# Fly to the Desert,

## A Ballad,

from

## "LALLA ROOKH,"

Written by

Thomas Moore Esqr.

Composed by

## G. KIALLMARK.

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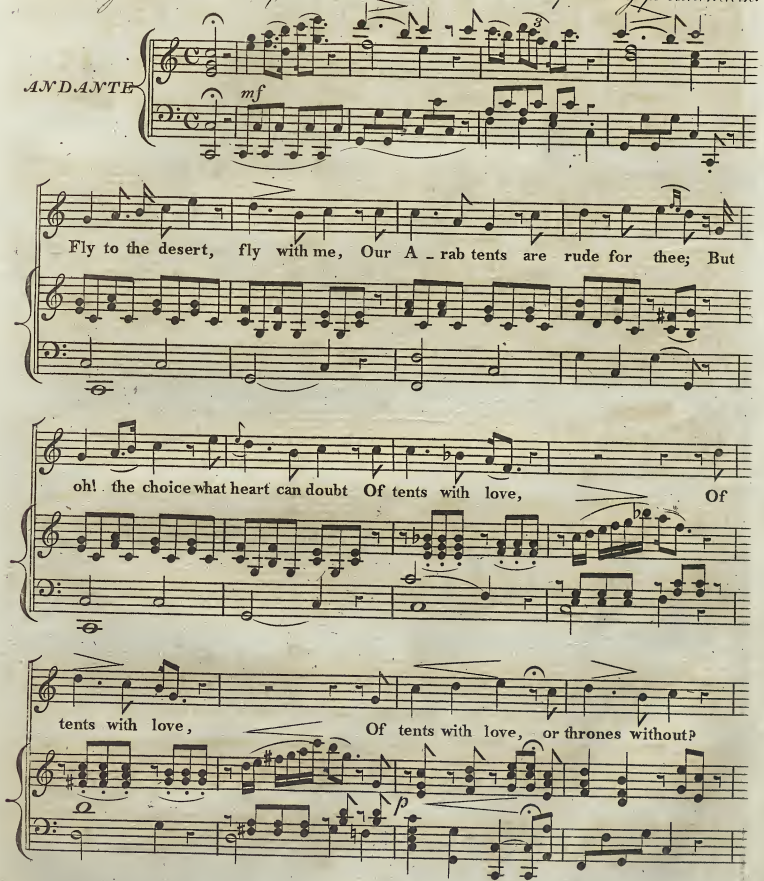

*Dolce. e pia*

*f*

Our rocks are rough, but smil_ing there Th'a_

*Smorz*

*morendi*

*atempo*

_ca__cia waves her yel_low hair, Lone_ly and sweet, nor lov'd the less For

*morendi*

flow'r__ing in a wil_derness. Fly fly to the desert, fly with me, Our

A_rab tents are rude for thee; But oh! the choice what heart can doubt Of

tents with love, Of tents with love,

Of tents with love, or thrones without?

2.d VERSE.

Our sands are bare, but

down their slope The sil_ _very foot_ed an_ _te_ _lope As

grace - - ful - ly and gai - - - - ly springs As o'er the mar - ble

courts of Kings. As o'er the mar - - - - - ble courts of Kings.

*espress*

*8va* - - Then come thy A - - rab maid will be The

*morendi* *a tempo*

lov'd and lone a - ca - cia - tree, The an - - telope, whose feet shall bless With

*smorz* *a tempo*

their light sound thy lone_li_ness_Then fly to the desert, fly with me, Our

A_ _rab tents are rude for thee; But oh! the choice what heart can doubt_ Of

tents with love, Of tents with love, Of

tents with love, or thrones without?

*p* *Smorz*