



# THE WORLD CONTAINS BUT ONE.

BALLAD.

Arr. by THEO. A. NORTHRUP.

By BARNEY FAGAN.

*Tempo di Valse.*

Piano. *f*

1. Lov - ers may boast of their sweet - hearts,  
2. When my day's toil - ing is o - ver

Fan - cy them jew - els so grand, . . . . . I have a treas - ure more  
Oh! how my heart leaps with pride; . . . . . We al - ways meet on the

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dear to me Than all the rare gems in the land, . . . . . The  
turn - pike road, To wend our way home side by side. . . . . Her

dain - ti - est, plain, lit - tle sweet - heart, . . . . . The fair - est neath  
eyes filled with laugh - ter and sun - shine, . . . . . To - geth - er like

heav - en's blue dome. . . . . Life would be lone - ly with -  
lov - ers we roam. . . . . Mine is a world of e -

*Rall.*  
out her smiles; She's the queen of my heart and my home. . . . .  
ter - nal joy With my love in my snug lit - tle home. . . . .

The World Contains But One. 3-4.





REFRAIN.

Never could you find her like And search the wide world o'er, . . . . .

And while dear old mem'ries last, I'll love her more and more, . . . . .

Cher - ish - ing a con - stan - cy In youth - ful days be - gun. . . . .

*Rall.* While I live I'll sing her praise, *Rit.* The world con - tains but one. . . . .

The World Contains But One. 3-5.

