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

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# CHORUS PART



Sopranos & Altos

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CELLE OF NEW YORK

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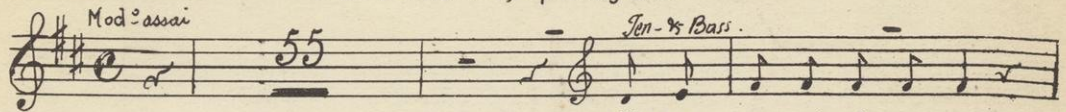
# THE BELLE OF NEW YORK

Words by  
HUGH MURTON

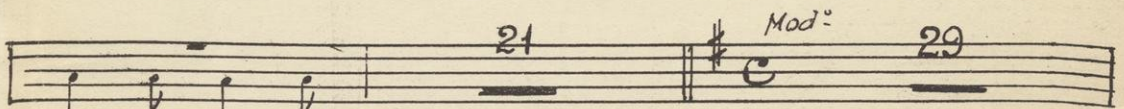
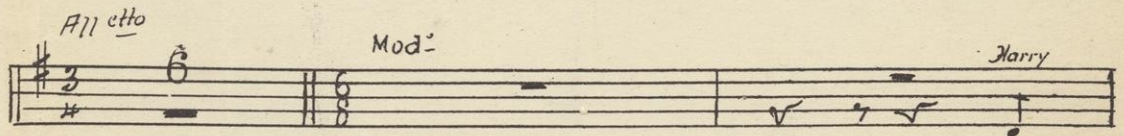
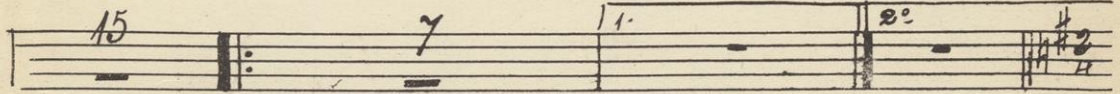
Music by  
GUSTAVE KERKER

SOPR. & ALTO

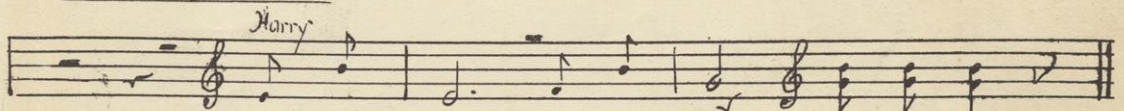
No. 1 Intro. & Opening Chos.



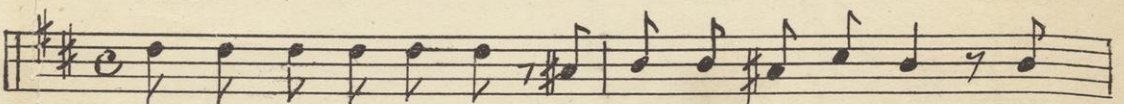
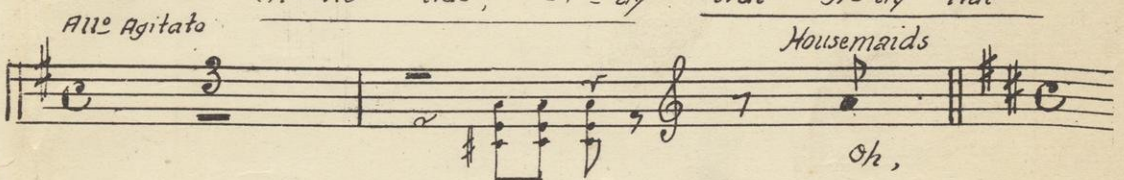
When a man is twenty one



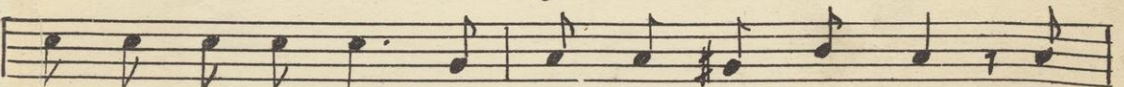
let the fid-dle



Lit-tle tide, Ti-dy tide Ti-dy tide



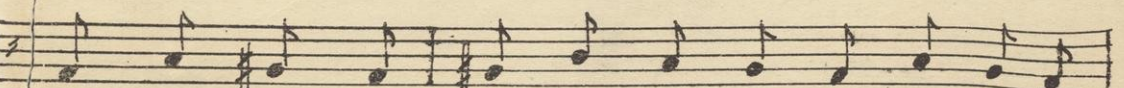
naughty Mister Bronson You hav-'n't been to bed. And



