

# SALOMONS CANTICLE OF CANTICLES, WHICH IN HEBREW IS CALLED *Sir Hasirim*.

## THE ARGVMENT OF THE CANTICLE OF CANTICLES.

*Proem.  
in Eccle.*

Salomon, called also *Ecclesiastes*, and *Idida*, according to these three names (as S. Ierom noteth) writte three bookes of three particular arguments, directed to three degrees of people, with three distinct titles, all tending to one end, the true seruice of God, which bringeth to eternal felicitie. In the first he teacheth the principles of good life, to flee from vices, and folow vertues: belonging to such as *beginne* to obserue Gods law, wherein true wisdom consisteth: and this booke is called the *Prouerbes*, or *Parables*, that is to say, Pithie, brief, sententious precepts; of *Salomon*, which signifieth *Pacificus*, *Peaceable*, or *Pacifier*: *the sonne of Daud, King of Ifrael*. In the second he exhorteth to contemne this world, shewing that true felicitie consisteth not in anie worldlie or temporal thinges, but in the eternal fruition of God, which is obtayned by keping his commandments. And this booke he intitlith: *The wordes of Ecclesiastes*, which is *Concionator*, *Preacher*, *Sonne of Daud, King of Ierusalem*, because he there exhorteth such as haue made some progresse in vertues, called *Proficientes*, signified by the inhabitants of the Metropolitan citie Ierusalem; whereas in the former he stiled himself king of Ifrael, proposing precepts mete for all the twelue tribes, and all vulgar men desirous and beginning to serue God. In both bookes, for more auctoritie sake, making mention of his godlie renowned father the Royal Prophet Daud, with his owne title also of king. But in this third booke he only expreffeth his proper name Salomon, whom God singularly loued, wherof he was called *Idada*. Because this alone, without mention of father or king, was most

King Salomon according to his three names writte and intitlith his three bookes.

Salomon Pacificer king of Ifrael.

Ecclesiastes, Preacher king of Ierusalem.

Idida, Beloued.

This Canticle doth  
excel other Canticles.

Al are not  
mete to read it.

Best methode in  
lerning is to be-  
ginne with doctrine  
of good life, then  
ftudie to know nat-  
ural thinges: and  
finally contemplate  
diuine myfteries.

conuenient for the *Perfect*, who not as feruants, or yong  
fcholars are moued by feare of auctoritie, but as chil-  
dren are fwetly drawne by loue. And this he writte in  
verfe, intitling it not fimply a Canticle, but *The Can-  
ticle of Canticles*, as preeminent aboue other Canticles.  
The bridal fongue for the Mariage, to be folemnized be-  
tween God himfelf and his glorious fpoufe. For though  
al holie Scriptures are the fpiritual bread, and food of  
the faithful, yet al are not meate for al, at al feafons.  
Some parts are not for finners, nor for beginners, nor  
for fuch as are yet in the way towards perfection, but  
only for the perfect. According to the Apoftles doc-  
trine: *Milke is for children, that are yet vnſkilful of* Heb. 5.  
*the word of iuſtice. But ſtrong meate is for the per-  
fect, them that by cuſtom, haue their ſenſes exerciſed to  
the diſcerning of good and euil.* With what moderation  
therfore, and humilitie, this Canticle of Gods perfect  
fpoufe may be read, the diſcrete wil confider, and not  
prefume aboue their reach, but be wife with fobrietie.  
For here be very high and hidden Myfteries, as Origen  
teacheth in his lerned Commentaries (which S. Ierom  
tranſlated into Latin, and fingularly commendeth) and  
fo much harder to be rightly vnderſtood, for that the  
feruent fpiritual loue, of the inward man, reformed in  
foule, and perfected in ſpirite, is here vttered in the  
fame vfual wordes and termes, wherwith, natural, world-  
lie, yea and carnal loue of the outward man, old Adam,  
corrupted by finne, is commonly expreſſed: and are fo  
much more dangerous to be miſtaken, as we are more  
addicted to proper wil, & priuate iudgement, or ſubiect  
to carnal, or paſſionate motions. Wherefore it ſemeth  
moſt mete to kepe the ſame order in reading theſe three  
bookes, which the auctor wiſe Salomon obſerued in writ-  
ing them. And which Philoſophers alſo folow in their  
forme of diſcipline. For they firſt lerne and teach Moral  
Philoſophie, then Natural, & laſtly Metaphiſikes which  
is their Diuinitie. As Salomon had geuen them exam-  
ple: firſt teaching *precepts of good life*, and maners,  
in his *Prouerbes*: after, diſcourſing of natural thinges,

