



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

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

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

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/UVT67RPGI6F4W9B>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

Miss Mary A. Mathis.

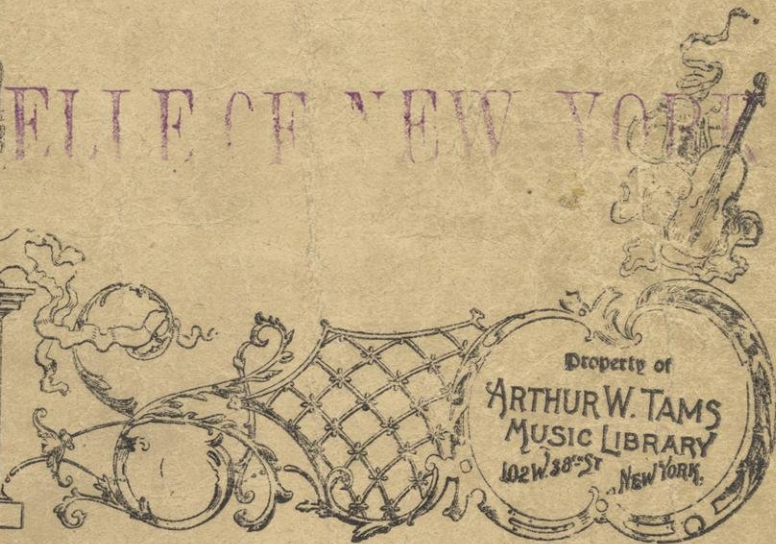
Please do not bend  
or roll this part

# CHORUS PARTS

Sopranos & Altos



ELLERRE OF NEW YORK





# The Belle of New York.

1.

Words by  
Hugh Morton.

Sopranos & Altos

Music by  
Gustave Kerker.

## No. 1. Intro.<sup>n</sup> + Opening Chorus - "When a man is twenty one."

Moderato assai. 5 5 Ten + 121.  
When a man is twen-ty one

1 5 7 10 9

Allegretto. 6 Mod.<sup>to</sup> 7 Hurry Then

let the tid -- dle, 2 1 Mod.<sup>to</sup> 2 2

Hurry Sit -- the tide, Ti -- dy tide Ti -- dy tide.

All.<sup>o</sup> agitato. 3 Housemaids Oh,

maugh-ty Mis-ter Bron-son You hav -- n't been to bed, And

in a -- no -- ther hour You're due, you know to wed. The

house is top -- sy -- tur -- dy, And our dust -- ing is n't

done, not done; The sweep -- ing and the o -- ther things n't

e--ven yet be--gun, No, not e--ven yet be--gun, No not  
 e--ven yet be--gun, Not be--gun, not be--gun, not be--  
 gun Oh, *Fie, fie, fie!* You  
 naugh--ty Mis--ter Bron--son, *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 Mis--ter  
 Car--ry Bron--son *Fie, fie, fie!* Oh  
*fie, fie, fie!* you naugh--ty mis--ter Bron--son,  
*My, my, my!* You're such a dread--ful man! You'd  
 bet--ter stop your tar--ry--ing, To day's your day for  
 ma--ry--ing Oh naughty *My, to* Mis--ter Car--ry Bron--son *All. =*  
*Fie, fie, fie!* male Chorus  
For

Sopranos & Altos.

5

no - to - dy will de - ny, which no - to - dy will de - ny, yes, he's a good fel - low, yes, he's a jol - ly good fel - low, yes, he's a jol - ly good fel - low, and he'll nev - er be so - ber a - gain

13

N<sup>o</sup> 2. Song + Chorus.

All.<sup>o</sup> con spirito.

When I was born, the stars wond - er, with you - der, and blink'd their eyes with fal - ter, to fol - ter I've ne'er been known to won - der, By the them - der! By the fal - ter, the

Sopranos + Altos.

H

thun-der! And his wife said, Well, by the thun-der!  
al-tar, I be-gan my trips to the al-tar.

now I am the pet

If he had to pay my sal-er-ee

now she is the pet you bet of

bank-ers, brewers and all that set; The

i-dol of the lit-tle boys that sit up in the

ga-ler-ee. When in her diam-onds she ap-pears, she

looks like a beau-ti-ful chan-de-lier, And

Rus-sell Sage would fall down dead If he

had to pay her sal-er-ee.

sal-er-ee.

# No. 3. Song & Dance.

*Allegretto.* Bill When

16 7 Chorus Oh,

lit - - the Sis - ter Kis - sie's A jaun - ty lit - the mis - sic,

She can turn a so - mer sault or hand - spring, Her

pret - ty wink - y eyes goes, she's full of dink - y - di - dos.

when she re - - pre - - sents the art of danc - ing. D.C.

danc - ing. Dance after last vers.

