



# STAY, FLEETING HOUR.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD.

Music by FRANZ ABT.

VOICE. *Andantino.*

PIANO. *p poco a poco cres.*

The sil - v'ry moon has

*poco a poco cres.*

rais'd her lamp With - in the ev - 'ning sky; The he - rald star, from realms a - far, An -

*poco a poco cres.*



*mf*

noun - ces night is nigh: The hour when dies the ling'ring day, And length - 'ning sha-dows grow, Is

*cres.* *rall. pp* *f*

sweet to me, for then I see Dear scenes of long a - go!

*cres.* *rall. pp*

*Moderato, molto espressivo.*

fleet - ing hour, I pri - thee stay, Nor spread thy wings to flee;..... For, oh, the scenes of

*p* *f* *p*

*dim.* *Tempo mo.*

long a - go Are sweet in - deed to me !..... As

*dim. pp* *mf* *p*

twi - light falls I love to roam Be - side the bab-ling brook; For pic - tur'd there me -



- thinks I see A smile, a van-ish'd look! I hear a - gain those voi - ces dear I

lov'd in child-hood's day; But, oh, they die as twi - light fades, And sink too soon a -

*cres.* *dim.* *p*

- way! O fleet - ing hour, I pri - thee stay, Nor

*f* *Moderato, con espressione.* *p*

spread thy wings to flee;..... For, oh, the scenes of long a - go Are sweet in - deed to

*f* *p*

me,..... Are sweet in - deed to me!.....