There's A Long, Long Trail

Written by
STODDARD KING

Composed by
ZO ELLIOTT

Moderato

With expression

Nights are grow-ing ver- y lone-ly,
Days are ver-y
All night long I hear you call-ing,
Call-ing sweet and

I'm a grow-ing wear-y on-ly
low;
Seem to hear your foot-steps fall-ing,

Copyright assigned MCMXV to M. Witmark & Sons
Copyright MCMXIII by West & Co.
International Copyright Secured
Listening for your song:

Everywhere I go:

Old remembrances are

Though the road between us

Thronging Thro' my memory.

Till it seems the world is

Stretches Many a weary mile.

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
dreams, Where the night-in-gales 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. There's a you.
Marching Chorus Published by Popular Request

In Martial Time (But not fast)

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

Where the nightingales are singing and a white moonbeam:

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.

There's a you.