



My love speaks; he says to me,
"Arise, my beloved, my beautiful one
And come!
For see, the winter is past,
The snows are over and gone.
The song of the red winged blackbird
is heard in the meadow.
The geese arrive from the south.
Honeysuckle blooms in the woods
And violets dot the forest floor.
My love, come see!
The warming south wind and longer days
Caress the earth, inviting new birth and growth.
Life springs forth with abandon.
Birds awaken the morning and
Peepers close the day with their evening song.
My love, come listen!
Come, my love, my beautiful one, come."

