

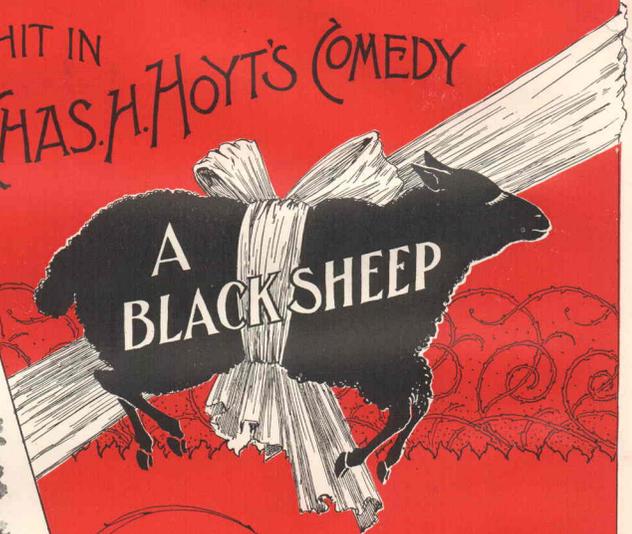
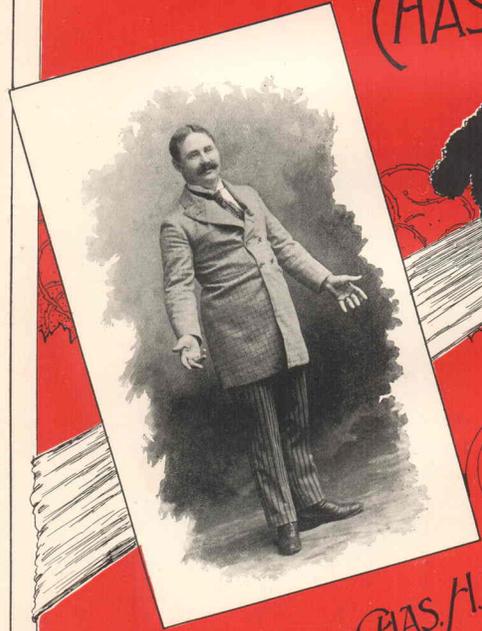
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SOME THINGS ARE BETTER LEFT UNSAID

"DO YOU WANT TO HEAR THE REST OR SHALL I STOP?"

THE GREAT HIT IN
(HAS. H. HOYT'S COMEDY



SUNG BY MR OTIS HARLAN (HOT STUFF)

WORDS BY *HAS. H. HOYT*

MUSIC BY *RICHARD STAHL*



NEW YORK
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SOME THINGS ARE BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?

Words by Chas.H.Hoyt.

Music by Richard Stahl.

Allegretto moderato.

1. I know a lit-tle song a-bout the top-ics of the day,— Do you
2. The "fin-de-siè-cle" maid-en is a sub-ject much discussed,— Do you
3. I called, this af-ter-noon, up-on some friends who own a dog,— Do you

want to hear the rest, or shall I stop? Of peo-ple and of late events I've
want to hear the rest, or shall I stop? I hate to talk a-bout her, but in
want to hear the rest, or shall I stop? He knows me well in day-light, but he

lots of things to say,—Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop? I
 songs like this I must,—Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop? On
 did - n't in the fog,—Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop? He

may be some-what per - son - al, I may be some-what sharp; On
 bi - cy - cle you see her and you know her at a glance. Al -
 took me by the trous - ers and there was the deuce to pay! I

top - ics we've discussed be - fore I may be prone to harp; I
 - rea - dy she's dis - card - ed skirts and wears what she calls pants; How
 thought he was in earn - est, but they told me it was play! At

may, at times, be crit - i - cal, in fact inclined to carp,— Do you
 will she dress next year if she con - tin - ues to ad - vance? Do you
 a - ny - rate I no - ticed my sus - pen - ders giv - ing way,— Do you

want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?

CHORUS.

Some things are bet-ter left un-said! Care-ful-ly con-sid-er be-

- fore you go a-head! Some - times a sim-ple hint is best,

Take the hint and let imagin - a-tion do the rest!

ffz *Fine.*

D.S.

4.

There was once a little maiden came to New York on a trip,
 Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
 Her cheeks were like the roses, she'd a pout upon her lip,
 Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
 Her golden hair hung down her back, the night she struck Broadway,
 Since then she's been to Harlem, likewise to Avenue A;
 She's all around the town to-night, I fear she's come to stay,
 And her golden hair is hanging down her back.

Chorus.

Some songs are better left unsung,
 Some songs are better when they're young,
 Sometimes a little hint is best,
 Take the hint and let imagination do the rest.

5.

I played a game of poker with a man from Illinois,
 Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
 He didn't know the game, so with his sheckels I did toy,
 Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
 At last there came a big jack-pot which ended up the fun,
 He opened it, I drew four cards, and who do you think won?
 As I dealt I drew four aces, but,—oh Lord, he drew a gun!
 Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?

Chorus (same as first verse.)

6.

Two very well-known pugilists remarked the other night,
 Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
 That under certain circumstances they would be glad to fight,
 Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
 Two active young reporters came around to get the news,
 They asked the fighting men to talk and neither did refuse;
 It took just seven pages to produce their interview,
 Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?

Chorus (same as first verse.)

BE SURE AND TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

respectfully dedicated to the Liberty Club.

MY LITTLE LIZ

Words by Wm. Jerome.

Music by Andrew Mack.

CHORUS.

My lit-tle Liz is a peach, yes, she is! Fair as a sum-mer-day

p. 2d time ff

dream. Big eyes of blue, and a heart that is true. Sweeter than

berries and cream. Each night for a lark, we go up to the park For a

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THOUGH PARTED, STILL WE LOVE.

REFRAIN.

Words & Music by BARRY C. TALBERT.

Tho' part-ed from my fair one, still I love her. As

sa-cred as the stars that shine a-bove. My

heart for her a-lone, she told me she would have no oth-er. And al-

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JUST A SIMPLE STORY.

Song and Refrain.

Words by George Coepez.

Music by William Jerome.

Just a sim-ple sto-ry Of a heart so true.

Just a sim-ple sto-ry Neth-er old nor new.

When their toil is ov-er. In the twi-ght's glow. The

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WHEN I DO THE HOOCHY-COOCHY IN DE SKY

Words & Music by Gusie L. Davis.

CHORUS.

When you feel that fun-my feel-ing, As it o-ver you is steal-ing, You will

flop your snow-white wings and try to fly. I know the

an-gels they will gig-gle When I do that aw-ful wiggle, When I

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