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



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

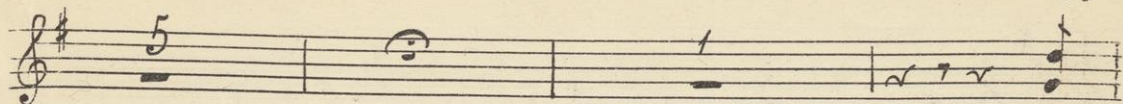


done, not done: The sweep-ing out the o-ther things dirt.

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!

Allo

MALECHOS.



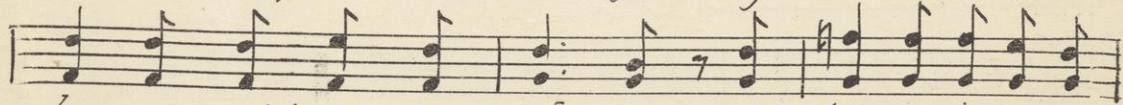
Which



no-bo-dy will de-ny... Which no-bo-dy will de-



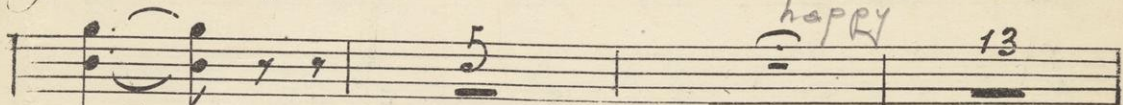
-ny — Yes, he's a good fel-low. yes



he's a jol-ly good fellow, yes, he's a jolly good



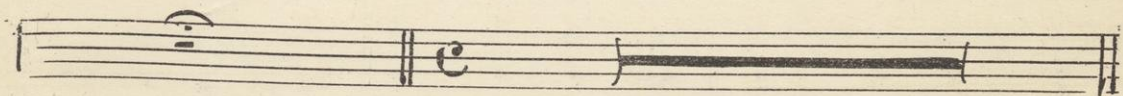
fel-low, And he'll nev-er be so-ber a-



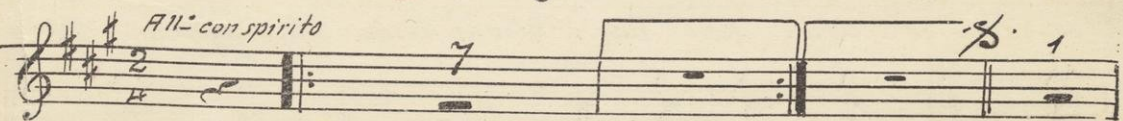
gain —

happy

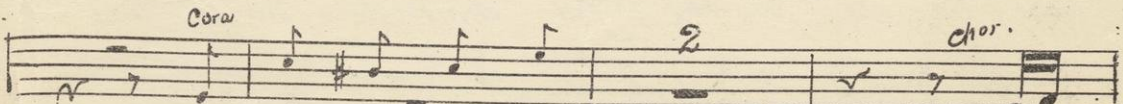
13



## No. 2 Song and Chorus

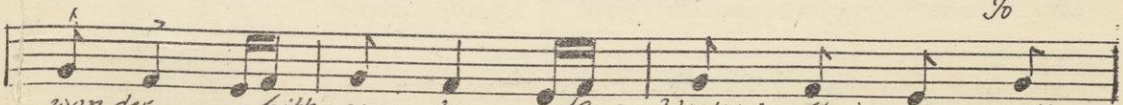


All: con spirito

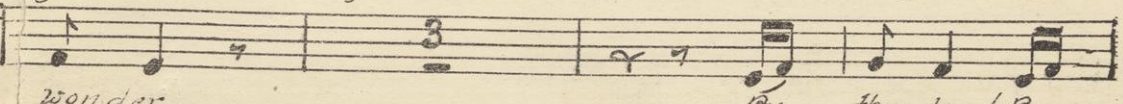


When I was born the stars

with To



won-der, fal-ter to fal-ter And blink'd their eyes with



I've nev-er been know to By thunder / By

won-der fal-ter.

