

Song of Solomon 7

Chapter 7

¹ **H**OW beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs *are* like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman.

² Thy navel *is like* a round goblet, *which* wanteth not liquor: thy belly *is like* an heap of wheat set about with lilies.

³ Thy two breasts *are* like two young roes *that are* twins.

⁴ Thy neck *is* as a tower of ivory; thine eyes *like* the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim: thy nose *is* as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.

⁵ Thine head upon thee *is* like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king *is* held in the galleries.

⁶ How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!

⁷ This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters *of grapes*.

⁸ I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples;

⁹ And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved, that goeth *down* sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.

¹⁰ ¶ I *am* my beloved's, and his desire *is* toward me.

¹¹ Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages.

¹² Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, *whether* the tender grape appear, *and* the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves.

¹³ The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates *are* all manner of pleasant *fruits*, new and old, *which* I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.