

Song of Solomon 8

Chapter 8

¹ **O** that thou *wert* as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! *when* I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised.

² I would lead thee, *and* bring thee into my mother's house, *who* would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate.

³ His left hand *should be* under my head, and his right hand should embrace me.

⁴ I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake *my* love, until he please.

⁵ Who *is* this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth *that* bare thee.

⁶ ¶ Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love *is* strong as death; jealousy *is* cruel as the grave: the coals thereof *are* coals of fire, *which hath* a most vehement flame.

⁷ Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if *a* man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

⁸ ¶ We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what

shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?

⁹ If she *be* a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she *be* a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.

¹⁰ I *am* a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.

¹¹ Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon; he let out the vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand *pieces* of silver.

¹² My vineyard, which *is* mine, *is* before me: thou, O Solomon, *must have* a thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.

¹³ Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear *it*.

¹⁴ ¶ Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.