THE \nBELL \nOF \nNEW \nYORK \nA MUSICAL \nCOMEDY \n\nWORDS BY \nHUGH MORTON \n\nMUSIC BY \nGUSTAVE KERR \n\nCopyright. \nLONDON: \nHOPWOOD & CREW, 42, NEW BOND STREET, W. \nNEW YORK: T.B. HAM & CO., 18 EAST 22ND STREET \n\nAll performing Rights in this Opera are reserved. Simple detached numbers may be sung at Concerts not more \nthan two or one Concert; but they must be given without Costume or Action. In no case must such performance \nbe announced as a Selection from the Opera. Application for right of performing the above Opera must be made to \nMESSRS. WILLIAMSON & MUSGRAVE, SHEFFIELD THEATRE, LONDON.
THE
BELLE OF NEW YORK
A Musical Comedy in Two Acts.

WORDS BY
HUGH MORTON.

MUSIC BY
GUSTAVE KERKER.

VOCAL SCORE ..... 6s. net.
PIANOFORTE SOLO ..... 3s.
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Dramatis Personæ.

Iguardo Bronson ...(President of the Young Men’s Rescue League and Anti-Cigarette Society of Colorado) Mr. Dan Daly

Harry Bronson ...(his Son, a Young Spendthrift) ...(his Son, a Young Spendthrift) Mr. Harry Davenport

Karl Von Pomerinne ...(a Polite Lunatic) Mr. J. E. Sullivan

“Doc” Sniffins ...(the Father of the Queen of Comic Opera) Mr. Geo. K. Fortescue

“Blinky Bull” McGuire ...(a Mixed-Ale Puglist) Mr. Frank Lawton

Kenneth McDo ...(Low Comedian of the Corn Angelique Comic Opera Company) Mr. Geo. A. Schiller

Count Rash Rattatto ...(Twin Portuguese Brothers) Mr. William H. Sloan

Count Pats Rattatto ...(a Sailor) Mr. William Gould

Billy Breck ...(Harry Bronson’s Private Secretary) Mr. Edwin W. Hoy

Mr. Twiddles ...(a Newspaper Reporter) Mr. Frank Turner

Mr. Sneeper ...(a Photographer) Mr. Lionel Lawrence

William ...(a Butler) Mr. D. T. Macdonald

Violet Gray ...(a Salvation Lassie) Mr. Albert Wallenstein

Fifi Frigot ...(a Little Perisienne) Miss Edna May

Kissie Fitzbanter ...(a Music Hall Dancer) Miss Phyllis Rankin

Cora Angeliqur ...(the Queen of Comic Opera) Miss Mabel Howe

Manic Clancy ...(a Pol Street Girl) Miss Helen Dupont

Pappy Penns ...(a Soubrette) Miss Paula Edwards

Betty “The Bay”...(a Soubrette) Miss Martha Moore

Mystle Minor ...(Miss Martha Moore)

Queenie Carm ...(Miss Martha Moore)

Birdie Seed ...(Miss Martha Moore)

Gladys Gleek ...(Miss Martha Moore)

Dorothy June ...(Miss Martha Moore)

Marjorie May ...(Miss Martha Moore)

Little Miss Flirt ...(Miss Martha Moore)

Drummer Boys ...(Miss Martha Moore)

ACT I.—Scene 1 … The Dining Room of Harry Bronson’s House on Riverside Drive, New York

# CONTENTS

## ACT I.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td><em>Opening Chorus</em></td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>&quot;When a Man is Twenty one&quot;</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td><em>Song &amp; Dance</em></td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>&quot;When I was born, the stars stood still&quot;</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td><em>Song &amp; Chorus</em></td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>&quot;Little Sister Klaus&quot;</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td><em>Teach me how to kiss</em></td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td><em>March &amp; Chorus</em></td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td><em>Wine, Woman and Song</em></td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td><em>La Belle Parisienne</em></td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td><em>My little Baby</em></td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td><em>Pretty little China Girl</em></td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td><em>They all follow me</em></td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td><em>We'll stand and Die together</em></td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td><em>She is the Belle of New York</em></td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17.</td>
<td><em>Your Life, my little Girl</em></td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## ACT II.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td><em>Opening Chorus</em></td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td>&quot;Oh! Sonny&quot;</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17.</td>
<td><em>When we are Married</em></td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18.</td>
<td><em>Oh! come with us to Portugal</em></td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19.</td>
<td><em>The Purity Brigade</em></td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td><em>I do, so there!&quot;</em></td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21.</td>
<td><em>Goopan's Fancy Ball</em></td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22.</td>
<td>*On the beach at Narragansett&quot;</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23.</td>
<td>&quot;For the twentieth time we'll drink&quot;</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24.</td>
<td>&quot;At no naughty Folies Bergere&quot;</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Belle of New York—Vocal*
THE BELLE OF NEW YORK.
MUSICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

Words by
HUGH MORTON.

Music by
GUSTAVE KERKER.

No. 1. INTRODUCTION & OPENING CHORUS—"WHEN A MAN IS TWENTY ONE"
TENORS

When a man is twenty-one, Let him

BASSES.

When a man is twenty-one, Let him

drink hot rum; Let him drink it hot and cold. When a

drink hot rum; Let him drink it hot and cold. Hot and cold. When a

The Belle of New York.
man is twenty-one. Let him make things hum: Let his life be free and bold, For

man is twenty-one. Let him make things hum: Let his life be free and bold. Free and bold, For

never will you be so gay again, And never will you see such fun, As you

never will you be so gay again, And never will you see such fun. See such fun, As you

will when the sparkling cup you drain On the day when you are twenty-one. Then

will when the sparkling cup you drain On the day when you are twenty-one. Then

The Belle of New York.
Here's to the day when you're twenty-one years old
And you laugh in the face of sorrow.

Here's to the day when you're twenty-one years old
And you laugh in the face of sorrow.

Don't care a hang for tomorrow. Then tomorrow.

Don't care a hang for tomorrow. Then tomorrow.

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
It's easy enough to be twenty-one, And it's going to be married at noon-day.

easy enough to marry; But when you play both games at once, It's a pretty big load to carry.

He's got a big load to carry.

And I

The Belle of New York.
Moderato.

guess I'm just a wee bit woo-sy, Lit-tle woo—

Could not blame you if you said I'm... boo-sy, Lit-tle

boo—

But I'm just a-bout to

The Belle of New York.
take a... bride. And I'm twenty-one years old beside. Hence the
highness of this rising tide. Little tide. Tidy tide
Little tide.
Tidy tide. Oh, we guess he's just a wee bit woo-sy.
Oh, we guess he's just a wee bit woo-sy.

The Bule of New York.
woe—

Lit-tle woe

Lit-tle woe. Could-n't blame you if you

Lit-tle woe—

Lit-tle woe. Could-n't blame you if you

Lit-tle boo—

Lit-tle boo—

Lit-tle boo. But he's

Lit-tle boo—

Lit-tle boo. But he's

just a-bout to take a—

just a-bout to take a—

And he's twen-ty-one years

And he's twen-ty-one years

The Belle of New York.
Little

Hence the highness of his rising tide.