	<p><i>in Ecclesiastes</i>, deduced thence a conclusion, which prophane Philofophers wel vnderstood not, <i>to contemne this world</i>: and finally cometh to high myftical Diuinitie, in this fupereminent <i>Canticle</i>: written in an other ftile, <i>in verfe</i>, and <i>in forme of a facred Dialogue</i> between Chrift and his fpoufe: or as Origen calleth it, in forme of an</p>	A facred dialogue or Enterlude.
<p><i>Formæ dramatis.</i></p>	<p><i>Enterlude</i>, in refpect of diuers fpeakers &amp; actors, &amp; of diuers perfons, to whom the fpeeches are directed, and of whom they are vttered. For <i>by the Spous or Bridgrome</i>, is not only vnderftood Chrift as Man, but alfo as God, and the whole Bleffed Trinitie; to whom manie prayers, praifes, and thankes are offered vp: and by whom manie benefites are geuen, praifes returned, &amp; promifes made to his fpoufe. Likewife by the <i>Spoufe or Bride</i>, the ancient fathers vnderftood three fortes of fpoufes: al espoufed to Chrift, and to God: to witt, his <i>General Spoufe</i>, the whole Church of the old and new Teftaments; of al that are, and shal be perfect, making</p>	<p>God &amp; Chrift the Spous, or Bridgrome.</p> <p>Three fpoufes.</p> <p>The General.</p>
<p><i>Ephef. 5.</i></p>	<p>one myftical bodie, free from finne, without fpotte, or wrinkle, fanctified in Chrift. Alfo his fpecial fpoufe, which is euerie particular holie foule. And his fingular fpoufe, his moft bleffed &amp; moft immaculate Virgin Mother. This being the general fumme of this excellent Canticle, remitting the reader, for explication therof to the lerned deuout Commenters, both of ancient and late writers, we shal alfo endeuour to gether the fame contents more particularly, not before the chapters, becaufe we can not there fo conueniently diftinguifh the fame by verfes, but in the margent. Where we shal</p>	<p>The Special, and Singular.</p>
<p><i>Origen.</i>  <i>S. Ierom.</i>  <i>S. Aug. lib. 8.</i>  <i>de Gen. li.</i>  <i>S. Greg.</i>  <i>S. Beda.</i>  <i>S. Tho. Arbor.</i>  <i>Geneb.</i>  <i>Del Rio.</i></p>	<p>efpecially note the fpeakers, as femeth more probable of euerie parcel, according to the firft fenfe (not hauing rowme for more) perteyning to the General fpoufe, the Catholique Church: which is the great, and euerlafting holie Citie of God the eternal King.</p>	<p>The particular contents are fette in the margent of euerie chapter.</p>

