Commissioned by Missouri Verses and Voices to honor the United States National Poets Laureate.
Dedicated to William Jay Smith, National Poet Laureate from 1968-1970.
In memory of Steven Lewis Marek.

Now Touch the Air Softly

William Jay Smith          Susan LaBarr

Piano

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softly, Step gently, One, two... I'll love you till roses are

robin's-egg blue; I'll love you till gravel is eaten for

bread, And lemons are orange, And lavender's red. Now

touch the air.

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Now touch the air

softly, Step gently, One, two... I'll love you till roses_ Are

Now touch the air softly,

I'll love you___

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rob-in's-egg blue; I'll love you till gr-a-vel Is eat-en for
till roses are blue; till
bread, And lemons are orange, And lavender's

gravel is bread, And lemons are orange or

red. Now touch the air. Now

red. Now touch, now touch the air. Now

red. Now touch the air.
touch the air. Now touch the air

Now touch the air

Now touch the air

Now touch the air

Now touch the air, Swing gently the broom. I'll

softly, Swing-ing gentle-ly the broom. I'll love you till

softly, Swing-ing gentle-ly the broom. I'll love you till

softly, Swing-ing gentle-ly the broom. I'll love you till
love you. And the table is windows. Are all of a room; And the table is windows. Are all of a room; And the table is laid, And the table is bare, And the ceiling re-


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stars from his coat, And the Moon rows away in A
glass-bottomed boat; And Orion steps down Like a
glass-bottomed boat; And Orion steps down Like a
glass-bottomed boat; And Orion steps down Like a
diver below; And Earth is ablaze, And Ocean a-
diver below; And Earth is ablaze, And Ocean a-
diver below; And Earth is ablaze, And Ocean a-
diver below; And Earth is ablaze, And Ocean a-
A tempo
glow.

A tempo
glow.

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We will
touch the air softly, And swing the broom high.
touch the air softly, And swing the broom high.
dust the gray mountains, And sweep the blue sky; And I'll love you as
long As the furrow the plow, As However is
Now touch the air.