

S O L O M O N ' S S O N G .

Like the spice trees of Kedar,
like the tapestries of Solomon.

Regard it not that I am tawny, 6

That the sun hath looked upon me :

The sons of my mother were angered against me ;

They made me keeper of the vineyards :

The vineyard that was mine I have not kept.

O tell me, thou, whom my soul loveth, 7

Where thou feedest thy flocks,

Where thou ledest them to lie down at noon :

Why must I be as a wanderer

Amongst the flocks of thy companions ?

If thou knowest not, O most beautiful of women, 8

Go forth in the footsteps of the flock,

And feed thy kids

Near the tents of the shepherds.

To my horses in the chariots of Pharaoh 9

I compare thee, my beloved.

Beautiful