



# **One Flake at a Time**

**R. S. Taylor**  
**(1838-1918)**

**Robert Stewart Taylor** (1838-1918) was born near Frankfort, Ohio, the son of Presbyterian minister and missionary Isaac Newton Taylor. Isaac was an educator and founded of Liber College near Portland, Indiana. Robert was educated privately by his father and at Liber College. He studied law and moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana, as a law clerk. He was admitted to the bar and became a lawyer. In his successful career, he was appointed the first prosecuting attorney of Allen County, appointed a judge of the court of common pleas, and was elected to the Indiana legislature. He declined nomination to run for Congress, but succeeded Benjamin Harrison on the Mississippi Commission; also serving on the Monetary Commission. He ran for U. S. Senate and was a charter member of the American Bar Association. He was known as one of the most expert patent attorneys in the nation. His most significant case established the right of all companies to manufacture electric lamps. He took great interest in literature and music. He studied music at a musical convention at Geneseo, New York, and his song "O, Wrap the Flag Around Me, Boys" was played by a band at Lincoln's funeral. He claimed to have written more songs than any other man in the country other than Stephen Foster. He died in Fort Wayne.

# One Flake at a Time

R. S. Taylor

*Allegretto*

S  
One flake at a time, one flake at a time, The feath - er - y snow comes down; \_\_\_\_\_ One

A  
One flake at a time, one flake at a time, The feath - er - y snow comes down; \_\_\_\_\_ One

T  
One flake at a time, one flake at a time, The feath - er - y snow comes down; \_\_\_\_\_ One

B  
One flake at a time, one flake at a time, The feath - er - y snow comes down; \_\_\_\_\_ One

5  
S  
flake at a time, one flake at a time, O'er field and grove and town: \_\_\_\_\_ But

A  
flake at a time, one flake at a time, O'er field and grove and town: \_\_\_\_\_ But

T  
flake at a time, one flake at a time, O'er field and grove and town: \_\_\_\_\_ But

B  
flake at a time, one flake at a time, O'er field and grove and town: \_\_\_\_\_ But



## One Flake at a Time

9

S lo, with nim - ble and noise - less mo - tion, Each on its mis - sion flies, \_\_\_\_\_ Till

A lo, with nim - ble and noise - less mo - tion, Each on its mis - sion flies, \_\_\_\_\_ Till

T lo, with nim - ble and noise - less mo - tion, Each on its mis - sion flies, \_\_\_\_\_ Till

B lo, with nim - ble and noise - less mo - tion, Each on its mis - sion flies, \_\_\_\_\_ Till

13

S plains ex - tend like a foam - y o - cean, And hills like bil - lows rise. \_\_\_\_\_

A plains ex - tend like a foam - y o - cean, And hills like bil - lows rise. \_\_\_\_\_

T plains ex - tend like a foam - y o - cean, And hills like bil - lows rise. \_\_\_\_\_

B plains ex - tend like a foam - y o - cean, And hills like bil - lows rise. \_\_\_\_\_

S One tick at a time, one tick at a time, The sec - onds and mo - ments fly; \_\_\_\_\_ One

A One tick at a time, one tick at a time, The sec - onds and mo - ments fly; \_\_\_\_\_ One

T One tick at a time, one tick at a time, The sec - onds and mo - ments fly; \_\_\_\_\_ One

B One tick at a time, one tick at a time, The sec - onds and mo - ments fly; \_\_\_\_\_ One

# One Flake at a Time

21

S tick at a time, one tick at a time, The years are glid - ing by: \_\_\_\_\_ But

A tick at a time, one tick at a time, The years are glid - ing by: \_\_\_\_\_ But

T tick at a time, one tick at a time, The years are glid - ing by: \_\_\_\_\_ But

B tick at a time, one tick at a time, The years are glid - ing by: \_\_\_\_\_ But

25

S lo, each tick in its sta - tion hum - bly, Helps fill the vast ar - ray, \_\_\_\_\_ Till

A lo, each tick in its sta - tion hum - bly, Helps fill the vast ar - ray, \_\_\_\_\_ Till

T lo, each tick in its sta - tion hum - bly, Helps fill the vast ar - ray, \_\_\_\_\_ Till

B lo, each tick in its sta - tion hum - bly, Helps fill the vast ar - ray, \_\_\_\_\_ Till

29

S na - tions per - ish and cit - ies crum - ble Be - neath their iron ar - ray. \_\_\_\_\_

A na - tions per - ish and cit - ies crum - ble Be - neath their iron ar - ray. \_\_\_\_\_

T na - tions per - ish and cit - ies crum - ble Be - neath their iron ar - ray. \_\_\_\_\_

B na - tions per - ish and cit - ies crum - ble Be - neath their iron ar - ray. \_\_\_\_\_

## One Flake at a Time

S One thought at a time, one thought at a time— A mo - ment, and then 'tis gone;— One

A One thought at a time, one thought at a time— A mo - ment, and then 'tis gone;— One

T One thought at a time, one thought at a time— A mo - ment, and then 'tis gone;— One

B One thought at a time, one thought at a time— A mo - ment, and then 'tis gone;— One

37  
S thought at a time, one thought at a time,— Our lives keep flow - ing on:— But

A thought at a time, one thought at a time, Our lives keep flow - ing on:— But

T thought at a time, one thought at a time, Our lives keep flow - ing on:— But

B thought at a time, one thought at a time, Our lives keep flow - ing on:— But

41  
S lo, an is - sue of grief or pleas - ure, Each thought will yet un - fold;— For

A lo, an is - sue of grief or pleas - ure, Each thought will yet un - fold;— For

T lo, an is - sue of grief or pleas - ure, Each thought will yet un - fold;— For

B lo, an is - sue of grief or pleas - ure, Each thought will yet un - fold;— For

# One Flake at a Time

45

S  
by their bal - ance our joys will meas - ure, Thro' a - ges yet un - told.

A  
by their bal - ance our joys will meas - ure, Thro' a - ges yet un - told.

T  
by their bal - ance our joys will meas - ure, Thro' a - ges yet un - told.

B  
by their bal - ance our joys will meas - ure, Thro' a - ges yet un - told.

Root & Cady  
(1865)

One flake at a time, one flake at a time,  
The feathery snow comes down;  
One flake at a time, one flake at a time,  
O'er field and grove and town:  
But lo, with nimble and noiseless motion,  
Each on its mission flies,  
Till plains extend like a foamy ocean,  
And hills like billows rise.

One tick at a time, one tick at a time,  
The seconds and moments fly;  
One tick at a time, one tick at a time,  
The years are gliding by:  
But lo, each tick in its station humbly,  
Helps fill the vast array,  
Till nations perish and cities crumble  
Beneath their iron array.

One thought at a time, one thought at a time—  
A moment, and then 'tis gone;  
One thought at a time, one thought at a time,  
Our lives keep flowing on:  
But lo, an issue of grief or pleasure,  
Each thought will yet unfold;  
For by their balance our joys will measure,  
Thro' ages yet untold.

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