There's a Long, Long Trail

Song

Written by

Stoddard King

Composed by

ZO ELLIOTT

Duet 75 Cents

M. Witmark & Sons,

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HUNDREDS OF MOTHER SONGS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN  
BUT RARELY WILL YOU FIND ONE THAT EXPRESSES  
THE SENTIMENT CONTAINED IN BOTH LYRIC AND MUSIC OF  
You’re The Best Little Mother  
That God Ever Made  

Published as follows  
Solo Four Keys — C, d to d. Eb, f to f. E, g to g. G, a to a. 60¢ each  
Octavo, Male, Female and Mixed Voices 15 cents each  

Tenderly  

God made you, dear mother, And then broke the mold, Then  

p – f a tempo  

gave you to me With your heart of pure gold. A life-time of  


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There's A Long, Long Trail

1.
Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Thro' my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.

Chorus
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.

2.
All night long I hear you calling,
Calling sweet and low;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,
Ev'rywhere I go.
Tho' the road between us stretches
Many a weary mile.
I forget that you're not with me yet
When I think I see you smile.

Stoddard King
There's A Long, Long Trail

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Moderato

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Nights are growing very lonely,} \\
&\text{All night long I hear you calling,} \\
&\text{I'm a growing weary only,} \\
&\text{Seem to hear your footsteps falling,} \\
\end{align*}
\]

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Listening for your song,
Every where I go.
Old remembrances are
Tho' the road between us

Thriving Thro' my memory,
Many 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 Evently with much expression

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

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dreams, Where the night-ingales 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

M.W.&SONS 15010-4