

## SONG OF SOLOMON CHAPTER 7

<sup>1</sup> Your steps are beautiful in shoes, O daughter of the prince: the joints of your thighs are like chains, the work of the craftsman. <sup>2</sup> Your navel is as a turned bowl, not wanting liquor; your belly is as a heap of wheat set about with lilies. <sup>3</sup> Your two breasts are as two twin fawns. <sup>4</sup> Your neck is as an ivory tower; your eyes are as pools in Heshbron, by the gates of the daughter of many: your nose is as the tower of Lebanon, looking toward Damascus. <sup>5</sup> Your head upon you is as Carmel, and the curls of your hair like scarlet; the king is bound in the galleries. <sup>6</sup> How beautiful are you, and how sweet are you, my love! <sup>7</sup> This is your greatness in your delights: you were made like a palm tree, and your breasts to cluster. <sup>8</sup> I said, "I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of its high boughs." And now shall your breasts be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of your nose as apples; <sup>9</sup> and your throat as good wine, going well with my kinsman, suiting my lips and teeth. <sup>10</sup> I am my kinsman's, and his desire is toward me. <sup>11</sup> Come, my kinsman, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages. <sup>12</sup> Let us go early into the vineyards; let us see if the vine has flowered, if the blossoms have appeared, if the pomegranates have blossomed; there will I give you my breasts. <sup>13</sup> The mandrakes have given a smell, and at our doors are all kinds of choice fruits, new and old. O my kinsman, I have kept *them* for you.