

## COME, WITH THY LUTE.

German Melody.

1. Come, with thy lute, to the foun'tain; Sing me a song of the moun-tain; Sing of the hap-py and  
2. Come, where the zephyrs are stray-ing, Where, mid the flow-er-buds play-ing, Rambles the blithe summer  
3. Why should we droop in our sad-ness? Nature, her prom-ise of glad-ness Shuds o-ver land and o'er

free, There, while the ray is di - clia - ing, While its last ro - ees are shin - ing, Sweet shall our  
bee; Let the lone churl, in his sor - row, He who de-spairs of the mor - row, Far to his  
sea; Come, bring thy lute to the foun-tain; Sing, love, a song of the mountain; Sweet shall our

mel-o-dies be, Un-der the broad lin - den tree, Un-der the broad lin-den tree.  
sol - i-tude fee, Un-der the dark cy - press tree, Un-der the dark cy - press tree.  
mel-o-dies be, Un-der the broad lin - den tree, Un-der the broad lin-den tree.  
Under the lin - den tree. Under the lin - den tree.

## THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

1. There's mu - sic in the air. When the infant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen  
2. There's mu - sic in the air When the noontide's sultry beam Re-flects a gold-en light  
3. There's mu - sic in the air When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on eve-ning's breast,

On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of  
On the dis-tant moun-tain scream: When be-neath some grateful shade, Sor-row's ach - ing  
As its pen-sive beau - ties die. Then, oh, then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce-

joy pro-found, While we list, an - chant - ed there, To the mu - sic in the air.  
head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.  
les - thal song, An - gel voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

RELIEVES THE PAIN OF A BURN INSTANTLY.—DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL