Love's Philosophy

Andante, non troppo lento

Nothing in the world is single. All things by a

divine In one another's being mingle.
The fountains mingle with the river.
And the rivers among the ocean.
The winds of heaven mix together.

With a sweet emotion. See!
Love's Philosophy, p.2

And the mountains kiss the high heaven. And the

waves clasp one another. No sister flower would

be forgiven. If it disdained its brother.

Poco rall. a tempo

And the sunlight clasps the earth,

And the moonbeams kiss the sea—

But what are all these kisses worth to me?"