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Vocal part: Harry Bronson. [189-?]

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

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Harry Bronson

Please do not bend or roll this book.

No. **8** VOCAL PART OF Set. **2**

Harry Bronson.
OPERA

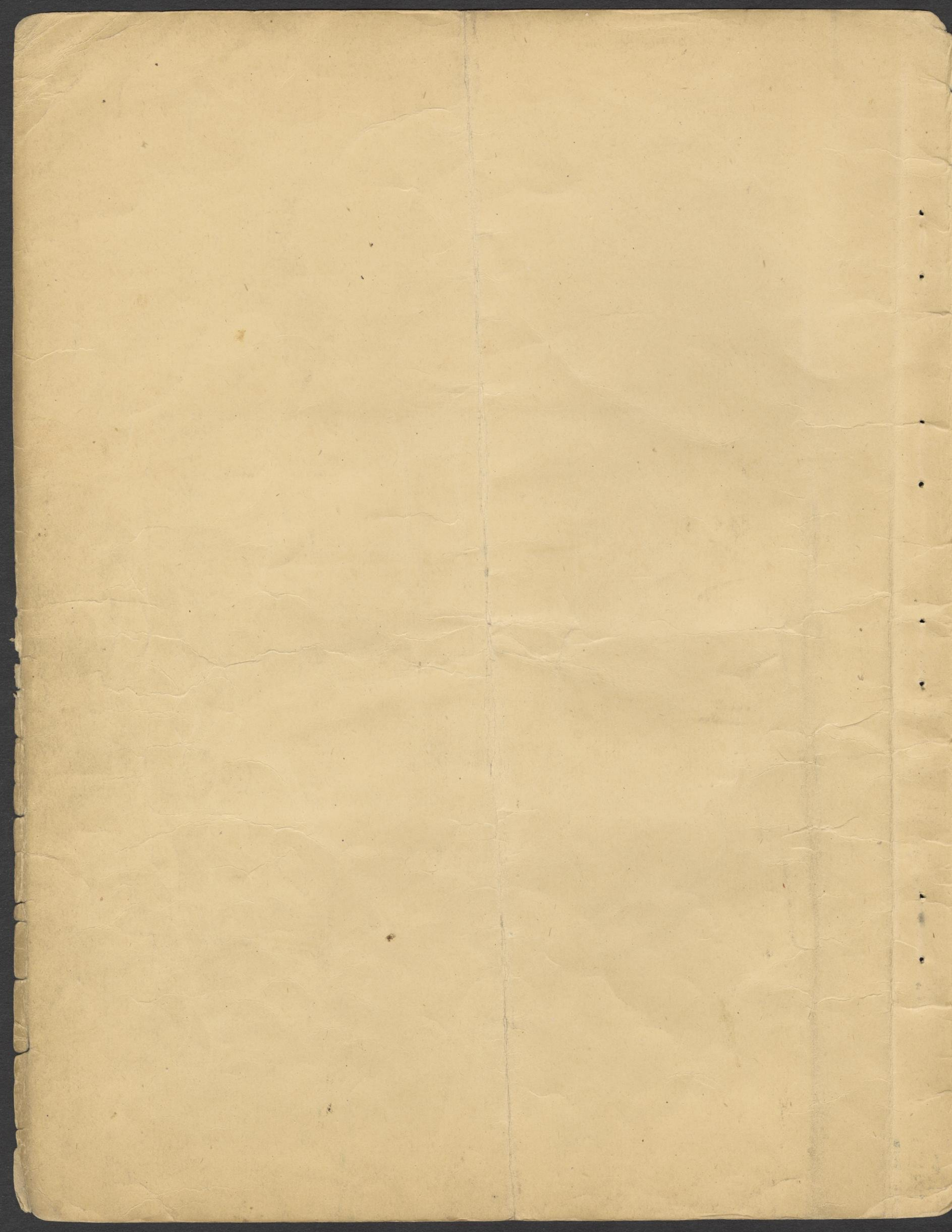
BELLE OF NEW YORK

FROM
ARTHUR W. TAMS
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Music Library
New York

