

LEWIS F. MUIR'S "LAST" BEAUTIFUL BALLAD

TRAIL TO SUNSET VALLEY



By
Those Eminent Writers
L. WOLFE GILBERT
AND
LEWIS F. MUIR

CLASS MUSE DEPT.
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50¢

FARMER

The Trail To Sunset Valley

by L. WOLFE GILBERT
and LEWIS F. MUIR

Moderato

Slow with espressione

Show me the way to
 I'm sat-is-fied to

sail, pay, Show me the way by rail I've hunt-ed night and day I've tried to
 Don't mind so much by day But when the night-time falls It's then the

find my way; Here in a land so free, One place de-nied to
 love-bird calls; And in my land of dreams, I'm back a-gain it

me, I won-der if my heart's de-sire, Cares and waits for me
 seems, I hold her hand and whis-per love-words, On-ly in my dreams

poco rit.

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CHORUS

a tempo

I'd like to find the trail that leads to Sun-set Val - ley Oh that won-der-ful

p *a tempo* *p-f*

Val - ley Where the Eve-ning Time Moon shines down on lov - ers, Where the love-bird and her

mate are al ways pal - ly And that is where I met her my on - ly beau-ti - ful

La - - - dy And like a fool so false I proved to be, That ev-er since that place is

a little faster

lost to me I'd like to find the trail to Sun-set Val-ley down by the mountain side — I'd like to side —

slow as before *rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

Four Favorite Musical Gems of the Season

Low Voice

Medium Voice

High Voice

Lyric by L. WOLFE GILBERT

Shades of Night

Music by ANATOL FRIEDLAND
& MALVIN FRANKLIN

Shades of Night are fall-ing, Hear the love-birds call-ing from the trees a - bove. Sweet-hearts all-hou-ett-ing,
Time and care for-get-ting, In the spell of love. Twin-kle, twin-kle-lie Love-star, twin-kle while the moon beams with de

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Lyric by L. WOLFE GILBERT

My Own Iona

Music by ANATOL FRIEDLAND
& CAREY MORGAN

My own I - o - na, From old Ha - lo - na, your dark and dream-y eyes They speak of
par-a - dise; My U - ke - le le, played the Mauna Lo-a gay - ly. Ha-lo-na call-ing me, I

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I Love You-That's One Thing I Know

By L. WOLFE GILBERT
& ANATOL FRIEDMAN

I don't know much a-bout a lov-er's gar-den, I don't know words the po-ets use in books, If I don't talk just right, I beg your
par-don, I've got to hand it to you for your looks: I don't know much a-bout that kid called Cu - pid,

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