

¹The song of songs, which is Solomon's. ²Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine. ³Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee. ⁴Draw me, we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love more than wine: the upright love thee. ⁵I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. ⁶Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept. ⁷Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions? ⁸If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents. ⁹I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots. ¹⁰Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold. ¹¹We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver. ¹²While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof. ¹³A bundle of myrrh is my wellbeloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts. ¹⁴My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi. ¹⁵Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes. ¹⁶Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed is green. ¹⁷The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.