There's a Long, Long Trail

Song

Written by
Stoddard King

Composed by
Zo Elliott

Solo 60 Cents  Duet 75 Cents

M. Witmark & Sons,
New York    Chicago    London.
A Song—Full of Sunshine and Love

EVENING BRINGS REST AND YOU

With Violin or Cello Obbligato ad lib.
Published as follows

Solo, Four Keys — Eb, Bb, F, C to c, G, d to G, Bb, F to a, 60 cents each
Duet, Two Keys — In F, Alto or Baritone (lead) and Soprano or Tenor
In Bb, Soprano or Tenor (lead) and Alto or Bass, 75 cents each
In Violin or Cello Obbligato 15 cents each

Lyric by
EDNA STANTON WHALEY

Music by
F. H. BISHOP

Moderately slow

When the sky in the East flames crin-son and gold
In the light of the morn- ing sun,
When in

clear fill-ing voice sweet song birds re-joice,
Bid-ding wel-come to day just be-gun:
Then I

poco crese.

pass on my way to the la-bor of day,
And your smile as we part thrills me through,
For it

Tenderly

and with much expression

short-en the day till the light fades a-way,
And eve-ning brings rest and you,
And
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

Written by STODDARD KING

Composed by ZO ELLIOTT

Nights are growing very lonely,
All night long I hear you calling,
Call ing sweet and long;
I'm a growing weary only,
Low, seem to hear your foot steps falling,

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Listening for your song,
Ev'ry where I go,
Old remembrances are thronging
Thro' my memory,
Till it seems the world is stretching
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-inges 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.