

## Book of Song of Solomon Chapter 08

22\_SON\_08\_01 O that thou [wert] as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! [when] I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised.

22\_SON\_08\_02 I would lead thee, [and] bring thee into my mother's house, [who] would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate.

22\_SON\_08\_03 His left hand [should be] under my head, and his right hand should embrace me.

22\_SON\_08\_04 I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake [my] love, until he please.

22\_SON\_08\_05 Who [is] this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth [that] bare thee.

22\_SON\_08\_06 Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love [is] strong as death; jealousy [is] cruel as the grave: the coals thereof [are] coals of fire, [which hath a] most vehement flame.

22\_SON\_08\_07 Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if [a] man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

22\_SON\_08\_08 We 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?

22\_SON\_08\_09 If she [be] a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she [be] a door, we will enclose her with boards of cedar.

22\_SON\_08\_10 I [am] a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.

22\_SON\_08\_11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baalhamon; he let out the vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand [pieces] of silver.

22\_SON\_08\_12 My vineyard, which [is] mine, [is] before me: thou, O Solomon, [must have] a thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.

22\_SON\_08\_13 Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear [it].

22\_SON\_08\_14 Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.