Little tide—Tidy tide.
naughty Mister Bronson You haven't been to bed, And

in another hour You're due, you know, to wed. The

house is topsy-turvy, And our dusting isn't done, not done; The

sweeping and the other things Aren't even yet begun, No not

The Belle of New York.
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 naught-y Mis-ter Bron-

My, my, my! You’re such a dread-ful man! You’d

The Belle of New York.
better stop your tarrying. Today's your day for marrying, Oh

naughty Mister Harry Bronson Fie, fie, fie! Oh

Oh

Oh

fie, fie, fie! You naughty Mister Bronson,
fie, fie, fie! You naughty Mister Bronson,
fie, fie, fie! You naughty Mister Bronson,

The Belle of New York.
My, my, my! You're such a dreadful man! You'd

My, my, my! You're such a dreadful man! You'd

My, my, my! You're such a dreadful man! You'd

better stop your tarrying, Today's your day for marrying, Oh

better stop your tarrying, Today's your day for marrying, Oh

better stop your tarrying, Today's your day for marrying, Oh

naughty Mister Harry Bronson! Fie, fie, fie!

naughty Mister Harry Bronson! Fie, fie, fie!

naughty Mister Harry Bronson! Fie, fie, fie!

The Belle of New York.
Allegretto.

For he's a jolly good fellow.

Yes he's a jolly good fellow, Oh...

he's a jolly good fellow, And he'll never be sober again.

Which nobody will deny, Which

again, Which nobody will deny, Which

again, Which nobody will deny, Which

The Belle of New York.
nobody will deny. Yes, he's a good fellow, Yes, he's a jolly good fellow, Yes, he's a jolly good fellow, Yes, he's a jolly good fellow, And he'll never be sober again.

The Belle of New York.
Little Harry.

Oh, we guess he's just a wee bit woo-sy,

Oh, we guess he's just a wee bit woo-sy.

The Belle of New York.
Little woo—
Tri-fee woo.
Lit-fee

Little woo—
Tri-fee woo, Couldn't blame you if you said he is boo-sy.

Little woo—
Tri-fee woo, Couldn't blame you if you said he is boo-sy.

(PIerce gradually dying out.)

boo—
Tri-fee boo, Boo woor, Boo woor, Boo woor, Boo

Little boo—
Tri-fee boo woor, Boo woor, Boo woor, Boo

Little boo—
Tri-fee boo woor, Boo woor, Boo woor, Boo

woo

woo

woo

The Bell of New York.
No. 2. SONG & CHORUS—(CORA.) "WHEN I WAS BORN THE STARS STOOD STILL."

Allegro con spirito.

PIANO.

When I was born, the stars stood still and blink'd their eyes with wonder, With wonder, with wonder, And blink'd their eyes with wonder, The falter, To falter, to falter, I've ne'er been known to faltar, At the

The Belle of New York.
man in the moon said, "Hole-ly gey!" And his wife said, "Well, by thunder!"

By ten-der age of sweet sixteen I be-gan my trips to the al-tar. The

thun-der! By thun-der! And his wife said, "Well, by thun-der!"

For al-tar, The al-tar, I be-gan my trips to the al-tar. And

they could see that I was a kid That was sure to make things hustle,

I was ev-ry chance I've had since then I was mighty quick to grab it, I am

bound to become a Pauline Hall Or a beautiful Lilian Russell!

And know as the annual di-vor-ces, And marrying is my habit.

Allegretto.

The Belle of New York.
now I am the pet you bet Of bankers, brewers and all that set; The
idol of the little boys that sit up in the sal-er-ree. When
in my diamonds I appear, I look like a beau-ti-ful chan-de-lier, And
Russell Sage would fall down dead If he had to pay my sal-er-ree. And

And
SOPRANO.

And
TENOR.

And
BASS.

And

The Belle of New York.
CORA (with SOPHÖ)

now I am, she is, the pet you bet Of bankers, brewers and all that set; The

now she is, the pet you bet Of bankers, brewers and all that set; The

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 gal - ler - ee. When

i - dol of the lit - tle boys that sit up in the gal - ler - ee. When

i - dol of the lit - tle boys that sit up in the gal - ler - ee. When

in my diamonds I ap - pear, she looks like a beau - ti - ful chan - delier, And

in her diamonds she ap - pears, She looks like a beau - ti - ful chan - delier, And

in her diamonds she ap - pears, She looks like a beau - ti - ful chan - delier, And

The Belle of New York,
Russell Sage would fall down dead
If he had to pay her salary.

2nd verse.

sal-lar-ee.

Allegro.

The Belle of New York.
No. 3. SONG & DANCE—(MUGG, KISSIE & BILL.) "LITTLE SISTER KISSIE."

Allegretto.

The Belle of New York.
When little Sister Kisi-sie gets a

The Chap-pies nev-er lin-ger in the

jump-ing, In the flip-py, trip-py, skip-py, slip-py dance,.....

bar rooms, When the time ar-rives for Kisi-sie to ap-pear,.....

When she

bet she keeps the fid-dlers all a lump-ing, While she

starts to do her ca-pers and tar-ra-roms, You

puts the daz-zled pub-lic in a trance.....

She has have-n't any ap-pe-tite for beer.....

All

The Belle of New York.
made a reputation with her winking, Oh, It's easy
flitting and funny does your heart feel,

Kissie has the educated eye, She

When

sets the little Chap-peas all a blinking, When she

Kissie turns a fizzy, whizzy cart-wheel, And

And

turns her pretty slippers to the sky. Oh,
follows up the cart-wheel with a split. Oh,

The Belle of New York.
Little Sister Kissing's A janny little missie, She can turn a somersault or
hand-spring, Her pretty winky eye goes, She's full of dinky-dos

CHORUS.

When she represents the act of dancing, Oh, little Sister Kissie's A

janny little missie, She can turn a somersault or hand-spring, Her

The Bells of New York.
pretty wink-y eye goes. She's full of dink-y di-dos

When she re-present the art of danc-ing, danc-ing.

DANCE (after last verse.)

The Belle of New York.
No. 1. SONG—(FIFI) "OH, TEACH ME HOW TO KISS?"

Moderate

PIANO.

FIFI. & Grazioso Andantino.

To be the toy. Of a bold bad boy, I

very new, But I'll say to you, That my

really do think I should like it. To sit and kiss Is a

newness is ready to wear off, Of course I'm good All the

style of bliss, That ought to be nice when you strike it; I am

same I would, With a proper young gentleman pair off; I....

The Belle of New York.
Shy just now, And I wouldn't know how To think that I, In the by and bye At
love like a thoroughbred lady; But kissing might prove very handy

Though I surmise That I might grow wise, If you incomplete I ought to be sweet, For you

woosed me in books that are shady— Oh know that I'm made out of candy— Oh

The Belle of New York
Andantino.

Teach me how to kiss, dear, Teach me how to squeeze,
Teach me how to sit up on your sympathetic knees;
Teach me how to coo, dear, Like a turtle dove;
Teach me how to nuzzle you, Oh teach me how to love.

The Belle of New York.
Teach me how to kiss, dear, Teach me how to squeeze,
Teach me how to sit upon your sympathetic knees;
Teach me how to coo, dear, Like a turtle dove;

The Belle of New York
Teach me how to fondle you, Oh teach me how to love.

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

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

D.S.
No. 5. MARCH & CHORUS—(LEAGUE & OTHERS) "WE COME THIS WAY."

Tempo di Marcia Moderato.

PIANO.

