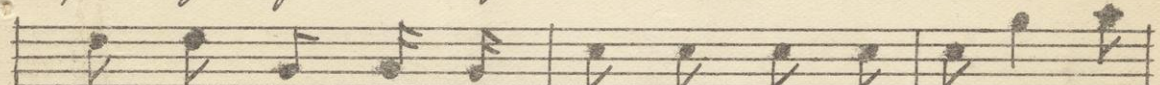
3 | 

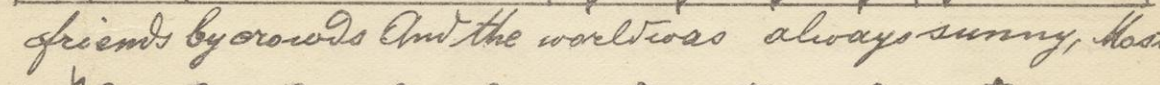


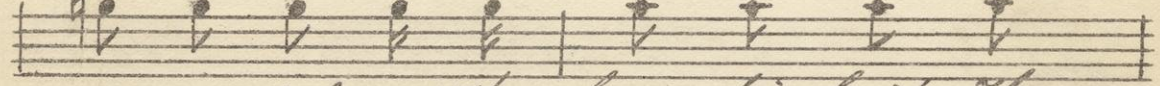


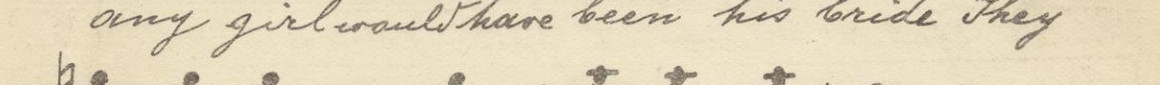


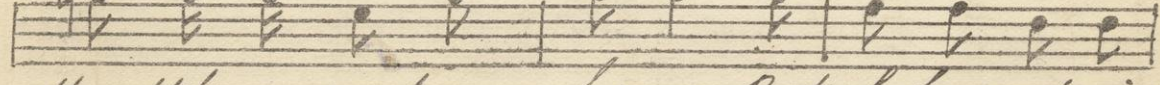


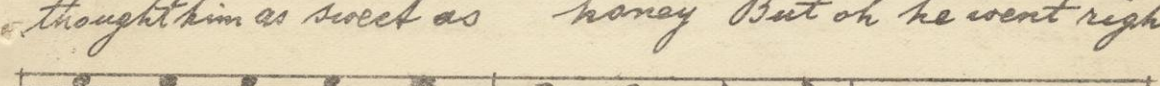




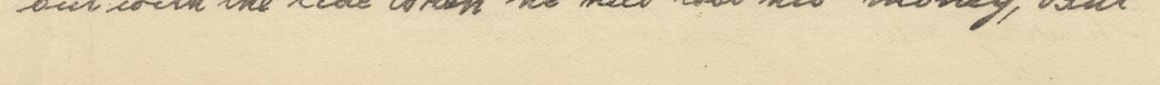












A glass of sars'pa-

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,

somny, 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

any girl would have been his bride They

thought him as sweet as honey But oh he went right

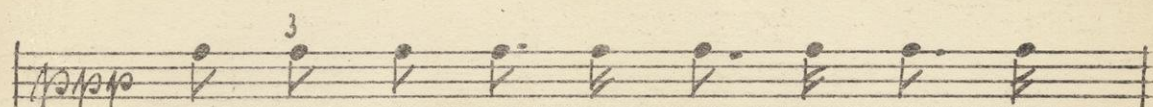
out with the tide When he had lost his money, But

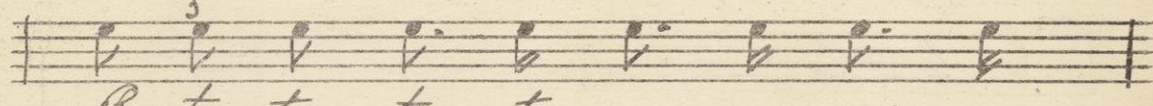
oh he went right out with the tide When he had
 lost his money, when he had lost his
 money, when he had lost his money.

