



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.

*Bridgman's Change in the Republic
Behind Counter Measure and Contingent*

M. Neudorff

Alice Hall

Please do not
bend or roll this part



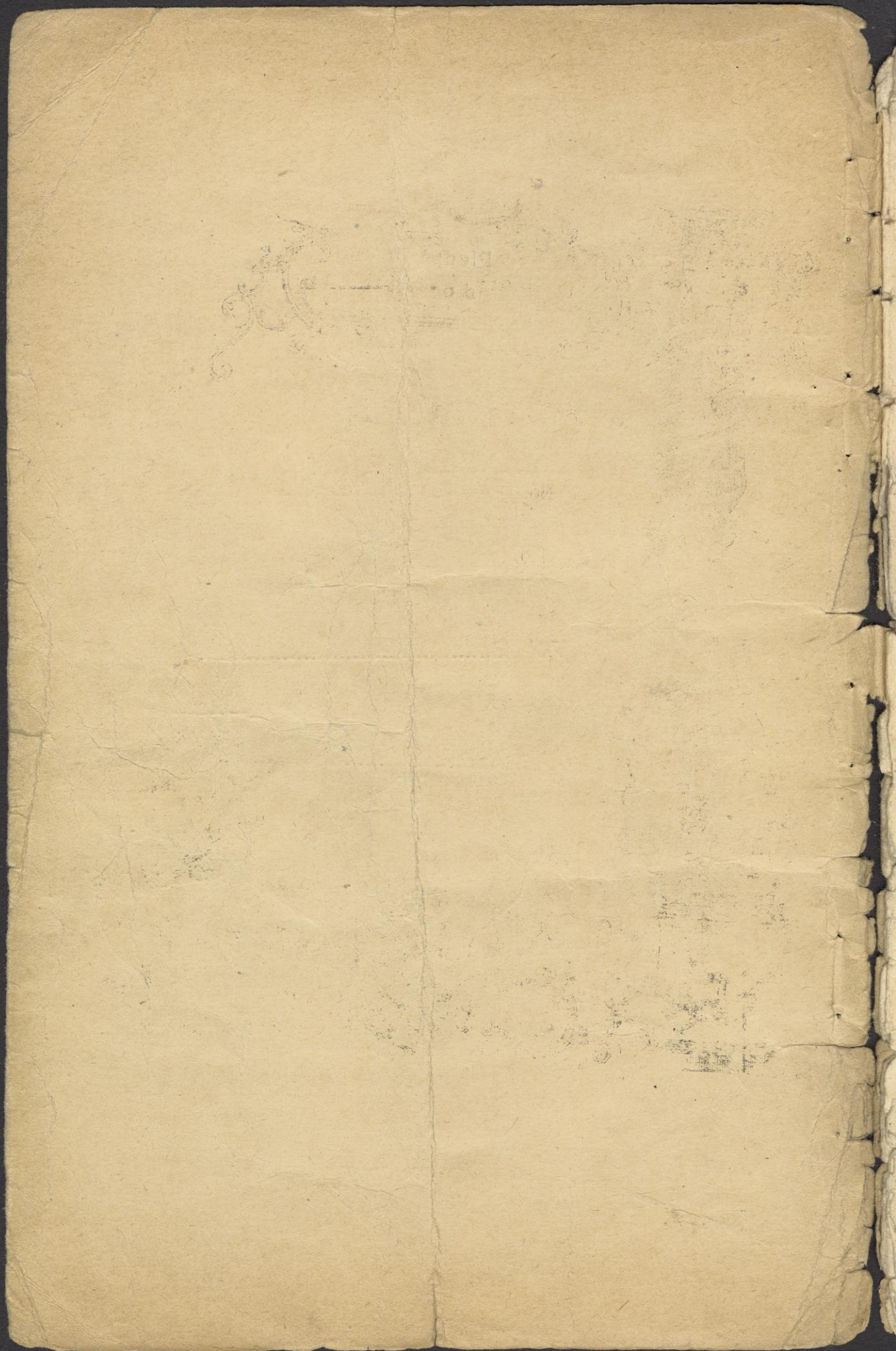
CHORUS PARTS

No. *110*

VOICE..... *Sopranos & Altos*

OPERA..... *Belie of N Y*





The Belle of New York.

Words by
Hugh Morton.

Sopranos & Altos

Music by
Gustave Kerker.

No. 1. Intro. + Opening Chorus - "When a man is twenty one."

Moderato assai. 5 5 Ten + BA.
When a man is twenty one

Allegretto. 6 6 7 7
Mod.^{to} 2 1 # Mod.^{to} 2 2
let the fid - dle,

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

All^o agitato. 2 7
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 roed. The

house is top - sy - tu - ry, 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
 Har-ry Bron-son Fie, fie, fie! Oh
 fie, fie, fie! You naughty 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 Har-ry Bron-son
 Fie, fie, fie!

All.
 male Chorus
 For

Sobranos & Altos.

5

no - to - day will de - ny, which no - to - day 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

N^o. 2. Song & Chorus.

All.^o con spirito.