The Belle of New York.
With stately tread, 

And dignified demeanor, We 

They come this way, With dignified demeanor, 

come this way 

Our 

foes we stay, In mortality's arena, 

Boom, Boom, 

The Belle of New York.
With boom of drum,

Boom, ting, ting! With boom of drum, ................... And

Our souls they'll save, With

proudly flying banner Your souls we'll save.

proudly flying banner,

Observe our grave And reverential manner.

The Belle of New York.
Boom! Boom! Boom! ting, ting!
And

Snowy plumes they doff,
now to our Chief we doff our snowy plumes. Few men there are who com_

To their chief they bow,
To their chief doff
-pare with him in pl-e-ty, All e-vil fires when

The Belle of New York.
Snowy plumes
he command assumes
Of the young Men's Rescue League

Anti Cigarette Society

ICHABOD.
From

The Bells of New York.
No. 6. SONG.—(ICHABOD.) "THE ANTI-CIGARETTE SOCIETY."

far Co-hoes. Where the hop vine grows, And the
Stigh and weep. With a woe that's deep, For

youth of the town are prone to dissipation, This
each of you all as a miserable sinner, We

faithful band, Under my command, Has em-
tong and pray. For the blessed day, When you'd

bark on a tour of moral agitation, With-
scorn to be seen drinking claret with your dinner, A

The Belle of New York.
out a pause, We shall spread our cause, From the
real in tense, And at great ex pense, We

mf

Hudson's shore to the distant Bay of Biscay, The
seek to destroy vicious habits in our neighbors, But

world wide purge, Of the deadly scourge, Of the
we regret, That the cigarette, Gives the
cold highball, And the cocktail made of whiskey, For
lou haa, To our herculean labors. Yes

The Belle of New York.
in the field of moral endeavor, No competitor can shake a stick at us, CHORUS. In the game of reform there never were never, Such reformers that were so felicitous, CHORUS. Our virtues continue to strike us, As qualities magnificent to see. Of The Belle of New York.
course you could never be like us, But be as like us as you're able to be...

Of course you could never be like us, But be as like us as you're able to be......

SOPRANOS.

For

TENOR.

For

BASS.
in the field of moral endeavour No com-

-tor can shake a stick at us, In the

game of reform there never, were never, Such re-
Our virtues continue to
formers that were so felicitous... Our virtues continue to
formers that were so felicitous... Our virtues continue to
formers that were so felicitous... Our virtues continue to
SOLO.
strike us, As qualities magnificent to see,... Or
strike us, As qualities magnificent to see,...
strike us, As qualities magnificent to see,...
strike us, As qualities magnificent to see,...
strike us, As qualities magnificent to see,...

The Belle of New York.
Course you could never be like us. But be as like us as you're able to be,.........

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

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

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

The Belle of New York.
like us as you're able to be.
like us as you're able to be.
like us as you're able to be.
like us as you're able to be.

We be, 'ble to be.
be, 'ble to be.
be, 'ble to be.
be, 'ble to be.

The Belle of New York.
No. 7. SONG & CHORUS—(Harry.) "WINE, WOMAN AND SONG."

Allegro con spirito.

Where you stray The wide world through, You'll find to-day This

max - im true. Who loves not wo - man, wine and song, Re -

The Belle of New York.
Luther sang, As Doctor Martin Luther sang, Who loves not woman, wine and song, Remains a fool his whole life long.

The Bells of New York.
Wine women and song............ Wine women and
Wine women and song............ Wine women and
Wine women and song............ Wine women and

song............ It's writ on the pages Of life through the ages, That
song............ It's writ on the pages Of life through the ages, That
song............ It's writ on the pages Of life through the ages, That

love for them ne'er is wrong............ Night's turned into
love for them ne'er is wrong............ Night's turned into
love for them ne'er is wrong............ Night's turned into

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
N° 8. SONG—(FIFI & BRIDESMAIDS.) "LA BELLE PARISIENNE."

The Belle of New York.
American girl she walk like zis in a
haughty manner. Ze
Lady from France she walk like zis in a
haughty manner. Ze
Lady from France she dance like zis in a
haughty manner. Now
haughty manner. Now

The Belle of New York.
which do you like ze best, M' sieur? Now
which do you like ze best, M' sieur? Now

which do you like to see, Ze
which do you like to see, Ze

haughty proud Ameri-can girl, Or ze
haughty proud Ameri-can girl, Or ze

la-dy from gay Paree?
lady from gay Paree?

The Belle of New York.
BRIDESMAIDS.

CHORUS.

Oh, la belle Parisienne, She... do
belle Parisienne, She... do

capture all her men, Wiz ze
capture all her men, Wiz ze

naughty lit-tle way she 'ave of
naughty lit-tle way she 'ave of

walk ing; When a
danc ing; When a

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.

Across the street she go, She will lift her skirt-Jes.

So, Oh, no wonder that she sets the gossip.
So, And her little kick it makes the dance en-

1st  2nd

talking.  Oh, laughing.

Fine.

DS.
NO. 9. SONG— (ICHABOD) "MY LITTLE BABY."

Andante.

VOICE.

ICHABOD.

Pretty girl my fancy turns to
Pretty girl they've made you very

you,

sweet,

Listen and I'll tell you what I'll do.
You'd create excitement in the street.

I'll

You've

The Belle of New York.
kiss you more than twice. And if you think it nice, Un...
made a kit with me— And now, if you'll agree— Our...

...to those kisses I will add a few........ That's what I'll
lips in osculation soon shall meet........ If I en-

...do............ My dear to you............
treat............ Will you be sweet?............

The Belle of New York.
Lay your little golden head on my left shoulder,

Darling I would have you grow a trifle bold er.

Ok, you pretty po sdy, Ain't we get ting co syy,

My lit tle ba by;

The Belle of New York.
You're as sweet as roses when they bloom on June-days,
You're as sweet as sunlight is on summer noon-days,
I will never lose you—I'll kiss you till I bruise you—
My little baby—

The Belle of New York.
DANCE (after last verse.)

Largamente.

The Rule of New York.
No. 10. CHORUS — "PRETTY LITTLE CHINA GIRL."

The Belle of New York.
SOPRANO.

Pretty little China girlie, vel-ly vel-ly nice,
When she got a long way

TENOR.

Pretty little China girlie, vel-ly vel-ly nice,
When she got a long way

BASS.

off, Ching! Ching! Take a little China girlie, put her on the ice,
off, Ching! Ching! Take a little China girlie, put her on the ice,

Ching! Ching!

Make a little China girlie cough, Ching! Ching! Tickle tickle, tum tum,

Make a little China girlie cough, Ching! Ching! Tickle tickle, tum tum,

Ching! Ching! Tickle tickle, tum tum,

The Belle of New York.
Tickle little China girl, Take a little yum yum, Ting-a-ling-ling-ling.

Tickle little China girl, Take a little yum yum, Ting-a-ling-ling-ling.

Tickle little China girl, Take a little yum yum, Ting-a-ling-ling-ling.

