

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

Song of Solomon 7–8

Tenor

- 7:1 How beautiful are your feet in sandals,
O royal princess!
The curves of your thighs *are* like jewels,
the work of the hands of a craftsman.
- 2 Your navel *is* a round wine-mixing bowl
that does not lack mixed wine!
Your belly *is* a heap of wheat
encircled 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 *are* pools in Heshbon at the gate of Beth Rabbim.
Your nose *is* like the tower of Lebanon
looking out over Damascus.
- 5 Your head crowns you like Carmel;
the flowing locks of your head *are* like purple tapestry;
a king is held captive in the tresses!
- 6 How beautiful you are and how pleasant,
O loved one in the delights!
- 7 Your stature *is* like the palm tree,
and your breasts *are* like clusters.
- 8 I say, "I will climb up the palm tree;
I will lay hold of its fruit clusters."
Let your breasts *be pleasing* like clusters of the vine
and the scent of your breath like the apples.
- 9 Your palate *is* like the best wine that goes down for my beloved,
smoothly gliding over my lips and teeth.

Soprano

- 10 I belong to my beloved,
and he desires me!
- 11 Come, my beloved, let us go out to the countryside;
let us spend the night in the villages.
- 12 Let us rise early *to go* to the vineyards;
let us see whether the vine has budded,
whether the grape blossom has opened,
and *whether* the pomegranates are in bloom;
there I will give my love to you.
- 13 The mandrakes *give off their* fragrance,
and over our doorway is every kind of delicious fruit;
both fresh and dried fruit I have stored up for you, O my beloved.
- 8:1 How I wish that you were my little brother,
who nursed upon my mother's breasts!
If I met you outside, I would kiss you,
and no one would despise me!
- 2 I would surely bring you to the house of my mother,
who would surely teach me;
I would give you spiced wine to drink,
the sweet wine of my pomegranates.
- 3 His left *hand is* under my head,
and his right *hand* embraces me.
- 4 I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem,
do not arouse or awaken love until it pleases!

Chorus

- 5 Who *is* this coming up from the wilderness,
leaning upon her beloved?

Soprano

Under the apple tree I awakened you;
there your mother conceived you;
there she who was in labor gave birth to you.

- 6 Set me as a seal upon your heart,
as a seal upon your arm;
for love *is* strong as death;
passion *is* fierce as Sheol;
its flashes *are* flashes of fire;
it is a blazing flame.
- 7 Many waters cannot quench love;
rivers cannot sweep it away.
If a man were to give all the wealth of his house for love,
he would be utterly scorned.

Chorus

- 8 We have a little sister,
and she does not yet have any breasts.
What should we do for our sister
on the day when she is betrothed?
- 9 If she *is* a wall,
we will adorn her with a turret of silver;
but if she *is* a door,
we will barricade her with boards of cedar.

Soprano

- 10 I *was* a wall, and my breasts *were* like the towers,
so *my betrothed* viewed me with great delight.
- 11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon;
he entrusted his vineyard to the keepers;
people paid a thousand silver *pieces* for its fruit.
- 12 My own “vineyard” belongs to me;
the “thousand” are for you, O Solomon,
and “two hundred” for those who tend its fruit.

Tenor

- 13 O you who dwell in the garden,
my companions are listening to your voice.
Let me hear *it*!

Soprano

- 14 Flee, my beloved!
Be like a gazelle or a young stag
upon the perfumed mountains!

The Perfect King (c. 969t – 932t BC)

Psalm 72

Of Solomon.

- 1 O God, give your judgments to *the* king,
and your righteousness to *the* king's son.
- 2 May he judge your people with righteousness,
and your poor with justice.
- 3 Let *the* mountains yield prosperity for the people,

- and *the* hills in righteousness.
- 4 May he provide justice *for the* poor of *the* people,
save *the* children of *the* needy,
and crush *the* oppressor.
- 5 May he live long while the sun endures
as long as the moon for all generations.
- 6 May he descend like rain on mown grass,
like showers watering *the* earth.
- 7 May *what is* right blossom in his days
and an abundance of peace, until *the* moon is no more.
- 8 And may he rule from sea up to sea,
and from *the* River to *the* edges of *the* land.
- 9 Let *the* desert dwellers bow down before him,
and his enemies lick the dust.
- 10 Let the kings of Tarshish and *the* islands bring tribute.
Let the kings of Sheba and Seba present gifts,
11 and let all kings bow down to him.
Let all nations serve him.
- 12 Indeed he will deliver *the* needy *who is* crying for help,
and *the* afflicted *who* has no helper.
- 13 He will take pity on *the* helpless and needy,
and *the* lives of *the* needy he will save.
- 14 From oppression and from violence
he will redeem their lives,
and their blood will be precious in his eyes.
- 15 So may he live, and may gold from Sheba be given to him,
and may prayers be offered for him continually.
May blessings be invoked for him all day long.
- 16 May there be an abundance of grain in the land
even on the top of *the* mountains.
May his crop sway like the *trees of* Lebanon,
and may *those* from *the* city blossom like the grass of the earth.
- 17 May his name endure forever.
May his name increase as long as the sun shines,
and let them be blessed in him.
Let all nations call him blessed.
- 18 Blessed be Yahweh God, the God of Israel,
who alone does wonderful things.
- 19 And blessed be his glorious name forever,
and may the whole earth be filled with his glory.
Amen and Amen.

20 The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are completed.

Unless the LORD Builds a House (c. 969t – 932t BC)

Psalm 127

A song of ascents. Of Solomon.

- 1 Unless Yahweh builds a house,
its builders labor at it in vain.
Unless Yahweh guards a city,
a guard watches in vain.
- 2 *It is* in vain for you who rise early *and* sit late,
eating the bread of anxious toil,
when thus he provides for his beloved in *his* sleep.
- 3 Look, children *are* the heritage of Yahweh;
the fruit of the womb *is* a reward.
- 4 Like arrows in *the* hand of a warrior,

- so *are* the children of *one's* youth.
- 5 Blessed *is* the man who fills his quiver with them.
They shall not be put to shame
when they speak with enemies at the gate.

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Textual Notes

- 1) Concerning Psalm 72: “The title ascribes the psalm to Solomon. The AV followed LXX in making it a psalm for Solomon, which the Hebrew in itself would allow. But it is the construction regularly translated ‘A psalm of’ David, etc., and unless those headings are to be rendered ‘A psalm for’ So-and-so, this example must be a genitive like the rest. There is no strong reason against Solomon’s authorship: the final verse is rounding off a book or books of the Psalter, in which David is the chief but not the only author.”¹

¹ Derek Kidner, “Psalms 1–72: An Introduction and Commentary,” *TOTC*, 273.