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Chorus part: tenors. [189-?]

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

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CHORUS PART



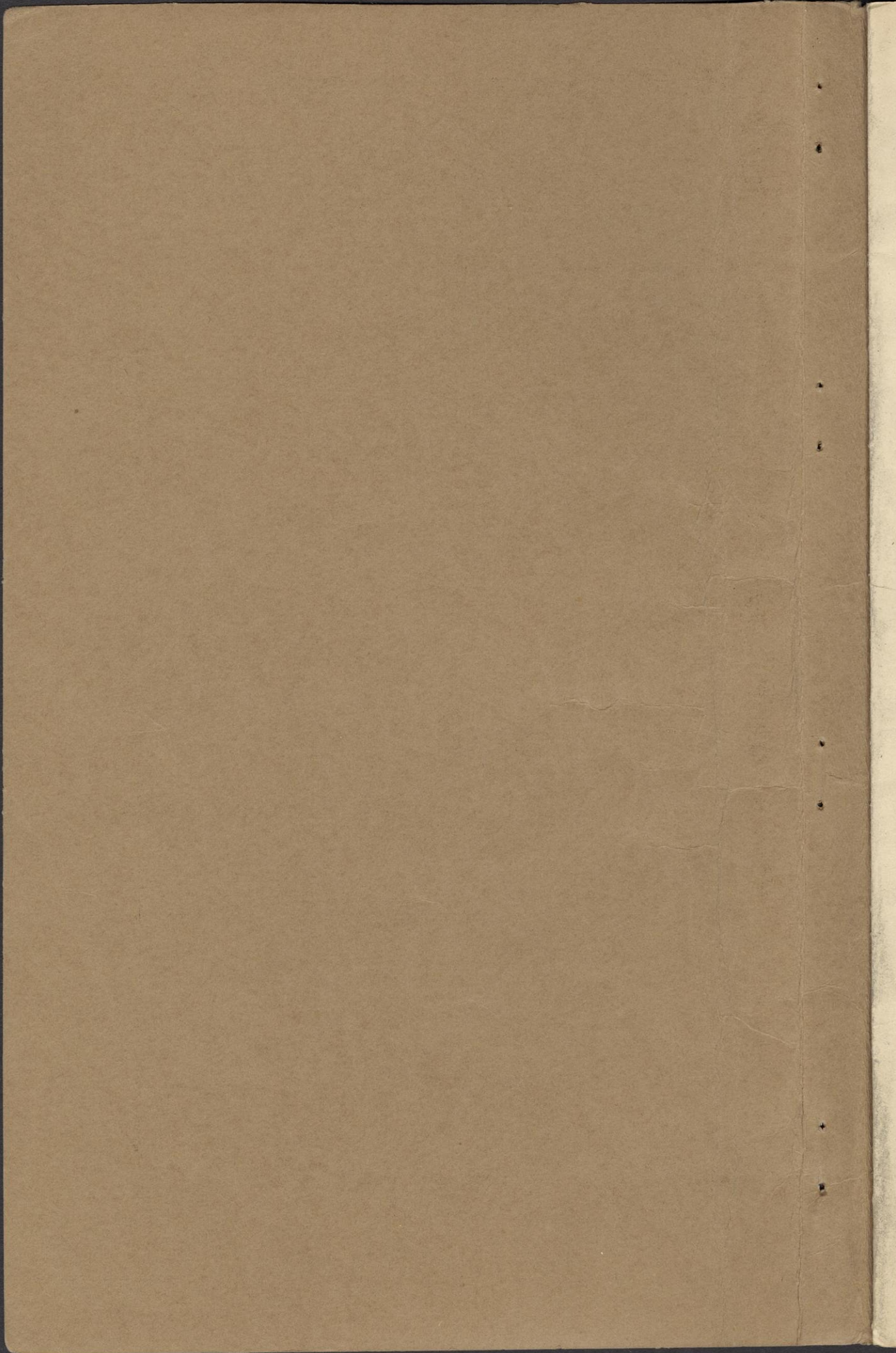
TENORS

BELLE OF NEW YORK



TAMS-WITMARK
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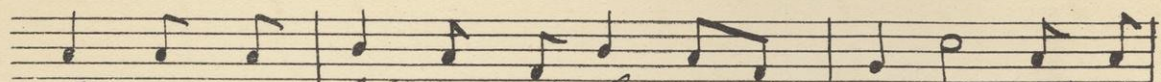
The Belle of New York.

Tenors.

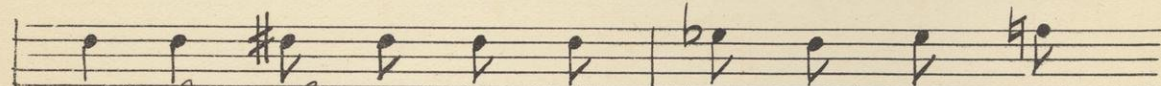
No. 1. Opening Chorus.

Mod^{to} assai. 55

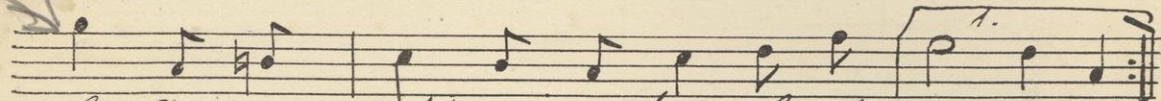
When a
man is twenty one, let him drink hot rum, let him
drink it hot and cold, When a man is twenty
one, let him make things hum, let his life be free and
bold. For never will you be so
gay a-gain, And never will you see such
fun, As you will when the sparkling cup you drain, On the
day when you are twen-ty one. Then
ben marc.
here's to the day when you're twenty one years



