

OFFERTORY ON THE DAY OF SOLEMN PROFESSION

5. With great de- light * I sit in his sha- dow, and his fruit

The first system of music features a vocal line in the treble clef and an organ accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase that includes a grace note and a fermata. The organ accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines.

is sweet to my taste. He has tak- en me to his ban- quet

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a melodic line with a grace note and a fermata. The organ accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, providing a harmonic support for the vocal melody.

hall, and the ban- ner he rais- es o- ver me is love.

The third system concludes the musical piece. The vocal line has a melodic line with a fermata. The organ accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, providing a harmonic support for the vocal melody.

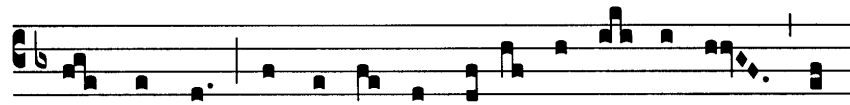
OFFERTORY ON THE DAY OF SOLEMN PROFESSION



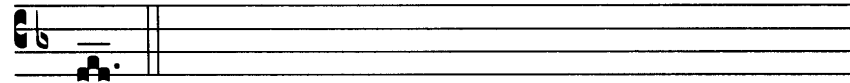
5. With great de-light * I sit in his shad-ow, and his



fruit is sweet to my taste. He has tak-en me to his



ban-quet hall, and the ban-ner he rais-es o- ver me is



love.

VERSES
FROM THE CANTICLE OF CANTICLES
Mode 5



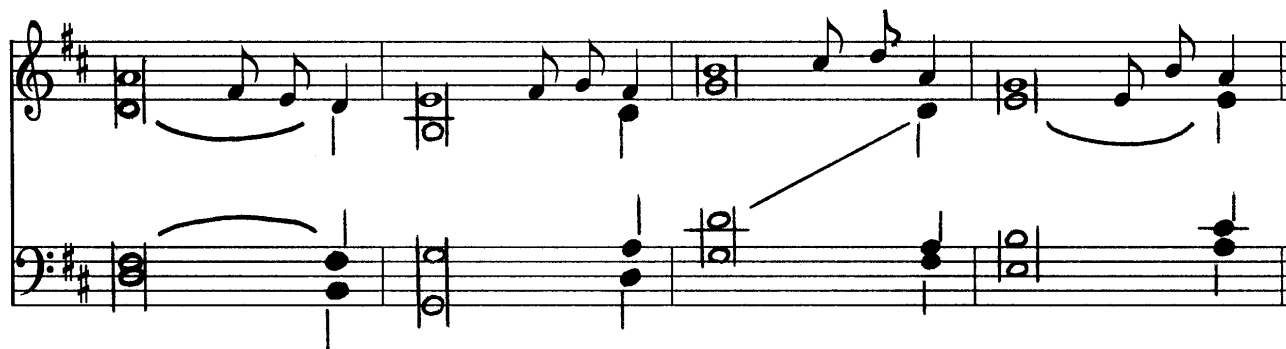
ANTIPHON :

With great delight I sit *in his shadow*,
and his fruit is sweet *to my taste*.
He has taken me *to his banquet hall*,
and the banner he raises over *me is love*.

VERSES :

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Draw me after you, let <i>us make haste</i>.
 Your love is more delightful than wine ; /
 delicate is the fragrance <i>of your perfume</i>,
 your name is an <i>oil poured out</i> ;
 therefore the <i>maidens love</i> you.</p> <p>2. The voice of my Beloved ! / Behold, he comes, /
 leaping upon the mountains, /
 bounding <i>over the hills</i>.
 My Beloved is like a gazelle, / like a <i>young stag</i>.
 Behold, / there he stands <i>behind our wall</i>,
 gazing in at the windows, /
 he peers <i>through the lattice</i>.</p> <p>3. My Beloved lifts <i>up his voice</i>,
 he <i>says to me</i> :
 “ Arise, my love, my lovely <i>one, come</i> ;
 for lo, winter is past, / the rains are <i>over and gone</i> .</p> <p>4. O my dove, / hiding in the clefts <i>of the rock</i>,
 in the covert <i>of the cliff</i>,
 show <i>me your face</i>,
 let me <i>hear your voice</i> . ”</p> | <p>5. Go forth, O daughters <i>of Sion</i>,
 and behold <i>King Solomon</i>,
 with the crown with which his <i>mother crowned him</i>,
 on the day of the gladness <i>of his heart</i> .</p> <p>6. “ A garden enclosed <i>is my sister</i>,
 my <i>promised bride</i> ,
 a garden <i>enclosed</i>,
 a <i>fountain sealed</i> . ”</p> <p>7. Hark ! / My Beloved <i>is knocking</i>,
 “ Open to me, my sister, /
 my love, my <i>dove, my perfect one</i> ;
 for my head is wet with dew, /
 my locks with the drops <i>of the night</i> . ”
 My Beloved thrust his hand through the latch ; /
 I trembled to the core <i>of my being</i> .</p> <p>8. Set me as a seal upon your heart, /
 as a seal <i>upon your arm</i>.
 For love is strong as death, /
 jealously <i>relentless as Sheol</i>.
 Love no <i>flood can quench</i>,
 no <i>torrents drown</i> .</p> |
|---|---|

VERSES
FROM THE CANTICLE OF CANTICLES
Mode 5



ANTIPHON :

With great delight I sit *in his shadow*,
and his fruit is sweet *to my taste*.
He has taken me *to his banquet hall*,
and the banner he raises over *me is love*.

VERSES :

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Draw me after you, let <i>us make haste</i>.
 Your love is more delightful than wine ; /
 delicate is the fragrance <i>of your perfume</i>,
 your name is an <i>oil poured out</i> ;
 therefore the <i>maidens love</i> you.</p> <p>2. The voice of my Beloved ! / Behold, he comes, /
 leaping upon the mountains, /
 bounding <i>over the hills</i>.
 My Beloved is like a gazelle, / like a <i>young stag</i>.
 Behold, / there he stands <i>behind our wall</i>,
 gazing in at the windows, /
 he peers <i>through the lattice</i>.</p> <p>3. My Beloved lifts <i>up his voice</i>,
 he <i>says to me</i> :
 “ Arise, my love, my lovely <i>one, come</i> ;
 for lo, winter is past, / the rains are <i>over and gone</i> .</p> <p>4. O my dove, / hiding in the clefts <i>of the rock</i>,
 in the covert <i>of the cliff</i>,
 show <i>me your face</i>,
 let me <i>hear your voice</i> . ”</p> | <p>5. Go forth, O daughters <i>of Sion</i>,
 and behold <i>King Solomon</i>,
 with the crown with which his <i>mother crowned</i> him,
 on the day of the gladness <i>of his heart</i> .</p> <p>6. “ A garden enclosed <i>is my sister</i>,
 my <i>promised bride</i> ,
 a garden <i>enclosed</i>,
 a <i>fountain sealed</i> . ”</p> <p>7. Hark ! / My Beloved <i>is knocking</i>,
 “ Open to me, my sister, /
 my love, my <i>dove, my perfect one</i> ;
 for my head is wet with dew, /
 my locks with the drops <i>of the night</i> . ”
 My Beloved thrust his hand through the latch ; /
 I trembled to the core <i>of my being</i> .</p> <p>8. Set me as a seal upon your heart, /
 as a seal upon <i>your arm</i>.
 For love is strong as death, /
 jealously <i>relentless as Sheol</i>.
 Love no <i>flood can quench</i>,
 no <i>torrents drown</i> .</p> |
|---|---|