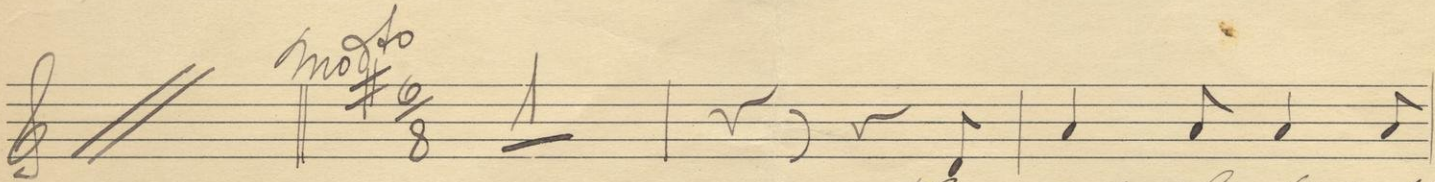


Part for Harry

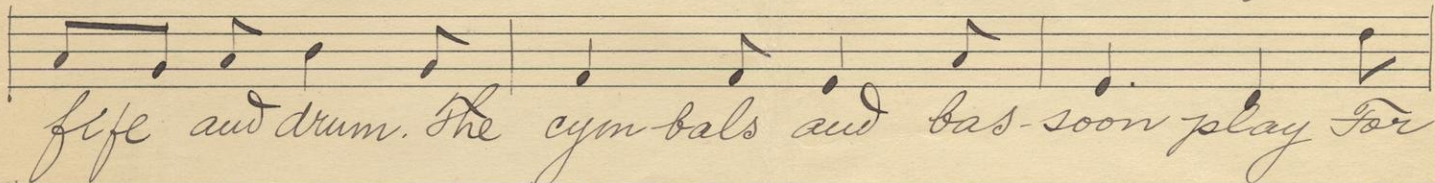
cut

The Belle of New York

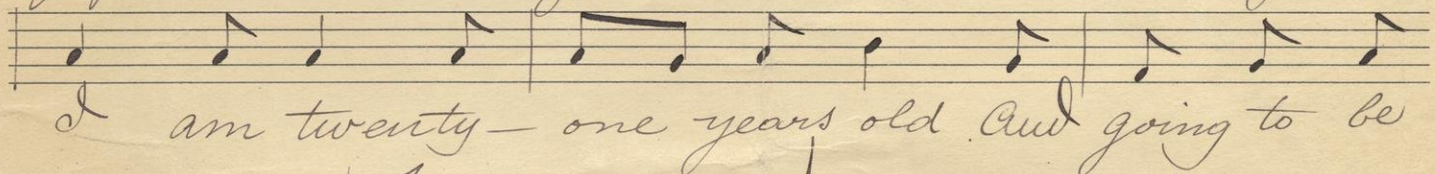
No 1 Introduction



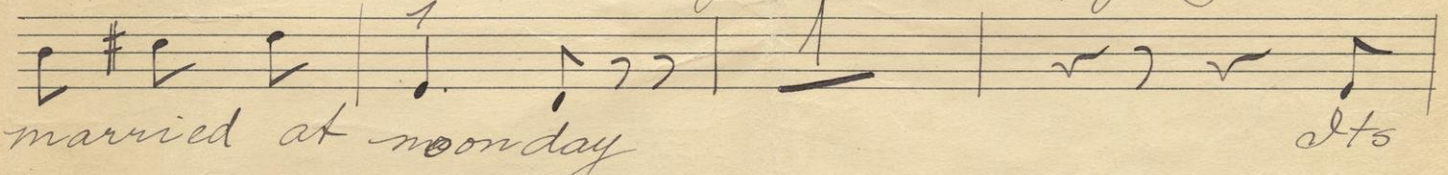
Then let the fid.dle,



fife and drum. The cym-bals and bas-soon play for

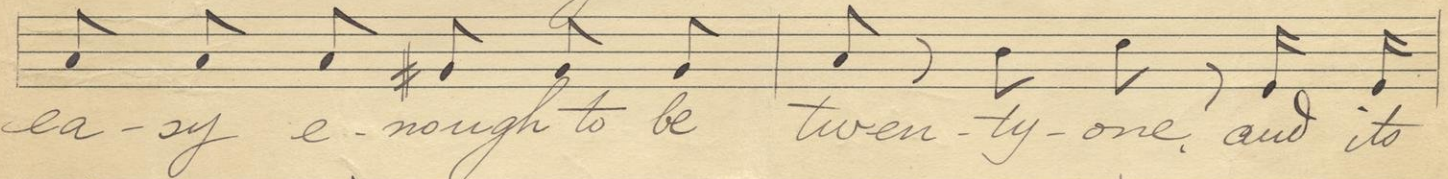


I am twenty - one years old And going to be

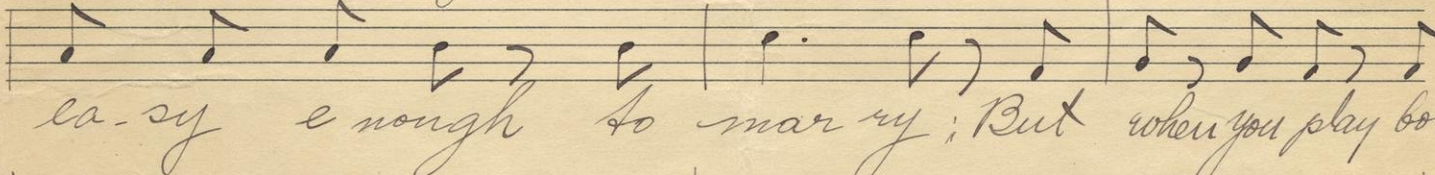


married at noonday

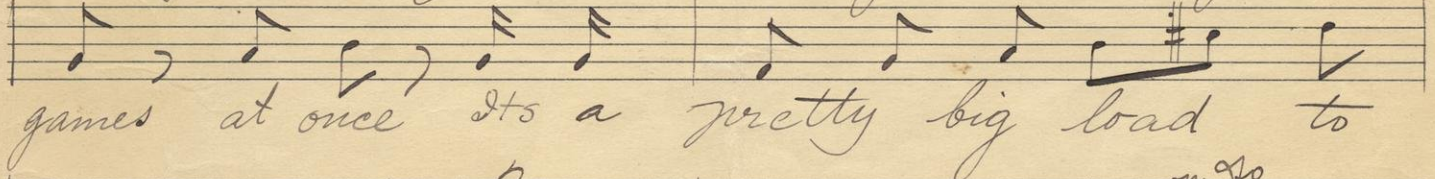
Its



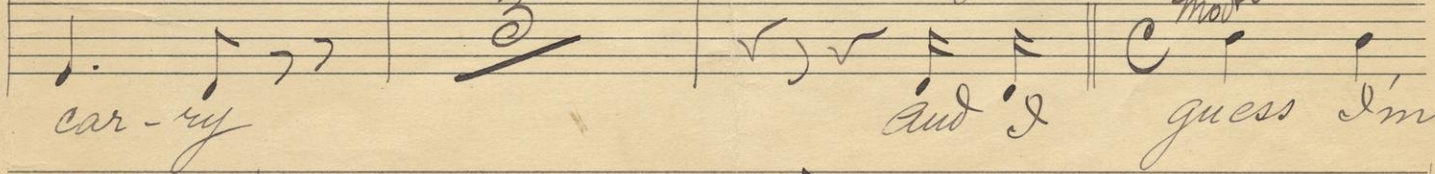
ea-sy e-nough to be twen-ty-one, and its



ea-sy enough to marry; But when you play both