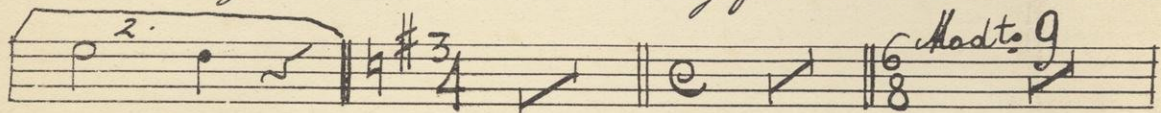
Oh! And you laugh in the face of - sorrow, when you



don't fear liquor and you drink it hot and



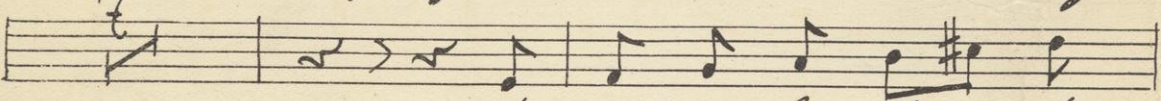
cold, And you don't care a hang for to-morrow. Then



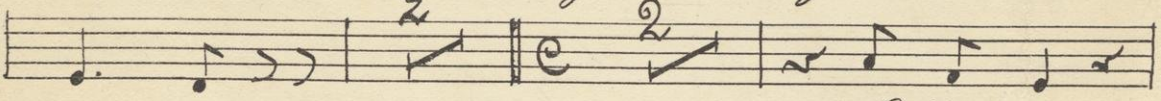
- morrow.



And he's going to be married at noonday.

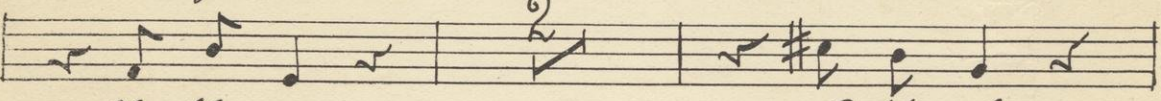


He's got a big load to



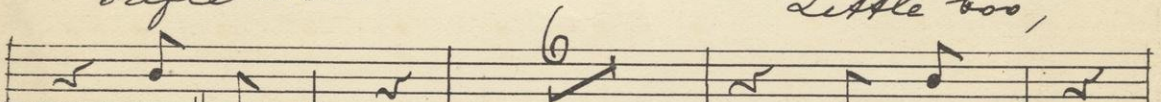
car-ry,

Little woo,



Trifle woo.

Little boo,

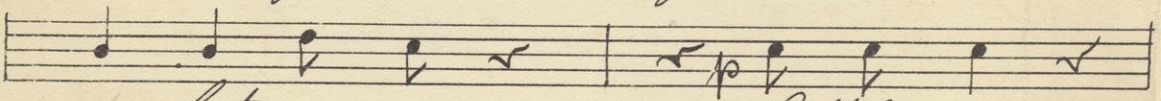


Trifle boo.

Little side,

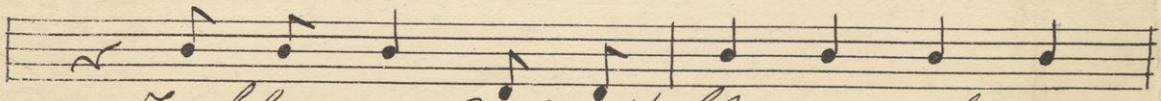


Li-dy side, oh, we guess he's just a



wee bit woosy,

Little woo!



Trifle woo, Could-n't blame you if you

said he is bossy. Little boo

Trifle boo. But he's just a- bout to

take a bride And he's twenty- one years old, be-

side Hence the highness of his rising side.

Little side, Ti- dy tide.

Oh fie! fie! fie! You

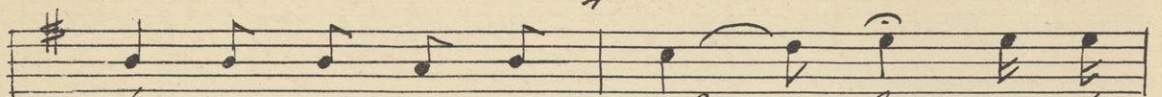
naughty Mister Bronson, My, my, my! You're

such a dreadful man! You'd better stop your

tar- ry- ing, To day's your day for marrying, Oh

naughty Mister Harry Bronson! fie, fie, fie!

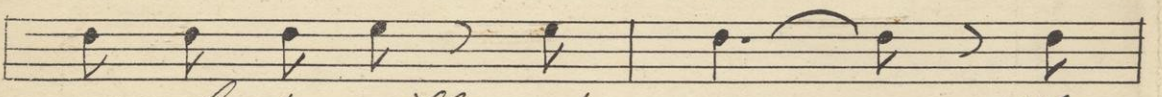
For he's a golly good fellow, yes he's a golly good fellow, Oh



