Words by
WORTON DAVID.

Fox-trot tempo.

Key E♭:

'Sneath Eastern Skies, Where Temples rise; Over that
Mid perfumes rare, Sweet maidens there, Dance till the

fair mystic land, Monarch he
break of the dawn, Bright eyes a-

reigns O'er his domains; King, yet a slave to
glow That thrilled him so, Now leave him lone-ly
love's command. As
and forlorn.
Round him whirs that glittering throng,

To one who's far away he cries:
Still in his heart there's just one song:

Refrain

Sheba, Queen of all, Sheba,

hear my call, Across the plain I come to you, Your love to
Until life is through, Kings kneel
at your throne, you're mine alone,
For in my heart none reigns above, Queen of Sheba,
Queen of Love, Love.

Sheba

L. W. M. Co. 704

N S C?