## Chapter 01

**L**et <sup>a)</sup>him kiffe me with the kiffe of his mouth:  
because thy breftes are better then wine, <sup>2</sup> fmelling  
fragrantly of the beft ointments. Oile powred  
out is thy name: therfore haue yongmaydes loued thee.  
<sup>3</sup> Draw me: we wil runne after thee in the odour of thine  
ointments. The king hath brought me into his cellars:  
we wil reioyce & be glad in thee, mindful of thy brefts  
about wine: the righteous loue thee. <sup>4</sup> <sup>b)</sup>I am blacke but  
beautiful, ô ye daughters of Ierufalem, as the tabernacles  
of Cedar, as the skinnes of Salomon. <sup>5</sup> Doe not confider  
me that I am browne, because the funne hath altered  
my colour: the fonnes of my mother haue fought againft  
me, they haue made me a keeper in the vinyards: my  
vinyard I haue not kept. <sup>6</sup> Shew me ô thou, whom my  
foule loueth, where thou feedeft, where thou lyest in the  
midday, left I beginne to wander after the flockes of thy  
companyons. <sup>7</sup> <sup>c)</sup>If thou know not thyfelfe, ô moft fayrest  
among wemen, goe forth, and folow after the fteppes of  
the flockes, and feede thy kiddes byfide the taberna-  
cles of the pafteurs. <sup>8</sup> To my companie of horfemen, in  
the chariotes of Pharao, haue I likened thee, ô my loue.  
<sup>9</sup> Thy cheekes are beautiful as the turtledoues, thy necke  
as iewels. <sup>10</sup> We wil make thee cheynes of gold, enam-  
oled with filuer. <sup>11</sup> <sup>d)</sup>Whiles the king was at his repofe,  
my fpikenard gaue the odour thereof. <sup>12</sup> A bundle of  
myrrhe my beloued is to me, he shal abide betwen my  
breftes. <sup>13</sup> A cluftre of cypre my loue is to me, in the  
vineyardes of Engaddi. <sup>14</sup> <sup>e)</sup>Behold thou art fayre, ô my  
loue, behold thou art fayre, thyne eyes are as of doues.

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<sup>a</sup> The Church of the old testament defireth Chrifts coming in flefh:  
and the Chriftian Church prayeth for his coming in glorie.

<sup>b</sup> The Church outwardly afflicted, is inwardly fayre.

<sup>c</sup> Chrift encorageth his fpoufe the Church.

<sup>d</sup> She meditateth of his Paffion, and Refurrection.

<sup>e</sup> Chrift praifeth his fpoufe.

<sup>15 a)</sup>Behold thou art fayre my beloued, & comlie: <sup>b)</sup>our litle bed is flourishing. <sup>16</sup> The beames of our houfes are of cedar, our rafters of cypresse trees.

## Chapter 02

**I** am <sup>c)</sup>the flower of the filde, and the lilie of the valley. <sup>2 d)</sup>As the lilie among the thornes, fo is my loue among the daughters. <sup>3 e)</sup>As the aple-tree among trees of the woodes, fo is my beloued among the fonnes. Vnder his shadow, whom I defired, I fate: and his fruite was fweete vnto my throte. <sup>4</sup> He brought me into the wineceller, he hath ordered in me charitie. <sup>5</sup> Stay me vp with flowers, compaffe me about with apples: becaufe I languish with loue. <sup>6</sup> His lefthand vnder my head, and his righthand shal embrace me. <sup>7</sup> I adire you ô daughters of Ierufalem, by the roes, and the hartes of the fildes, <sup>f)</sup>that you rayfe not, nor make the beloued to awake, vntil herselfe wil. <sup>8 g)</sup>The voice of my beloued, behold he cometh leaping in the mountaines, leaping ouer the little hilles: <sup>9</sup> my beloued is like vnto a roe, and to a fawne of hartes. Behold he ftandeth behind our walle, <sup>h)</sup>looking through the windowes, looking forth by the grates. <sup>10</sup> Behold my beloued fpeaketh to me: <sup>i)</sup>Arife, make haft my loue, my doue, beautiful one,

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<sup>a</sup> She againe praifeth him,

<sup>b</sup> vvith thanks for her repofe, and preſent conſolation.

<sup>c</sup> Chriſt profeſſeth himſelf the floure of mankind: yea Lord of al creatures.

<sup>d</sup> The Church excelleth al other ſocieties: In the Church the godlie excel finners, among the innocent and holie, the virgin Marie ſurpaſſeth al.

<sup>e</sup> The Church praifing Chriſt reſteth vnder his protectiõ.

<sup>f</sup> He for the weakes ſake permitteth her not to be moleſtes, til ſhe be prepared to ſuffer vvith patience.

<sup>g</sup> She feeling Chriſts affiſtance, confeſſeth, & preacheth boldly his Goſpel, & truth againſt al Paganes, and Heretikes.

