TILL THE SANDS OF THE DESERT GROW COLD

Song

LYRIC BY GEO. GRAFF JR.

MUSIC BY ERNEST R. BALL

Composer of Love Me And The World Is Mine,
In The Garden Of My Heart, My Dear, Mother Machree etc.
Solo 50¢ T  Duet 65¢ T
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I Never Knew

How Much God Gave To Me

SOLO, THREE KEYS - C, (c to c) Em (eb to eb) G, (g to g)
Duet, Two Keys - Bb, Tenor and Baritone (lead) G, Soprano (lead) and Alto
Quartet, Male, Female and Mixed Voices

With motion and expression

I nev'er knew that love could fill the world Each fleec'y cloud a flag of faith un-

furled Till I looked into eyes that made me see, I nev'er knew how much God gave to

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Lyric by GEORGE GRAFF, Jr.

Little Road

SOLO THREE KEYS - C, (c to c) Em, (eb to eb) F, (f to f)
Quartet, Male, Female and Mixed Voices

Moderately, with expression

Where do you go, lit-tle road, As o-ver the hill you roam Do you find a

lit - tle house Where love has made a home Has God wandered down your path And

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send for catalog of his songs. It includes the complete poems and thematic quotations from 32 of his greatest successes. ENCLOSE STAMP FOR MAILING
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 The

Brightly

hot winds that come to thee, O'er desert sands all
desert, a burning sea, A barrier 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 hasten to thee.

5391
M.W. & SONS 11891-4

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Speeding my soul to thee,
Quenching my thirst in thee.

Slower
Hot sands burning,
Noon suns find me,

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

Passionately
Fire my veins with passion bold,
Far beyond the caravan,

Love me, I'll love thee.

Slowly

M.W. & SONS 11891-4
Con moto. *Little faster with much expression*

Till the sands of the desert grow cold, And their

infinite numbers are told, God

gave thee to me, And mine shalt be, For-

ever to have and to hold. Till the
story of Judgment is told,
And the

mysteries of Heaven unfold,
Ill

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

sands of the desert grow cold.
EVERYBODY SHOULD SING THIS BEAUTIFUL BALLAD

THAT WONDERFUL MOTHER OF MINE

THE TEXT—by CLYDE HAGER, carries a tender, fragrant message and is written in the simple language that even a child can grasp.

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AN IDEAL SONG FOR THE HOME SCHOOL, CONCERT, LYCEUM, VAUDEVILLE, etc.—NOT ALONE FOR MOTHER’S DAY BUT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

THE moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of that wonderful mother of mine;
The birds never sing but a message they bring
Of that wonderful mother of mine.

Just to bring back the time
That was so sweet to me;
Just to bring back the day
When I sat on her knee.

You are a wonderful mother,
Dear old mother of mine.
You’ll hold a spot down deep in my heart;
Till the stars no longer shine.

Your soul shall live on forever,
on through the fields of time.
For there’ll never be another to me
Like that wonderful mother of mine.

I pray ev’ry night to our Father above,
For that wonderful mother mine.
I ask Him to keep her as long as He can,
That wonderful mother mine.

There are treasures on earth
That make life seem worth while,
But there’s none can compare
With my dear mother’s smile.

You’ll hold a spot down deep in my heart,
Till the stars no longer shine.

Your soul shall live on forever,
on through the fields of time.

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