

Song of Solomon 8

¹O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised.²I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate.³His left hand should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me.⁴I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, until he please.⁵Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth that bare thee.⁶Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.⁷Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.⁸We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?⁹If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.¹⁰I am a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.¹¹Solomon had a vineyard at Baalhamon; he let out the vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.¹²My vineyard, which is mine, is before me: thou, O Solomon, must have a

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thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.¹³ Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear it .¹⁴ Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.