# No. 4. Song. (Fili)

*Moderato.* Fili *Grazioso Andantino* be the toy

*And.<sup>no</sup>* to fon - - ale you, Oh teach me how to

*Chos.* love Oh teach me how to kiss, dear,



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- tile dove; Teach me how to fondle you, Oh  
 teach me how to love.....!

*mf* *dim* *rit*

1° 2° Fili 2°  
 Im DC.

No 5 March & Chorus.

Tempo di Marcia Moderato.

Ten. & Bar.<sup>2</sup> S. & A.

With state- by With

state- by tread, ... They come this way, With  
 dig- ni- fied de- mean- or With  
 boom of drum, Our souls they'll save, With  
 proud- ly fly- ing ban- ner, Snow- y plumes they  
 To their chief they bow, To their chief doff  
 Snow- y plumes To their chief

doff. Schabod From

No. 6 Song. (Jehabad.) "The anti-cigarette society."

16

and in the field of mo-rals

goo- stick at us li-ci-tous

a-ble to be- For in the field of

mo-rals en-dear-our No com-fee-ti-tee can

shake a stick at us, In the

game of re-form there nev-er, no nev-er, were re-

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

vic-ties con-ti-nue to strike us, to

qua-li-ties mag-ni-fi-cent to see,

Of course you could never be like us, But be as

like us as you're a-ble to be. We be, 'ble to be.

W.C.

Soprano & Altos.

# No. 7. Song & Chorus.

All. con spirito

Where'er you stray The  
 Wine wo-men and  
 song..... Wine wo-men and song..... It's  
 writ on the pa-ges Of life through the a--ges, That  
 love for them ne'er is wrong..... Night's turned into  
 day..... Win-ter's changed in-to May..... The  
 world is made bright, The heart is made light By  
 wine, wo-men and song..... The  
 world is made bright, The heart is made light By  
 wine, wo-men and song. Hail... All Hail, wine,  
 and song.....

No. 8 Song. (Fifi & Bridesmaids)

Moderato 15

Fifi

Bridesmaids

Chorus

Pa-ree Oh, la

belle Pa-ri-si-enne, she do cap-ture all ye  
belle " " " " " " " " " " " "

min- " " " " " " " " " " " "

walk-ing; When a-ross ye street she  
danc-ing; When a-round ye room she

go; she will lift her skirt-jes so, Oh, no  
go; she will kick " " " " " " " " " " " "

won-der that she lets the gos-sips talk-  
lit-tle kick it makes the dance ten-trans-

ing. Oh, la-ing. fine. 2<sup>o</sup> ye a DC

No. 10 Chorus.

Allegretto.

Chorus

Pret-ty lit-tle chi-na gio-ia vel-ly, vel-ly nice!

When she got a long way off, Ching! Ching!

Take a lit-tle chi-na gir-lye, put her on the ice.

Make a lit-tle chi-na gir--lye cough, Ching! Ching!

Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum, Tic-kle lit-tle chi-na girl,

Take a lit-tle yum yum, Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling.

Lit-tle gin-ger pop, pop, Lit-tle mut-ton chop-ey chop.

Give her to the cops, cops, Send her up to Sing Sing.

Tic-kle, tic-kle, tum tum, Tic-kle lit-tle Chi-na girl,

Take a lit-tle yum yum, Ting-a-ling-a-ling.

Lit-tle gin-ger pop, pop, Lit-tle mut-ton chop-ey, chop,

Give her to the cops, cops, Sing, Sing. Hei ya!

Hei ya! Kick a lit-tle foot up high, ah!

Hi yi! Hi yi! Chi-na gir-lie kick up  
 sky high! Hi yi! Hi yi! Kick a lit-tle foot up  
 high, ah! Hi yi! Hi yi! Chi-na gir-li kick up  
 sky high, sky  
 high, sky  
 high, sky high!

(sung through the nose.)

Pret-ty lit-tle Chi-na gir-lie, vel-ly, vel-ly nice  
 When she get a long way off, Ching! Ching!

Take a lit-tle Chi-na gir-lie, put her on the ice,  
 Make a lit-tle Chi-na gir-lie cough, Ching! Ching!

Tic-kle tic-kle tum tum, Tic-kle lit-tle chi-na girl,

Take a lit-tle gum gum, Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling.

Lit-tle gin-ger pop, pop, Lit-tle nut-ton chop-py, chop,

Give her to the cop, cop, Send her up to Sing Sing.