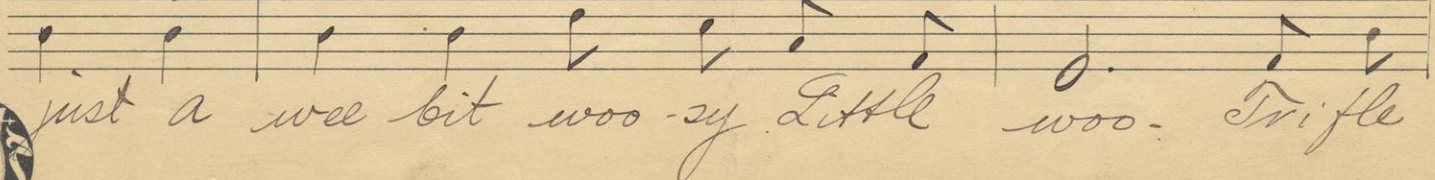
games at once Its a pretty big load to



car-ry

and I

guess I'm



just a wee bit woo-sy Little woo. Trifle



woo couldn't blame you if you said I'm boo-sy
 Little boo Tri-fle boo. But I'm just a bout to
 take a bride. and I'm twenty-one years
 old be-side hence the highness of this rising
 tide Little tide Tri-dy tide
 Little woo Tri-fle woo.
 Little ~~tide~~ Tri-dy ~~bo~~ tide
 Little ~~tide~~ Tri-fle ~~Tri-dy~~
 blame ya if you said he is boozey
 guess hes just a well bit woosy Little
 woo Tri-fle woo Little
 boo Tri-fle boo Boo woo Boo
 woo boo woo Boo woo 3