When I was born, the stars won - der, fal - ter, with to won - der, and I've blink'd their eyes with ne'er been known to won - der, fal - ter. By the thun - der! By the al - tar, the

Sopranos + Altos.

4

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

Allegretto

And

now I am the pet

10

If he had to pay my sal-er-ee

Chor.

And

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.

1. Verse

D.C.

sal-er-ee.

2. Verse.

Allegro.

No. 3. Song & Dance.

Allegretto.

Bill
When

16

7

The art of dance-ing

Chorus

Oh,

lit--tle Sis--ter Pis--sie's A jaun--ty lit--tle mis--sle,

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 dance-ing. D.C.

Dance after last verse.

dance-ing.

No. 4. Song. (Fifi)

Moderato.

Fifi

Grazioso Andantino

To be the toy

15

And. no.

to fon--dle 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 soo, dear,
 Like a tur- the dove; Teach me how to love- die you, Oh
 teach me how to love.....!

mf *dim* *rit*

1° 2°

Fili *Im* *DC.*

No 5 March & Chorus.

Tempo di Marcia Moderato.

12

Ten. & Bar. *S. & A.*

With state- ly With

state- ly 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

doff. To their chief they bow, To their chief *doff*

Snow- y plumes To their chief

Schabod
From

N^o 6 Song. (Schabod.) "The anti-cigarette society."

16 *and in the field of 'mo-rals*

gaa *stick at us* *gaa* *li--ci-tous*

a--ble to be *For in the field of*

mo-ral en-deav-our No com--pe--ti--tor 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-tiles con-ti-nue to strike us, As

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 DC. be, 'ble to be.

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.....

N^o 8 Song. (Fifi & Bridesmaids)

Moderato 15

Fifi

1. ze a - me - ri - can girl she

Bridesmaids

Pa - ree

Chorus

Oh, la

belle Pa - xi - si - enne, she do cap - ture all ze

belle " " " " " " " "

min - " " " " " " " "

Wiz ze nau - ty lit - the way she are of

walk - ing; When a - cross ze street she

dance - ing; When a - round ze room she

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

go; she will kick " " " " " " " "

And her

won - der that she sets the gos - sips

lit - the kick it makes the dance ten

Falk - trans

ing. Oh, la - ing. fine. 2^o ze a DC

N^o 10 Chorus.

Allegretto.

Chorus

Pret - ty lit - the chi - na gir - les vel - ly, vel - ly nice!

Sopranos & Altos.

10.

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 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 nut-ton chop py chop.

Give her to the cop, cop, 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 nut-ton chop-py, chop,

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

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

Sopranos + Altos.

Hi yi! Hi yi! Chi-na gir-lic 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
 (sung through the nose.)
 sky high, sky
 high, sky
 high, sky
 high!

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

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

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

Sopranos & Altos.

12.

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 Girl,
 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. *Ki ya!*
Ki ya! Kick a lit-tle foot up high, ah!
Ki yi! *Ki yi!* Chi-na gir-lie kick up
 sky high. *Ki yi!* *Ki yi!* Kick a lit-tle foot up
 high, ah! *Ki yi!* *Ki yi!* Chi-na gir-lie kick up
 sky high, high... Sky! High!

No 11 Song. (Violet)

All.^o mod.^{to}

Mod.^{to}

find it sure

a tempo

rit

Chas.

For when those youths pre - - - ce.
But a young man

Tempo di Marcia.

Oh, my!
Fol - low

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

see. Fol - low on! Fol - low

on When the light of faith you see.
rit *a tempo.*

Fol - low, Fol - low Fol - low on! *DC*

No 12. Song & Chorus.

Tempo di Marcia.

Chos.

Come take your hats off
The An - bee - man d - - - - -

Hur - rah! Hur - rah!
Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

Sopranos & Altos.
S^o interio tempo

6 | 2/4 | 10

a tempo stand and die to-ge-ther. *rit.* *Chorus.* Then here's to good Old
Glo-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 get and
birds of a im- - - - - 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. (Blinky Bill)

Tempo false 28

There's a great lit- - - - - the
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.

D.C.

N^o 14 FINALE ACT I

Mod.^{to} *Schabod*
 your life, my lit - tle girl, in the

Violeta *Piu mosso*
 Oh, air! Oh, air!

Harry
 want you to

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

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

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

Sopranos & Altos.

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

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

Chorus High They can go the pace, High hi!

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

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

-ra - - - - Rum ta-ra-ra - - ra.....

Rum ta-ra-ra-ra..... They are ne--ver

slow. High hi! High hi!

Sleep you on the go High hi! High hi!

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

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

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

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

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

la--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 roll-ing high, in the art of roll-ing
 high, in the art of roll-ing
 high, in the art of roll-ing
 high.....

All. agitato Allegretto. 29 30

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 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

Sopranos & Altos.

nice, She'll make a sa--cri--fice She'll
rall.
 say good--bye to pe--ter--ty and be his
Tho. di Marcia.
hair. Fol--low on, Fol--low on, When the
meno
 light of Faith you see.
a tempo
 Fol--low on, Fol--low on, When the
meno
 light of Faith you see.
rit. *Tho. di Valse.*
 Fol--low! Fol--low! Fol--low on. *Chos*
 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
 slow--e--ry when she goes out for a walk.

