

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

George Frederick Root (1820–1895)

1. There's mu-sic in the air, When the in - fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is
 2. There's mu-sic in the air, When the noon-tide's sul-try beam Re-flects a gold-en
 3. There's mu-sic in the air, When the twi-light's gen-tle sigh Is lost on eve-ning's

seen On the bright and laugh-ing sky. Ma-ny a harp's ec - stat - ic sound
 light On the dis - tant moun-tain stream. When be-neath some grate - ful shade
 breast, As its pen - sive beau-ties die: Then, O, then, the loved ones gone

Thrills us with its joy profound, While we list, en-chanted there, To the music in the air.
 Sor-row's ach-ing head is laid, Sweet-ly to the spi-rit there Comes the music in the air.
 Wake the pure, ce - les-tial song; An - gel voi-ces greet us there With the music in the air.