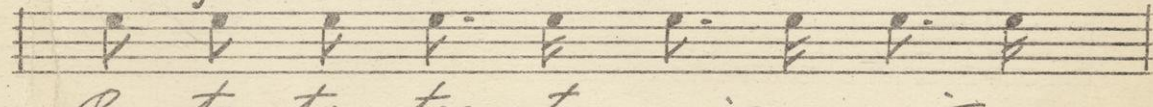
3
 a glass of sars'-pa-
 rilla and an- o- ther of vanilla, And an-
 o- ther glass of o- range and an- other glass of
 peach. Oh you want to make them sizzzy, And you
 want to make 'em fizzy, And you want to serve 'em
 soumy, with a lot of cream in each, And you
 want to serve 'em soumy, with a lot
 of cream in each.

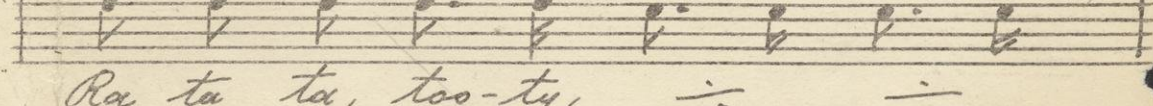
No 16 Duet: Lacet

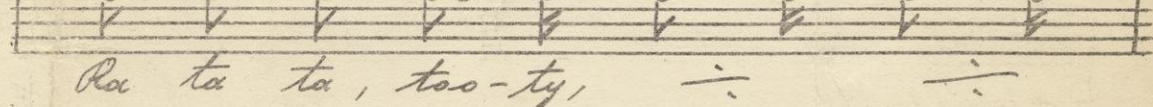
No. 1 Ca. 9:24 

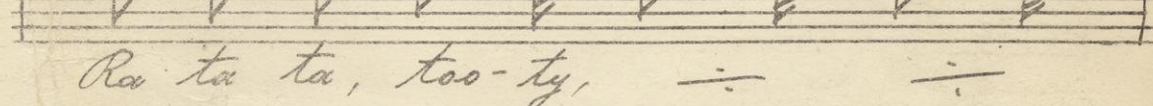

 Ra ta ta too-ty too-ty, too-ty,

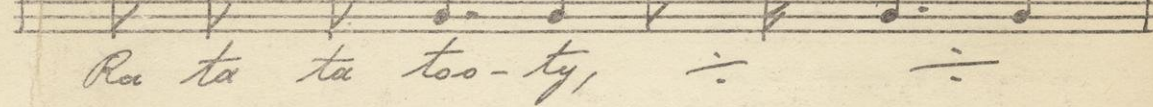

 Ra ta ta too-ty, ÷ ÷

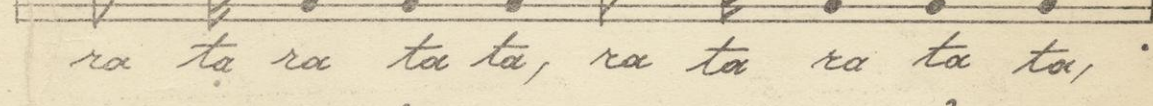

 Ra ta ta too-ty, ÷ ÷

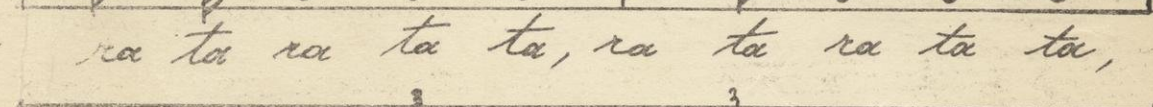

 Ra ta ta, too-ty, ÷ ÷

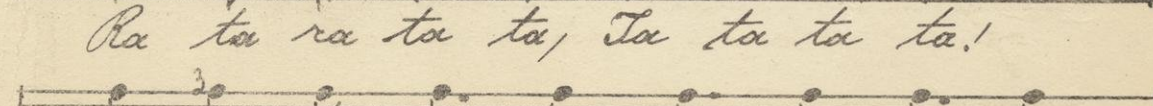

 Ra ta ta, too-ty, ÷ ÷

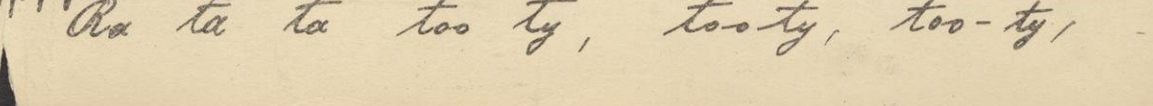

 Ra ta ta, too-ty, ÷ ÷


 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,


 Ra ta ra ta ta, Ta ta ta ta!

