To Spencer Kelly.

Till The Sands Of The Desert Grow Cold.

Lyric by
GEO. GRAFF Jr.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL.

Tempo di Bolero.

The hot winds that come O'er desert sands all
desert, a burning sea, A barrier stands 'tween

I bid them to tell thee that I love thee,
thee and me, Or love, fast as light, I'd hasten to thee.
I love, I’ll love, thee; till deserts grow cold!
Death there warns me, how vain is the strength of man.

Love me, I’ll love thee.
Love me, I’ll love thee.
REFRAIN.
Con molto. *Liltto faster with much expression*

Till the sands of the desert grow cold,
And their infinite numbers are told,
Gave thee to me, And mine thou shalt be,
For ever to have and to hold.

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Story of Judgment is told,
And the

Mysteries of Heaven unfold,
I'll

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

Sands of the desert grow cold.