

THE SONG OF SOLOMON vs 2

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This book: has had several different titles, in Hebrew: the Song of Songs, meaning, the greatest Song, in English, The Song of Solomon identifying his author; and in Roman Latin, the Canticles. Some say this song is about Solomon's favorite wife, and there is no reason not to ascribe it to him; others suggest the book is merely an allegory; with fictional characters describing heavenly truths. Perhaps it is both. The song describes the love Solomon has for a Shulamite woman, the king comes in disguise to her family vineyard, he wins her heart, and makes her his bride. It definitely is a sexy song, so see what you learn from it.

She continues,

¹ I am only a rose of Sharon, a mere lily of the valley.

Solomon answers,

² Like a lily among thorns, so is my darling among young women.

She answers,

³ And like the apple-tree among the trees of the forest, so is my darling among men. Under his shadow I love to rest, tasting his sweet fruit.

⁴ He brought me to the banquet hall, and his banner over me was love / all his troupes could see he loved me.

⁵ Sustain me with raisins, refresh me with apricots: for I swoon with love.

⁶ Let his left hand caress my head, and his right hand embrace me.

Solomon to the women,

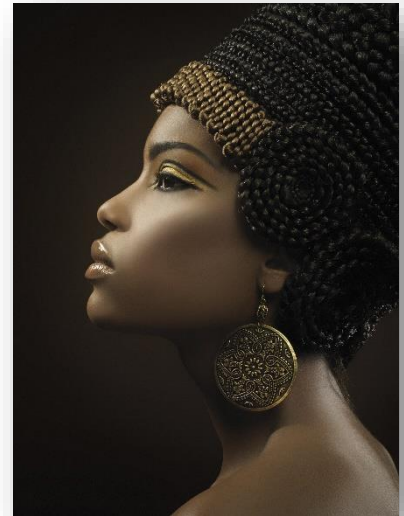
⁷ O young women of Jerusalem, I charge you by the gazelles and wild deer of the field, my darling, never arouse lovers, do not stir them, till love is satisfied.

She talks to herself,

⁸ Listen, it is my darling! Look! Here he comes leaping over mountains, racing over hills.

⁹ My darling is like a gazelle or a young stag: indeed, he stands behind our wall, gazing through the window, peering through the lattice.

¹⁰ My love spoke, and said to me, Arise my love. Come away my darling.



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¹¹ For winter is past, the rain is over and gone away;

¹² the blossoms appear on earth; tis the season for pruning, as turtledoves coo in the land;

¹³ The fig tree ripens its figs, and the blossoming vines give their scent. Arise my love, my beautiful one, and come away.

Solomon answers,

¹⁴ O my dove, from the clefts of the rock, in your secret place to climb, let me see your face, let me hear your voice; for your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely.

¹⁵ Catch the foxes for us, the little foxes that gnaw at the vines: when vines are in bloom.

She answers,

¹⁶ My beloved is mine, and I am his: he pastures among my lilies,

¹⁷ till the cool of the day, and the shadows depart, O turn to me my beloved, and play like a gazelle or a young stag upon my perfumed slopes.

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