

My beloved made answer,  
And to me said :  
    Up, my loved one, my fair ;  
    Hie thee away !  
For lo, the winter is past.  
The rain is over, and gone ;  
The flowers appear on the earth,  
And the time of merry song is come ;  
And the voice of the turtle  
Is heard in our land ;  
The fig tree seasons her unripe fruit,  
The vine in blossom fragrance yields.  
    Hie thee away, my love, my fair ;  
    Hie thee away !

—*Song of Songs* ii. 10-13.