<sup>h</sup> VVho though he ſhew not himſelf viſibly,

<sup>i</sup> yet encorageth her to approch vnto him:

and come. <sup>11</sup> For winter is now past, the rayne is gone, and departed. <sup>12</sup> The flowers haue appeared in our land, the time of pruning is come: the voice of the turtle doue is heard in our land: <sup>13</sup> the figgetree hath brought forth her greene figges: the flourishing vineyards haue geuen their fauour. Arise my loue, my beautiful one, & come. <sup>14</sup> My doue in the holes of the rocke, in the holow places of the wal, shew me thy face, let thy voice found in mine eares: for thy voice is sweete, and thy face comely. <sup>15</sup> <sup>a)</sup> Catch vs the litle foxes, that destroy the vineyards: for our vineyard hath florished. <sup>16</sup> <sup>b)</sup> My beloued to me, and I to him, who feedeth among the lilies, <sup>17</sup> til the day breake, and the shadowes decline. Returne: be like, my beloued, to a roe, and to the fawne of hartes vpon the mountaynes of Bether.

### Chapter 03

**I**n <sup>c)</sup>my litle bed in the nightes I haue fought him, whom my foule loueth, I haue fought him; and haue not found. <sup>2</sup> I wil rife, and wil goe about the citie: by the ftreates and high waies, I wil feeke him whom my foule loueth: I haue fought him, and haue not found. <sup>3</sup> The watchmen which kepe the citie found me: Haue you seene him, whom my foule loueth. <sup>4</sup> When I had a litle passed by them, I found him whom my foule loueth: I held him: neither wil I let him goe, til I bring him into <sup>d)</sup>my mothers house, and into the chamber of her that bare me. <sup>5</sup> <sup>e)</sup>I adiure you ô daughters of Ierusalem by the roes, and the hartes of the fildes, that you rayse not vp, nor make the beloued

<sup>a</sup> commandeth his pastours to destroy heresies.

<sup>b</sup> And so she repossesseth in him.

<sup>c</sup> The Church finding Christ not in darke ignorance, nor in philosophie but by his reueiling him selfe to her, holdeth him for euer:

<sup>d</sup> euen til the Iewes shall at last also find him.

<sup>e</sup> Christ speaketh as before *ch. 2. v. 7.*

to awake, til herfelfe wil. <sup>6 a)</sup>What is she, that ascendeth by the desert, as a litle rod of fmoke of <sup>b)</sup>the aromatical spices of myrrhe, and frankincense, & of al powder of the apothecarie? <sup>7 c)</sup>Behold threefcore valiants of the most valiant of Israel, compasse the litle bed of Salomon: <sup>8</sup> al holding fwordes, and most cunning to battels: euerie mans fword vpon his thigh for feares by night. <sup>9</sup> King Salomon hath made him a portable throne of the wood of Libanus: <sup>10</sup> the pillers therof he hath made of filuer, the feate of gold, the going vp <sup>d)</sup>of purple: the middes he hath paued with <sup>e)</sup>charitie for the daughters of Ierusalem. <sup>11 f)</sup>Goe forth ye daughters of Sion, and see king Salomon in <sup>g)</sup>the diademe, wherewith his mother hath crowned him in the day of his despoufing, and in the day of the ioy of his heart.

## Chapter 04

**H**ow <sup>h)</sup>beautiful art thou my loue, how beautiful art thou! thine <sup>i)</sup>eies as it were of doues, besides that, which lyeth hid within. Thy <sup>j)</sup>heares as the flockes of goates, which haue come vp from mount Galaad. <sup>2</sup> Thy <sup>k)</sup>teeth as flockes of them

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<sup>a</sup> The Church of Chrift admireth her owne conuerfion from Gentilitie,

<sup>b</sup> now ful of good workes.

<sup>c</sup> She also profeffeth that the ascending to eternal rest, is by fighting manfully, in obseruing the ten commandments, in the fix dayes of this life:

<sup>d</sup> euen to bloud, if nede be,

<sup>e</sup> which is the higheft degree of charitie.

<sup>f</sup> And inuiteth al others to come vnto Chrift,

<sup>g</sup> who in the flefh which he tooke of his mother, was crowned in heauen after his Paffion.

<sup>h</sup> Chrift againe praiseth the beautie of his Church.