Little ginger pop, pop, Little mutton chop-chop, Give her to the cop, cop,

Little ginger pop, pop, Little mutton chop-chop, Give her to the cop, cop,

Little ginger pop, pop, Little mutton chop-chop, Give her to the cop, cop,

Send her up to Sing Sing, Tickle tickle, tum tum, Tickle little China girl,

Send her up to Sing Sing, Tickle tickle, tum tum, Tickle little China girl,

Send her up to Sing Sing, Tickle tickle, tum tum, Tickle little China girl,
Take a little yum yum, Ting-a-lang-a-ling, Little ginger pop, pop,
Take a little yum yum, Ting-a-lang-a-ling, Little ginger pop, pop,
Take a little yum yum, Ting-a-lang-a-ling, Little ginger pop, pop,

Little mutton chop, chop. Give her to the cop, cop, Sing, Sing.
Little mutton chop, chop. Give her to the cop, cop, Sing, Sing.
Little mutton chop, chop. Give her to the cop, cop, Sing, Sing.

Hi ya! Hi ya! Kick a little foot up high, ah!
Hi ya! Hi ya! Kick a little foot up high, ah!
Hi ya! Hi ya! Kick a little foot up high, ah!

The Belle of New York.
Hi yi! Ki yi! China girlie kick up sky high!

Hi yi! Ki yi! China girlie kick up sky high!

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! Kick a little foot up high, ah!

Hi yi! Ki yi! Kick a little foot up high, ah!

Hi yi! Ki yi! China girlie kick up sky high,

Hi yi! Ki yi! China girlie kick up sky high,

Hi yi! Ki yi! China girlie kick up sky high,

The Belle of New York.
(sung through the nose-)

sky

high, sky.

sky.

high, sky.

The Belle of New York.
Pretty little China girlie, very very nice,
When she get a long way

Pretty little China girlie, very very nice,
When she get a long way

off, Ching! Ching! Take a little China girlie, put her on the ice,

off, Ching! Ching! Take a little China girlie, put her on the ice,

off, Ching! Ching! loco.

Make a little China girlie cough, Ching! Ching!

Make a little China girlie cough, Ching! Ching!

Make a little China girlie cough, Ching! Ching!

The Belle of New York.
Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum, Tic-kle lit-tle Chi-na girl, Take a lit-tle yum yum,
Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum, Tic-kle lit-tle Chi-na girl, Take a lit-tle yum yum,
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-py, chop,
Ting-a-ling-a-ling. Lit-tle gin-ger pop, pop, Lit-tle mut-ton chop-py, chop,
Ting-a-ling-a-ling. Lit-tle gin-ger pop, pop, Lit-tle mut-ton chop-py, chop,

Give her to the cop, cop. Send her up to Sing Sing, Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum,
Give her to the cop, cop. Send her up to Sing Sing, Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum,
Give her to the cop, cop. Send her up to Sing Sing, Tic-kle tic-kle, tum tum,

The Belle of New York.
Kick a little foot up high, ah! Hi yi!
Kick a little foot up high, ah! Hi yi!
Kick a little foot up high, ah! Hi yi!

Kiy! Ch'ina gir-lee kick up sky high.
Kiy! Ch'ina gir-lee kick up sky high.
Kiy! Ch'ina gir-lee kick up sky high.

Hi yi! Kiy! Kick a little foot up
Hi yi! Kiy! Kick a little foot up
Hi yi! Kiy! Kick a little foot up

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
No. 11. SONG—(VIOLET.) "THEY ALL FOLLOW ME."

Allegro moderato.

The Belle of New York.
Moderato.

find it ve-ry dif-fic-u-lt to make young men re-li-gious, In
sure I look de-mure e-nough as I go round the ci-ty, And

pp

sav-ing youth from wick-ed-ness, the la-bour is pro-di-gious; When I
do my best to hide the fact that I an young and pret-y. And I

pp

ask them to be good, As... all young men should be, They...
therefore can-not see, When... I go out to preach, Why...

only say they would Be ve-ry good to me, I
men must say to me That I'm a per-fect peach, I

The Belle of New York.
ask them if they'll follow in the path That leads to sweet salvation, But always try to indicate the way That leads to sweetest virtue. For

For if from the righteous path you stray Then Satan will hurt you. But

when those youths profess, Oh, my! That the light of faith they see, Oh, my! They when young men profess, Oh, my! That the light of faith they see, Oh, my! They

never proceed to follow that light, But always follow never proceed to follow that light, But always follow

The Belle of New York.
Tempo di Marcia.

Follow on! Follow on! When the light of faith you see.

But they never proceed to follow that light. But always follow me.

Follow, Follow, Follow on!

The Belle of New York.
No. 12. SONG & CHORUS — "WE'LL STAND AND DIE TOGETHER."

Tempo di marcia.

PIANO.

Come The

The Belle of New York.

take your hats off, boys, and cheer the flags, We'll
Yan-kee man-of-war is pain-ted white, And

Hur-rah! Hur-rah!
set 'em floating on the breeze together,

hearts of oak are in the men that man her,

two, my lads, against all foreign rags,

British tars are devils in a fight

chorus

Hor-rah! Hor-rah!

let the lion wear the eagle's feather,

down to death before they'll strike their banner

trumpet

The Bells of New York.
brother, now, and brother,

It's the loyal child and mother,

And the jolly boys are dying,

The

Stars and Stripes and Union Jack together,

Then English tars will never strike their banner,

Then

L'istesso tempo.

Here's to good Old Glory, And the dear old Union Jack,

In...

The Belle of New York.
battle fierce and gory
Let's fight, boys, back to
back, We won't forget We're brothers yet And
birds of a single feather, With our flags unfurled, A-
against all the world, We'll stand and die together.

The Bollie of New York.
Then here's to good Old Glory And the dear old Union

Then here's to good Old Glory And the dear old Union

Then here's to good Old Glory And the dear old Union

Jack, In battle fierce and glory Let's

Jack, In battle fierce and glory Let's

Jack, In battle fierce and glory Let's

fight, boys, back to back, We won't forget We're

fight, boys, back to back, We won't forget We're

fight, boys, back to back, We won't forget We're

The Belle of New York.
Brothers yet And birds of a single feather, With our

flags unfurled, Against all the world, We'll stand and die to

The Belle of New York.
No. 13. Song—(Blinky Bill.) "She is the Belle of New York."

Tempo di Valse.

There's a great little girl in a
queer little gown
Who's the pride of the Salvation Army, . . . .

There isn't a tough in a
dive
That isn't dead gone on the bassie, . . . .

And
And

when she appears in this part of the town; Why, she sets the whole
any hot guy wouldn't long be alive If with her he should

The Belle of New York.
neigh-bour-hood balm-y.......... She's got a blue eye that's as
  ev-er get sassy.......... I give you my word, she's a

bright as the sky That is smil-ing so ten-der a-bove her,.....
re-gu-lar bird, As da-vin-ty as ev-er you saw fly;.....

... And the boys and the girls could-n't tell you just why. But there
... And when she's a-round here, I give you my word Dat we

is'n't a one that don't love her.......... Oh!
don't read a ting but de War Cry.......... Oh!

The Belle of New York.
CHORUS.

She is the Belle of New York,.............

The subject of all the town talk;.......... She

makes the old Bow-ery Fragrant and flow-ery,

When she goes out for a walk............. She's

The Belle of New York.
soft as a snowy white dove,

simply created to love,

fellow all sigh for her— They would all die for her—

She is the Belle of New York.

The Belle of New York.

Repeat Chorus for Dance after Second Verse.
N° 14. FINALE. ACT 1.

Moderato.

ICHAROD.

VOICE.

Your life, my little girl, in the future shall be sunny,

PIANO.

