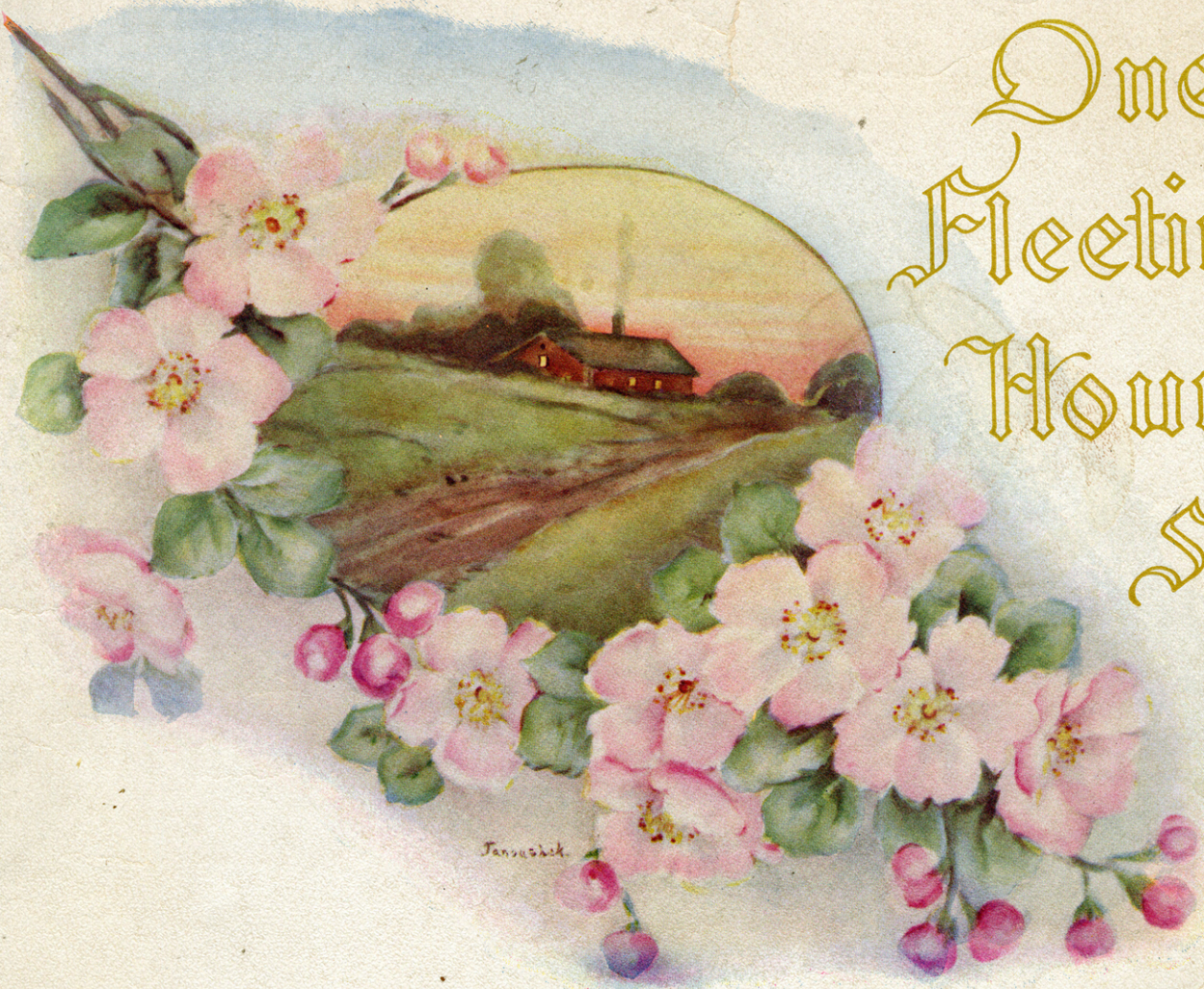


Marion Walter Blasingram



Tansuik

# One Fleeting Hour Song

With Violin or Cello Obligato.  
*Words by*  
**Karl Fuhrmann**  
*Music by*  
**Dorothy Lee**

60 Net

EXTRA HIGH  
HIGH  
★ MEDIUM  
LOW  
EXTRA LOW

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CLEVELAND NEW YORK

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GET THIS SONG FOR YOUR PLAYER PIANO OR TALKING MACHINE

# One Fleeting Hour

EXTRA HIGH    HIGH    MEDIUM    LOW    EXTRA LOW

Words by  
KARL FUHRMANN

Music by  
DOROTHY LEE

**Moderato, molto espressivo**

VOICE    *p*

PIANO    *mf*    *p*

When the

twi - light of eve dims the sun's last ray And the shades of the night gath-er

fast,    *espress.*    *mf*  
There is one fleet-ing hour that I've prayed would stay, Full of

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Medium

joy and of pain that's passed. *p* And per-haps you may know of its

won - drous spell, Its smiles and its bit - ter tears; *mf* And e -

*espress.* mo - tions a-rise that no words can tell, As you look back o'er the *poco rall.*

*mf espress.* *poco rall.*

*a tempo* years. *p* But that

*a tempo* *poco rall.* *a tempo* *p*

one fleet-ing hour with its dream is gone, And the mists, of the night slowly rise; Then 'tis

*espress.* well to for-get and go brave-ly on With a smile spite of tear-dimmed eyes. For one *mf* *p*

fleet - ing hour can make you strong, If you will but heed its call; And then *mf*

*espress.* ev - 'ry day shall be one glad song Full of love that con - quers all. *f grande*

## One Fleeting Hour

When the twilight of eve dims the sun's last ray  
And the shades of the night gather fast;  
There is one fleeting hour that I've prayed would stay,  
Full of joy and of pain that's passed.  
And perhaps you may know of its wondrous spell,  
Its smiles and its bitter tears;  
And emotions arise that no words can tell,  
As you look back o'er the years.

But that one fleeting hour with its dream is gone,  
And the mists of the night slowly rise;  
Then 'tis well to forget and go bravely on  
With a smile spite of tear-dimmed eyes.  
For one fleeting hour can make you strong,  
If you will but heed its call;  
And then every day shall be one glad song  
Full of love that conquers all.

*Karl Fuhrmann*



# Maid of the West

Words by ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT

Music by CLAY SMITH

As in all tales of the west, the typical carefree atmosphere is beautifully visualized in the lyric of "Maid of the West" set to an unusual appealing melody by the well known American composer, Clay Smith. Those who love the lover (and that is all the world) will enjoy the beauty of its simplicity.

Let the maid of the West In the land I love best, Let the pal on the trails that are long, Let the com-rade so far, With the

*p*  
*espress*

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