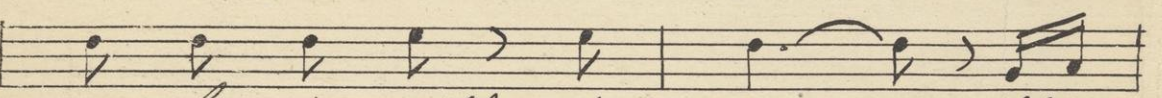
he's a jolly good fel- - low, And he'll



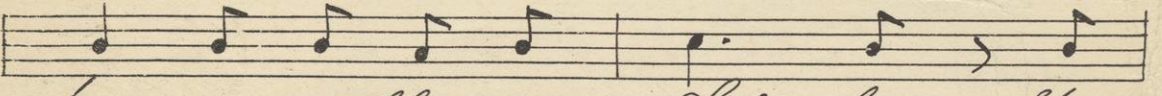
never be sober a- gain... Which



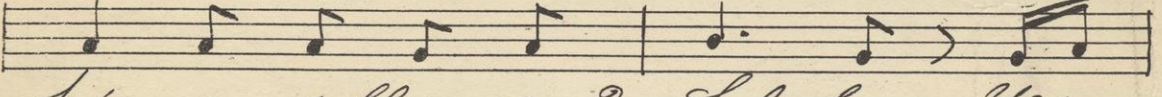
no- body will de- ny, ... Which



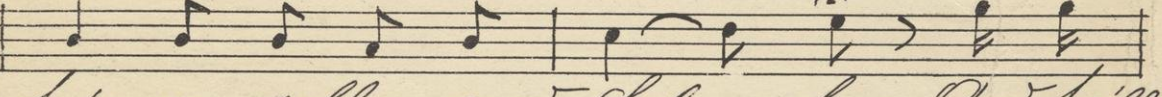
no- bo- dy will de- ny, ... Yes, -



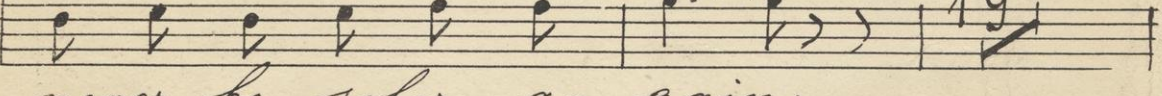
he's a jolly good fel- low, Yes,



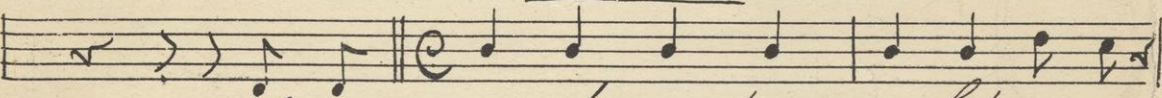
he's a jolly good fel- low, Yes--



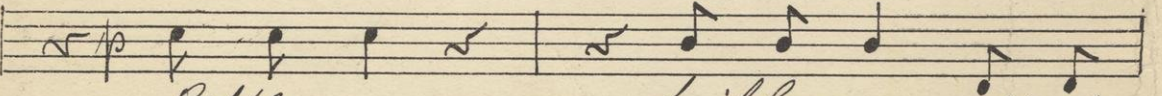
he's a jolly good fel - low, And he'll



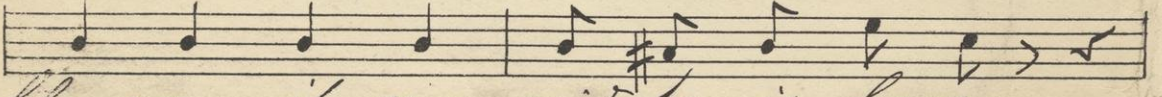
never be sober a- gain.



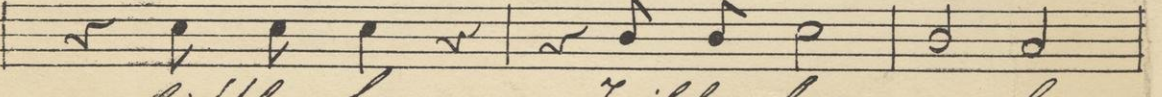
Oh, we guess, he's just a wee bit woosy,



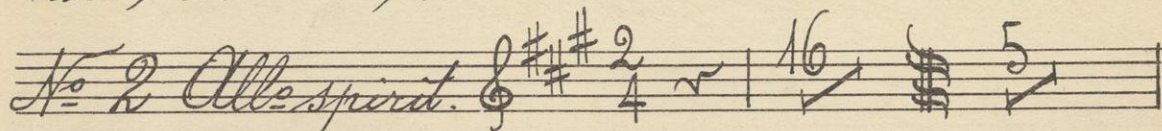
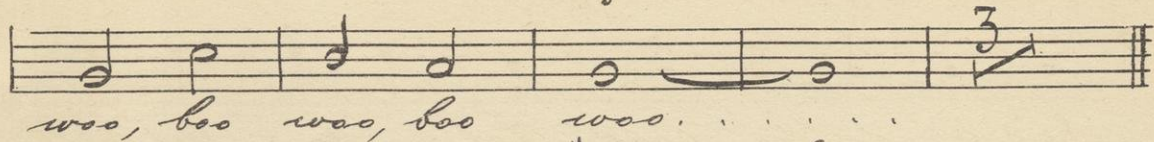
Little woo, Trifle woo, couldn't



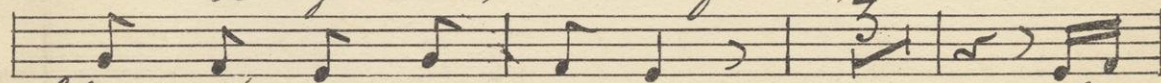
blame you if you said he is boosy,



little boo, Trifle boo, woo, boo

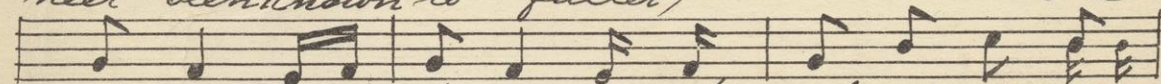


With wonder, with wonder, And
To falter, to falter, I've

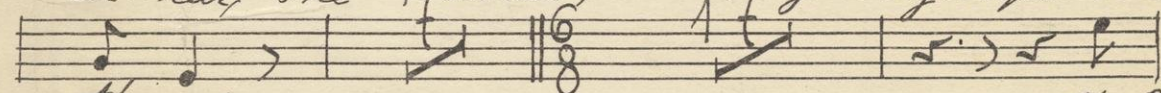


blink'd their eyes with wonder,
ne'er been known to falter,

By
The

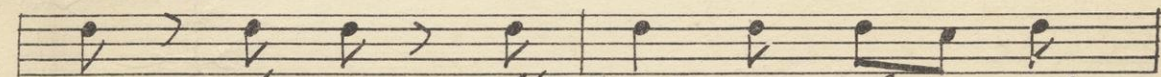


thunder! By thunder! And his wife said: "Well by
al-tar, The altar, I be-gan my trips to the

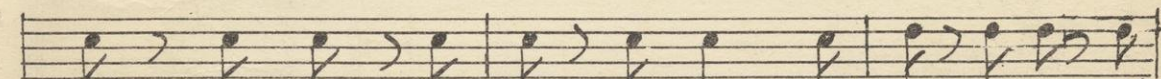


thunder.
al-tar.

