

1911

Till The Sands of the Desert Grow Cold / music by Ernest R. Ball; words by Geo Graff Jr.

Ernest R. Ball

Geo Graff Jr.

M. Witmark and Sons (New York)

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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¢ Duet 75¢

Duet Two Keys { *Bb Soprano or Tenor D to G. Alto or Baritone C to E. Alto Lead.*
 { *D Soprano or Tenor E to G. Alto or Baritone C to B. Tenor Lead.*

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A Heart Song that Appeals to All

Mother Dear

(Mein Mütterlein)

German Translation by
ALICE MATTULLATH

Four Keys - C, C to D, E \flat , E \flat to F, F, F to G, G, G to A.

BENJAMIN JEFFERSON

With great expression

Moth - - er dear, I mind me of a long gone day,
Müt - - ter-lein, du Lie - be, Oft - - mals fällt mir ein,

pp
* simile

With hesitation

When you called me to you, Called me from my play, My
Wie von froh - en Spiel - - en Du mich riefst her - ein: An

f fondly

ff Passionately

Moth - - er dear, you kissed me, Press'd me to your heart;
dein er Brust ge - bor - - gen, Lie - - bes Müt - ter - lein,

f *ff*

pp Very slowly

p

In your eyes I saw the tear - drops start. My
Sah ich Thrä - nen - glanz Im Au - ge dein. Schon

pp *p*

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Till The Sands Of The Desert Grow Cold

Lyric by
GEO. GRAFF Jr.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Tempo di Bolero

Brightly

The hot winds that
The desert, a

come to thee O'er desert sands all go from me, I
burn-ing sea, A barrier stands 'tween thee and me, Or

bid them to tell thee that I love thee, Speed-ing my soul to
love, fast as light, I'd hast-en to thee, Quench-ing my thirst in

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thee. —
thee. —

Hot sands
Noon suns

Slower

burn - ing, Fire my veins with pas - sion bold, Love I'll
find me, Far be - hind the car - a - van, Death there

Passionately

love thee, till des - ert - sands grow cold! —
warns me, how vain is the strength of man. —

Slowly
p molto rall.

Love me, I'll love thee
Love me, I'll love thee

ff
p molto rall.

REFRAIN

Con molto. Little faster with much expression.

Till the sands of the desert grow cold, ——— And their

in - fi - nite num - bers are told, ——— God

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

ev - - er to have and to hold. ——— Till the

sto - ry of Judg - ment is told, And the



mys - tries of Heav - en un - fold, I'll



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



sands of the des-ert grow cold. accel.

ff *ff molto cresc.* *ff*