The al-tar. The

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

*Cora.*  
*and*

now I am the pet

If he had to pay my sal-er-ree *Chor.*  
 And

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 char-de-lier, and

Rus-sell Sage would fall down dead If he

had to pay her sal-er-ee. *1st Verse* *D.C.*

sal-er-ee. *2.* *All*

# No. 3 Song and Dance

All *otto*

Bill.

16

Chor.

The art of dancing

Oh!

lit - tle Si - ster Kis - sie's A jaunty 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

1. 2.

# No. 4 Song (Fifi)

Mod<sup>o</sup>

And no Grazioso

I be the toy

15

And no

to fondle you, Oh teach me how to

Chor.

pp

love — Oh teach me how to kiss, dear,



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.

# 92° 5 March & Chorus

Tempo di Marcia Mod<sup>o</sup> 12 Ten. & Bass. S. & A.  
 With state-ly With  
 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 ban- ners Snowy plumes they  
 doff. To their chief they bow. To their chief doff  
 snowy plumes To their chief from

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

And in the field of marab-

stick at us

li-ci-tous

For in the field of

moral en-deavour 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-cant to see —

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

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

# No. 7 Song & Chorus

All<sup>o</sup> con spirito

Where'er you stray the  
Wine women and  
song - Wine wo-men and song - It's  
writ on the pages of life through the a-ges, That  
love for them ne'er is wrong.. Night's turned in to  
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

5. 95 a.

# N<sup>o</sup>: 8 Song ( Fifi & Bridegrooms )

9.

Mod:

15  
FIFI

14  
Taree

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  
" " " " " " " " " " " "

walking dancing Whe a- cross ze street she  
When a- round ze room she

go; she will lift her skirl- kee so, Oh, no  
go; she will kick " " " " " " " " " " " "

won- der that she sets the gas- sips take  
lit- tle kick it makes the dance en- trance.

1. ing Oh la ing 2. 1 2: 3. d. J.

## N<sup>o</sup>: 10 Crows

Allegretto

19

Chos:

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

When she got 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 little china girl,

Take a lit-tle yum yum, Jing-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.

Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum, Tickle little China girl,

Take a little yum yum, Jing-a-ling-a-ling

Little 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! 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

high, sky

high sky

high

Aye

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 gir-lie, put her on the ice,

Make a little China gir-lie, cough, Ching! Ching!

Tic-ke ti-cke 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!

# 92° 11 Song

All<sup>o</sup> Mod<sup>o</sup>: *Violet.*

Mod<sup>o</sup>: *L'istesso tempo*

*rit<sup>o</sup>* *atempo* *Chos.*

*Oh! my!*

*1* *3* *Tempo di Marcia*

*Oh - my!* *Follow*

*on!* *Follow* *oh!* *When the light of faith you*

*see.* *Follow on! Follow*

*on* *When the light of faith you see.*

*2* *Follow* *Follow* *Follow on.* *D.C.*

# 92° 12 Song & Chos

*Tempo di Marcia*

*Come take your hats off*

*Chos.*

*Hurrah Hurrah!* *Hurrah! Hurrah!*



6 2 10  
4

*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 -  
 bat - tle fierce and go - ry Let's fight, boys, back, to  
 back, We won't forget we're brothers yet And  
 birds of a sin - gle fea - ther, With our  
 flags un - furled, A - gainst all the world, We'll  
 stand and die to - ge - ther. D.C.