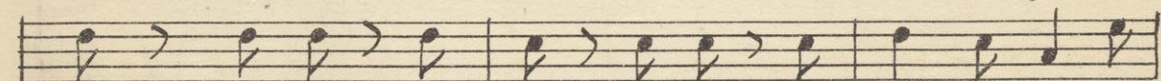
And



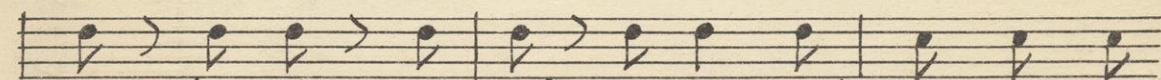
now she is the pet you bet of



bankers, brewers and all that set. The i-dol of the



lit-tle boys that sit up in the galler-ee. When



in her diamonds she appears, she looks like a



beauti-ful chande-lier, And Rus-sel



Sage would fall down dead, if he had to pay her

1. *sal-ler-ee.* 2. *sal-ler-ee.*

No. 3. *Oh, little sister*
Kissie's A jaunty little missie,
She can turn a somersault or handspring, Her
pretty winkly eye goes, She's full of dinky-
di-dos When she re-presents the art of
dancing. Dance.

No. 4. *Oh*
Teach me how to Kiss, dear, Teach me how to
squeeze, Teach me how to sit upon your
sympa-the-tic Knees, Teach me how to
coo, dear, Like a turtle dove.

out 2nd time

sim. *rit.* 7

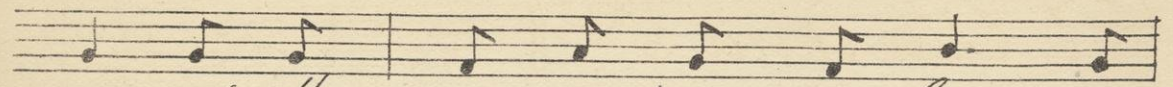
Teach me how to fondle you, Oh teach me how to
love....

No. 5. Moderato. $\text{♩} = 13$

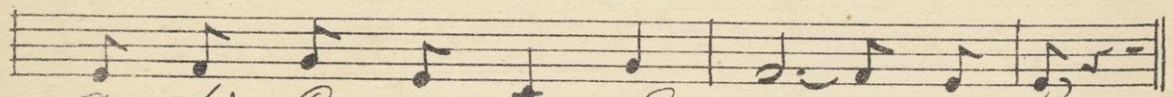
state-ly tread... They
come this way, with dignified demeanor,
With boom of drum,

Our souls they'll save, with proudly flying
banner, Ob-serve our grave and rever-ent-ial
manner. Boom! - - - - - trying trying?

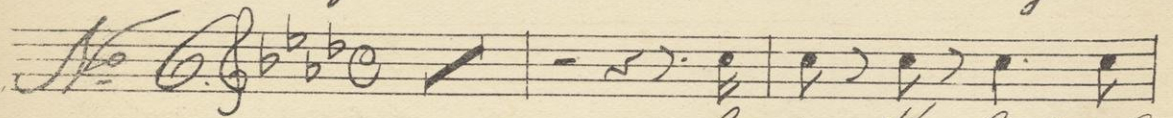
And now to our chief we doff our snowy
plumes, Few men there are who compare with him in
pi-e-ty, all e-vil flees when he command as-



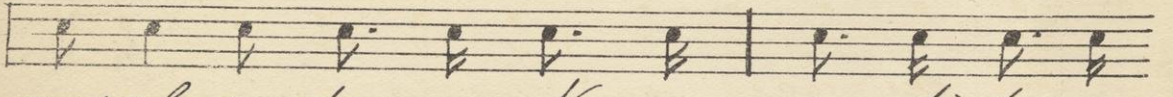
sumes of the youngmen's res-cue League and



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



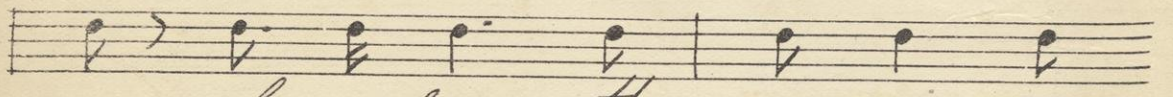
for in the field of



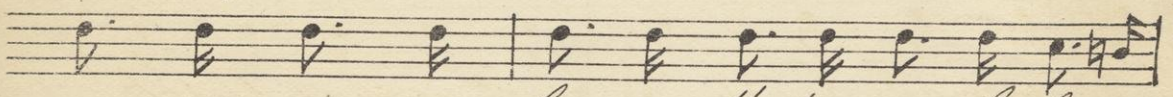
moral endeavour No com-pe-ti-tor can



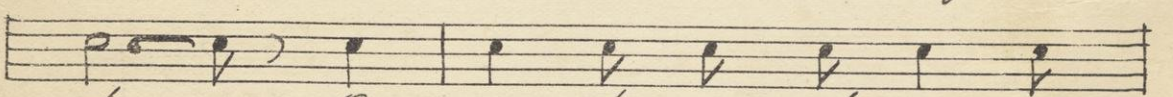
shake a stick at us, stick at us. In the