You shall be happy wherever you turn, All anyone needs is to

VIOLET.

have a lot of money, And you shall have money, my dear, to burn. Oh,

The Belle of New York.
Più mosso.

sir! oh, sir! I really must refuse it. But

that wouldn't be a nice thing to do. I

want you to have it, if I have got to lose it. But

I insist that he shall give it back to you. Oh! I've
Moderato.

done very well up to now...... As a simple little girl. As a quiet little girl. And I really would never know how...... To conduct myself as an heiress. I've lived in a modest little way,...... Like a quiet little girl, Like a simple little girl, And I

The Belle of New York.
feel it my do-ty to say...... That I won't be a mil-lion-

EVERYBODY.

- air-ess. Oh! She's done ve-ry well up to now...... As a

LADIES.

sim-ple lit-tle girl, As a qui-et lit-tle girl, And she rea-ly would ne-ver know

At sim-ple girl, At qui-et girl, And she rea-ly would ne-ver know

As sim-ple girl, As qui-et girl, And she rea-ly would ne-ver know

The Belle of New York.
how

To conduct herself as an heiress. She's

how

To conduct herself as an heiress. She's

how

herself as an heiress. She's

lived in a modest little way

Like a simple little girl. Like a

lived in a modest little way, little way

A simple girl,

lived in a modest little way, little way

A simple girl,

quiet little girl, And she feels it her duty to say

That she won't be a million

A quiet girl, and she feels it her duty to say, yes to say That she won't be a million.

A quiet girl, And she feels it her duty to say That she won't be a million.

The Belle of New York.
If you want a millionaire, if you're looking for an heiress, here's a little group of ladies that will make your money fly. We are free to say we hanker to be chummy with your banker, and we'd like to give you lessons in the art of rolling high.

The Belle of New York.
VIO.
We can go the pace,
High hi! High hi!

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

VIO.
We'll be in the race,
High hi! High hi!

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

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
We are never slow.

They are never slow.

Keep you on the go.

The Belle of New York.
Hoop-la! High hi! Rrum ta-ra-ra-ra, If you

Hoop-la! High hi! Rrum ta-ra-ra-ra, If you

Hoop-la! High hi! Rrum ta-ra-ra-ra, If you

Hoop-la! High hi! Rrum ta-ra-ra-ra, If you

want to spend your money here we are, High hi! If you

want to spend your money here they are, High hi! If you

want to spend your money here they are, High hi! Oh

want to spend your money here they are, High hi! Oh

The Belle of New York.
If you want a million air-ess,

If you want a million air-ess,

If you want a million air-ess,

If you want a million air-ess,

If you're looking for an heir-ess, Here's a

lit-tle group of la-dies that will make your mo-ney fly, We are

lit-tle group of la-dies that will make your mo-ney fly, We are

lit-tle group of la-dies that will make your mo-ney fly, We are

lit-tle group of la-dies that will make your mo-ney fly, We are

The Belle of New York.
free to say we han-ker To be chum my with your ban-ker, And we'd
They are free to say they han-ker

like to give you les-sons in the art of rol-ling high, In the
To be chum-my with your ban-ker, The

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
HARRY Allegretto.

Allegro agitato.

The Belle of New York.
-cept, I beg, my fa-ther's pro-po-si-tion, I shall be

VIOLET.
sa-tis-fied if you do I will ac-cept it, sir,

on one con-di-tion, That I shall re-store your wealth to you,

And that will I do as quick-ly as I can, sir. For

The Belle of New York.
my fate, fair maid, you must not care. Now, little
girl, I await your final answer. Well, I've changed my mind! I'll

Allegro agitato.

She'll be his heir; now
She'll be his heir, she'll be his heir; now isn't that re-
She'll be his heir, she'll be his heir; now isn't that re-

The Belle of New York.
be his heir, now
fined of her? She'll be his heir, She'll be his heir; now isn't that re-
fined of her? She'll be his heir, She'll be his heir; now isn't that re-
fined of her? She'll be his heir; now isn't that re-
-
fined of her? She'll be real nice, She'll make a sacri-
fined of her? She'll be real nice, She'll be real nice, She'll make an aw-
fined of her? She'll be real nice, She'll be real nice, She'll make an aw-

roll.

-
fince, She'll say good-bye to poverty and be his
sacri-fice, She'll say good-bye to poverty and be his
sacri-fice, She'll say good-bye to poverty and be his

The Belle of New York.
Tempo di Marcia.

But they

heir. Follow on, Follow on, when the light of Faith you see,

heir. Follow on, Follow on, when the light of Faith you see,

heir. Follow on, Follow on, when the light of Faith you see,

Never proceed to follow that light But always follow me.

Follow

Follow

Follow

a tempo

The Belle of New York.
But they

on, Follow on, When the light of Faith you see.
on, Follow on, When the light of Faith you see.
on, Follow on, When the light of Faith you see.

Tempo di Valse.

ever proceed to follow that light, But always follow me.

Follow! Follow! Follow on.

Follow! Follow! Follow on.

Follow! Follow! Follow on.

The Belle of New York.
Oh! she is the belle of New York,

The subject 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.

The Belle of New York.
dove, .................
She's simply created to 

love, .................
The fellows all sigh for her. They would all 

die for her. She is the belle of New York, .................

Oh,

The Belle of New York
the belle of New York.

The subject of

she is the belle of New York.

The subject of

she is the belle of New York.

She makes the old Bowery

all the town talk.

She makes the old Bowery

all the town talk.

She makes the old Bowery

Fragrant and flowery When she goes out for a walk.

She's

Fragrant and flowery When she goes out for a walk.

Fragrant and flowery When she goes out for a walk.

The Belle of New York.
soft as a snowy white dove, She's simply created to love, The fellows all sigh for her.

They would all die for her, She is the belle of New York.

The Belle of New York.
Moderato.
VIOLET.

Perhaps it's best that I should acquiesce... And

VI.

thus gain time to think and save a lot of talk, If I can help this youth perhaps he'll

VI.

bless. The memory of the girl he knew as the belle of New

VI.

Very slow Waltz Tempo.

VI.

York. They call me the

VI.

belle of New York... and a simple little shy Salvation

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
VII. tried to gain a reputation as a girl of modest versatility.
ALL PRINCIPAL LADIES.

HARRY.
Yes shes the belle.

H.

VI.
I've shunned society, Lived with much piety.

P.L.

H.

VI.
I have tried to be a bulwark of religious strength and sobriety.

CORAL AND FIRE.

BIDESMAIDS.

HARRY.
Yes she is the belle.

The Belle of New York.
VIOLET.

CORAL AND FITZ.

In the

minx, Little minx, Hear her say, Hear her say, She's the

BREWESMAIDS.

Little minx, Hear her say, Little minx, Hear her say, She's the

HARRY AND ICHABOD.

Little minx, Hear her say, Little minx, Hear her say, She's the

ALL OTHER MALE PRINCIPALS.

Little minx, Hear her say, Little minx, Hear her say,

SOPRANOS, etc. (Bridesmaids)

Little minx, Little minx, Hear her say, Hear her say, She's the

TENOR, etc. (Princeses)

Little minx, Little minx, Hear her say, Hear her say,

BASS.

Little dear, Gentle maid, Little dear, Gentle maid,

Piu mosso.