## No. 13 Song

*Tempo di Valse*

7 28

*Chor.*

There's a great little  
 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-ery Fra-grant and flow-ery 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. *sf*  
They would all die for her - She is the Belle of New York - *D.C.*

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

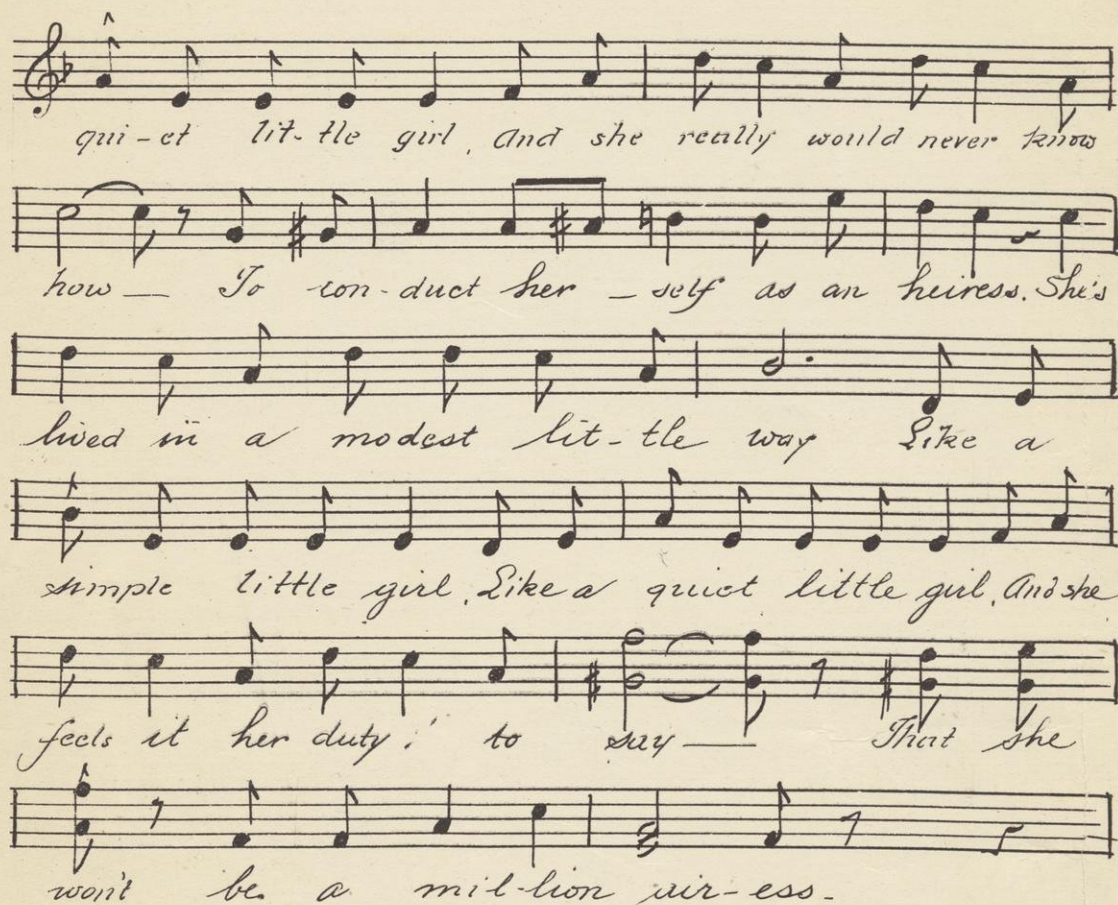
*Mod-* *Schabod* 6  
Your life, my lit-tle girl, in the

*Violet Pini mosso* 5  
Oh, sir! oh sir!

*Harry* 6 1  
I want you to

*Mod:* 15 *Everybody*  
a mil-lion-aires Oh! She's done very well up to

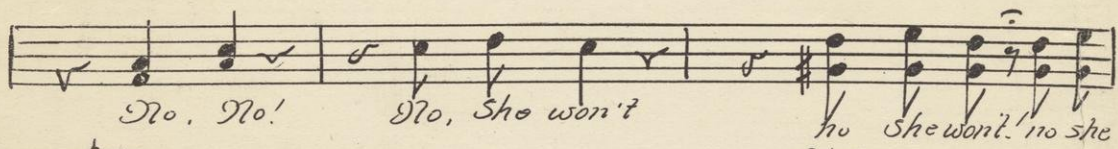
*Ladies*  
now - as a simple little girl, as a




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.



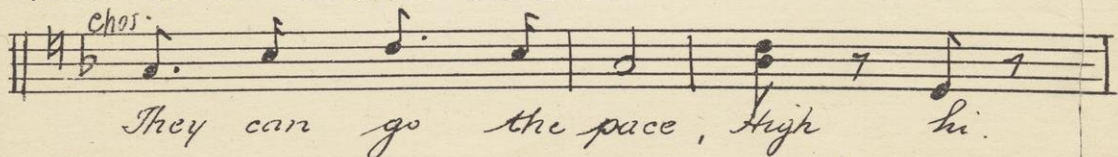
No she won't, no! She won't No! No!



