There's Music in the Air

Voice and Piano

Geo. F. Root (1820-1895)

1. There's music in the air, When the infant morn is nigh And faint its blush is seen, On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's exotic sound With its thrill of joy profound While we list enchant-ed there To the grateful shade Sor-row's ach-ing head is laid Sweet-ly to the spir-it there Comes the grate-ful shade loved ones gone Wake the pure celestial song An- gel voices greet us there In the

2. There's music in the air, When the noon-tide's sultry beam Re-flects a gol-den light, On the dis-tant moun-tain stream. When beneath some thrice

3. There's music in the air, When the twi-light's gen-tle sigh Is lost on evening's breast, As its pen-sive beau-ties die. Then, O then the

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