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York...
of all talk............. They call me the belle of New

of all talk............. She thinks she’s the belle of New

town talk............. She thinks she’s the belle of New

She’s the sweetest girl in the town............. Yes

is the sweetest girl in the town ............. She

town talk............. She thinks she’s the belle of New

She’s the sweetest girl in the town............. Yes

She’s the sweetest girl in the town............. Yes

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York

York... The subject of all the town talk.... They

York... Did you ever hear such silly talk... As to

York... Did you ever hear such silly talk... As to

She is the belle of New York... The subject of all the town

She is the belle of New York... Did you ever hear such silly

She is the belle of New York... Did you ever hear such silly talk... As to

She is the belle of New York... The subject of all the town

She is the belle of New York... The subject of all the town
call me the belle of New York, Yes, They
say she's the belle of New York, Oh, she
say she's the belle of New York, Oh, she
talk,.............. Yes she is the belle of New York,
talk,.............. That she is the belle of New York,
say she's the belle of New York, Yes, They
talk.............. Yes she is the belle of New York,
talk.............. Yes she is the belle of New York,
she is the belle of New York,

The Belle of New York.
Tempo Imo

VI.

call me the belle of New York, And me a

call her the belle of New York, And she a

G.&F.

says she's the belle of New York, And she a

She is the belle of New York, A

SRI.

BRI.

H.&I.

M.P.

call her belle of New York,
call her belle of New York, A
call her belle of New York A

The Belle of New York.
simplement shy Salvation army girl, The subject of

simple little shy Salvation army girl, They say that she's

simple little shy Salvation army girl, They say that she's

Salvation army girl, No doubt she is

Salvation army girl, She says she is

armygirl, She's

Salvation army girl, armygirl, She's

Salvation army girl, armygirl, She's

Tempo Imo

The Ball of New York
The Bell of New York.
dreadful whirl.

They call her the belle of New York.

dreadful whirl. She is the
dreadful whirl.
The belle of

in a whirl, She's the belle
The belle of

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
I am the belle of gay New York

call her the belle of gay New York

call her the belle of New York

The belle of gay New York,

She's the belle, The belle of gay New York

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
VI.

I am the belle of New York,.... The subject of all the town

C.A.F.

sings she's the belle of New York,.... The subject of all the town

BRI.

sings she's the belle of New York,.... The subject of all the town

H.K.I.

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

M.P.

town........ She sings she's the belle of New York,........... The

Yes she's the belle of New York,........... The subject of all the town

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

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

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York
Tempo II

VI.

Yes, I am the belle of New York, and I am salvation

C.A.F.

Yes, she is the belle of New York, a little shy salvation

BRI.

Yes, oh she is the belle of New York

H.AI.

Yes, she is the belle of New York

M.P.

Yes, she is the belle of New York

She is the belle of New York

She is the belle of New York

She is the belle of New York

THE BELLE OF NEW YORK
Army girl The subject of all the town talk, and my poor...
stupid little head is in a dreadful whirl, Yes I am the
stupid little head is in a dreadful whirl, She thinks she's the
stupid little head is in a dreadful whirl, She thinks she's the
She's in a dreadful whirl, She's
Her head is in a whirl, She
stupid little head is in a dreadful whirl, She is the
Her head is in a whirl, She's
Her head is in a whirl, She's

The Bulle of New York
belle of New York. The subject of all the town

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.

V1. talk, And I a mere little shy, Salvation

C & F. talk, She's a mere little shy, Salvation

BRI. talk, She's a mere little shy, Salvation

HAI. belle, The belle of gay New York, She's a mere little shy little shy

M.P. belle, The belle of gay New York, She's a mere little shy little shy

belle, The belle of gay New York, She's a simple shy little shy

belle, The belle of gay New York, She's a simple shy little shy

belle, The belle of gay New York, She's a simple shy little shy

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York
The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
ACT II.

ENTR'ACT.

Tempo di Valse.

PIANO.

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
No. 15. OPENING CHORUS—"OH SONNY."

Allegro agitato.

The Belle of New York.
CHORUS:

Oh
Sonny, Sonny, 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 very lazy. Oh hurry, hurry, hurry, And put in a lot of steam, Oh
hurry, hurry, 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

The Belle of New York.
ladies, you are rushing me to death, I have to work as hard as any

behavior; Just stop a bit and let me get me breath. Then

let her go again and name your flavor. What's your

flavor? What's your flavor? Now

The Bells of New York.
let her go again and name your flavour, Now

Vivace.

let her go again and name your flavour.

A glass of sarsaparilla, And another of vanilla, And an

The Belle of New York.
-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 it fiz-zy. And you

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

A glass of sars' pa-nil-la, And an-o-ther of va-nil-la, And an-

The Belle of New York.
SOP. ALTO.  TENOR.

- 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 fiz-zy, 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.

Oh

The Belle of New York.
Moderato.

bitter is man's lot, to suicide a gos-der, When he

works in weather hot At squirting ice cream so-da; It's

very sad to know....... That I must dig and delve it, When

only a month ago, alas! I was on velvet.

The Belle of New York.
Piu mosso.

When a man has nothing but wealth, The girls all say as he walks Broadway Oh ain't he a nice young man? When a man has nothing but health, The

The Belle of New York.
girls cut loose for they have no use, For a poor little broke young man

Oh 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

The Belle of New York.
sunny, Most a-ny girl would have been my bride, They

thought me as sweet as ho-ney— But oh I went right

out with the tide, When I had lost my mo-ney, But

oh I went right out with the tide, When I had lost my mo-ney.

The Belle of New York.
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 any girl would have

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
one glass of sarsaparilla And another glass of vanilla,

and another glass of orange and another glass of peach. Oh you

want to make them sizzly, And you want to make em fizzy, And you

The Belle of New York.
SOPRANOS.

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

TEGOR.

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

BASS.

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.

sonny, with a lot of cream in each.

Presto.

Presto.

The Ball of New York.
N° 16. DUET—(FIFI & HARRY.) "WHEN WE ARE MARRIED!"

VOICE.

Moderato.

FIFI.

HARRY.

When we are mar-r-i-d— Why, what will you do?

PIANO.

FIFI.

I'll be so sweet as I can do you, I will be ten-der and

I will be true .... When I am mar-r-i-d, Sweet-heart, to you.
Love is not all, dear, that poets may say,

Often it lasts but a year and a day,

Often the day, love, without any year,

Love is not all it's cracked up to be, dear.

The Belle of New York.
Amoroso.

FIFIL.

I only know, love, what our love will be,

F.

I will love you, love, and you will love me;

F.

Not for a year, love, and not for a day,

F.

I will love you, love, for ever and aye.

The Belle of New York.
HARRY.

When we are married, Why, what will you do?

FIFI.

I'll be as sweet, as I can be to you.

HARRY.

I will be tender and I will be true

FIFI.

I will be tender and I will be true

F.

When I am married, Sweet-heart, to you.

H.

When I am married, Sweet-heart, to you.

The Belle of New York.
No. 17. Trio—(Kissie & Two Counts.) "Oh, Come With Us To Portugal!"

Voice:

COUNTS.

Oh, come with us to Portugal.

Oh, come with us to sunny France.

Piano:

Kissie.

Counts.

Where is Portugal? Portugal is far across.

Where is sunny France? Sunny France is far across.

Kissie.

