

SONG OF SOLOMON 2

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:1

1 ¶ I *am* the rose of Sharon, *and* the lily of the valleys.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:2

2 As the lily among thorns, so *is* my love among the daughters.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:3

3 ¶ As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so *is* my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:4

4 He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:5

5 Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I *am* sick of love.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:6

6 His left hand *is* under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:7

7 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.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:8

8 ¶ The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:9

9 My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:10

10 My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:11

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

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:12

12 The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of *birds* is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:13

13 The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines *with* the tender grape give a *good* smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:14

14 ¶ O my dove, *that art* in the clefts of the rock, in the secret *places* of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet *is* thy voice, and thy countenance *is* comely.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:15

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

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:16

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

SONG OF SOLOMON 2:17

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.