

Song of Solomon 2

8 Listen! My lover! Look! Here he comes, leaping across the mountains, bounding over the hills.

9 My lover is like a gazelle or a young stag. Look! There he stands behind our wall, gazing through the windows, peering through the lattice.

10 My lover spoke and said to me, "Arise, my darling, my beautiful one, and come with me.

11 See! The winter is past; the rains are over and gone.

12 Flowers appear on the earth; the season of singing has come, the cooing of doves is heard in our land.

13 The fig tree forms its early fruit; the blossoming vines spread their fragrance. Arise, come, my darling; my beautiful one, come with me."

14 My dove in the clefts of the rock, in the hiding places on the mountainside, show me your face, let me hear your voice; for your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely.

16 My lover is mine and I am his; he browses among the lilies.