

THE SAME AIR

by Joyce Johnson Rouse

This is the same air, the very, very, very same air
That Joan of Arc was breathing when
She led to battle all those men
So let's take care of the very same air

This is the same air, the very, very, very same air
Surrounding Newton's apple tree
When he discovered gravity
So let's take care of the very same air

This is the same air, the very, very, very same air
That filled the lungs of Daniel Boone
As he crossed the mountains whistling a tune
So let's take care of the very same air

This is the same air, the very, very, very same air
That Tubman and the slaves all breathed
As she led them north to set them free
So let's take care of the very same air

This is the same air, the very, very, very same air
That blew by Cleopatra's smile
As her barge was drifting down the Nile
So let's take care of the very same air

This is the same air, the very, very, very same air
Surrounding plants that Carver grew
As he added much to all we knew
So let's take care of the very same air

This is the same air, the very, very, very same air
That Miriam and Moses breathed
As they were crossing the red sea
So let's take care of the very same air