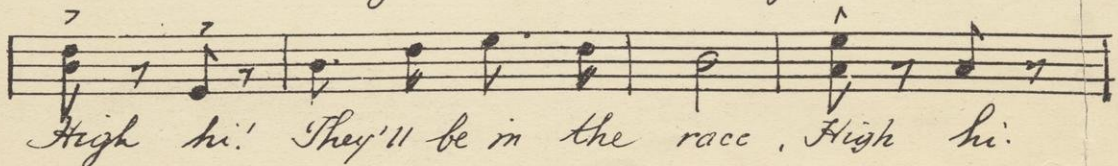
No, No! No, She won't no She won't, no she



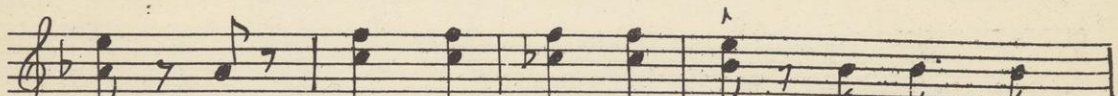
won't be a million - air - ess



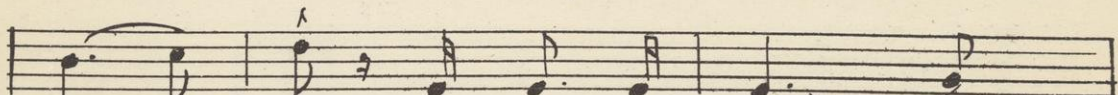
They can go the pace, High hi.



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



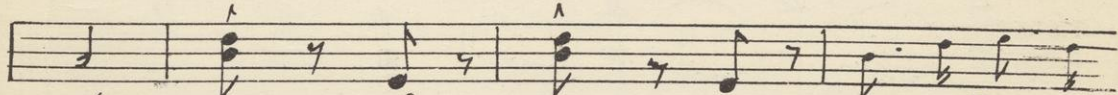
High hi! Hoop-la! High hi! Rrum ta-ra-ra.



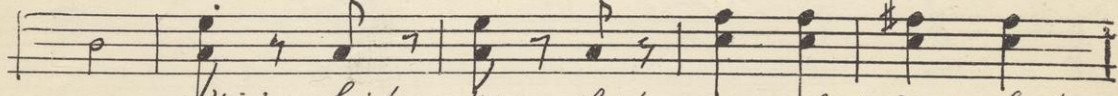
ra - - - Rrum ta-ra-ra-ra



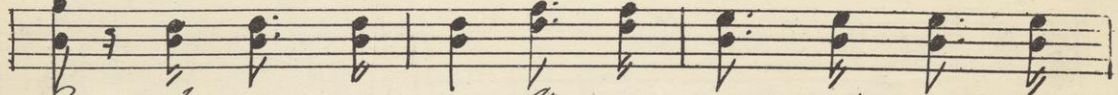
Rrum ta-ra-ra-ra - - - They are never



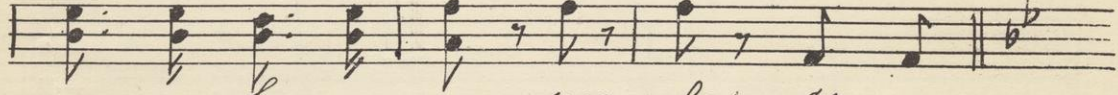
slow. High hi! High hi! Keep you on the




go. High hi! High hi! Hoop-la! High hi!



