ARTIST'S COPY
Burning Sands
Oriental Fox Trot

Lyric by
JACK MESKILL

Melody by
D. ONIVAS

Moderato

Down by the sil-vry shores of the Nile,
Soon on the wings of night so it seems,

Downwhere the I-ris blooms all the
O-ver the sand to her land of

while,
dreams,

There beath the moon that gleams o'er the sand,
Back to her A-rab chief-tain she'll ride,

A de-sert
ame and claim her for his bride,
Then he will

maid dreams of her de-sert man,
And as she gaz-es a-cross the

name and claim her for his bride,
And as the moon-beams a-round them

moon-lit way.
soft-ly fall,

Where love thoughts stray, she seems to say.
Where love en-thralls, he'll hear her call.

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Chorus

Across the Burning Sands, There waits my Arab man,

Beyond, The coral strands, I'll share his caravan,

By the fair oasis, I know my place is, Where smiling faces will understand, Love rules

the mystic land,

A-cross the Burn - ing Sands. A - Sands.