

I hear my Beloved.  
See how he comes  
leaping on the mountains,  
bounding over the hills.  
My Beloved is like a gazelle,  
like a young stag.

See where he stands  
behind our wall,  
He looks in at the window,  
he peers through the lattice.

My Beloved lifts up his voice,  
he says to me,  
"Come then, my love,  
my lovely one, come.

"My dove, hiding in the clefts of the rock,  
in the coverts of the cliff,  
show me your face,  
let me hear your voice;  
for your voice is sweet  
and your face is beautiful."

My beloved is mine and I am his.  
He said to me:

Set me like a seal on your heart,  
like a seal on your arm.  
For love is strong as Death,  
jealousy relentless as Sheol.  
The flash of it is a flash of fire,  
a flame of the Lord himself.

Love no flood can quench,  
no torrents drown.

—from the Song of Songs  
—of the Old Testament



*Your Wedding Day*

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