

{22} Song of Solomon

King James Version

(15) Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines *have* tender grapes.

(16) My beloved *is* mine, and I *am* his: he feedeth among the lilies.

(17) Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

Chapter 3

(1) By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

(2) I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

(3) The watchmen that go about the city found me: *to whom I said*, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?

(4) *It was* but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.

(5) I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake *my* love, till he please.

King James Paraphrase

(15) Let us catch the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: because our vines *have* tender grapes.

(16) My beloved *is* mine, and I *am* his: he feeds among the lilies.

(17) Until the day breaks, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be like a deer or a fawn upon the mountains of Bether.

Chapter 3

(1) By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loves: I sought him, but I did not find him.

(2) I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loves: I sought him, but I did not find him.

(3) The watchmen who go about the city found me: *to whom I said*, Have you seen him whom my soul loves?

(4) *It was* but a little while that I passed from them, that I found him whom my soul loves: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her who conceived me.

(5) I charge you, O you daughters of Jerusalem, by the does, and by the deer of the field, that you not stir up, nor awake *my* love, until he pleases.

{22} Song of Solomon

King James Version

(6) Who *is* this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?

(7) Behold his bed, which *is* Solomon's; threescore valiant men *are* about it, of the valiant of Israel.

(8) They all hold swords, *being* expert in war: every man *hath* his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.

(9) King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.

(10) He made the pillars thereof *of* silver, the bottom thereof *of* gold, the covering of it *of* purple, the midst thereof being paved *with* love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.

(11) Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

Chapter 4

(1) Behold, thou *art* fair, my love; behold, thou *art* fair; thou *hast* doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair *is* as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead.

(2) Thy teeth *are* like a flock *of* sheep that *are* even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none *is* barren among them.

King James Paraphrase

(6) Who *is* this who comes out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?

(7) Look at Solomon's bed; sixty valiant men *are* around it, of the most valiant of Israel.

(8) They all hold swords, *being* expert in war: every man *has* his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.

(9) King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.

(10) He made its pillars *of* silver, its bottom *of* gold, its covering *of* purple, the middle of it being paved *with* love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.

(11) Go forth, O you daughters of Zion, and look at king Solomon with the crown with which his mother crowned him in the day of his weddings, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

Chapter 4

(1) **Look, you *are* fair, my love; indeed, you *are* fair; you *have* doves' eyes within your locks: your hair *is* as a flock of goats, that appears from mount Gilead.**

(2) **Your teeth *are* like a flock *of* sheep that *are* evenly sheared, which came up from the washing; of which everyone bears twins, and none *is* barren among them.**