

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1792 - 1822.

### Fit Love's Philosophy.

The mountains mingle with the river  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mid themselves  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single,  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle —  
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven  
And the waves clasp one another,  
No sister-plucker would ~~be~~ be forgiven  
If it disdain'd its brother;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea —  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me?