Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come away,

for behold, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone.

The flowers appear on the earth, the time of singing has come, and the oice of the turtledove is heard in our land.

The fig tree ripens its figs and the vines are in blossom; they give forth fragrance. Arise, my love, my beautiful on

and come away.

O my dove, in the clefts of the re

in the crannies of the lift let me see your face,

let me hear your vo or your voice

and your face Catch the fo

at shell the viney our vineyar are in blossom."

is mine, and I am his; ame ig the lilies. adows de or a young stag on cleft mountains.4

but found hi out t he squ om my s found him

ound him whom my soul lo ght him into my mother's

and into the of her who conce I adjute you, O dang and on erusalem, by the gazelles or the do that you not stir up or awaken until it pleases.

Solomon Arrives for the Wedding

What is that coming up from the wild like columns of smoke,

perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the fragrant powders of a merchant? Behold, it is the litter5 of Solomon! Around it are sixty mighty men,

some of the mighty men of Israel,

ll of them wearing swords and expert in whr, each with his sword at his

ag ast terro oy night.

ting solomon made himself carrifrom the wood of Ecbanon.

c made its posts of silver,

ts back or gold, its seat of purple;

sincerior was inlaid with love

by the daughters of Jerusalem. o out, O daughters of Zion,

and look upon King Solomon, with the crown with which his morner crowned him

on the day of his wedding, on the day of the stadness of his heart.

Solomon Admires His Bride Beauty

Behold, you are beautiful, my love, behold, you are beautiful! Your eyes are doves

beland your veil. Your hair in the a flock of goats Jour hair is like a flock of goats
leaping down the slopes of Gilead.
Your teet hare like a flock of Ghorn ewes
that have come up from the washing,
all of which by a twiffs
and no one about them has lost us
your lips the like a so det parea
and your mouth is lovely.

Your cheeks are like halves of a pomegranate behind your veil

built in roy

all of them shields of warriors. Your two breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle, that graze among the lilies. Until the day breathes

and the shadows flee, will go away to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense.

rou are altogether beautiful, my love; there is no flaw in you. Come with me from Lebanon, my bride;

come with me from Lebanon. Depart8 from the peak of Amana,

from the peak of Senir and Hermon, from the dens of lions.

from the mountains of leopards.

e captivated my heart, my siste

my heart with one glance of your eyes,

How much better is your love than wine, and the fragrance of your oils than any spice!

jackals 3 Or he pastures his flock 4 Or mountains of Bether 5 That is, the couch on which servants carry a king 6 Or sedan ch