ANTIPHON

1. Arise, * my love, my fair one, and come away, for lo,

the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

PSALM 44

1. My heart over-flows with noble words. To the king I must speak the song I have

made; my tongue as nim-ble as the pen of a scribe.
ANTIPHON

Ant. 1
A
- rise, * my love, my fair one, and come a-way,

for lo, the win-ter is past, the rain is o-ver and gone.

PSALM 44

My heart o-verflows with no-ble words. To the king I must speak

the song I have made; my tongue as nim-ble as the pen of a

scribe.