

## SONG OF SOLOMON CHAPTER 8

<sup>1</sup> I would that you, O my kinsman, were he that nursed at the breasts of my mother; *if* I should find you outside, I would kiss you; I would not be despised. <sup>2</sup> I would take you, I would bring you into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me; I would make you to drink of spiced wine, of the juice of my pomegranates. <sup>3</sup> His left hand *should be* under my head, and his right hand should embrace me. <sup>4</sup> I have charged you, you daughters of Jerusalem, by the virtues of the field, that you do not stir up, nor awaken my love, until he please.

<sup>5</sup> Who is this that comes up all white, leaning on her kinsman? I raised you up under an apple tree; there your mother brought you forth; there she that bore you brought you forth.

<sup>6</sup> Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm; for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave, her shafts are shafts of fire, *even* the flames thereof. <sup>7</sup> Much water will not be able to quench love, and rivers shall not drown it; if a man would give all his substance for love, men would utterly despise it.

<sup>8</sup> Our sister is little, and has no breasts; what shall we do for our sister, in the day when she shall be spoken for? <sup>9</sup> If she is a wall, let us build upon her silver bulwarks; and if she is a door, let us carve for her cedar panels. <sup>10</sup> I am a wall, and my breasts are as towers; I was in their eyes as one that found peace. <sup>11</sup> Solomon had a vineyard in Baal Hamon; he leased his vineyard to keepers; everyone was to bring for its fruit a thousand pieces of silver. <sup>12</sup> My vineyard, even mine, is before me; Solomon *shall have* a thousand, and they that keep its fruit two hundred.

<sup>13</sup> You that dwell in the gardens, the companions hearken to your voice: make me hear it. Make haste, my kinsman, and be like a doe or a fawn on the mountains of spices.