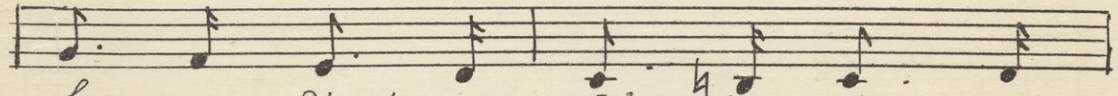
Rrum ta-ra-ra-ra If you want to spend your



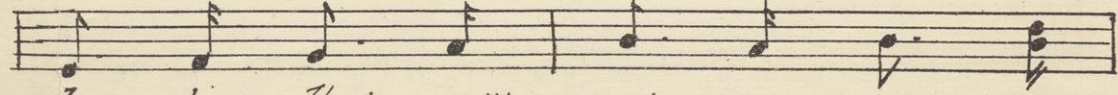
mon-ey here we are. High hi! If you




want a mil-lion-air-ess. If you're looking for an



heir-ess Here's a lit-tle group of



ladies that will make your mon-ey



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

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

*All<sup>o</sup> agitato*

29

*Vio* Well, I've changed my mind! I'll be your heir - *All<sup>o</sup> agitato* 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 her? She'll be his heir now  
 kind of her? She'll be his heir. She'll be his heir, now  
 is - n't that re-fined of her? She'll be real.

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

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

her Follow on, Follow on, When the

light of Faith you see.

Fol-low on, Follow on, When the

light of Faith you see. Tempo di Valse

Follow! Follow! Fol-low on.

29

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. Waltz tempo 30 rit. 2 a temp. 3

All Principal Ladies Bridemaids

She is the belle of New York

*Chorus. (cue Bridemaids)*

Ha. Lit - tle mince, Lit - tle mince, 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

Talk — Oh yes she's the belle of New



York — She subject of all the town talk —  
 yes she is the belle of New York *rall.*  
*Tempo 1<sup>o</sup>*  
 oh she is the belle of New York  
 a simple lit-tle shy Sal-va-tion  
 er — my girl. She 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 er — my  
 girl, sal-va-tion er — — my girl, yes  
 she a mere little shy Sal —

-va-tion ar... my  
girl

Act 2<sup>nd</sup>2<sup>o</sup> 15 Opening Chorus

*Allo agitato* 27

Chos.  
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  
in a lot of cream, Oh it's getting very late. And I

have n't time to wait slow then hurry up or you will driveme

Crazy, crazy, oh hurry up or you will drive me

cra-zy, cra-zy,

MELO 2 *rall.* *Vivace* flo- vor a glass of sars' pa- rilla. a lot of cream in each a

13 *Alto* glass of sars' pa ril- 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 fia-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.

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glass of sars' pa ril- 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 fia-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.

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Mod<sup>o</sup>

26.

S. & A.

*Vivace*

A glass of sars' pa-rit-las And an-oth-er of va-mil-las. And an-oth-er glass of o-ran-ge and an-oth-er glass of peach Oh you want to make them sizzly, And you want to make 'em fixzy, and you want to serve 'em son-ny, with a lot of cream in each. *And you want to serve 'em son-ny with a lot of cream in each.*

*Presto*

92° 17a Song vs Chorus

*Tempo di Marcia*  
sung at end of verse only

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

Ra-ta-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  
 dressing 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 dar-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!

# No. 19 Song

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"



