

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

I adjure you, O ye daughters of Jerufalem, 7
By the roes and the hinds of the field,
That ye disturb not, neither rouse
The beloved, till herself be inclined.

The voice of my beloved! behold him! 8
He cometh bounding over the mountains,
Springing over the hills.

My beloved is like a deer, 9
Or a stag's fawn.

Behold him standing behind our wall,
Looking out from the windows,
Sparkling at the lattice!

My beloved answered, and said to me, 10
Get thee up, my companion,
My lovely one, come away:

For, lo! the winter is past, 11
The rain is over, is gone,

The flowers are seen on the earth, 12

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