

## Irving Berlin

### "Along Came Ruth 1 May 1914"

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1st verse:]

I had girls by the score  
Yes, a hundred or more  
Each one as nice as could be  
It was hard to decide  
Which I'd want for my bride  
They all looked lovely to me  
While I was trying to choose one  
I met a wonderful girl  
She came tripping along  
Like a beautiful song  
Setting my brain in a whirl

[chorus:]

I was growing very fond of Molly  
When along came Ruth, along came Ruth  
I thought an awful lot of Dolly  
When Ruth came along  
My head began to "Merry-go-round"  
I almost married Polly  
I was making love to May  
When along came Ruth  
And to tell the truth  
She stole my heart away

[2nd verse:]

There's a right little girl  
With the right little curl  
For ev'ry right little boy  
When she comes, you'll forget  
All the others you've met  
Sorrow will turn into joy  
She doesn't have to be pretty  
She doesn't have to be wise  
When she comes you will find  
Tho' they say love is blind  
She'll make you open your eyes

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