<sup>i</sup> Sincere and fimple intention.

<sup>j</sup> Al her temporal occupations directed to Gods glorie.

<sup>k</sup> Paftors who like nurces geue bread of good doctrine to litle ones.

that are shorne, which haue come vp from the lauatorie, al with <sup>a</sup>)twinnes, and there is no barren among them. <sup>3</sup> Thy <sup>b</sup>)lippes as a scarlet lace: and thy fpeach fweete. As a peece of a pomegranate, fo are alfo thy <sup>c</sup>)cheekes, besides that which lyeth hid within. <sup>4</sup> Thy <sup>d</sup>)necke is as the <sup>e</sup>)towre of Dauid, which is built with bulworkes: a thoufand targattes hand on it, al the armour of the valiants. <sup>5</sup> Thy <sup>f</sup>)two breastes as two fawnes the twinnes of a roe, which feede among the lilies, <sup>6</sup> til the day aspire, and the shadowes decline. <sup>g</sup>)I wil goe to the mount of myrrhe, and to the litle hil of frankencense. <sup>7</sup> Thou art al fayre ô my loue, and there is <sup>h</sup>)not a fpotte in thee. <sup>8</sup> Come from Libanus my fpoufe, come from Libanus, come: thou shalt be crowned from the head of Amena, from the toppe of Sanit & Hermon, from the dennes of lions, from the mountaynes of leopardes. <sup>9</sup> Thou haft wounded my heart, my fifter fpoufe, thou haft wounded my heart in one of thine eies, and in one heare of thy necke. <sup>10</sup> How beautiful are thy breastes my fifter fpoufe! thy breastes are more beautiful then wine, and the odour of thine ointmentes aboue al aromaticall fpices. <sup>11</sup> Thy lippes my fpoufe are as an honie combe diftilling, honie and milk are vnder thy tongue: and the odour of thy garments as the odour of frankincense. <sup>12</sup> My fifter fpoufe is a garden inclofed, a garden inclofed, a fountaine fealed vp. <sup>13</sup> Thy offsprings a paradife of pomegranats with orchard fruites. Cypres with fpiknard, <sup>14</sup> fpiknard, and fafren, fweete cane and

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<sup>a</sup> Faith and good workes.

<sup>b</sup> Preaching Christs paffion.

<sup>c</sup> And not afhamed to professe Chrift Crucified.

<sup>d</sup> Adminiftration of Sacraments wherby the Church, Christs myftical bodie, is ioyned to him her head,

<sup>e</sup> which is an inexpugnable fortrefse.

<sup>f</sup> Both Iewes and Gentiles are fed with the principles of Chriftian doctrin.

<sup>g</sup> Chrift dwelleth in mortified, and deuout mindes.

<sup>h</sup> The Church triumphant is without fpotte, and euerie particular foule entring into heauen, the B. Virgin mother was alfo in this life alwayes immaculate.



cinnamon, with al the trees of Libanus, myrrhe and aloes with al the chiefe ointmentes. <sup>15</sup> The fountaine of gardens: the wel of liuing waters, which runne with violence from Libanus. <sup>16</sup> <sup>a)</sup>Arife Northwinde, & come Southwinde, blow through my garden, and let the aromatical fpices therof flowe.

## Chapter 05

**L**et <sup>b)</sup>my beloued come into his garden, and eate the fruite of his appletrees. <sup>c)</sup>I am come into my garden ô my fifter fpoufe, I haue reaped my myrrhe, with myne aromatical fpices: I haue eaten the honiecombe with mine honie, I haue drunke my wine with my milke: <sup>d)</sup>eate ô frendes, and drinke, and be inebriated my dearest. <sup>2</sup> <sup>e)</sup>I fleepe, and my hart watcheth: <sup>f)</sup>the voice of my beloued knocking: Open to me my fifter, my loue, my doue, mine immaculate: <sup>g)</sup>because my head is ful of dew, and my lockes of the droppes of the nightes. <sup>3</sup> I haue fpoyled myfelfe of my robe, how shal I be clothed with it? I haue washed my feete, how shal I defile them? <sup>4</sup> My beloued put his hand through the hole, and my bellie trembled at his touch. <sup>5</sup> <sup>h)</sup>I arofe, that I might open to my beloued: my handes haue diftilled myrrhe, and my fingers are ful of moft approued myrrhe. <sup>6</sup> I opened the bolt of my dore to my beloued: but he had turned afide, and was paffed.