Far across the sea. If I go to Portugal,

Far across the sea. If I go to sunny France,
far a-cross the sea, When I get to
far a-cross the sea, When we get to

Porr-ty-gal, What'll you do with me? We'll
sun-ny France What'll you do with me? We'll

dance in the moonlight While the cas-ta-nets are ring-ing, We'll
dance in the Geo Geo While the mer-ry tocks are pop-ping, Oh,

Oh, we'll

Oh, we'll

dance through the June night To the sweet Sen-o-rah sing-ing.
he! Rat-a-plan-plan, Till the day-light with-out stop-ping.

The Belle of New York.
dance in the moon-light, We'll dance through the
dance in the Can-Can, Oh, he!

Tack Tic-ki, Tack Tic-ki, Tack Tic-ki, Tack Tic-ki, Tack Tic-k, Tack Tic-k, Tack Tic-k, Tack Tic-k,
Plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta-plan,

June night. Oh, come with me I'm bound across the sea, To the
June night. Oh, come with me I'm bound across the sea, To the

Tack Tic-ki, Tack! Oh, come with me I'm bound across the sea, To the
Tack Tic-ki, Tack! Oh, come with me I'm bound across the sea, To the

shores of love-ly Por-tu-gal.
shores of love-ly Por-tu-gal.

shores of love-ly Por-tu-gal. Slow Waltz time. (Very marked.)
shores of love-ly Por-tu-gal. Slow Waltz time. (Very marked.)

The Belle of New York.
DANCE (after first verse.)

The Belle of New York.
DANCE (after second verse.)
CAN-CAN.

The Bells of New York.
No. 18. ENTRANCE OF BRASS BAND.

The Belle of New York.
The Selle of New York.
N° 184 SONG & CHORUS — (VIOLET.) "THE PURITY BRIGADE."

Andantino.

VIOLET.

Wrote I do not shock My late convert-ed flock
Hope it not as well To be a trifle swell.

By changing to a costume that could be described as snappy.
Is it necessary when you're moral to be gawky?

And

The Belle of New York.
would not have you think
must a girl em-ploy
That I would ev-er sink
The modes that come from Troy,
Or

my high state of pi-e-ty to a-ny-thing clap-trap-py.
My
is she not en-ti-tled to be stun-ning-ly New-Yorky?
Oh,

mor-als have not changed as you may guess,
mayn't a girl be good and free from guile
And

on-ly thing that's changed has been my dress
yet be quite a cor-ker in her style
We're the

We're the

The Belle of New York.
Tempo di marcia.

or - na-men-tal Pu - ri - ty Bri - gade.
(Sung at 2nd verse only.) To our

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,

pu - ri - ty we add a lit - tle fash - ion, A

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,

The Belle of New York.
pretty ribbon of the proper shade

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

ne- ver hindered religious passion, 'Twould not be

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

The Belle of New York.
flash on a pretty maid; When we
Rata-ta-ta, Rata-ta-ta, Rata-ta-ta, Tatata-ta,
Rata-ta-ta, Rata-ta-ta, Rata-ta-ta, Tatata-ta,
Rata-ta-ta, Rata-ta-ta, Rata-ta-ta, Tatata-ta,

fight to conquer viciousness and shame Our....
Rata-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty,
Rata-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Rata-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty,
Rata-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty, Rata-ta, too-ty, too-ty, too-ty,

The Belle of New York.
Shiny trumpets going too-ty too-ty We

Tooty, too-ty, too-ty, Tooty, 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,

Really do not think that we're to blame For....

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,

crecre.

The Belle of New York.
dressing in a style that suits our

\begin{music}
\begin{align*}
\text{Rata-ta, too-ty, Rata-ta, too-ty,} \\
\text{Rata-ta, too-ty, Rata-ta, too-ty,} \\
\text{Rata-ta, too-ty, Rata-ta, too-ty,}
\end{align*}
\end{music}

dim.

beauty. We do our duty just the
too-ty.
too-ty.
too-ty.

The Belle of New York.
We do our duty  Just the same.
We do our duty  Just the same.
We do our duty  Just the same.
We do our duty  Just the same.

Now same.
We're the same.
We're the same.
We're the same.

The Belle of New York.
PRINCIPALS WITH SOPRANO:

or-nan-men-tal Pur-i-ty Bri-gade, To our

pu-ri-ty we add a lit-tle fash-ion, A

pre-ty rib-bon of the pro-per shade Could

The Belle of New York.
Never hinder real religious passion, When we fight to conquer viciousness and shame, Our... shiny trumpets going too-ty, too-ty, We...
really do not think that we're to blame
For
dressing in a style that suits our beauty.
We do our duty...
Allegro con spirito.

Piano.

Violet.

I'm weary of being so prim and sedate. I've got a good style when I get on the go, I can want to be racketty, clickety, clackety. Whirl me a-round at a move with the rest of them, stay with the best of them. Love to be rapid, hate rattling gait, and let me get rid of the strollers. Oh, ev'rything slow; it takes a steam engine to catch me, so

The Belle of New York.
give me a run that will wear out my shoes, With a hi-tid-y-id-di-dy
come a-round town and don't care what we do, Oh, I'll rush you and raz-zie you,

Jug-ge-dy jug-ge-dy. Give me a whizz that will kill off the bires, Oh, I
Cruh you and daz-zle you, Guess you will find by the time we get through, That it

want to be one of the rol-lers. Oh, I want to see all the
takes a good sprin-ter to match me. Oh, I want to see all the

sights, I want to stay out at nights, I

The Belle of New York.
want to see ev'rything daring, I want to go ev'rywhere

tearing. I'm tired of humdrum things, ......... I

feel as though I had wings, ......... I want to be chummy, I

want to be stumpy, I do so there.

The Belle of New York.
CHORUS.

Oh, she wants to see all the sights.
She

Oh, she wants to see all the sights.
She

Oh, she wants to see all the sights.
She

Oh, she wants to see all the sights.
She

wants to stay out at nights.
She wants to see ev'ry-thing

wants to stay out at nights.
She wants to see ev'ry-thing

wants to stay out at nights.
She wants to see ev'ry-thing

wants to stay out at nights.
She wants to see ev'ry-thing

The Belle of New York.
She wants to go everywhere tearing. She's
tired of humdrum things, She feels as though she had

The Belle of New York.
wings, 
She wants to be chummy, She wants to be stumpy, She 

wings, 
She wants to be chummy, She wants to be stumpy, She 

wings, 
She wants to be chummy, She wants to be stumpy, She 

wings, 
She wants to be chummy, She wants to be stumpy, She 

The Belle of New York.
DANCE. After 2nd verse.

The Belle of New York.
No. 20. SONG—(BLINKY BILL) "GOOGAN'S FANCY BALL."

Allegretto.

PIANO.

BLINKY BILL.

When I went to Mis-ter Goog-an's Fan-cy Ball, I was
Well, Ma-lo-ne-y like a gil-ly he got mad, When I

walk-ing round the room with Dan Ma-lo-ne-y, Says
spoke a-bout the freckled Miss Ma-lo-ne-y, Oh, it

Dan to me, the girl thatknocks 'em all in
never once occurred to me she had Come to

The Belle of New York.
an-born hair'd Le-ti-tia Ann Ma-ho-ney. Say...
Mister Goo-gan's par-ty with Ma-lo-ney. Ma-

I to Dan "V'er talk-ing through yer hat. Le-
lo-ney hit me once up-on the jaw. And....

ti-tia ain't the one to catch the fan-ncy. She is
then I hit him on the so-lar ple-xus. The....

ban-dy legged, freckled, and she's ist. And she
last of Dan Ma-lo-ney that I saw He was

is-n't in the game with Ma-mie Clan-cy. Oh,
sail-ing through the win-dow bound for Tex-as. Oh,

The Belle of New York.
CHORUS.

