# BURNING SANDS

**Oriental Fox Trot**

Lyric by
JACK MESKILL

Melody by
D. ONIVAS

Moderato

Down by the sil' - vry shores of the Nile,
Soon on the wings of night so it seems,

Down where the I - ris blooms all the while,
O - ver the sand to her land of dreams,

fair o - as - is, I know my place is, Where

smil - ing fac - es Will un - der - stand. Love

rules the mys-tic land, A cross the burn -

ing sands. A - sands.

FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

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There 'neath the moon that gleams o'er the sand, A de - sert
Back to her A - rab chief - tan shall ride, Then he will

mild dreams of her de - sert man, And as she
name and claim her for his bride, And as the

Gaz - es a - cross the moon-lit way, Where
moon-beams a - round them soft - ly fall,

love thoughts stray, she seems to say.
love en - thralls, he'll hear her call.

car - - - - - a - van, By the

CHORUS

A - cross the burn - ing sands, There waits my

A - rab man, Be -

- yond, The cor - al strands, I'll share his

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