

Song of Solomon 8

JPS [\[Online\]](#)

Longing for Her Beloved

1Oh that thou wert as my brother, That sucked the breasts of my mother! When I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; Yea, and none would despise me.

2I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, That thou mightest instruct me; I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine, Of the juice of my pomegranate.

3His left hand should be under my head, And his right hand should embrace me.

4I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem: Why should ye awaken, or stir up love, Until it please?'

5Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, Leaning upon her beloved? Under the apple-tree I awakened thee; There thy mother was in travail with thee; There was she in travail and brought thee forth.

6Set me as a seal upon thy heart, As a seal upon thine arm; For love is strong as death, Jealousy is cruel as the grave; The flashes thereof are flashes of fire, A very flame of the LORD.

7Many waters cannot quench love, Neither can the floods drown it; If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, He would utterly be contemned.

8We have a little sister, And she hath no breasts; What shall we do for our sister In the day when she shall be spoken for?

9If she be a wall, We will build upon her a turret of silver; And if she be a door, We will enclose her with boards of cedar.

10I am a wall, And my breasts like the towers thereof; Then was I in his eyes As one that found peace.

11Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon; He gave over the vineyard unto keepers; Every one for the fruit thereof Brought in a thousand pieces of silver.

12My vineyard, which is mine, is before me; Thou, O Solomon, shalt have the thousand, And those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.

13Thou that dwellest in the gardens, The companions hearken for thy voice: 'Cause me to hear it.'

14 Make haste, my beloved, And be thou like to a gazelle or to a young hart Upon the mountains of spices.