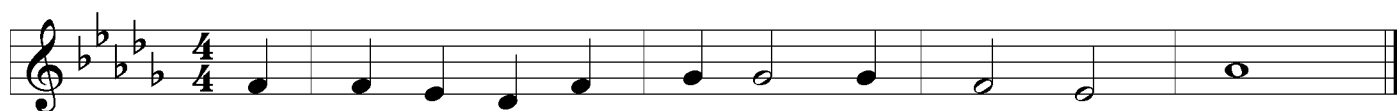
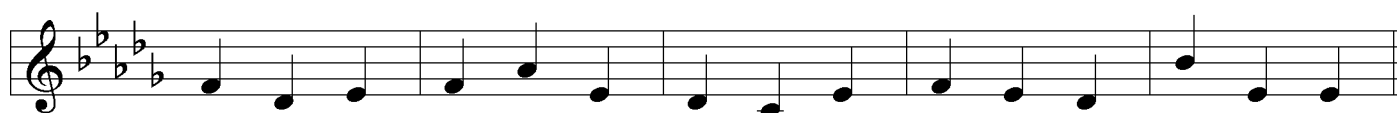


Year A, Sunday between 3 July and 9 July (alt)

Proper 9, OT 14s - Song of Solomon 2:8-13



A - rise my love, my fair one, and come a - way.



I hear the voice of the Beloved who comes over **mountain**, over **hill**,
with much **grace** and **graciousness**.
I see the Beloved be-**hind** our **wall**,
gazing **through** the **windows**,
looking **through** the **lattice**.

My beloved **speaks** and **says** to me:
"Arise, my love, my **fair** one, and come **away**;
Our winter is past, the rain is **over** and **gone**.
The earth is in flower; the time for **singing** has **come**,
the voice of the turtle-dove is alive **in** the **land**.

The trees put forth **sweet fruit**,
and the vines are **in blossom**;
their fragrance **leads** us **hence**.
Arise, my love, **my fair** one,
and come **a-way**.