I'd Like To Be A "Quitter"—
But I Find It Hard To Quit.

Lyric by
HENRY BLOSSOM

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Tempo giusto

This life has man-y secrets that I
As long as I sit up at night and
do not seek to know, But there is one re-gard-ing which I'm
drink, I feel all right! But when, at last, I go to bed of

cur-i-ous! Why is it ev'-ry-thing which might be
shame for it,
I wake up feel-ing "re-tent" which should

pleasant here be-low To oth-er wrong, ex-pen-sive or in-jur-i-ous?
prove the mat-ter quite, It is - n't "drink" but 'shleep that is to blame for it!
"The

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love to gamble, drink and play about with pretty girls! Such
way of the transgressor is a hard one, we are told! I've

joy is subject, though to heavenly wrath!
'Tis safer, so they say, to never found it is a "hard one" to resist!
By day I hate to think of all I've

REFRAIN

leave the narrow way—Nor "daily" in "the primrose path!"
Yet at bought to eat and drink And all the different girls I've kissed!
But at

Poco animato

night—when the lights Twinkle brightly on Broadway,

and time for dance
strong for the wrong, And I fall for all the

women, wine and song till break of day! Then, I say! What a

sad repentant fit! I'd like to be a

"quitter," But I find it hard to quit!