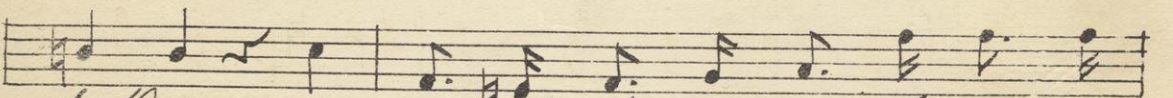
game of reform there never, no



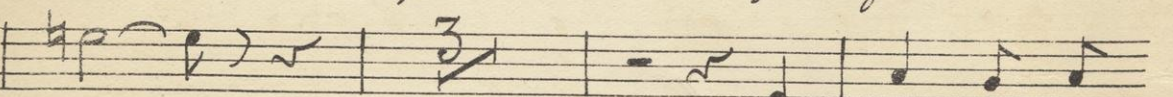
never, were re-formers that were so fe-li-ci-



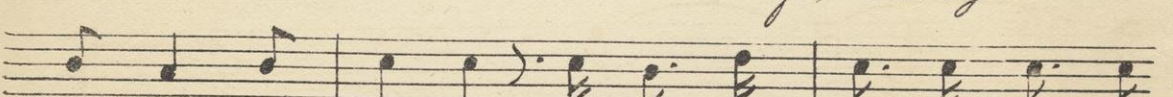
-tous, Our vir-tues con-ti-nue to



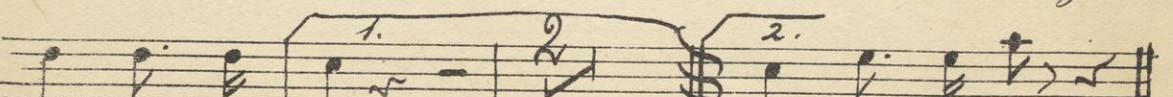
strike us, As quali-ties magni-fi-cent to



see ... of course you could



never be like us, but be as like us as you're



a-ble to be. be, 'ble to be.

No. 7. *Allō spirit.* $\frac{3}{8}$ $\sharp\sharp$ $\frac{6}{8}$

Wine, woman and song, Wine, women and
song, It's write on the pages of
life thro' the ages, That love for them neer 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 women and song. The world is made
bright, the heart is made light, By wine women and
song, Hail... all Hail, wine.. and
song!

Nos 8 & 9 Tacet.

No. 10. Chorus. Alto. $\text{G}^{\#} \frac{2}{4}$

Pretty little Chinagirlie, velly velly nice,
 When she got a long way off, ching ching,
 Take a little Chinagirlie, put her on the ice,
 Make a little Chinagirlie cough, ching ching,
 Tickle, tickle sum sum, Tickle little chinagirl,
 Take a little yum yum, Ting-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,
 Tickle sum sum, tickle little chinagirl,
 Take a little yum yum, Ting-a-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, 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,

(through the nose)
sky high,

sky high

Aye!

Pretty lit-tle china-

gir-lie, velly, velly nice,

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

Take a little china girlie, put her on the ice,

Make a little china girlie caught, ching ching,

Tickle — sum sum, tickle little china girl,

Take a little yum yum, Ting-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,

Tickle — sum sum, tickle little

China-girl, take a little yum yum,

Ting-a 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!

13

Ki-yi! China-girlie kick up sky high.

Ki-yi Ki-yi! kick a little foot up
high ah! Ki-yi, Ki-yi! China-girlie
kick up sky high, high

... Sky . . . high!

No. 14. *Allegretto*

Oh my! Marcia Oh my!
Follow on, follow on, when the light of faith you see.
see. follow on, follow on, when the light of faith you see.
Follow, follow on!

