

Song of Songs8

8 If only you were to me like a brother, who was nursed at my mother's breasts! Then, if I found you outside, I would kiss you, and no one would despise me.

2 I would lead you and bring you to my mother's house— she who has taught me. I would give you spiced wine to drink, the nectar of my pomegranates.

3 His left arm is under my head and his right arm embraces me.

4 Daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you: Do not arouse or awaken love until it so desires. Friends

5 Who is this coming up from the wilderness leaning on her beloved? She Under the apple tree I roused you; there your mother conceived you, there she who was in labor gave you birth.

6 Place me like a seal over your heart, like a seal on your arm; for love is as strong as death, its jealousy[a] unyielding as the grave. It burns like blazing fire, like a mighty flame.[b]

7 Many waters cannot quench love; rivers cannot sweep it away. If one were to give all the wealth of one's house for love, it[c] would be utterly scorned. Friends

8 We have a little sister, and her breasts are not yet grown. What shall we do for our sister on the day she is spoken for?

9 If she is a wall, we will build towers of silver on her. If she is a door, we will enclose her with panels of cedar. She

10 I am a wall, and my breasts are like towers. Thus I have become in his eyes like one bringing contentment.

11 Solomon had a vineyard in Baal Hamon; he let out his vineyard to tenants. Each was to bring for its fruit a thousand shekels[d] of silver.

12 But my own vineyard is mine to give; the thousand shekels are for you, Solomon, and two hundred[e] are for those who tend its fruit. He

13 You who dwell in the gardens with friends in attendance, let me hear your voice! She

14 Come away, my beloved, and be like a gazelle or like a young stag on the spice-laden mountains.