

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

- by Stoddard King and Zo Elliott, 1914

It is said that this song was very popular during World War I. My Dad, a veteran of WWII, used to sing us just the chorus at our bedtime. I didn't discover the verses until I got well into this project, when my younger brother requested that I put this song on the album. Now it is one of my favorite, nostalgic pieces.

Nights are growing very lonely, days are very long
I'm a-growing weary only listening for your song
Old remembrances are thronging through my memory
'Til 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
Til the day when I'll be going down that long long trail with you

All night long I hear you calling, calling sweet and low
Seems I hear your footsteps falling everywhere I go
Though 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