Tie-kle tie-kle, tum tum, Tie-kle lit-tle Chi-na Gin,

Take a lit-tle gum gum Ting-a-ling-a-ling.

Lit-tle gin-ger pop, pop, Lit-tle nut-ton chop-py, chop,

Give her to the cop, cop, Sing, Sing. Hi ya!

Hi ya! Kick a lit-tle foot up high, ah!

Hi yi! Hi yi! Chi-na gin-tie kick up

sky high. Hi yi! Hi yi! Kick a lit-tle foot up

high, ah! Hi yi! Hi yi! Chi-na gin-tie kick up

sky high, high..... sky! High!

No 11 Song (Violet)

All. mod.<sup>to</sup>

Mod.<sup>to</sup>

rit

a tempo

Chos.

For when these youths pro - - cess  
But a young man

Oh, my!

Tempo di marcia.

Oh, my!

Fol - low

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

see. Fol - low on! Fol - low

on When the light of faith you see.

rit a tempo

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

No 12 Song & Chorus

Tempo di marcia.

Chos.

Come take your hats off  
The Can - kee - now d - us

Kur-rah! Kur-rah!

Kur-rah! Kur-rah!



Sopranos & Altos.  
S'istens tempo

14.

6 2/4 10 rit. We'll

a tempo

stand and die to - - - ge - - - ther.

Chorus.

Then here's to good Old

Glor - - - ry and the dear old Un - - - ion Jack, In....

bat - - - the fierce and go - - - ry Let's fight, boys, back to

back, We won't for - - - get We're broth - - - ers yet and

birds of a im - - - gle sea - - - ther, with our

flags un - - - furled, a - - - gainst all the world, We'll

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

No 13 Song. (Blinky Bill.)

Tempo di Valse

3/4 7/8 28

There's a great lit - - - tle

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's soft as a  
 snow - y white dove,..... She's simply cre - a - ted to love, -- The fel - lows all  
 sigh for her - They would all die for her - She is the  
 Belle of New - York.....

Repeat Chorus for Dance after second Verse.

DC.

# N<sup>o</sup> 11 FINALE ACT I

Mod<sup>to</sup> Schabod  
 your life, my lit - tle girl, in the

Violetta Piu mosso  
 Oh, sir! Oh, sir!

Harry  
 want you to

Moderato.  
 a mil - lion -- air -- es

Everybody.  
 Oh! She's done ve - ry well up to

Ladies  
 now,.... As a sim - ple lit - tle girl, As a

qui-et lit-tle girl, And she real-ly would ne-ver know

how... To con-duct her-self as an

heir-ess. She's lived in a mo-dest lit-tle

way Like a sim-ple lit-tle girl, Like a

qui-et lit-tle girl, And she feels it her du-ty 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, no! She won't be a mil-lion-  
*a tempo*

air-ess. *Galop* the out of rel-ling

*Chorus* High hi! They can go the pace, High hi!

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

High hi! Hoop-- la! High hi! Ruum ta-ra-ra-

-ra- Ruum ta-ra-ra- ra-

Ruum ta-ra-ra- They are ne-er

slow. High hi! High hi!

Keep you on the go High hi! High hi!

Hoop-- la! High hi! Ruum ta-ra-ra-

-ra, If you want to spend your mo-ney here we

are, High hi! If you want a mil-lion-

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

hair-- es, Here's a lit-tle group of

ha-- dies that will make your mo-ney

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

Sopranos & Altos.

chum my with your ban-ker, And we'd like to give you  
 les-sons in the art of roll-ing high, In the  
 art of rol-ling high, in the art of rol-ling  
 high, in the art of rol-ling  
 high.

All: agitato  
 Allegretto.

Well, I've changed my mind! I'll be your heir.

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

Sopranos & Altos.

nice, She'll make a sa--cri--fice She'll  
 rall. say good--bye to po--ter--ty and be his

*Tho. di Marcia.*  
 heir. Fol--low on, Fol--low on, When the  
 light of Faith you see.

Fol--low on, Fol--low on, When the  
 light of Faith you see.

Fol--low on, Fol--low on, When the  
 light of Faith you see.

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

She is the belle of New York. *Chor.*

she is the belle of New York,..... The

sub--ject of all the town talk,..... She

makes the old Bow--ry Fra-grant and

slow--ly when she goes out for a walk

Sopranos & Altos.

She's soft as a snow - of white dove -  
 She's simply cre - a - ted to love -  
 The fel - lows all sigh for her, They would all  
 die for her, She is the belle of New York....

Moderato.

