

SM1943

To Spencer Kelly.

# Till The Sands Of The Desert Grow Cold.

Lyric by  
GEO. GRAFF Jr.

Music by  
ERNEST R. BALL.

Tempo di Bolero.

ff

The  
The

*p*

This block contains the piano introduction. It features a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The music is in B-flat major. The first measure is marked *ff*. The piece concludes with a *p* dynamic marking.

*Brightly.*

hot winds that come to thee, O'er des-ert sands all  
des-ert, a burn-ing sea, A bar-rier stands 'tween

This block contains the piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. It includes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Brightly.* The lyrics are: "hot winds that come to thee, O'er des-ert sands all des-ert, a burn-ing sea, A bar-rier stands 'tween".

go from me, I bid them to tell thee that I love thee,  
thee and me, Or love, fast as light, I'd ha-sten to thee.

This block contains the piano accompaniment for the second vocal line. The lyrics are: "go from me, I bid them to tell thee that I love thee, thee and me, Or love, fast as light, I'd ha-sten to thee."

This block contains the piano accompaniment for the third vocal line. The lyrics are: "go from me, I bid them to tell thee that I love thee, thee and me, Or love, fast as light, I'd ha-sten to thee."



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

*Slower.*

Hot sands burn - ing, Fire my veins with pas - sion bold,  
 Noon suns find me, Far be - yond the car - a - van,

*Passionately.*

Love, I'll love, thee, till des - ert - sands grow cold! —  
 Death there warns me, how vain is the strength of man. —

*p* *Slowly.*  
*molto rall.*

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

*p* *molto rall.*

REFRAIN.

*Con molto. Little faster with much expression*

Till the sands of the desert grow cold, \_\_\_\_\_ And their

*mp*

in - fin - ite num - bers are told, \_\_\_\_\_ God

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

ev - - er to have and to hold. \_\_\_\_\_ Till the

sto - ry of Judg - ment is told, ——— And the



mys - tries of Heav - en un - fold, ——— ill



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



sands — of the des-ert grow cold. ———

*ff* *molto cresc.* *accel.*

