Along Came Ruth

Words and Music by

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hard to decide—Which I'd want for my bride—
comes you'll forget—All the others you've met—

They all looked lovely to me.
Sorrow will turn into joy.

While I was trying to choose one,
She doesn't have to be pretty,

I met a wonderful girl,
She doesn't have to be wise,

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tripping along — Like a beautiful song —
comes you will find — Tho' they say love is blind —

Setting my brain — in a whirl.
She'll make you open your eyes.

CHORUS

I was growing very fond of Molly When a-

long 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, I was away, D.S.