

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

Song of Solomon 7–8

Tenor

- 7:1 How beautiful are your sandaled feet,
O nobleman's daughter!
The curves of your thighs are like jewels,
the work of the hands of a master craftsman.
- 2 Your navel is a round mixing bowl—
may it never lack mixed wine!
Your belly is a mound of wheat,
encircled by lilies.
- 3 Your two breasts are like two fawns,
twins of a gazelle.
- 4 Your neck is like a tower made of ivory.
Your eyes are the pools in Heshbon
by the gate of Bath-Rabbim.
Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon
overlooking Damascus.
- 5 Your head crowns you like Mount Carmel.
The locks of your hair are like royal tapestries—
the king is held captive in its tresses!
- 6 How beautiful you are! How lovely,
O love, with your delights!
- 7 Your stature is like a palm tree,
and your breasts are like clusters of grapes.
- 8 I want to climb the palm tree,
and take hold of its fruit stalks.
May your breasts be like the clusters of grapes,
and may the fragrance of your breath be like apricots!
- 9 May your mouth be like the best wine,
flowing smoothly for my beloved,
gliding gently over our lips as we sleep together.

Soprano

- 10 I am my beloved's,
and he desires me!
- 11 Come, my beloved, let us go to the countryside;
let us spend the night in the villages.
- 12 Let us rise early to go to the vineyards,
to see if the vines have budded,
to see if their blossoms have opened,
if the pomegranates are in bloom—
there I will give you my love.
- 13 The mandrakes send out their fragrance;
over our door is every delicacy,
both new and old, which I have stored up for you, my lover.
- 8:1 Oh, how I wish you were my little brother,
nursing at my mother's breasts;
if I saw you outside, I could kiss you—
surely no one would despise me!
- 2 I would lead you and bring you to my mother's house,
the one who taught me.
I would give you spiced wine to drink,
the nectar of my pomegranates.
- 3 His left hand caresses my head,
and his right hand stimulates me.
- 4 I admonish you, O maidens of Jerusalem:
"Do not arouse or awaken love until it pleases!"

Chorus

- 5 Who is this coming up from the desert,
leaning on her beloved?

Soprano

- Under the apple tree I aroused you;
there your mother conceived you,
there she who bore you was in labor of childbirth.
- 6 Set me like a cylinder seal over your heart,
like a signet on your arm.
For love is as strong as death,
passion is as unrelenting as Sheol.
Its flames burst forth,
it is a blazing flame.
- 7 Surging waters cannot quench love;
floodwaters cannot overflow it.
If someone were to offer all his possessions to buy love,
the offer would be utterly despised.

Chorus

- 8 We have a little sister,
and as yet 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 boards of cedar.

Soprano

- 10 I was a wall,
and my breasts were like fortress towers.
Then I found favor in his eyes.
- 11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-Hamon;
he leased out the vineyard to those who maintained it.
Each was to bring a thousand shekels of silver for its fruit.
- 12 My vineyard, which belongs to me, is at my disposal alone.
The thousand shekels belong to you, O Solomon,
and two hundred shekels belong to those who maintain it for its fruit.

Tenor

- 13 O you who stay in the gardens,
my companions are listening attentively for your voice;
let me be the one to hear it!

Soprano

- 14 Make haste, my beloved!
Be like a gazelle or a young stag
on the mountains of spices.

The Perfect King (c. 969t – 932t BC)**Psalm 72****For Solomon.**

- 1 O God, grant the king the ability to make just decisions!
Grant the king's son the ability to make fair decisions!
- 2 Then he will judge your people fairly,
and your oppressed ones equitably.

- 3 The mountains will bring news of peace to the people,
and the hills will announce justice.
- 4 He will defend the oppressed among the people;
he will deliver the children of the poor
and crush the oppressor.
- 5 People will fear you as long as the sun and moon remain in the sky,
for generation after generation.
- 6 He will descend like rain on the mown grass,
like showers that drench the earth.
- 7 During his days the godly will flourish;
peace will prevail as long as the moon remains in the sky.
- 8 May he rule from sea to sea,
and from the Euphrates River to the ends of the earth!
- 9 Before him the coastlands will bow down,
and his enemies will lick the dust.
- 10 The kings of Tarshish and the coastlands will offer gifts;
the kings of Sheba and Seba will bring tribute.
- 11 All kings will bow down to him;
all nations will serve him.
- 12 For he will rescue the needy when they cry out for help,
and the oppressed who have no defender.
- 13 He will take pity on the poor and needy;
the lives of the needy he will save.
- 14 From harm and violence he will defend them;
he will value their lives.
- 15 May he live! May they offer him gold from Sheba!
May they continually pray for him!
May they pronounce blessings on him all day long!
- 16 May there be an abundance of grain in the earth;
on the tops of the mountains may it sway!
May its fruit trees flourish like the forests of Lebanon!
May its crops be as abundant as the grass of the earth!
- 17 May his fame endure!
May his dynasty last as long as the sun remains in the sky!
May they use his name when they formulate their blessings!
May all nations consider him to be favored by God!
- 18 The LORD God, the God of Israel, deserves praise!
He alone accomplishes amazing things!
- 19 His glorious name deserves praise forevermore!
May his majestic splendor fill the whole earth!
We agree! We agree!

20 This collection of the prayers of David son of Jesse ends here.

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

Psalm 127

A song of ascents, by Solomon.

- 1 If the LORD does not build a house,
then those who build it work in vain.
If the LORD does not guard a city,
then the watchman stands guard in vain.
- 2 It is vain for you to rise early, come home late,
and work so hard for your food.
Yes, he can provide for those whom he loves even when they sleep.
- 3 Yes, sons are a gift from the LORD,
the fruit of the womb is a reward.
- 4 Sons born during one's youth

are like arrows in a warrior's hand.

5 How blessed is the man who fills his quiver with them!

They will not be put to shame when they confront enemies at the city gate.

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Textual Notes

- 1) Concerning Psalm 72: “The title ascribes the psalm to Solomon. The AV followed the 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.