

<sup>1</sup>I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.<sup>2</sup>As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.<sup>3</sup>As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.<sup>4</sup>He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.<sup>5</sup>Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.<sup>6</sup>His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.<sup>7</sup>I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.<sup>8</sup>The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.<sup>9</sup>My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.<sup>10</sup>My beloved

spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.<sup>11</sup>For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;<sup>12</sup>The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;<sup>13</sup>The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.<sup>14</sup>O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.<sup>15</sup>Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.<sup>16</sup>My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies.<sup>17</sup>Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethel.