

Song of Songs

[Bex]

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth
for thy love is better than wine.

[Brose]

Behold the fragrance of thy goodly oils;
thy name is as ointment poured forth.

[Bex]

Let his left hand be under my head,
and his right hand embrace me.
Hark! my beloved!
My beloved cometh,
leaping over mountains,
skipping upon the hills.
My beloved is like a gazelle or
like a young hart.

[Brose]

My beloved standeth behind our wall,
gazing through the window,
peering through the lattice.

[Bex]

My beloved speaks unto me:

[Brose]

'Arise my darling,
my fair one, and come away!
For, lo, the winter is past,
the rain is over and gone.
The blossoms appeareth on the earth;
the time of singing is come.

[Bex]

The song of the turtledove
is heard in our land.

[Brose]

The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs,
the vines in blossom breath perfume.
Arise, my darling,
my fair one, and come away!