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<sup>a</sup> Al tentations, whether they be in manifest crueltie, or in flattering fultie, make constant foules more grateful to God.

<sup>b</sup> The fpoufe condescending to Gods vvil, is vvell content to suffer persecution.

<sup>c</sup> Chrift againe shevveth his good liking in his spoufes patience:

<sup>d</sup> and vvilleth the glorious Sainctes to congratulate vvith the patient.

<sup>e</sup> The fpoufe defireth to rest in meditation,

<sup>f</sup> but is called vpon to helpe others:

<sup>g</sup> and vvrged by Christs owne example working for al mankind.

<sup>h</sup> And so she employeth herself also in active life.

My foule melted, as he fpake: I fought, and found him not: I called, and he did not anfwer me. <sup>7</sup> The keepers that goe about the citie found me: they ftroke me, and wounded me: the keepers of the walles tooke away my cloke. <sup>8</sup> <sup>a)</sup>I adiure you ô daughters of Hierufalem, if you shal finde my beloued, that you tel him, that I languishe with loue. <sup>9</sup> <sup>b)</sup>What maner of one is thy beloued of the beloued, ô moft beautiful of wemen? What maner of one is thy beloued of the beloued, that thou haft fo adired vs? <sup>10</sup> My beloued is white and ruddie, chofen of thoufands. <sup>11</sup> His head is as the beft gold: his heares, as the branches of palmetrees, blacke as a rauē. <sup>12</sup> His eies as doues vpon the litle riuers of waters, which are washed with milke, and fitte befide the moft ful ftreames. <sup>13</sup> His cheekes are as litle beddes of aromatical fpices fet of the pigmentaries. His lippes are as lilies diftilling principal myrrhe. <sup>14</sup> His handes wrought round of gold, ful of hyacinthes. His bellie of iuorie, diftinguished with fapphires. <sup>15</sup> His thighes as pillers of marble, that are vpon feete of gold. His forme as of Libanus, elect as the cedars. <sup>16</sup> His throte moft fweete, and he whole to be defired: fuch an one is my beloued, and he is my frend, ô daughters of Hierufalem. <sup>17</sup> <sup>c)</sup>Whither is thy beloued gone ô moft beautiful of wemen? whither is thy beloued turned afide, and we wil feeke him with thee?

## Chapter 06

**M**y <sup>d)</sup>beloued is gone downe into his garden, to the bed of aromatical fpices, to feede in the gardens, and to gather lilies. <sup>2</sup> I to my beloued, and my beloued to me, who feedeth

<sup>a</sup> Stil conferuing a defire to returne vnto contemplation.

<sup>b</sup> The deuout confer together defcribing the excellencies of Chrif.

<sup>c</sup> And refolue to feke him, wherfoeuer he be.

<sup>d</sup> The Church teacheth her children that Chrif is delighted with the godlie defires, and fruitful vvorkes of the faithful.

among the lilies. <sup>3 a)</sup>Thou art fayre ô my loue, fweete, and comelie as Hierufalem: terrible as the armie of a campe fet in aray. <sup>4 b)</sup>Turne away thine eies from me, becaufe they haue made me flee away. Thy heares as a flocke of goates, which haue appeared from Galaad. <sup>5</sup> Thy teeth as a flocke of sheepe, which haue come vp from the lauatorie, al with twinnes, and there is no barren among them. <sup>6</sup> As the barke of a pomegranate, fo are thy cheekes befide thy hidden. <sup>7</sup> There are <sup>c)</sup>threefcore queenes, & <sup>d)</sup>fourcore concubines, and of <sup>e)</sup>yongmaydes there is no number. <sup>8</sup> My doue is <sup>f)</sup>one, my perfect one, she is the only to her mother, elect to her that bare her. The daughters haue feene her, and declared her to be moft bleffed: the queenes and concubines, and haue prayfed her. <sup>9 g)</sup>What is she, that cometh forth as the morning ryfing, fayre as the moone, elect as the funne, terrible as the armie of a campe fet in aray? <sup>10</sup> I came downe into the garden of nuttes, to fee the fruites of the valles, and to looke if the vineyarde had florished, and the pomegranats budded. <sup>11</sup> I knew not: my foule troubled me for the chariotes of Aminadab. <sup>12 h)</sup>Returne, returne ô Sulamiteffe: returne, returne that we may behold thee.

