1 1:1 the song of songs, which is
2 solomon's. 2 let him kiss me with
the kisses of his mouth: for thy
love is better than wine.
3 3 because of the savour of thy
good ointments thy name is as
ointment poured forth, therefore
4 do the virgins love thee. 4 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
5 upright love thee. 5 i am black,
but comely, o ye daughters of
jerusalem, as the tents of kedar,
as the curtains of solomon.
6 6 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.
7 7 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
8 of thy companions? 8 if thou know
not, o thou fairest among women,
go thy way forth by the footsteps
of the flock, and feed thy kids
9 beside the shepherds' tents. 9 i
have compared thee, o my love, to
a company of horses in pharaoh's
10 chariots. 10 thy cheeks are
comely with rows of jewels, thy
11 neck with chains of gold. 11 we
will make thee borders of gold
12 with studs of silver. 12 while
the king sitteth at his table, my
spikenard sendeth forth the smell
13 thereof. 13 a bundle of myrrh is
my wellbeloved unto me; he shall
lie all night betwixt my breasts.
14 14 my beloved is unto me as a
cluster of camphire in the
15 vineyards of engedi. 15 behold,
thou art fair, my love; behold,
thou art fair; thou hast doves'

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