I [am] the rose of Sharon, [and] the lily of the valleys.

As the lily among thorns, so [is] my love among the daughters.

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so [is] my beloved among the sons.

I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit [was] sweet to my taste.

He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me [was] love.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I [am] sick of love.

His left hand [is] under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the boughs, and by the hands of him that shall please me, that ye stir not up, nor awake [my] love, till he please.

The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh.

My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over [and] gone.

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing [of birds] is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines [with] the tender grape give a [good] smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

My beloved [is] mine, and I [am] his: he feedeth among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.