To Spencer Kelly.

Till The Sands Of The Desert Grow Cold.

Lyric by GEO. GRAFF Jr.

Music by ERNEST R. BALL.

Tempo di Bolero.

-hot winds that come to thee, O'er desert sands all
desert, a burning sea, A barrier stands 'tween

Brightly.

go from me, I bid them to tell thee that I love thee,
thee and me, Or love, fast as light, I'd hasten to thee.
Speeding my soul to thee.
Quenching my thirst in thee.

Slower.

Hot sands burning, Fire my veins with passion bold,
Neon suns find me, Far beyond the car-a-van,

Passionately.

Love, I'll love thee, till desert sands grow cold.
Death there warns me, how vain is the strength of man.

Slowly.

Love me, I'll love thee.
Love me, I'll love thee.
REFRAIN.
Con moto. Liltie faster with much expression

Till the sands of the desert grow cold,
And their

infinite numbers are told,
God

gave thee to me,
And mine thou shalt be,
For

ever to have and to hold.
Till the

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story of Judgment is told, And the

mysteries of Heaven unfold, I'll

turn, love, to thee, My shrine thou shalt be, Till the

sands of the desert grow cold.

accel.

ff molto espress.