There's A Long, Long Trail

Written by
STODDARD KING

Composed by
ZO ELLIOTT

Moderato

With expression

Nights are growing very lonely,
All night long I hear you calling,
I'm a growing weary only low;

Days are very
Calling sweet and
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,

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Listening for your song.
Everywhere I go.
Thronging, stretching.
Through my memory.

Old remembrances are
Though the road between us
Lest I forget that you're not

Many a weary mile.
Full of dreams just to call you back to me.

Till it seems the world is
With me yet, when I think I see you smile.

CHORUS
Eventy with much expression

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

---

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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. There's a you.