

Book of Canticle of Canticles

Chapter 1

Douay-Rheims Bible

Canticle of Canticles Chapter 1

The spouse aspires to an union with Christ, their mutual love for one another.

1:1. Let him kiss me with the kiss of his mouth: for thy breasts are better than wine,

1:2. Smelling sweet of the best ointments. Thy name is as oil poured out: therefore young maidens have loved thee.

1:3. Draw me: we will run after thee to the odour of thy ointments. The king hath brought me into his storerooms: we will be glad and rejoice in thee, remembering thy breasts more than wine: the righteous love thee.

1:4. I am black but beautiful, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Cedar, as the curtains of Solomon.

1:5. Do not consider me that I am brown, because the sun hath altered my colour: the sons of my mother have fought against me, they have made me the keeper in the vineyards: my vineyard I have not kept.

1:6. Shew me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou liest in the midday, lest I begin to wander after the flocks of thy companions.

1:7. If thou know not thyself, O fairest among women, go forth, and follow after the steps of the flocks, and feed thy kids beside the tents of the shepherds.

1:8. To my company of horsemen, in Pharaoh's chariots, have I likened thee, O my love.

1:9. Thy cheeks are beautiful as the turtledove's, thy neck as jewels.

1:10. We will make thee chains of gold, inlaid with silver.

1:11. While the king was at his repose, my spikenard sent forth the odour thereof.

1:12. A bundle of myrrh is my beloved to me, he shall abide between my breasts.

1:13. A cluster of cypress my love is to me, in the vineyards of Engaddi.

1:14. Behold thou are fair, O my love, behold thou are fair,
thy eyes are as those of doves.

1:15. Behold thou art fair, my beloved, and comely. Our bed
is flourishing.

1:16. The beams of our houses are of cedar, our rafters of
cypress trees.