### Song of Solomon

## Chapter 4

1[And the Shepherd Boy says:]  
  
 ‘{Look!} You’re so pretty my dear one…  
 See how pretty you are!  
 Your eyes look like doves inside of your veil;  
 Your hair is as [luxuriant as] herds of GileAd’s goats.  
  
 2‘Your teeth [are as white] as freshly-sheared sheep  
 After they’ve come from the bath…  
 All of whom have born twins,  
 And none are childless among them.  
  
 3‘Your lips are like scarlet ribbons,  
 And the way that you talk is so pretty.  
 Your cheeks, when they’re outside your veil,  
 Are red like pomegranate skins.  
  
 4‘Your neck is like the tower of David  
 (The one which was built for protection),  
 In which hangs the shields of a thousand,  
 As well as the arrows of his mighty.  
 5And your breasts are as [charming as] twin fawns,  
 Which are feeding there among the lilies.  
  
 6‘But until a new day arrives,  
 When all the shadows are gone,  
 I’ll go to the mountain of myrrh,  
 And wait for you at the frankincense hill.  
  
 7‘For, entirely lovely is my dear one…  
 Yes, she is totally perfect.  
  
 8‘So, come from Lebanon, my bride…  
 From Lebanon, please come here to me!  
 Come to me through the Archway of Trust…  
 From the peaks of Shinar and HerMon…  
 From the mountains of leopards and lions.  
  
 9‘For, you’ve captured my heart,  
 O my sister and bride…  
 You’ve captured my heart with your eyes  
 And your neck of garlands [and flowers].  
  
 10‘Pretty are both your breasts,  
 O my sister and bride.  
 They’re better than the finest of wines,  
 And the scent of your clothes exceeds all perfumes.  
  
 11‘Your lips are like honey as it drips from the comb…  
 Honey and milk are under your tongue,  
 And like frankincense, is the smell of your clothes.  
  
 12‘But you’re locked in a garden, my sister and bride…  
 Like a well that’s been covered and sealed.  
  
 13‘All the messages that you’ve sent  
 Are like pomegranate gardens to me…  
 They’re like the fruit from the trees…  
 They’re like the scent of cypress and nard…  
  
 14‘Yes, cypress, nard, calamus and saffron…  
 The smell of cinnamon and Lebanon's cedars,  
 Along with aloes and the best of perfumes.  
  
 15‘They’re like life-giving wells in a garden,  
 And the springs of life-saving waters,  
 Which from Lebanon, still pour down to us.  
  
 16‘So wake up, O north wind… Come now!  
 And south wind, breathe life to [you], my garden…  
 Come and let its scents flow!’