Very slow Vals Tempo  $\frac{3}{4}$  rit. a tempo  $\frac{3}{4}$  All Principal Ladies

belle The  
 belle She is the  
 of New York Bridemaid  
 You

Chorus. one (Bridemaid)

Lit - tle miss, Lit - tle miss, Hear her say,  
 Hear her say, she's the belle of gay New  
 York The sub - ject of all  
 talk She thinks she's the belle of New  
 York Did you ev - er hear such sil -

Sopranos & Altos.

*rall.* *talk* ..... As to say she's the belle of New  
*Tempo 1<sup>mo</sup>*  
 York, Yes, They call her belle of New  
*Tempo 1<sup>mo</sup>*  
 York, ar... my girl, She's  
 the belle of New York,  
*Piu mosso*  
 She's the belle  
 of New York,  
 She's the belle  
 of New York,  
 lit - - the dear lit - - the dear, Hear her say  
 Hear her say, she's the belle of gay New  
 York - - - - The sub - - - ject of town  
 talk ..... Oh Yes she's the belle of New





Sopranos & Altos.

va-tion

my girl

ACT II.

No. 15. Opening Chorus.

Allegro Agitato.

Chorus.

Oh son-ny, son-ny, son-ny, Can't you  
 work a lit-tle fast; Oh son-ny, son-ny, son-ny, Don't you  
 leave me to the last. Oh I've got a fear-ful thirst, and I'm  
 just a-bout to burst-Why, lit-tle boy you're get-ting ve-ry  
 ha-zy. Oh hur-ry, hur-ry, hur-ry, And put  
 on a lot of steam, Oh hur-ry, hur-ry, hur-ry, And put  
 in a lot of cream, Oh it's get-ting ve-ry late, And I

Sopranos & Altos.

I have n<sup>t</sup> time to wait now then hur-ry up or you will drive me

Cra--gy, cra--gy, Oh hur-ry up or you will drive me

*m<sup>to</sup>* cra--gy, cra--gy,

*m<sup>to</sup>* *rall.* *Vivace* fla --- vor

glass of rasp-ber-ries a lot of cream in each. *Alto*

glass of rasp-ber-ries, and an-oth-er of wa-  
 --berries, and an-oth-er glass of o--range, and an-

oth-er glass of peach Oh you want to make 'em

sig-gy, and you want to make 'em sig-gy, and you

want to serve 'em, son-ny, with a lot of cream in

each, Oh you want to serve them, son-ny, with a

lot of cream in each. *rall.*

Moderato

Sopranos + Altos.

Piu mosso

rit. When a man has no-thing but  
 young It man When I had lost my  
 mo--ney. Oh he used to roll as high as the clouds When  
 he had plen--ty of mo-ney, And he could number his  
 friends by crowds - and the world was al--ways sun-ny. Allost  
 a--ny girl would have been his bride They  
 thought him as sweet as hon-ny But oh he went right  
 out with the tide When he had lost his  
 mo-ney, But oh he went right out with the tide When  
 he had lost his mo-ney, When he had lost his  
 mo--ney, When he had lost his mo-ney.

*Vivace.*

A glass of sars-pa-rib-la And an-o-ther of wa-nil-la, And an-o-ther glass of o-range and an-o-ther glass of peach. Oh you want to make them siz-gy, And you want to make 'em fiz-gy, and you want to seroe 'em sou-ny, with a lot of cream in each, And you want to seroe 'em sou-ny, with a lot of cream in each.

*Presto*

N° 17 (a) Song & Chorus. (Violet.)

*Violet* *Andantino.*

I hope I do not shock my- been my dress... Were the Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Ra-ta-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty.

*Chorus. Tempo di marcia.*  
(sung at 2<sup>nd</sup> of verse only)

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

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

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

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

too-ty. We do our

du- just the same. D.C. We're the

l fu-ri-ty Bri-gade, To our

del or lit-tle jash-ion, a

pret--ty rib--bon of the pro--per shade could  
 no--ver him--der real re--li-gious pas--sion, When we  
 fight to con--quer vi--cious-ness and shame, Our---  
 shin--y trum-pets go-ing too-ty, too-ty, We  
 rea--ly do not think that we're to blame For  
 dress-ing in a style that suits our beau-ty,  
 We do our du--ty just the same.....

No 18 Song & Chorus. (Violet.)

All. con spirito *Violet*  
 mean--ing of be--ing so prime I want to chop--my,  
 do u there. **Chorus.** Oh, she an' Hi ya!  
 ights, She wants to stay out up high, ah!

wants to see ev-ry-thing dar-ing, She wants to go ev-rywhere  
 tear-ing She's tir-ed of hum-drum things,-- She  
 feels as though she had wings,.... She  
 wants to be drum-my, She wants to be slum-my, She  
 do so there! D.C. there!

