There’s Music in the Air

GEO. F. ROOT (1820-1895)

Quartette and Piano

There’s music in the air,
When the infant morn is nigh
And faint its blush is.

Tenor or Alto

When the noon-tide’s sultry beam
Reflects a golden

Soprano or 2nd Tenor

1. There’s music in the air,
When the infant morn is nigh
And faint its blush is.

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When the infant morn is nigh
And faint its blush is.

2. There’s music in the air,
When the noon-tide’s sultry beam
Reflects a golden

3. There’s music in the air,
When the twilight’s gentle sigh
Is lost on evening’s

Bass

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seen_ On the bright and laugh-ing sky. Many a harp’s ex-tat-ic sound
light_ On the dis-tant mount-air stream. When be-neath some grate-ful shade
breast_ As its pen-sive beau-ties die. Then, O then the loved ones gone

With it’s thrill of joy pro-found While we list en-chant-ed there To the mu-sic in the
Sor-row’s ach-ing head is laid Sweet-ly to the spi-rit there Comes the mu-sic in the
Wake the pure ce-les-tial song An-gel vo-ices greet us there In the mu-sic of the