No. 12. Song & Chorus

14
2/4

Hurrah, -

Hurrah, -

Then here's to good old glo-ry and the

dear old Union Jack, In battle fierce and

gory 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-

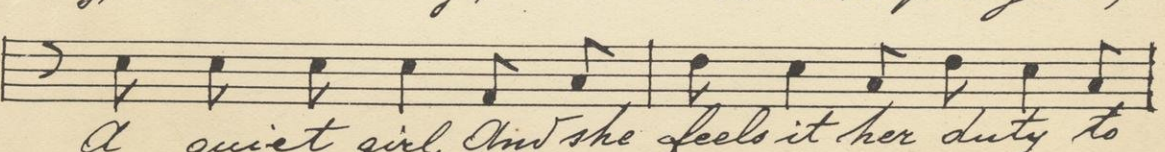
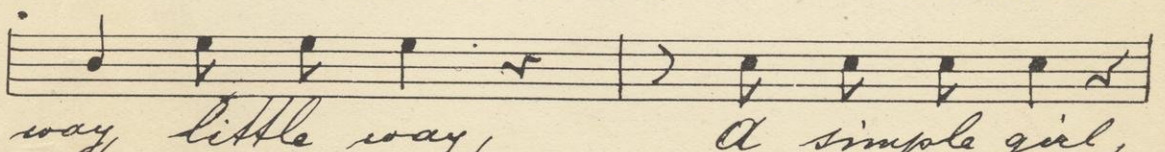
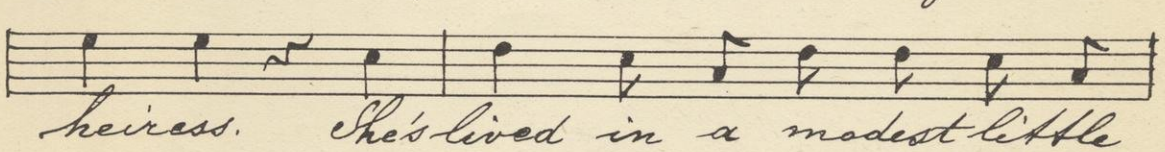
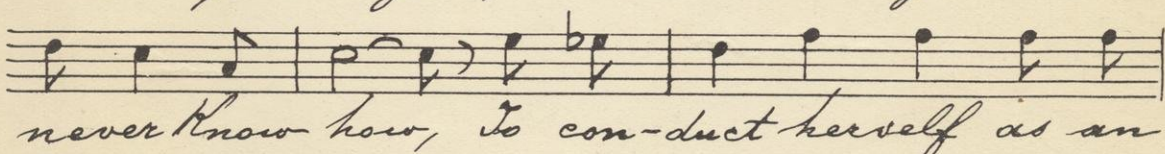
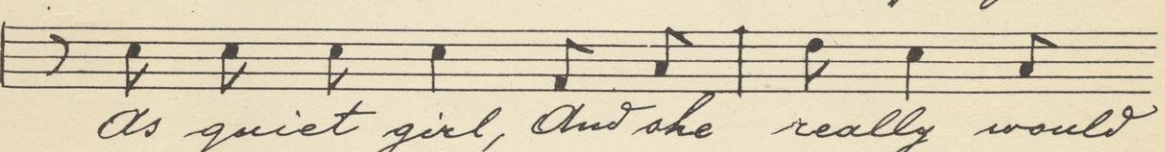
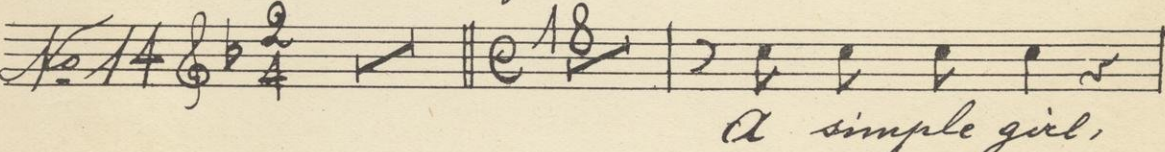
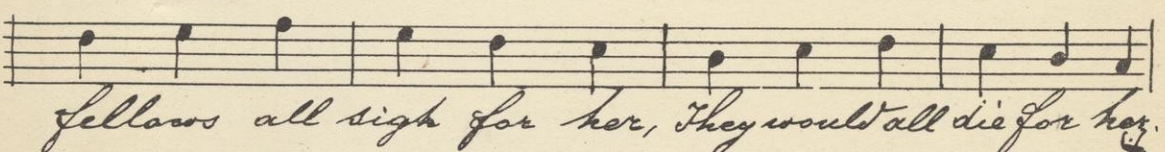
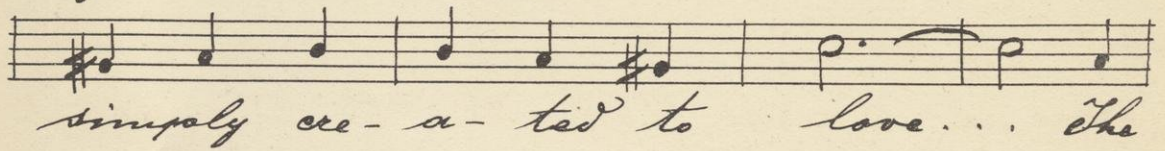
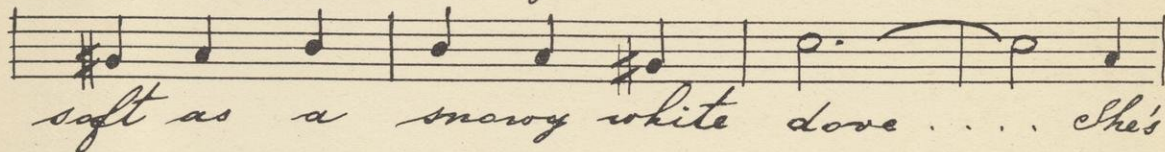
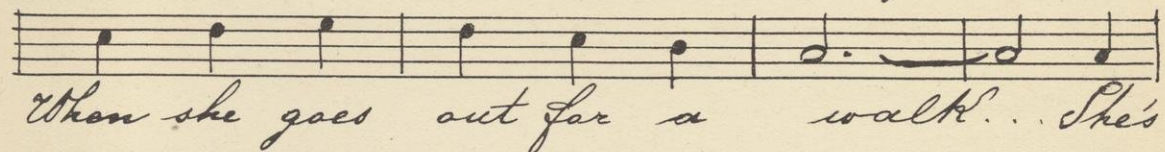
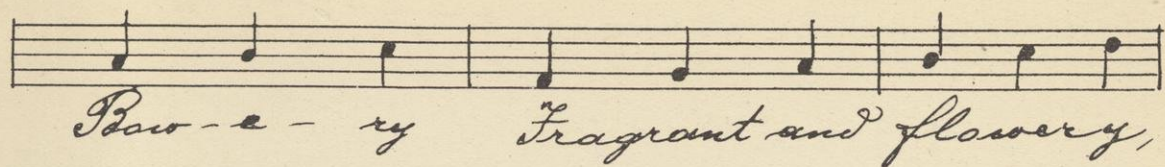
gainst all the world, We'll stand and die to-

ge-ther.

No. 13. 3/4

She is the

belle of New York--- The subject of
all the town talk. She makes the old



say, yes to say, That she won't be a million-

air-ess. 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!

Hoopla, high hi! Brum ta ra ra

ra... Brum ta ra ra ra!

Brum ta ra ra ra!

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
 million-airess, if you're looking
 for an heiress, they are free to
 say they hanker to be shummy,
 with your hanker, The art of rolling
 high in the art of rolling high, in the
 art of rol-ling high...

