

*Andante, non troppo lento*

Nothing in the world is single. All things by a  
 law divine In one another's be- ing ming-le.

*mp*  
*tan.*  
*poco cresc.*  
*mp*  
*pp*

Why not I with thine? The  
 foun- tains mingle with the riv- er

*cresc.*  
*mf*  
*dim*

And the riv- ers with the  
 o- cean. The winds of heaven mix for- ever

*mp*  
*pp*  
*dim.*

With a sweet e- mo- tion. See:

*cant.*  
*p*  
*cresc.*  
*mf*

With a sweet e- mo- tion. See:

*cant.*  
*p*  
*cresc.*  
*mf*

the moun-tains kiss high hea- ven, And the  
waves clasp one an-oth-er. No sis-ter flow'r would  
be for-giv-en If it dis-dain'd its broth-er.  
And the sun-light clasps the earth,  
And the moon-beams kiss the sea-  
But what are all  
these kis-sings worth  
If thou  
kiss-est not me?  
Poco a poco piu lento  
a poco rit.