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

Ra ta ta too-ty, - - -

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

ra ta ta too-ty - - -

ra ta ta, too-ty, - - -

Ra ta ta, too-ty, - - -

ra ta ta, too-ty, ra ta ta, too-ty, - - -

too-ty, - - -

su-ty, Just the same. We do our

er-namen-tal pu-ri-ty bri-gade, To our

pu-ri-ty We add a lit-tle fash-ion, A -

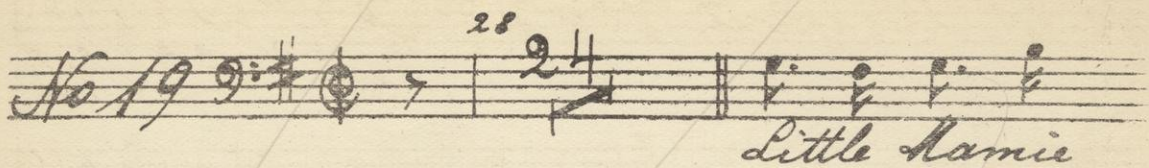
pretty rib-bon of the proper shade, Could


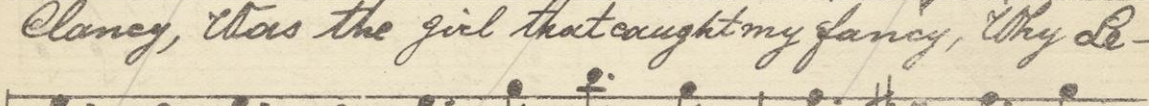
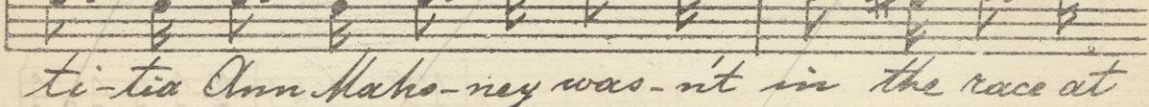

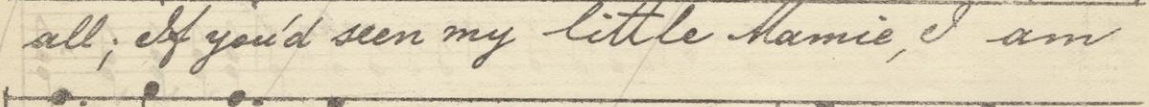
nev-er hinder real re-ligious pas-sion, When we


fight to conquer vi-ciousness and shame, Our
 shin-y trumpets going too-ty, tasty, 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.

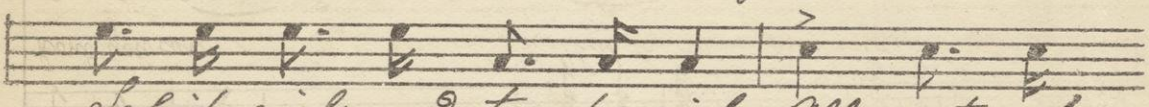
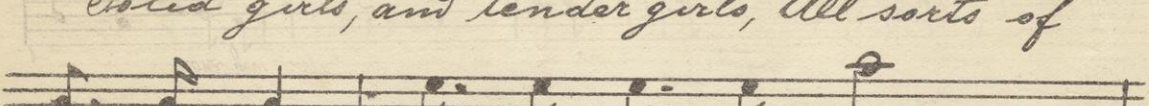
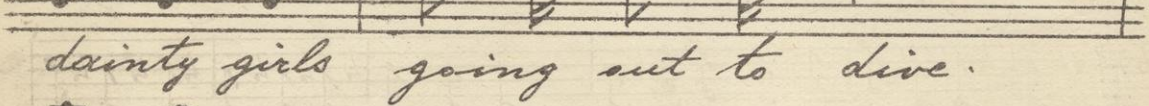
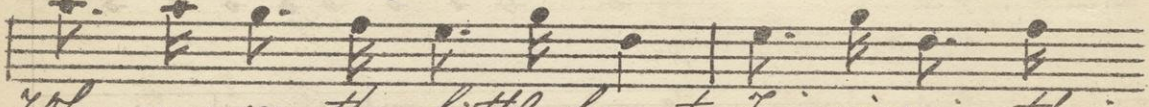
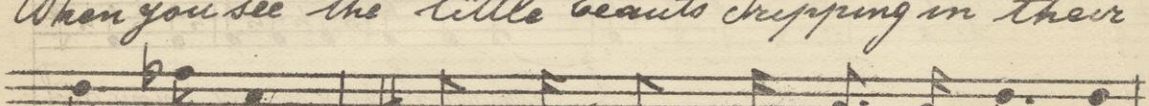
All spirit. $\text{C} \# \# \frac{6}{8}$ 4 No. 33


