1915

There's A Long, Long Trail

Stoddard King

Zo Elliot

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.
There's A Long, Long Trail

Written by STODDARD KING

Composed by ZO ELLIOTT

Moderato

Nights are growing very lonely,
All night long I hear you calling,
Days are very sweet and long;
I'm growing weary only low;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,

With expression
List'ning for your song.
Ev'ry where I go.
Old remembrances are
Tho' the road between us

Thro' my memory.
Man'y a weary mile.
Till it seems the world is
I forget that you're not

full of dreams just to call you back to me.
With me yet, When I think I see you smile.

CHORUS  Evenly with much expression

There's a long, long trail a-winding
In to the land of my

M.W. & SONS 15010 - 4
dreams, Where the night- in-gales are sing-ing And a white moon

beams: There's a long, long night of wait-ing Un-til my

dreams all come true; Till the day when I'll be

going down That long, long trail with you. There's a you—
Marching Chorus Published by Popular Request

In Martial Time (But not fast)

There's a long, long trail a winding
Into the land of my dreams,

Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams:

There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;

Till the day when I'll be going down.

That long, long trail with you.

Theresa you.