

Song of Songs – Part 2 (c. 969t – 932t BC)

Song of Solomon 5:2–8:14

Soprano

5:2 “I was asleep but my heart was awake.
A voice! My beloved was knocking:

Tenor

‘Open to me, my sister, my darling,
My dove, my perfect one!
For my head is drenched with dew,
My locks with the damp of the night.’

Soprano

3 “I have taken off my dress,
How can I put it on *again*?
I have washed my feet,
How can I dirty them *again*?
4 “My beloved extended his hand through the opening,
And my feelings were aroused for him.
5 “I arose to open to my beloved;
And my hands dripped with myrrh,
And my fingers with liquid myrrh,
On the handles of the bolt.
6 “I opened to my beloved,
But my beloved had turned away *and* had gone!
My heart went out *to him* as he spoke.
I searched for him but I did not find him;
I called him but he did not answer me.
7 “The watchmen who make the rounds in the city found me,
They struck me *and* wounded me;
The guardsmen of the walls took away my shawl from me.
8 “I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
If you find my beloved,
As to what you will tell him:
For I am lovesick.”

Chorus

9 “What kind of beloved is your beloved,
O most beautiful among women?
What kind of beloved is your beloved,
That thus you adjure us?”

Soprano

10 “My beloved is dazzling and ruddy,
Outstanding among ten thousand.
11 “His head is *like* gold, pure gold;
His locks are *like* clusters of dates
And black as a raven.

- 12 “His eyes are like doves
Beside streams of water,
Bathed in milk,
And reposed in *their* setting.
- 13 “His cheeks are like a bed of balsam,
Banks of sweet-scented herbs;
His lips are lilies
Dripping with liquid myrrh.
- 14 “His hands are rods of gold
Set with beryl;
His abdomen is carved ivory
Inlaid with sapphires.
- 15 “His legs are pillars of alabaster
Set on pedestals of pure gold;
His appearance is like Lebanon
Choice as the cedars.
- 16 “His mouth is *full of* sweetness.
And he is wholly desirable.
This is my beloved and this is my friend,
O daughters of Jerusalem.”

Chorus

- 6:1 “Where has your beloved gone,
O most beautiful among women?
Where has your beloved turned,
That we may seek him with you?”

Soprano

- 2 “My beloved has gone down to his garden,
To the beds of balsam,
To pasture *his flock* in the gardens
And gather lilies.
- 3 “I am my beloved’s and my beloved is mine,
He who pastures *his flock* among the lilies.”

Tenor

- 4 “You are as beautiful as Tirzah, my darling,
As lovely as Jerusalem,
As awesome as an army with banners.
- 5 “Turn your eyes away from me,
For they have confused me;
Your hair is like a flock of goats
That have descended from Gilead.
- 6 “Your teeth are like a flock of ewes
Which have come up from *their* washing,
All of which bear twins,
And not one among them has lost her young.
- 7 “Your temples are like a slice of a pomegranate
Behind your veil.

- 8 “There are sixty queens and eighty concubines,
And maidens without number;
9 *But* my dove, my perfect one, is unique:
She is her mother’s only *daughter*;
She is the pure *child* of the one who bore her.
The maidens saw her and called her blessed,
The queens and the concubines *also*, and they praised her, *saying*,
- 10 ‘Who is this that grows like the dawn,
As beautiful as the full moon,
As pure as the sun,
As awesome as an army with banners?’
- 11 “I went down to the orchard of nut trees
To see the blossoms of the valley,
To see whether the vine had budded
Or the pomegranates had bloomed.
- 12 “Before I was aware, my soul set me
Over the chariots of my noble people.”
- 13 “Come back, come back, O Shulammitte;
Come back, come back, that we may gaze at you!”
“Why should you gaze at the Shulammitte,
As at the dance of the two companies?”

Tenor

- 7:1 “How beautiful are your feet in sandals,
O prince’s daughter!
The curves of your hips are like jewels,
The work of the hands of an artist.
- 2 “Your navel is *like* a round goblet
Which never lacks mixed wine;
Your belly is like a heap of wheat
Fenced about with lilies.
- 3 “Your two breasts are like two fawns,
Twins of a gazelle.
- 4 “Your neck is like a tower of ivory,
Your eyes *like* the pools in Heshbon
By the gate of Bath-rabbim;
Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon,
Which faces toward Damascus.
- 5 “Your head crowns you like Carmel,
And the flowing locks of your head are like purple threads;
The king is captivated by *your* tresses.
- 6 “How beautiful and how delightful you are,
My love, with *all* your charms!
- 7 “Your stature is like a palm tree,
And your breasts are *like its* clusters.
- 8 “I said, ‘I will climb the palm tree,
I will take hold of its fruit stalks.’
Oh, may your breasts be like clusters of the vine,
And the fragrance of your breath like apples,

9 And your mouth like the best wine!"
"It goes *down* smoothly for my beloved,
Flowing gently *through* the lips of those who fall asleep.

Soprano

10 "I am my beloved's,
And his desire is for me.
11 "Come, my beloved, let us go out into the country,
Let us spend the night in the villages.
12 "Let us rise early *and go* to the vineyards;
Let us see whether the vine has budded
And its blossoms have opened,
And whether the pomegranates have bloomed.
There I will give you my love.
13 "The mandrakes have given forth fragrance;
And over our doors are all choice *fruits*,
Both new and old,
Which I have saved up for you, my beloved.
8:1 "Oh that you were like a brother to me
Who nursed at my mother's breasts.
If I found you outdoors, I would kiss you;
No one would despise me, either.
2 "I would lead you *and bring* you
Into the house of my mother, who used to instruct me;
I would give you spiced wine to drink from the juice of my pomegranates.
3 "Let his left hand be under my head
And his right hand embrace me."
4 "I want you to swear, O daughters of Jerusalem,
Do not arouse or awaken *my* love
Until she pleases."

Chorus

5 "Who is this coming up from the wilderness
Leaning on her beloved?"

Soprano

"Beneath the apple tree I awakened you;
There your mother was in labor with you,
There she was in labor *and gave* you birth.
6 "Put me like a seal over your heart,
Like a seal on your arm.
For love is as strong as death,
Jealousy is as severe as Sheol;
Its flashes are flashes of fire,
The *very* flame of the LORD.
7 "Many waters cannot quench love,
Nor will rivers overflow it;
If a man were to give all the riches of his house for love,
It would be utterly despised."

Chorus

- 8 “We have a little sister,
And she has no breasts;
What shall we do for our sister
On the day when she is spoken for?
9 “If she is a wall,
We will build on her a battlement of silver;
But if she is a door,
We will barricade her with planks of cedar.”

Soprano

- 10 “I was a wall, and my breasts were like towers;
Then I became in his eyes as one who finds peace.
11 “Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon;
He entrusted the vineyard to caretakers.
Each one was to bring a thousand *shekels* of silver for its fruit.
12 “My very own vineyard is at my disposal;
The thousand *shekels* are for you, Solomon,
And two hundred are for those who take care of its fruit.”

Tenor

- 13 “O you who sit in the gardens,
My companions are listening for your voice—
Let me hear it!”

Soprano

- 14 “Hurry, my beloved,
And be like a gazelle or a young stag
On the mountains of spices.”

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