

¹Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee.²My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.³I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine: he feedeth among the lilies.⁴Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.⁵Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.⁶Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them.⁷As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.⁸There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number.⁹My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her. The daughters saw her, and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.¹⁰Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?¹¹I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded.¹²Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib.¹³Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies.

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