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Under Arabian Skies
FOX TROT

EMMA BIGELOW WILSON

Tempo Moderato

VOICE

An Arabian bold, in the His father old, on a
days of old, Rode the desert far and wide; On his
charger bold, Dashed up quickly to their side; With a

charger white, with gay trappings bright, He went forth to find a
darkened frown at the maid looked down, And with angry voice he

bride. He was young and quite romantic, Though a
cried: "My son, a prince, to wed a slave, Such a

kingly way had he, When in his father's
thing shall never be." So she was guarded

caravan he spied A maiden, and to her he cried:
every day and night, Till her prince came and set her free.

Under A Skies
CHORUS

I love you my Arabian maid, My

desert queen you'll be, I love you be

not afraid, Come give your heart to me.

When the desert moon swings low,
Together we will go,
And the desert

that we will roam Will be our home, sweet home,

Under Arabian skies.