Oh, she
 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 shummy, she
 wants to be slummy, she do so there.

No 19  *Little Hamie*

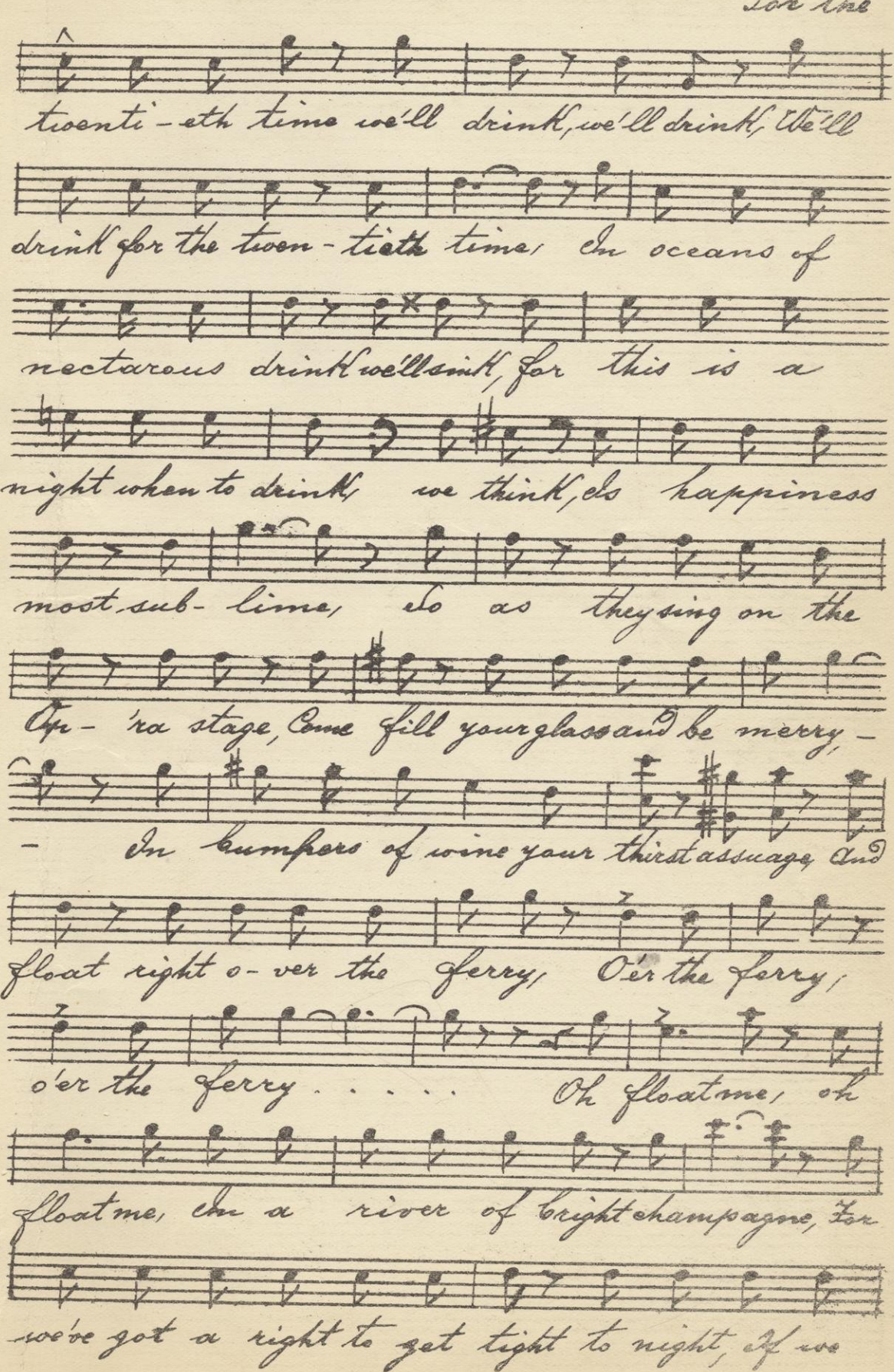

Clancy, 'twas the girl that caught my fancy, Why Le-

ti-tia Ann Maho-ney was-'nt in the race at

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

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

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

No 20  *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.

No. 21. *Allegro 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 sublime, 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

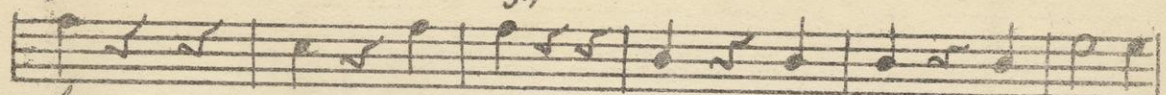


never get tight a-gain. Oh float me, oh
float me, In a river of bright cham-
pagne. For we've got a right to get
tight to night, If we never get tight a-
