

¹To the chief Musician upon Shoshannim, for the sons of Korah, Maschil, A Song of loves. My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the king: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer.²Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.³Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty.⁴And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.⁵Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee.⁶Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.⁷Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.⁸All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.⁹Kings' daughters were among thy honourable women: upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir.¹⁰Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house;¹¹So shall the king greatly desire thy beauty: for he is thy Lord; and worship thou him.¹²And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift; even the rich among the people shall intreat thy favour.¹³The king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold.¹⁴She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of

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