Performing rights reserved

May Be So, But I Doubt It

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
ROBERT HOOD BOWERS

Allegretto con moto

My husband, poor John, had his faults like the rest, Didn't
In Paris I met such a handsome young chap, Really

always do just as he ought, One month on my milliner's
girls, he was quite an Apollo, He made such adorable

bill were three hats That I'd looked at, but never had bought. When I
love to me, That where ever he went I would follow. He was
showed him the bill John was staggered at first, Then he
rich but his coin was tied up in some way, So I

said, "Well my dear, it's a shame, But I lately have found there is
loaned him a thousand or two, Oh, he wined me and dined me, cause

some one around, Who is getting things charged in your name?
I paid the bills, Such a handsome young chap, wouldn't you?

REFRAIN. Valse Allegretto.

Oh, well, may be there was, But I vow I felt almost like fighting When I
Oh, dear, where is he now? Once he said in a manner impassioned "My own

May be so 3
saw those hats worn by the chemical blonde In the office, who did John's typing, your diamonds, the best in the land, But the setting, my love, is old

writing. When I mentioned the fact he grew awfully red. Then he fashed, "I've an uncle," he said, "who could make them look grand." Well, he's

said "I'll explain all about it." Some one left that girl money," I been quite a long time about it," He said, "I will reset them."

Spoken.

thought it was funny, m-hum, May be so, but I doubt it. It.

bye dear, you'll get them," m-hum, May be so, but I doubt it. It.