# No. 20 Song

Mod-  


Meet me on the beach boys, -

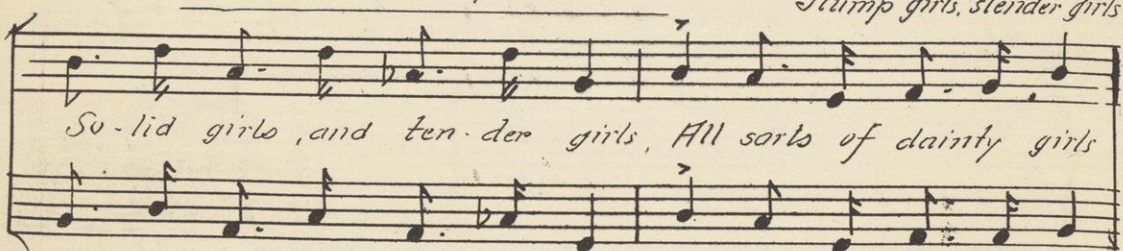
18 

*Grazioso*

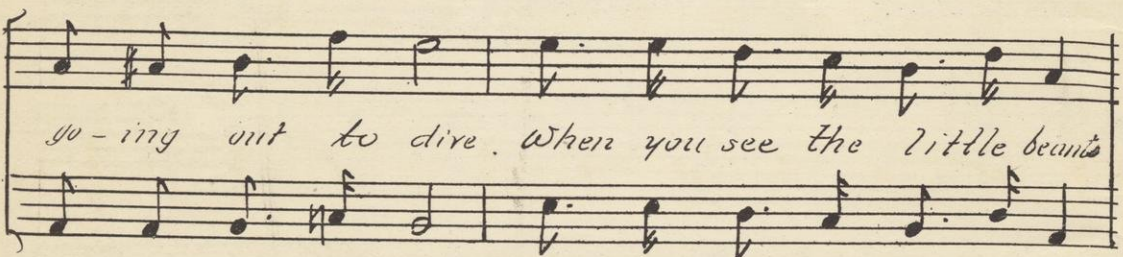
You'll be glad that you're a live

2<sup>nd</sup> sop-

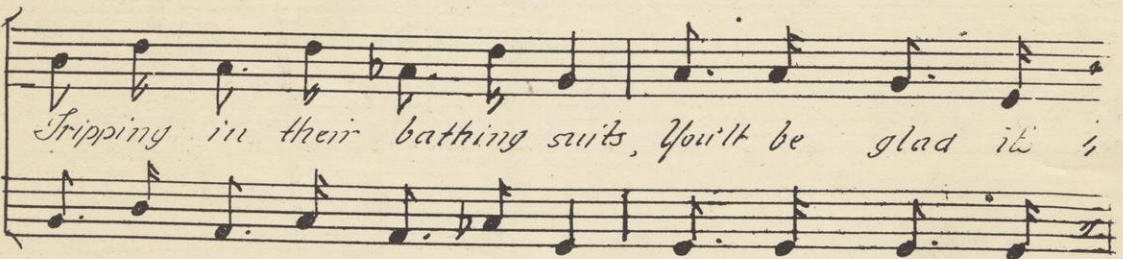
Plump girls, slender girls



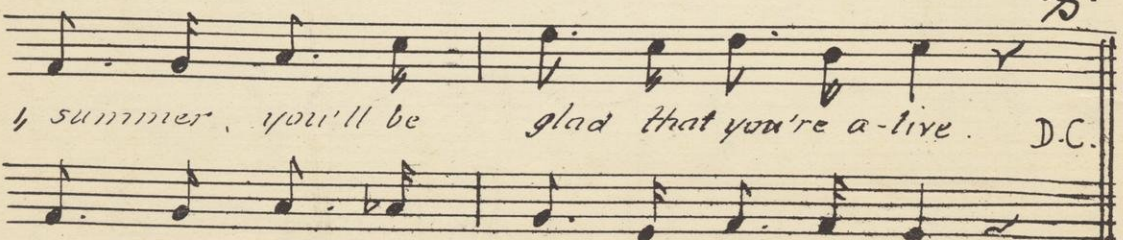
So-lid girls, and ten-der girls, All sorts of dainty girls



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



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



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

Dance (After 2<sup>nd</sup> Verse) 8 

## No. 21

*All: con spirito* 25

*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, Is*  
*hap - pi - ness mas? sub - blime — do*  
*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*

fo-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>

14  
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

N<sup>o</sup>. 27 Song & Chos.

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

*Were*

going to have a wed-ding here to day . . . . *F. CHOS.*

la-dy's going to marry. *a*  
of-ten times is rather, *St.*  
*a chap whose name is Harry*  
*Se-vere upon a father*

He's the fa-ther of the *He*  
yes, he hates to love his *He*

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-otion*

If yes, *Ev'-ry where she travels she's the*  
his Son-in-law's a mul-ti-mil-lion *17*

*rit.*  
rage--  
-aires. . .

