

<sup>1</sup>The song of songs, which is Solomon's.<sup>2</sup>Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine.<sup>3</sup>Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.<sup>4</sup>Draw 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.<sup>5</sup>I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.<sup>6</sup>Look 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.<sup>7</sup>Tell 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?<sup>8</sup>If 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.<sup>9</sup>I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.<sup>10</sup>Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold.<sup>11</sup>We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver.<sup>12</sup>While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.<sup>13</sup>A bundle of myrrh is my wellbeloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.<sup>14</sup>My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi.<sup>15</sup>Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes.<sup>16</sup>Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed is green.<sup>17</sup>The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.