Till The Sands Of The Desert Grow Cold

Lyric by GEO. GRAFF Jr.

Music by ERNEST R. BALL

Tempo di Bolero

Brightly

The hot winds that come to thee
O'er desert sands all go from me,
Or

burning sea, A barrier stands 'tween thee and me,

I bid them to tell thee that I love thee,
Speeding my soul to love, fast as light, I'd hasten to thee,

Quenching my thirst in

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Slowly

Shee... Shee...

Hot sands
Noon suns

Passionately

burning, Fire my veins with passion hold,
find me, Far behind the caravan,
love thee, till desert sands grow cold!
warns me, how vain is the strength of man.

Love me, I'll love thee
Love me, I'll love thee
REFRAIN

Con molto, Little 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
The 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.

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