

Book of Canticle of Canticles

Chapter 6

Douay-Rheims Bible

Canticle of Canticles Chapter 6

The spouse of Christ is but one: she is fair and terrible.

6:1. My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the bed of
aromatical spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

6:2. I to my beloved, and my beloved to me, who feedeth
among the lilies.

6:3. Thou art beautiful, O my love, sweet and comely as
Jerusalem terrible as an army set in array.

6:4. Turn away thy eyes from me, for they have made me flee
away. Thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from Galaad.

6:5. Thy teeth as a flock of sheep, which come up from the
washing, all with twins, and there is none barren among them.

6:6. Thy cheeks are as the bark of a pomegranate, beside
what is hidden within thee.

6:7. There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines,
and young maidens without number.

6:8. One is my dove, my perfect one is but one, she is the only one of her mother, the chosen of her that bore her. The daughters saw her, and declared her most blessed: the queens and concubines, and they praised her.

6:9. Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?

6:10. I went down into the garden of nuts, to see the fruits of the valleys, and to look if the vineyard had flourished, and the pomegranates budded.

6:11. I knew not: my soul troubled me for the chariots of Aminadab.

6:12. Return, return, O Sulamitess: return, return that we may behold thee.