

# Along the Navajo Trail

**Roy Rogers**

Every day, along about evening  
When the sunlight's beginning to pale  
I ride through the slumbering shadowsAlong the Navajo Trail  
When it's night and crickets are callin'  
And coyotes are makin' a wail  
I dream by a smoldering fire  
Along the Navajo TrailI love to lie and listen to the music  
When the wind is strummin' a sagebrush guitar  
When over yonder hill the moon is climbin'  
It always finds me wishin' on a star  
Well what a ya know, it's mornin' already  
There's the dawnin', so silver and pale  
It's time to climb into my saddle  
And ride the Navajo TrailI love to lie and listen to the music  
When the wind is strummin' a sagebrush guitar  
When over yonder hill the moon is climbin'  
It always finds me wishin' on a star  
Well what a ya know, it's mornin' already  
There's the dawnin', so silver and pale (like a silvery veil)  
It's time to climb into my saddle

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