... She'll

be his heir, she'll be his heir, now is'nt 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 nice, she'll
 be real nice, she'll make an awful sacrifice, she'll

say good bye to poverty and be his
 Marcia
 heir. Follow on, follow on, when the
 light of faith you see. Follow
 on, — when the light of faith you
 see. follow —
 Calse. 3/4 follow on!
 Oh, she is the belle of New
 York, The sub-ject of all the town
 talk, She makes the old bowery fragrant and
 flowery, 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
 Valse. cue Principals.
 Little minx
 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,
 call her belle of New York, a
 sal - vation ar - my girl, army girl,
 she's the belle of New York.

Her head is in a whirl,
Allegretto

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
 of New York, the subject
 gay New York, of town talk, Little dear, —

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
Allegretto I.
 is the belle of New York, She is the

belle of New York. A Sal-va-tion
 ar-my girl, The subject 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.

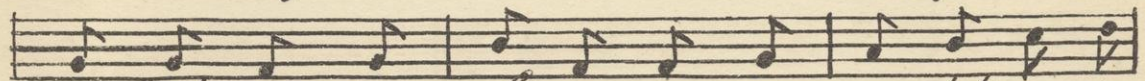
2nd Act Opening.

Allo agitato.

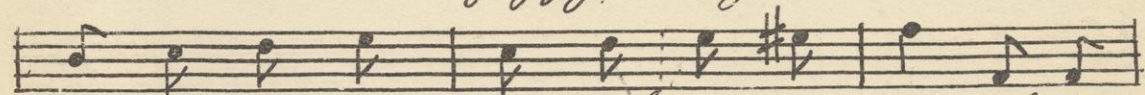
Oh sonny, can't you
 work a little fast; oh sonny, sonny
 sonny, don't you leave me to the last. Oh I've
 got a fearful thirst, and I'm just about to
 burst Why, little boy you're getting ve-ry
 lazy. Oh hurry And put
 on a lot of steam, oh hurry,
 and put in a lot of cream, Oh it's
 getting very late, And I haven't time to
 wait, Now then hurry up or you will drive me
 crazy, crazy, oh hurry up or you will
 drive me crazy, crazy!



Oh you want to make 'em sizzzy, and you



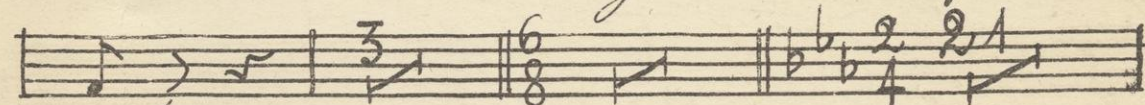
want to make 'em fizzy, and you want to serve 'em



sonny with a lot of cream in each, Oh you



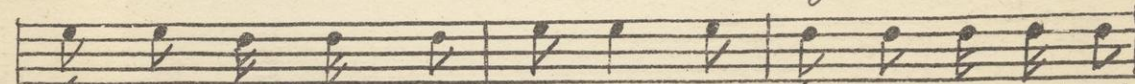
want to serve them sonny with a lot of cream in



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



a - ny 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. *Al*

glass of sars'pa - rilla, And an - other of va -

nilla, And an - other glass of o - range and an -

- other glass of peach. Oh you want to make them

sizzy And you want to make 'em fizzy and you

want to serve 'em sonny, with a lot of cream in

each, and you want to serve 'em sonny, with a

lot of cream in each.

No 17a, Marcia.

pppp
Ra ta ta tooty

tooty - ra ta ta tooty - -

Handwritten musical score on ten staves. The lyrics are: *ra ta ta tooty*, *ra ta ta tooty*, *rata ta tooty*, *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.*, *Ra ta ta tooty*, *ra ta ta tooty*, *ra ta ta tooty*, *ra ta ta tooty*, *ra ta ta tooty*, *Ra ta ta tooty*, *ra ta ta tooty*, *ra ta ta tooty*. The score includes various musical notations such as triplets (marked with '3'), slurs, and rests. A '2nd time' bracket is visible on the right side of the page.

too-ty. We do our
 duty, Just the same. We're the
 ornamental puri-ty bri-gade, To our
 puri-ty we add a little fashion, A
 pretty ribbon of the proper shade, could
 never hinder real reli-gious passion, when we
 fight to conquer viciousness and shame. Our
 shiny trumpets going tooty tooty, We
 really do not think that we're to blame for
 dressing in a style that suits our beauty,
 We do our duty, Just the same.

No 18 Song & Chos.

No 18

27

Oh she wants to see

all the sights, she wants to stay out at nights

she wants to see ev-rything daring, she

wants to go ev-rywhere 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.

No 19.

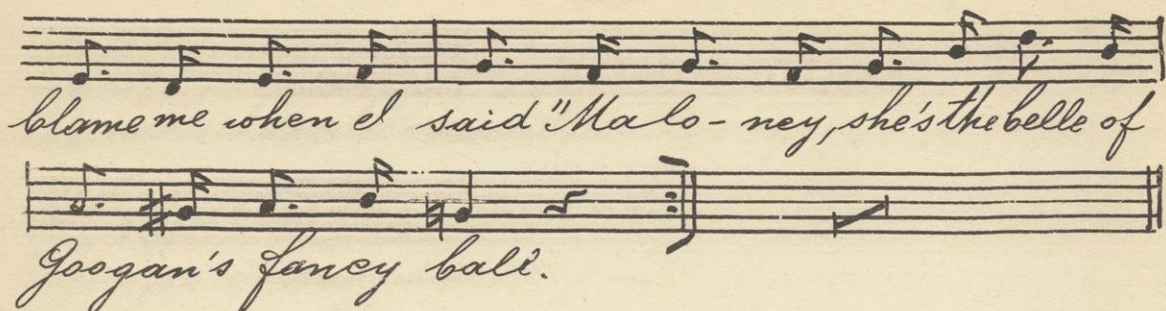
Allegretto.

