

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 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.”

The Perfect King (c. 969t – 932t BC)

Psalm 72

A Psalm of Solomon.

- 1 Give the king Your judgments, O God,
And Your righteousness to the king’s son.
- 2 May he judge Your people with righteousness

- And You afflicted with justice.
- 3 Let the mountains bring peace to the people,
And the hills, in righteousness.
- 4 May he vindicate the afflicted of the people,
Save the children of the needy
And crush the oppressor.
- 5 Let them fear You while the sun *endures*,
And as long as the moon, throughout all generations.
- 6 May he come down like rain upon the mown grass,
Like showers that water the earth.
- 7 In his days may the righteous flourish,
And abundance of peace till the moon is no more.
- 8 May he also rule from sea to sea
And from the River to the ends of the earth.
- 9 Let the nomads of the desert bow before him,
And his enemies lick the dust.
- 10 Let the kings of Tarshish and of the islands bring presents;
The kings of Sheba and Seba offer gifts.
- 11 And let all kings bow down before him,
All nations serve him.
- 12 For he will deliver the needy when he cries for help,
The afflicted also, and him who has no helper.
- 13 He will have compassion on the poor and needy,
And the lives of the needy he will save.
- 14 He will rescue their life from oppression and violence,
And their blood will be precious in his sight;
- 15 So may he live, and may the gold of Sheba be given to him;
And let them pray for him continually;
Let them bless him all day long.
- 16 May there be abundance of grain in the earth on top of the mountains;
Its fruit will wave like *the cedars of Lebanon*;
And may those from the city flourish like vegetation of the earth.
- 17 May his name endure forever;
May his name increase as long as the sun *shines*;
And let *men* bless themselves by him;
Let all nations call him blessed.
- 18 Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel,
Who alone works wonders.
- 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 ended.

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

Psalm 127

A Song of Ascents, of Solomon.

- 1 Unless the LORD builds the house,
They labor in vain who build it;
Unless the LORD guards the city,
The watchman keeps awake in vain.
- 2 It is vain for you to rise up early,
To retire late,
To eat the bread of painful labors;
For He gives to His beloved *even in his sleep*.
- 3 Behold, children are a gift of the LORD,
The fruit of the womb is a reward.

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| 4 | Like arrows in the hand of a warrior,
So are the children of one's youth. |
| 5 | How blessed is the man whose quiver is full of them;
They will not be ashamed
When they speak with their enemies in 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.