SOME THINGS ARE BETTER
LEFT UNSAID

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

THE GREAT HIT IN
CHAS. H. HOYT'S COMEDY
A BLACKSHEEP

SUNG BY MR. OTIS HARLAN ('HOT STUFF')

WORDS BY CHAS. H. HOYT
MUSIC BY RICHARD STAHL

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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 little song about the topics of the day. Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
2. The "fin-de-siècle" maiden is a subject much discussed. Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
3. I called, this afternoon, upon some friends who own a dog. Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?

Of people and of late events I've I hate to talk about her, but in He knows me well in daylight, 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
didn’t in the fog.—Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop? He

may be somewhat personal, I may be somewhat sharp: On
bicycle you see her and you know her at a glance. Af-
took me by the trousers and there was the deuce to pay! I

topics we’ve discussed before I may be prone to harp; I
ready she’s discarded skirts and wears what she calls pants; How thought he was in earnest, but they told me it was play! At

may, at times, be critical, in fact inclined to carp.—Do you
will she dress next year if she continues to advance? Do you a-
ny-rate I noticed my suspenders giving way.—Do you

Some things are better left unsaid.
want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?

CHORUS.

Some things are better left unsaid! Carefully consider before you go ahead! Sometimes a simple hint is best,

Take the hint and let imagination do the rest!

Some things are better left unsaid.
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 pont 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 shekels 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.)

Some things are better left unsaid. 4
BE SURE AND TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

MY LITTLE LIZ

Words by Win. Jerome
Music by Andrew Mack.

CHORUS.

My lit-tle Liz is a peach, she is!
Fair as a sun-shine-dream.

Big-eyes of blue, and a heart that is true.
Sweeter than bar-bies and cream.

Each night for a song, we go up to the park For a

THOUGH PARTED, STILL WE LOVE.

REFRAIN.

Words & Music by Harry F. Palmer.

The part-ed from my fair one, still I love her...

hurt for her a-lone, she told me she would keep me still on and of-

HOOCHY-COOCHY IN DE SKY.

Words & Music by Gusie L. Davis.

CHORUS.

When you feel that fan-ny list-ten, As if you were in steal-ing. You will

fly your squaw-er wings and try to fly... I know the

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