Little Mamie Clancy, was the girl that

caught my fancy, why Le-ti-tia Ann Ma-

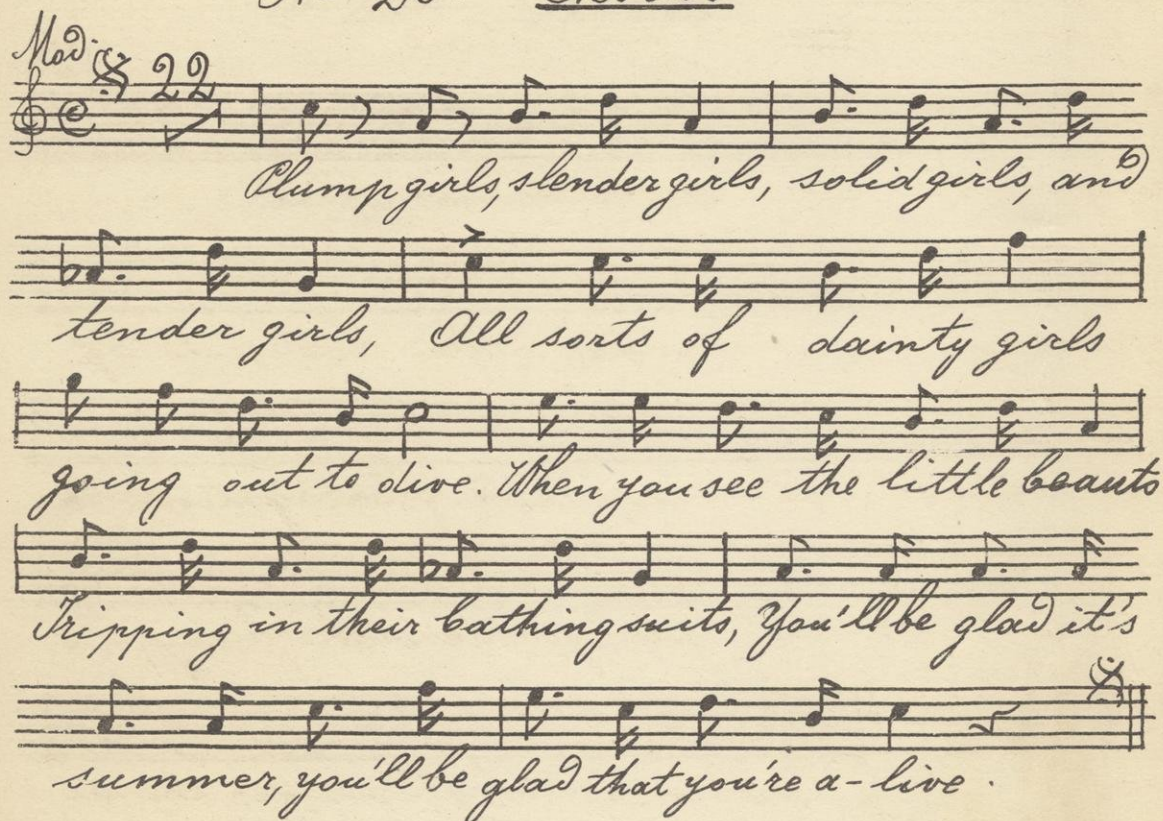
honey was n't in the race at all; if you'd

seen my little Mamie, I am sure you could n't



blame me when I said "Ma-lo-ney, she's the belle of
Gogan's fancy ball.

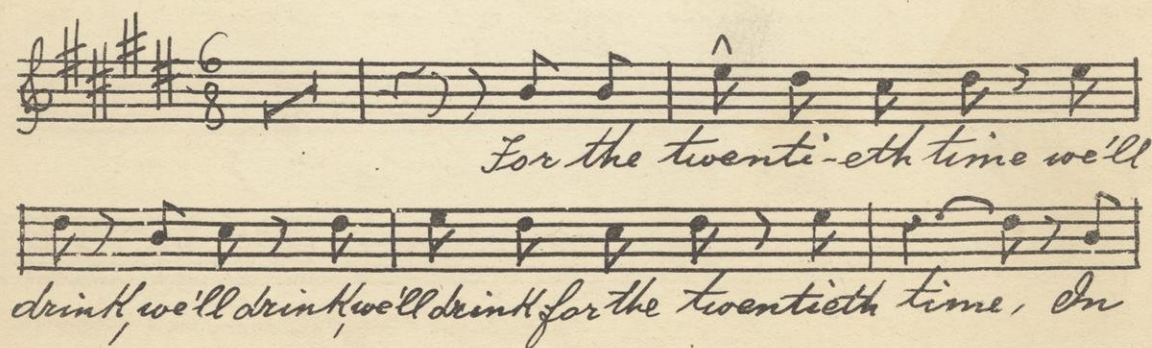
No 20. Chorus



Mad. 22
Clump 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.

Dance.

No 21. Allō spirit.



For the twentieth time we'll
drink, we'll drink, we'll drink for the twentieth time, On

oceans of nectarous drink we'll sink, For
 this is a night when to drink, we think, So
 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 over 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 champagne, 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.

2nd Final. 17

of
 course you could never be like us,
 but be as like us as you're able to
 False. 1
 be.

She is the belle of New York.. A
 sal- vation ar- my girl, the
 subject 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
 sim-ple shy, little shy ar-my
 girl, ar-my girl, yes she a
 mere little shy sal-vation ar...
 my girl!

No. 28.

Don't you
 know there's nothing in it, life comes a-long and
 we go thro' it, And at times I real-ly
 don't see how we do it, Don't you know.

Andte.

And at times I real-ly don't see
 how we do it, don't you know.
 End of the Opera.

