There's Nothing in the World Like Love

As sung by Frank J. McIntyre in James Forbes' laughable comedy The Traveling Salesman

Lyric by Edward Madden
Words by Henriette Blanke-Belcher

Published by permission of Jerome H. Remick & Co.
New York and Detroit
There is Nothing In the World Like Love

Words by EDWARD MADDEN
Music by HENRIETTE BLanke-BELCHER

Andante moderato

In the life of ev'ry fellow, There are
There are fancies swift and fleeting, That have

memories rich and mellow, When the world is filled with dreams of rosy
set our hearts a-beat-ing, There are roses that have bloomed on our

hues; There are times when life's a bubble, Filled with
There are words of passion spoken, Tender
sorrow filled with trouble, When he knows that dreams like those cannot come
vows as quickly broken, Cupid's tombstones on the road to yester-

true. But at last there comes a meeting, With a woman's tender greeting, When he
day. But in time our hearts grow weary For a voice to whisper, "Dearie!" Then we

dreams that she's an angel from above. There's a struggle and a capture, Then a
see the love-light we've been dreaming of. And our clouds have silvery lining, When the

golden hour of rapture, When a fellow finds himself in love. Then the
honey-moon is shining, And a fellow meets his own true love. Then the
world may laugh... or the world may cry,... When you know that love is

King! Tho' the cold winds blow o-ver Winter's snow, Still it's al-ways gold-en

Spring!... And the sun may fade... or the moon may die,... In the sa-ble skies a-

love:... When her heart is true and she loves you, too, There is

nothing in the world like love!... Then the love...