- 
- <sup>a</sup> Chrift againe commendeth his Church, wel compofed of diftinct orders (fome gouerning, fome retired in cloifters from this world, the reft alfo exercifing vvorkes of mercie, in the troubles of this life) al together making a complete armie, terrible to al enimies.
- <sup>b</sup> The more anie contemplate Gods Maieftie, the better they perceiue that he is incomprehenfible.
- <sup>c</sup> Manie true paftores,
- <sup>d</sup> more hyrelinges, that alfo preach truth, but for temporal commoditie,
- <sup>e</sup> and innumerable faithful foules in the Church.
- <sup>f</sup> Al vvhich are but one bodie in vnitie of faith.
- <sup>g</sup> The voice of the old fynagogue, admiring the beautie of Chriffs Church.
- <sup>h</sup> The Church of Chrift exhorteth the Synagogue of the Ievves to returne to Chrift.

## Chapter 07

**V** What <sup>a)</sup>shalt thou see in the Sulamiteffe but the companies of campes? How beautiful are thy pafes in shoes, <sup>o</sup> princes daughter! <sup>b)</sup>the ioyntes of thy thighes are as iewels, that are made by the hand of the artificer. <sup>2</sup> Thy nauel as a round bowle, neuer wanting cuppes. Thy bellie as an heape of wheate, compaffed about with lilies. <sup>3</sup> Thy two breafte, as two fawnes the twinnes of a roe. <sup>4</sup> Thy necke as a towre of yuorie. Thine eies as the fishpooles in Hefebon, which are in the gate of the daughter of the multitude. Thy nofe as the towre of Libanus, that looketh againft Damafcus. <sup>5</sup> Thy head as Carmelus: and the heares of thy head as a kings purple tyed to cundite pipes. <sup>6</sup> How beautiful art thou, and how comely my deareft, in delightes! <sup>7</sup> Thy ftature is like to a palmetree, & thy breafte to clufters of grapes. <sup>8</sup> I fayd: I wil goe vp into the palmetree, and wil take hold of the fruites therof: and thy breafte shal be as the clufters of a vineyard: and the odour of thy mouth as it were of apples. <sup>9</sup> Thy throate as the beft wine, <sup>c)</sup>worthie for my beloued to drinke, & for his lippes and his teeth to ruminare. <sup>10</sup> I to my beloued, and his turning is toward me. <sup>11</sup> <sup>d)</sup>Come my beloued, let vs goe forth in to the filde, let vs abide in the villages. <sup>12</sup> Let vs rife earely to the vineyards, let vs see if the vineyard florishe, if the flowers be readie to bring forth fruites, if the pomegranates florish: there wil I giue thee my breafte. <sup>13</sup> The Mandragoraes haue geuen a fmel. In our gates al fruites: <sup>e)</sup>the new and the old, my beloued, I haue kept for thee.

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<sup>a</sup> Chrift interpofeth his commendation of the Ievves, vvho at laft shal returne to him vvith great feruoure of faith and deuotion.

<sup>b</sup> And fo jointly praifeth his Church confifting of both peoples.

<sup>c</sup> The Church, as it vvere taking the vvord out of Chriffs mouth vvhiles he praifed her, she returneth al the praife to him.

<sup>d</sup> Praying him to come and ftill remaine vvith her,

<sup>e</sup> acknowvleging him to be the only Sauour of both old and nevvteltament.

