

5 **THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL**

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a-growing wearily only
Listening for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Through 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.

6 **OLD BLACK JOE**

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are the friends from the cotton fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling:
 "Old Black Joe."

Chorus:

I'm coming, I'm coming
For my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe."

Chorus: