

## Book of Song of Solomon Chapter 04

22\_SON\_04\_01 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.

22\_SON\_04\_02 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.

22\_SON\_04\_03 Thy lips [are] like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech [is] comely: thy temples [are] like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.

22\_SON\_04\_04 Thy neck [is] like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

22\_SON\_04\_05 Thy two breasts [are] like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

22\_SON\_04\_06 Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.

22\_SON\_04\_07 Thou [art] all fair, my love; [there is] no spot in thee.

22\_SON\_04\_08 Come with me from Lebanon, [my] spouse, with me from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

22\_SON\_04\_09 Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, [my] spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.

22\_SON\_04\_10 How fair is thy love, my sister, [my] spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!

22\_SON\_04\_11 Thy lips, O [my] spouse, drop [as] the honeycomb: honey and milk [are] under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments [is] like the smell of Lebanon.

22\_SON\_04\_12 A garden enclosed [is] my sister, [my] spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

22\_SON\_04\_13 Thy plants [are] an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,

22\_SON\_04\_14 Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:

22\_SON\_04\_15 A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

22\_SON\_04\_16 Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, [that] the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.