1911

Till The Sands Of The Desert Grow Cold

George Graff Jr,

Ernest R. Ball

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.
To Spencer Kelly.

Till The Sands Of The Desert Grow Cold.

Lyric by GEO. GRAFF Jr.

Tempo di Bolero.

Music by ERNEST R. BALL.

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Speed-ing my soul to thee,
Quench-ing my thirst in thee.

Slower.

Hot sands burning,
Noon suns finding me,
Fire my veins with passion bold,
Far beyond the car-a-avan,

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.

M.W.&SONS 11773-4
REFRAIN.  
Con molto. Lillte 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
Story of Judgment is told, And the

Mysteries of Heaven unfold, Till

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

Sands of the desert grow cold.

accel.

M.W. & Sons 11773-4