*Dance at 16<sup>th</sup> Verse*

N<sup>o</sup> 19. Song. (Bliskey Bill.)

*All<sup>to</sup> 5/4* *B.B.* *15*  
 When I went, Ma-mie  
 Clam-ey!" Oh I Lit-tle Ma-mie Clam-ey, Was the  
 girl that caught my fan-cy, Why Le-ti-tia Ann Ma-ho-ney was-n't  
 in the race at all; If you'd seen my lit-tle Ma-mie, I am  
 sure you couldn't blame me, When I said "Ma-lo-ney, She's the Belle of  
 Goo-gan's Fan-cy Ball." DC. Goo-gan's Fan-cy Ball."

*1<sup>st</sup> Verse* *1<sup>st</sup> Verse* *Dance after 1<sup>st</sup> Verse* *2<sup>nd</sup> Verse* *2<sup>o</sup>*



No. 20. Song. (Ichabod & others.)

Mod. <sup>to</sup>  $\frac{2}{4}$

Meet me on the beach, boys -

18

you'll be glad that you're a--live.

1st Sop.

Cresc.  $\frac{2}{4}$

Pump girls, slen-der girls,

1st

So--lid girls, and ten-der girls,

All sorts of dain-ty girls

2nd

go--ing out to dino.

When you see the lit-tle beauts

Trip--ping in their bath-ing suite,

You'll be glad it's

Sum-mer, you'll be

glad that you're a--live.

Dance. (after second verse.)

D.C.

8

Sopranos & Altos.

No. 21. Chorus.

*Allegro con Spirito*

For the  
twen-ti--eth time we'll drink, We'll drink, We'll  
drink for the twen--tieth time,..... In  
o--ceans of nec--tar--ous drink we'll sink, For  
this is a night when to drink, we think, Is  
hap--pi--ness most sub--lime..... So  
as they sing on the Op--'ra stage, Come  
fill your glass and be mer--ry,..... In  
bump--ers of wine your thirst ras--suage, And  
float right o--ver the fer--ry, Over the

fer-ry, O'er the fer-ry... Oh  
float me, oh float me, In a riv-er of bright cham-  
-pagne, ... For we're got a right to get  
tight to night, If we ne- - ver get tight a- -  
gain. Oh float me, oh float me, In a  
riv-er of bright cham- - pagne, ... For  
we're got a right to get tight to night, If we  
ne- - ver get tight a- - gain, ... If we  
ne- - ver get tight a- - gain. ....

*a tempo*

8

No. 23. Finale - Act II.

(Schabas.) For in the field of a- - ble to

Chorus. Of course you could ne- - ver be

Sopranos & Altos.

like us, But be as like as as you're a--ble to  
 be. She is the Belle of New  
 York, ..... A... sim-ple 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 lit--tle shy sal-  
 va-tion ar--- my girl... *End of Opera.*

Tempo di Valse.

York,

ar---

talk

head

Belle

all

sim--

girl,

she

va-tion

End of Opera.

Sopranos + Altos.

31

# Appendix

## N<sup>o</sup> 27 Song + Chorus.

*Allegro con spirito.*

Smilkins

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

*F. Chorus.*

la - dy's going to mar - ry, a chap whose name is Bar - ry.  
of - ten times is rath - er, Se - vere up - on a fath - er.

He's the fa - ther of the hap - py fi - an - -  
Yes, he hates to love his daught - er when she's

--- ceo  
young

Hee  
Hee

ad - mir - a - ble gra - ces, Hee known in sun - dry pla - ces  
finds a heal - ing lo - tion, For his grief and his ed - o - tion

Yes, Ed - dy where she tra - vels she's the  
If this son - tin - law's a mul - ti - mil - lion - -

*rit.* *a tempo.* 16

rage  
--- abso

*Chorus.*

Come a - - - round and weep an - - oth - er time.

Oh he's the

fa - - ther of the Queen of Co - mic Op - e - ra, ... As a

## Sopranos &amp; Altos.

35.

pa-rent he's pe--cu--liar by u--nique.... And you'll ad--  
 --mit a fa--ther's pride and fond-ness pro--per are...  
 .... When his daugh-ter earns a thous-and so--ry  
 week..... Since her in-fan-cy they've ne--ver been a--  
 part a day, Their af--fec-tion for each oth--er is sub--  
 --lime..... But a mil-lion-airs has sto--len Co--ra's  
 heart a--way, And he'll weep a--bout it  
 when he gets the time, s'mo' ther time, He'll  
 come a--gain and weep an--o--ther time.

1<sup>2</sup>  
 2<sup>o</sup>  
 Ch.

