

# ARISE MY BELOVED

Arise, my beloved, come away!  
For the winter is past, the rains are over and gone.  
The blossoms have appeared in the land,  
the time of pruning has come.  
The song of the turtle dove is heard in our land.  
The green figs form on the fig tree,  
the vines in blossom give off their fragrance

-- SONG OF SONGS 2:10-13