Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair! thou hast ravished me with one of thy spouts [of] sheep that are even twins, which feed among the pomegranate within thy locks.

Much better is thy love than locks.

Thy neck [is] like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

Thy two breasts [are] like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the pomegranate within thy locks.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.

Come with me from Lebanon, [my] spouse; thou hast ravished me with locks. Come with me from Lebanon, bride; thou shalt come to me; bride thou shalt regard.

Shorn, which came up from mount Gilead, [is] as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead.

How fair is thy love, my sister, [my] spouse! how much better is thy love than locks, and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!
Thy lips, O [my] spouse, drop [as] the honeycomb: honey and milk [are] under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments [is] like the smell of Lebanon.

A garden inclosed [is] my sister, [my] spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

Thy plants [are] an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,

Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:

A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, [that] the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.