IN
Tacet till

No 7 *All' con spirito* $\frac{6}{8}$ $\sharp\sharp$

Where'er you stay the wide world through you'll
 find to day this maxim true who loves not wo-man
 wine and song, Remains a fool his whole life long. 'Twas
 thus that Mar-tin Lu-ther sang as Doc-tor
 Mar-tin Lu-ther sang who loves not wo-man,
 wine and song. Remains a fool his whole life
 long.

Tacet till:

No 14 *Finale* $\frac{2}{4}$ \sharp 16

want you to have it if I have got to lose it



Oh she's done ve-ry

well up to now

Ac-cept I beg my fa-ther's

pro-po-si-tion I shall be sa-tis-fied

if you do For my fate fair

maid you must not care

Yes she's the belle

Yes she is the belle

Little dear Little dear gentle maid

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. She is the belle of New York,
 A sal - va - tion ar - my girl no,
 doubt she is all the town talk
 She's in a dreadful whirl.
 She is the belle of New York,
 The subject of town talk
 The belle of gay New York The subject
 of town talk little dear Little dear, Hear her say,
 Gentle maids 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. Yes, yes she is the
 belle of New York a shy Sal-
 va-tion ar-my girl The subject of
 talk She's in a dreadful whirl
 She's she belle. The belle of gay New York
 She's she belle. The belle of gay New York
 She a mere little shy little shy
 ar-my girl ar-my girl she
 a mere Sal va-tion ar- - -

1 N

my girl

No 15

Oh, ladies you are
rushing me to death. I have to work as
hard as a - ny pavior just stop a bit and
let me get me breath. Then let her go a -
gain and name your fla - vour. What's your
flavour! What's your flavour. Now let her go a -
gain and name your flavour. Now let her go a -
gain and name your flavour, Now let her go a -
gain and name your flavour. A glass of sars'-pa-
nilla, and an - o - ther of va - nilla. And an -

- o - ther glass of orange, and an - o - ther glass of
 peach, oh you want to make 'em siz-zy. And you
 want to make it fizzy. And you want to serve 'em
 sorry with a ^{lot} of cream in each
 oh bitter is man's lot. to
 su - i cide a goader when he work in weather
 hot at squirting ice cream so-da It's
 ve - ry sad to know That I must dig and
 delve it When on ly a month a-go, alas! I
 was on velvet ^{quint} When a
Moderato man has nothing but wealth she
 girl all say as he walks Broadway oh ain't he a nice young

man? When a man has nothing but health The
 girls cut loose for they have no use. For a poor little
 broke young man. I I used to roll as
 high as the clouds When I had plenty of
 money And I could number my friends by
 crowds, and the world was always sunny. Most
 a - my girl would have been my bride. They
 thought me as sweet as honey But oh I went right
 out with the tide When I had lost my money. But
 oh I went right out with the tide When I had lost my
 money

No 16 ^{1st} Duet.

Mod $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ | *Why what will you do*

$\frac{1}{2}$ Love is not all, dear, that po-ets may

say Often it lasts but a year and a

day Often the day, love, with-out a - ny

year Love is not all it's crack'd up so be,

dear! $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ | *Why what will you*

do I will be tender and

I will be true, When I am married Sweet -

heart to you.

Facet All

No 23 *Finale* $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ ^{Valse}

Yes yes she is the Belle of New
 York a shy sal-va-tion
 ar-my girl. The sub-ject of talk
 She's in a dread-ful whirl She's
 the Belle. the belle of gay New York she
 the belle, the belle of gay New York. she a
 mere little shy little shy ar-my
 girl ar-my girl, she a
 mere sal va-tion ar-
 my girl

End of Opera.

