## SOLOMON'S SONG.

The season of the song is come,	
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land:	
The fig tree puts forth it's green figs,	13
And the vine's tender grapes yield a fragrance:	
Arise, my companion, my fair one, and come.	
My dove is in the clefts of the rock,	14
In a hollow of the precipice.	
O, let me behold thee,	
Let me hear thy voice!	
For thy voice is sweet,	
And thine aspect, beautiful.	
Catch for us the foxes,	15
The little foxes that destroy the vines,	
And our vines' young grapes.	
My beloved is mine, and I am his;	16
He feedeth among the lilies.	
Till the day breathe, till the shades be dispersed,	17

Return;