

Song of Solomon 1:9–2:7 (NIV)

He

- ⁹ I liken you, my darling, to a mare
among Pharaoh's chariot horses.
¹⁰ Your cheeks are beautiful with earrings,
your neck with strings of jewels.
¹¹ We will make you earrings of gold,
studded with silver.

She

- ¹² While the king was at his table,
my perfume spread its fragrance.
¹³ My beloved is to me a sachet of myrrh
resting between my breasts.
¹⁴ My beloved is to me a cluster of henna blossoms
from the vineyards of En Gedi.

He

- ¹⁵ How beautiful you are, my darling!
Oh, how beautiful!
Your eyes are doves.

She

- ¹⁶ How handsome you are, my beloved!
Oh, how charming!
And our bed is verdant.

He

- ¹⁷ The beams of our house are cedars;
our rafters are firs.

She

- ² I am a rose of Sharon,
a lily of the valleys.

He

- ² Like a lily among thorns
is my darling among the young women.

She

- ³ Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest
is my beloved among the young men.
I delight to sit in his shade,
and his fruit is sweet to my taste.
⁴ Let him lead me to the banquet hall,
and let his banner over me be love.
⁵ Strengthen me with raisins,
refresh me with apples,
for I am faint with love.
⁶ His left arm is under my head,
and his right arm embraces me.
⁷ Daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you
by the gazelles and by the does of the field:
Do not arouse or awaken love
until it so desires.

Song of Solomon 4:7–5:1 (NIV)

⁷ You are altogether beautiful, my darling;
there is no flaw in you.

⁸ Come with me from Lebanon, my bride,
come with me from Lebanon.
Descend from the crest of Amana,
from the top of Senir, the summit of Hermon,
from the lions' dens
and the mountain haunts of leopards.

⁹ You have stolen my heart, my sister, my bride;
you have stolen my heart
with one glance of your eyes,
with one jewel of your necklace.

¹⁰ How delightful is your love, my sister, my bride!
How much more pleasing is your love than wine,
and the fragrance of your perfume
more than any spice!

¹¹ Your lips drop sweetness as the honeycomb, my bride;
milk and honey are under your tongue.

The fragrance of your garments
is like the fragrance of Lebanon.

¹² You are a garden locked up, my sister, my bride;
you are a spring enclosed, a sealed fountain.

¹³ Your plants are an orchard of pomegranates
with choice fruits,
with henna and nard,

¹⁴ nard and saffron,
calamus and cinnamon,

with every kind of incense tree,
with myrrh and aloes
and all the finest spices.

¹⁵ You are a garden fountain,
a well of flowing water
streaming down from Lebanon.

She

¹⁶ Awake, north wind,
and come, south wind!
Blow on my garden,
that its fragrance may spread everywhere.
Let my beloved come into his garden
and taste its choice fruits.

He

⁵ I have come into my garden, my sister, my bride;
I have gathered my myrrh with my spice.
I have eaten my honeycomb and my honey;
I have drunk my wine and my milk.

Friends

Eat, friends, and drink;
drink your fill of love.