Sopranos & Altos.

She's soft as a snow - of white dove -

She's sim - ply 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 of New York she is the Bridesmaid

Chorus. (Bridesmaids) Lit - the mins, Lit - the mins, 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 - ly

Sopranos & Altos.

rit. *talk* As to say she's the belle of New
Tempo 1^{mo}
 York, Yes, They call her belle of New
Tempo 1^{mo}
 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

Detailed description of the musical score: The score is written on ten staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The tempo markings include 'rit.', 'Tempo 1^{mo}', and 'Piu mosso'. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the notes. There are several dynamic markings and performance instructions such as 'talk' and 'ar... my girl'. The music consists of a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment line with chords and rhythmic patterns. The paper shows signs of age and wear, with some staining and a diagonal crease.

York, The sub-ject of all the town
 talk..... Yes she is the belle of New York,
 Oh 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

ACT II.

N^o 15. Opening Chorus.

Allegro Agitato. 27

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 se-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 se-ry late, And I

Sopranos & Altos.

1^o
 I have n't time to wait now then hur-ry up or you will drive me

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

3^o
 cra---gy, cra---gy,

4^o
 meno *rall.* *Vivace*
 fla --- nor

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

6^o
 glass of rasp-ber-ries, and an-oth-er of va-

7^o
 --nilla, and an-oth-er glass of orange, and an-

8^o
 o-ther glass of peach *Sop. & Alto* Oh you want to make 'em

9^o
 fig-gy, and you want to make 'em fig-gy, and you

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

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

12^o
 lot of cream in each. *rall.*

Sopranos + Altos.

Moderato

Fin mosso

Sopranos & Altos.

Vivace.

A glass of sar-sa-
 -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 ig-gy, And you
 want to make em fig-gy, and you want to serve'em sou-ny, with a
 lot of cream in each, And you want to serve'em
 sou--ny, with a lot of cream
 in each.

Presto

N° 17 (a) Song & Chorus (Violet.)

Violet. $\frac{3}{4}$ Andantino.
 - hope I do not shock my-
 is it not as well to
 Chorus. Tempo di marcia.
 (sung at 2nd & 3rd verse only)
 been my dress-----
 in her style----
 We're the
 We're the
 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, 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-ty just the same. D.C. We're the

or-na-men-tal fu-ri-ty Bri-gade, To our

fu-ri-ty - we add a lit-tle gash-ion, a

pret--ty rit--ton of the pro--per shade could
me--er him--der real re--li-gious pas--sion, When we
fight to con--quer vi--cious-ness and shame, Our...
shin--g 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

wea--ry of be--ing so prime want to be slum--my, I
do so there. Chorus. Oh, she wants to see all the
lights, She wants to stay out at nights, She

wants to see ev-ry-thing dar-ing, She wants to go ev-ry-where
 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!

No. 19. Song. (Blinky Bill.)

All^{to} 5/4 B.B.
 When I went, ma-mie

Chorus
 Clam-ey" Oh 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." D.C. Goo-gan's Fan-cy Ball."

1^o verse 2^o verse Dance after 1^o 2^o

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

Mod.^{to} $\frac{3}{4}$

1 Meet me on the beach, boys -

18

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

1st Sop. *Crucigno.*

Plump girls, slen-der girls,

1st

So--lid girls, and ten-der girls, All sorts of dain-ty girls

2nd

go--ing out to die. 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.

D.C.

Dance. (after second verse.)

8

No. 21. Chorus.

Allegro con Spirito

Chorus
For the

twen--t--eth time we'll drink, We'll drink, We'll

drink for the twen--t--eth 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--b--lime..... So

as they ring on the Op--'ra stage, Come

fill your glass and be mer--ry,..... In

bump--ers of wine your thirst ras--uage, And

float right o--ver the fer--ry, O'er the

Sopranos + Altos.

fer-ry, O'er the fer-ry... 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 ne-ver 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
ne-ver get tight a-gain, If we
ne-ver get tight a-gain, a tempo.

No. 23. Finale - Act II.

(Schabod.) 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

Tempo di Valse.
 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.*

Sopranos & Altos.

31

Appendix. No. 27. Song & Chorus.

Allegro con spirito.

Smilkins.

going to have a med-ding here to day.

F. Chorus.

It

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

--ee young

Her
He

ad-mir-a-ble gra-ces she known in sun-dry pla-ces
finds a heal-ing lo-tion, For his grief and his sh-er-tion

rit. If this son-in-law's a mul-ti-mil-lion--

16

rage

I'll
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 & Altos.

35.

pa-rent he's pe-cu-liar-ly u-nique.... And you'll ad-
 --mit a fa-ther's pride and fond-ness pro-sper-are,
 When his daugh-ter earns a thous-and co-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-
 --time..... But a mil-lion-aire 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-oth-er time.

Ch.