Little Ma-mie Clancy, Was the girl that caught my fancy, Why Le-titia Ann Mahoney wasn'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-mosey, She's the Belle of Googins Fancy Ball," Geo-gans Fancy Ball!

DANCE (after second verse.)
No. 21. Song—(Ichabod & Others.) "On the Beach at Narragansett."

Moderato.

Meet me on the beach, boys, down at Narragansett,
Life at Narragansett always has a fizz on,

We'll go out and have a little swim,
On the wave of pleasure you can glide.

The Belle of New York.
find a mer - ry life, boys and girls that will en - hance it,
ev - ry - thing you do there you put a jol - ly whizz on, And

For the Nar - ra - gan - sett girls are full of vim. Oh, they're you can beat the o - cean with your tide. If there's

al - ways in a state of ra - pid tran - sit, When you a - ny risk to take the girls will chance it When they

cresc -

meet them on the beach at Nar - ra - gan - sett.
strike the gid - dy whirl of Nar - ra - gan - sett.

The Belle of New York.
Plump girls, slender girls, Solid girls, and tender girls,

All sorts of dainty girls going out to dive.

When you see the little beauties Tripping in their bathing suits,

You'll be glad 'tis summer, you'll be glad that you're alive.

The Belle of New York.
1st SOPRANO.

Plump girls, slender girls, Solid girls, and tender girls, All sorts of dainty girls

2nd SOPRANO.

Plump girls, slender girls, Solid girls, and tender girls, All sorts of dainty girls

TENOR.

Plump girls, slender girls, Solid girls, and tender girls, All sorts of dainty girls

BASS.

Plump girls, slender girls, Solid girls, and tender girls, All sorts of dainty girls

Grazioso.

Going out to dive. When you see the little beauties Tripping in their bathing suits,

Going out to dive. When you see the little beauties Tripping in their bathing suits,

Going out to dive. When you see the little beauties Tripping in their bathing suits,

Going out to dive. When you see the little beauties Tripping in their bathing suits,

The Belle of New York.
You'll be glad it's Summer, you'll be glad that you're alive.

DANCE. (after second verse.)

The Belle of New York.
No. 22. Chorus—"For the Twentieth Time We'll Drink."

Allegro con spirito.

The Belle of New York.
SOPRANOS.  For the twentieth time we'll

TENOR.  For the twentieth time we'll

BASS.  For the twentieth time we'll

drink, We'll drink, We'll drink for the twentieth time, .......... In
drink, We'll drink, We'll drink for the twentieth time, .......... In
drink, We'll drink, We'll drink for the twentieth time, .......... In

The Belle of New York.
oceans of nectarous drink we'll sink, For this is a night when to
oceans of nectarous drink we'll sink, For this is a night when to
oceans of nectarous drink we'll sink, For this is a night when to

drink, we think, Is happiness most sublime,........... So
drink, we think, Is happiness most sublime,........... So
drink, we think, Is happiness most sublime,........... So

as they sing on the Opera stage, Come fill your glass and be
as they sing on the Opera stage, Come fill your glass and be
as they sing on the Opera stage, Come fill your glass and be

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
Allegro vivo.

The Belle of New York.
L'istesso tempo.

Al no, naughty Folies... Berlin.

Gire.... My feet fly up in the air.... Wiza... tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Ze... la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
men zey all smile and zey say...... Zat girl has a nice leet tel

way....... With a tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la!........................... I'm

The Belle of New York.
awfuly bold. La, la, la, la! I couldn't be cold. La,
la, la, la! I'm warm I am told. La, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la! I meet you at night. just
rall.
(She faints away.)
after we show Wise tra la, la, la... to supper we go.

The Belle of New York.
No. 24. FINALE—ACT II. "FOR IN THE FIELD."

VOICE.
ICHAROD.

For in the field of

PIANO.

mo-ral en-deav-our No com-pe-ti-tor can shake a stick at

us, In the game of re-form there

ne-ver, were ne-ver, Such re-form-ers that were so fe-li-cit-

The Belle of New York.
-ous,

Our virtues continue to

strike us, As qualities magnificent to

see, Of course you could never be

like us, But be as like us as you're able to be.

The Belle of New York.
Of course you could never be like us, but be as

like us as you're able to be.

like us as you're able to be.

like us as you're able to be.

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
army girl, The subject of all the town talk, Ah my poor

army girl, The subject of all the town talk, Ah her poor

army girl, The subject of all the town talk, Ah her poor

shy salvation army girl, The subject of talk.

shy salvation army girl, The subject of talk.

army girl, The subject of all the town talk, And her poor

army girl, The subject of all the town talk, And her poor

army girl, The subject of all the town talk, And her poor

The Belle of New York.
stupid little head is in a dreadful whirl. Yes I am the Belle of New

stupid little head is in a dreadful whirl. She thinks she's the Belle of New

stupid little head is in a dreadful whirl. She thinks she's the Belle of New

She's in a dreadful whirl. She's the

Her head is in a whirl. She's the

Her head is in a whirl. She's the

Her head is in a whirl. She's the

The Belle of New York.
Belle, the Belle of gay New York, She's the Belle, the Belle of New York.

Belle, the Belle of gay New York, She's the Belle, the Belle of New York.

Belle, the Belle of gay New York, She's the Belle, the Belle of New York.

Belle, the Belle of gay New York, She's the Belle, the Belle of New York.

Belle, the Belle of gay New York, She's the Belle, the Belle of New York.
... And I a mere little shy salvation army

... She a mere little shy salvation army

... She a mere little shy salvation army

Gay New York. She a mere little shy little shy army

Gay New York. She a mere little shy little shy army

Gay New York. She a simple shy salvation army

Gay New York. She a simple shy, little shy army

Gay New York. She a simple shy, little shy army

The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.
The Belle of New York.

END OF OPERA.
NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.

I ONLY KNOW I LOVE THEE.  COMPASS.

No. 1 in C.  No. 2 in D.  No. 3 in E.
Words by HARRY GREENBANK.  Music by HOWARD TALBOT.

Though earth and air Are bright and fair Around thee and above thee, I only see My world in thee— I only know I love
Copyright 1896.

THE JEWEL OF ASIA.

In C  G to C.
Words by HARRY GREENBANK.  Music by JAMES PHILP.

He called her the jewel of Asia, of Asia, of Asia, But she was the Queen of the Geisha, the Geisha, the Geisha;
Copyright 1896.

JACK'S THE BOY.

No. 1 in C.  No. 2 in D.  Song by M. C. HAYDEN COFFIN.
Words by HARRY GREENBANK.  Music by LIONEL MONCKTON.

Jack's the boy for work! Jack's the boy for play! Jack's the lad, when girls are sad, To kiss the tears away! Ah!
Copyright 1896.

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THE BELLE OF NEW YORK.
A Musical Comedy.

Words by HUGH MORTON.  Music by GUSTAVE KERKER.

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