

The University of Maine

DigitalCommons@UMaine

---

Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection

Public domain (may be downloaded in full)

---

1920

## The Barefoot Trail

Alvin S Wiggers  
*Composer*

Marian Phelps  
*Lyricist*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-vp>

---

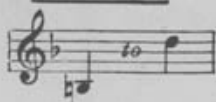
### Recommended Citation

Wiggers, Alvin S and Phelps, Marian, "The Barefoot Trail" (1920). *Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection*. Score 3897.

<https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mmb-vp/3897>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Vocal Popular Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact [um.library.technical.services@maine.edu](mailto:um.library.technical.services@maine.edu).

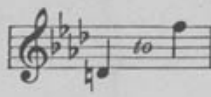
Nº 1 IN F



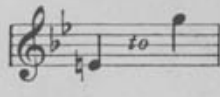
Nº 2 IN G



Nº 3 IN A<sup>b</sup>



Nº 4 IN B<sup>b</sup>



SUNG BY  
JOHN M'CORMACK

# THE BAREFOOT TRAIL

☀ Song ☀

THE WORDS BY  
MARIAN PHELPS

The Music by

ALVIN S. WIGGERS

CLASS A  
SUBJECT TO DISCOUNT AT RETAIL

PRICE 60 CENTS (NET)

BOOSEY & CO.  
9 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK  
AND  
295 REGENT STREET, LONDON, ENG.

THIS SONG MAY BE SUNG IN PUBLIC WITHOUT FEE OR LICENSE  
THE PUBLIC PERFORMANCE OF ANY PARODIED VERSION, HOWEVER, IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

COPYRIGHT MCMXX BY BOOSEY & CO.

Vp. 012884  
1920

BAR

# The Barefoot Trail.

There's a winding trail thro' the meadow grass,  
And over a sunny hill,  
To the wild-wood ways where a lad and lass  
Once roamed at their own sweet will.  
A brown little lad with a freckled nose,  
And a wee bonnie lass like a sweet wild rose.  
Over the hill-top and thro' the dale,  
Threading the winding barefoot trail.

'Tis a long, long way thro' the years, I know,  
Back there to the barefoot days.  
For your golden tresses have turn'd to snow,  
And dim is an old man's gaze.  
But, still, still you are like a sweet wild rose,  
And a laddie am I with a freckled nose,  
When o'er the hill-top and thro' the dale  
Memory takes the barefoot trail.

*Refrain:* Oh, the barefoot trail goes winding  
Thro' the years of memory.  
The past and the present binding,  
In a wonderful dream for me.  
And I seem to be back in my child-hood days,  
A lad with a freckled nose  
Who is threading the barefoot wild-wood ways  
With a lassie who's like a rose.

Words by  
MARIAN PHELPS.

Music by  
ALVIN S. WIGGERS.

**Modto**

VOICE.

PIANO.

There's a wind - ing trail thro' the mea - dow grass, And

o - ver a sun - ny hill, ——— To the wild - wood ways where a

lad and lass, Once roam'd at their own sweet will. ——— A brown lit-tle lad with a

freck - led nose, And a wee bon-nie lass like a sweet wild rose.

O - ver the hill - top and thro' the dale, Thread-ing the wind - ing, bare-foot trail.

*rall. - -*

*With expression.*

Oh, the bare-foot trail goes wind - ing Thro' the years of mem-o - ry. — The

past and the pres-ent bind - ing, In a won-der-ful dream for me. — And { I } { we }

seem to be back in { my } { our } child - hood days, { A } { The } lad with a freck-led nose — Who is

thread - ing the bare-foot, wild - wood ways With { a } { the } las - sie who's like a rose. —



## Tempo 19

8. 'Tis a long, long way thro' the years, I know, Back

*mp*

there to the bare - foot days. ————— For {your} gold - en tress - es have  
her}

turn'd to snow, And dim is {an } old man's gaze. But

still, {still you are} like a sweet wild rose, And a {she's a lass}

lad - die {am I} with a freck - led nose, When o'er the hill - top and {is he}

thro' the dale Mem - o - ry takes the bare - foot trail.

*With expression.*

Oh, the bare-foot trail goes wind - ing, Thro' the years of mem - o - ry. The





# OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

Words by  
P. J. O'REILLY.

## YOU ALONG O' ME

Music by  
WILFRID SANDERSON.

*Moderato*  
*p poco meno mosso*

No. 1 in A  
No. 2 in B<sup>b</sup>  
No. 3 in C

You a-long o' me— And I a-long o' you,— To have you back— There's nought I would'nt do;— No

*p poco meno mosso, legato*  
*cresc.*  
*ten.* *dim. e rit.* *pp rall.* *f a tempo.*

sorrow could be-tide me, With you once more be-side me You along o' me— And I— a-long o' you—

*ten.* *dim. e rit.* *pp rall.* *f a tempo, colla voce* *f a tempo.*

Copyright MCMXXII by Boosey & Co.

Words by  
MARJORIE PICKTHALL

Sung by Mr. REINALD WERREN RATH

Music by  
JOSEPHINE MCGILL

No. 1 in B<sup>b</sup>  
No. 2 in C  
**DUNA**  
No. 3 in D<sup>b</sup>  
No. 4 in E<sup>b</sup>

*Con moto, about (♩ = 4)*  
*pp rit.*

And the lit-tle stars of Du-na, Call me home. The lit-tle stars of Du-na call me home, The

*pp a tempo*  
*a tempo*  
*pp* *ppp*

lit-tle stars of Du-na, Call me home.

Copyright MCMXIV by Boosey & Co.

No. 1 in B<sup>b</sup>  
No. 2 in C  
Words by  
LAURENCE HOPE.

## KASHMIRI SONG

No. 3 in D  
No. 4 in F  
Music by  
AMY WOODFORD-FINDEN.

*Modto, assai con molto sentimento.*  
*cresc.*

Pale hands I loved be-side the Shali-mar. Where are you now? Who lies be-neath your spell? Whom do you lead on Rapture's road—

*p* *cresc.*

way, far, — Before you a-go-nise them in farewell, Before you a-go-nise them in farewell?

*mf* *f accel.* *dim.* *p rall.*

4 Gardens.

Copyright MCMII by Mrs. Woodforde-Finden. New Edition, Copyright MCMIII by Boosey & Co.