gain, - If we never get tight a-gain.

No. 23. *Finale.* *Waltz.* $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$

© see end 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
wheel. 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, yes she a



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



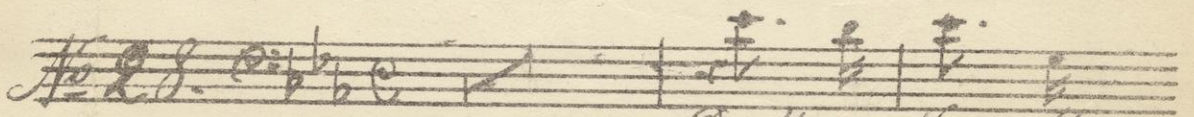
my girl. . . . *Finis.* *Beginning of No. 25* Of course you can't



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



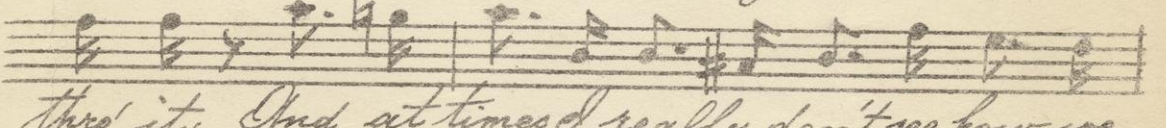
-ble to be. *back to the Waltz, (Capo)*



Don't you know, there's



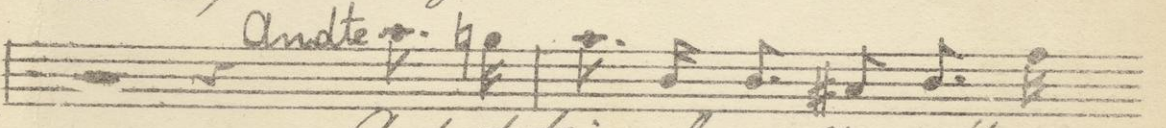
nothing in it, Life comes a-long and we go



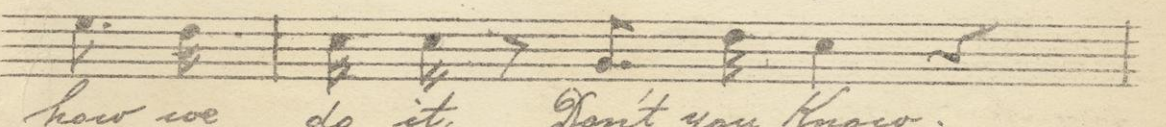
thro' it, And at times I really don't see how we



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.

