

*A reading from The Song of Songs 2: 8-10.14.16 8: 6-7*

The voice of my beloved!  
Look, he comes,  
leaping upon the mountains,  
bounding over the hills.  
My beloved is like a gazelle,  
or a young stag.

Look, there he stands behind our wall,  
gazing in at the windows,  
looking through the lattice.  
My beloved speaks and says to me:  
"Arise, my love, my fair one,  
and come away;  
O my dove, in the clefts of the rock,  
in the covert of the cliff,  
let me see your face,  
let me hear your voice,  
for your voice is sweet,  
and your face is comely".

My beloved is mine and I am his,  
Set me as a seal upon your heart,  
as a seal upon your arm;  
for love is strong as death,  
passion fierce as the grave.

Its flashes are flashes of fire,  
a raging flame.  
Many waters cannot quench love,  
neither can floods drown it.

*This is the word of the Lord*

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