Oh he's the father of the

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

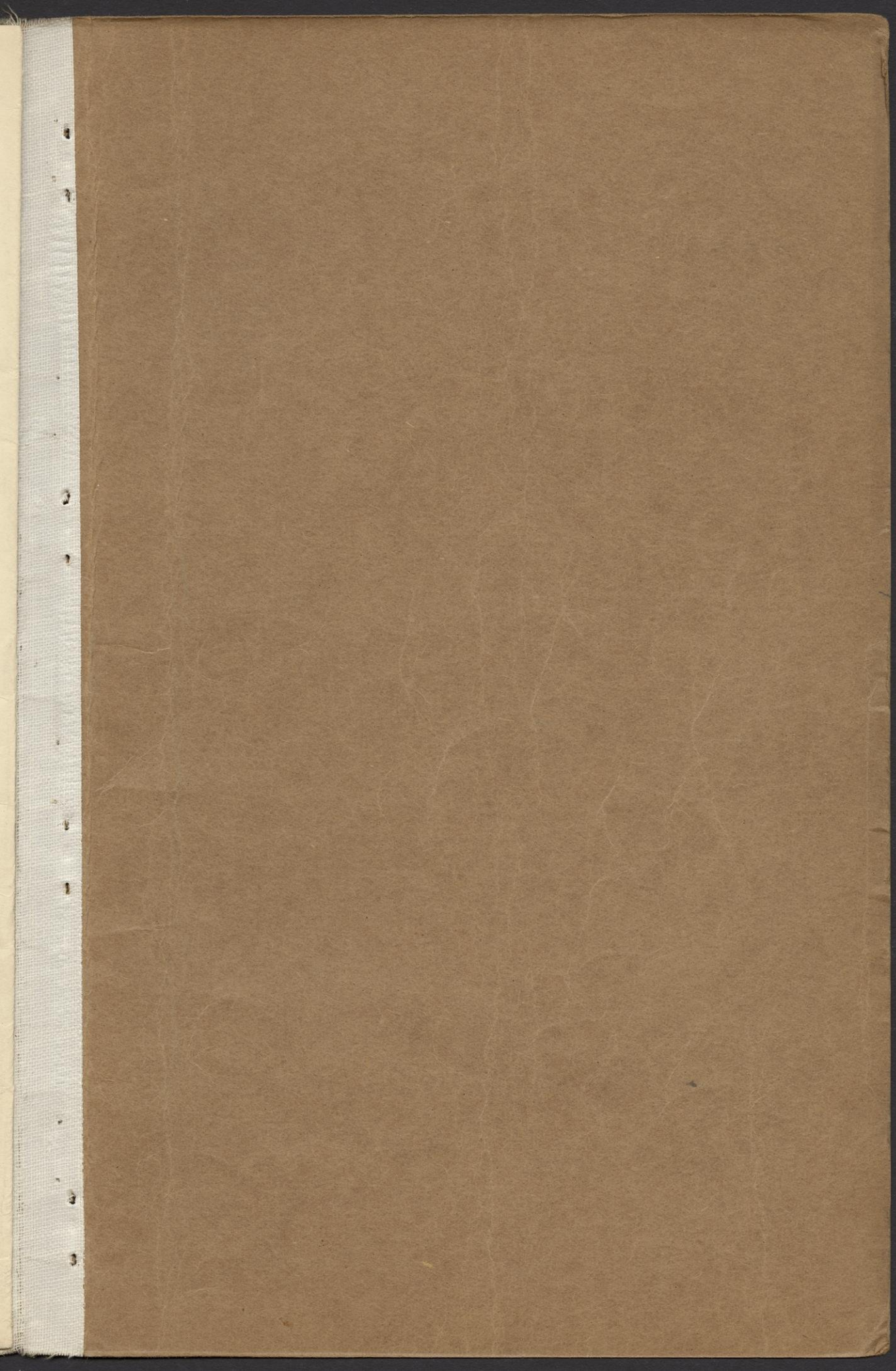
pa - rent he's pe - cu - ti - er ly u - ni - que <sup>quillard</sup>  
 mit a fa - ther's pride and fondness proper are -  
 ... When his daughter comes a thous and ev - 'ry  
 week. Since her in - fancy they've ne - ver been a  
 part a day. Their af - fection for each other is sub -  
 - time - But a millionaire has stolen Cora's  
 heart a - way, and he'll weep a - bout it  
 when he gets the time, 's'mo' their time, He'll  
 come a - gain and weep an - o - ther time  
 1.   
 2.   
 a. time.

hub step

- 1 4 on outside repeat
- 2 cross twice on a side
- 3 knee elbow 4
- 4 toe heel
- 5 knee bend.
- 6 fan

7 cross toe touch

8 exit





1871

1872

1873

1874