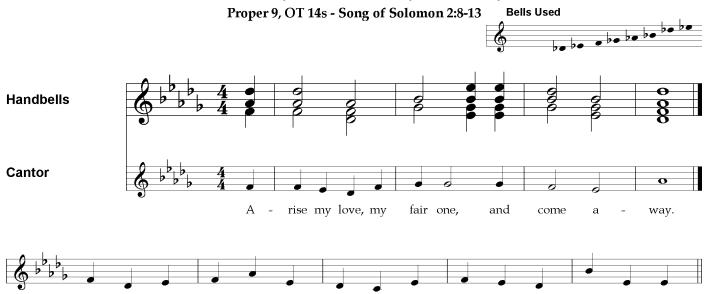
Year A, Sunday between 3 July and 9 July (alt)



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**.

