My Sahara Belle

Words by HARRY B. SMITH.  
Music by E. B. CLAYPOOLE.

Allegro Moderato

1. Far in the desert of Arabia There was a
2. Now in the desert of Arabia There is a

Bedouin band Whose chief was full of sand
Cosy tent For which they pay no rent

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He loved an Oriental beauty prize
And there they live a very lazy life
And she had No neighbors

Midnight eyes As bright as stars that gem the skies.
Hear the strife Of this devoted man and wife.

Each night when darkness was upon the land
That Bedouin
Each day he takes her for a camel ride
Life has its

Chief would ride To see his dusky bride.
Ups and downs In deserts as in towns.
For At
just one glance of those Oriental eyes was Paradise To his Sahara belle.

In song his love had tell,
know so well To his Sahara belle.

Refrain

Come, my Arab lady, Where the palms are shady, Hasten to my side

While the stars are beaming,
on the sands a-gleam-ing Swift-ly we will ride.

You and I, dear, on-ly Will not find it lone-ly, In my tent we'll
dwell

Hap-py we shall be In the des-ert life so free, My

own Sa-ha-ra belle.