## Chapter 08

**V** Who <sup>a)</sup>shal giue to me thee my brother, fuck-  
 ing the breasts of my mother, that I may  
 finde thee without, and kiffe thee, and now  
 no man despise me? <sup>2</sup> I wil take hold of thee, and wil  
 bring thee into my mothers house: there thou shalt teach  
 me, and I wil giue thee a cuppe of spiced wine, and new  
 wine of my pomegranats. <sup>3</sup> His left hand vnder my head,  
 and his right hand shal embrace me. <sup>4</sup> <sup>b)</sup> I adiure you ô  
 daughters of Ierusalem, that you rayse not vp, nor make  
 the beloued to awake til herselfe wil. <sup>5</sup> <sup>c)</sup> Who is this,  
 that cometh vp from the desert, flowing with delightes,  
 leaning vpon her beloued? Vnder the appletree I rayfed  
 thee vp: <sup>d)</sup> there thy mother was corrupted, there she was  
 deflowered that bare thee. <sup>6</sup> Put me as a seale vpon thy  
 hart, as a seale vpon thyne arme: because loue is strong  
 as death: ielouie is hard as hel, the lampes thereof lam-  
 pes of fyre and flames. <sup>7</sup> Manie waters can not quench  
 charitie, neither shal floudes ouerwhelme it: if a man  
 shal giue al the substance of his house for loue, as noth-  
 ing he shal despise it. <sup>8</sup> <sup>e)</sup> Our sister is litle, and hath  
 no breasts. What shal we doe to our sister in the day  
 when she is to be spoken vnto? <sup>9</sup> If she be a wal, let  
 vs build vpon it bulwarkes of filuer: if she be a doore,

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- <sup>a</sup> The Synagogue profecuteth her prayer, desiring Christs Incarna-  
 tion.
- <sup>b</sup> Christ admonisheth worldlie men not to molest those that serue  
 him in contemplation, & other spiritual vertues.
- <sup>c</sup> Angels and other Sainctes of the triumphant Church admire the  
 beautie of the Gentiles conuerted; which is also vnderstood of eu-  
 erie holie soule ascending from this world into heauen. And more  
 singularly of the most glorious virgin mother of God.
- <sup>d</sup> The Synagogue of the Iewes was corrupt vnder the tree of Christs  
 Croffe, when they cried: Crucifie him, Crucifie him. And againe:  
 His blood be vpon vs, and vpon our children. Againe: VVe haue  
 no King but Cæsar. &c.
- <sup>e</sup> Christ againe sheweth his affection towards his Church of the Gen-  
 tiles: calling her his owne sister, and the Synagogs sister, promising  
 and bestowing on her manie excellent benefites.

let vs ioyne it together with bordes of ceder. <sup>10 a)</sup>I am a wal: and my breafte are as a towre, fince I was made before him as one finding peace. <sup>11</sup> The peacemaker had a vinyard, in that which hath peoples: he deliuered the fame <sup>b)</sup>to keepers, a man bringeth for the fruite thereof a thoufand peeces of filuer. <sup>12 c)</sup>My vineyard is before me. A thoufand are thy peacemakers, and two hundred for them, that keepe the fruites thereof. <sup>13</sup> Thou that dwelleft in the gardens, the frends doe harken: make me heare thy voice. <sup>14 d)</sup>Flee, ô my beloued, and be like to the roe, and to the fawne of harts vpon the mountaines of aromatical fpices.

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- <sup>a</sup> The Church of Gentiles reioyceth in the ftrong defence, vvhervvith her Sauour hath eftablifhed her.
- <sup>b</sup> Keepers of this vinyard, vv ere the Prophetes and Apoftles, and their Succeffors are ftill the keepers therof.
- <sup>c</sup> Chrift fhevveveth that together vvith the pafors, himfelf efpecially hath care of his Church, alvvayes affifting the vvifible gouverners therof vvith his invifible grace.
- <sup>d</sup> The vvhole Church militant vvell contented, yea defiring Chriffs Afcenfion into heauen, for the good of al that here ferue him, prayeth him from thence to fend abundance of his grace, that vve may afcend the high mountaines of perfect charitie, and zeale of Gods honour, that he vvill make our foules fuch hilles, the garden of al vertues, & fo vvoutfafe to dwel therin. Amen.