

Song of Solomon 4

¹Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead.²Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.³Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.⁴Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.⁵Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.⁶Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.⁷Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.⁸Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.⁹Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.¹⁰How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!¹¹Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.¹²A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.¹³Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits;

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camphire, with spikenard,¹⁴ Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:¹⁵ A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.¹⁶ Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.