

APPENDIX

PARAPHRASING

THE FIRST SONG

The author describes the situation when the bride ask the people or maybe limited to her family to let a man, that is the groom, to kiss her with the kisses of his mouth for his love is better than wine. Next the author mentions that because of the savour of the groom's good ointments then his name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love him. After that, the bride tells the groom to draw her and she will run after him: finally, the king – the groom – hath brought the bride into his chambers. Therefore, the bride says: she will be glad and rejoice in the groom, she will remember his love more than wine. Once again the author states: the uprights love the groom.

Next, the bride tells the women of Jerusalem that she is black but comely. She mentions the reason, that is, because the sun hath looked upon her: her mother's children were angry with her, they made her the keeper of the vineyards, but her own vineyard has she not kept.

Then the author tells us that the bride asks the groom, whom her soul loveth, tell her where the groom feedest, where the groom makest thy flock to rest at noon: fro why should she be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of the companions.

Therefore, here is the part of the groom, the groom tell the bride, the fairest among women, that if she know not, go her way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed her kids beside the shepherds' tents. The groom has compared the bride, his love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots. Her cheeks are

comely with rows of jewels, her neck with chains of gold. So, the groom will make her borders of gold with studs of silver.

The bride replies the groom by saying: when the king sitteth at his table, her spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof. The bride says that a bundle of myrrh is her beloved unto her; he shall lie all night betwixt her breasts. Her beloved is unto her as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi.

Next, the groom takes the turn replying the bride by saying: “behold, thou art fair, my love; behold thou art fair, thou has doves’ eyes.”

Then the bride replies the same sentence: behold thou art fair, my beloved. Then the bride adds: yea pleasant, their bed is green. The beams of their house are cedar, and their rafters of fir. Therefore, she states that she is the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.

Next, the groom replies that, as the lily among thorns so is his beloved among the daughters.

After that, the bride replies that, as the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is her beloved among the sons. She sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to her taste. The groom brought her to the banqueting house and the groom’s banner over her was love. Stay her with flagons, comfort her with apples: for she is sick of love. The bride tells us that the groom’s left hand is under her head, and his right doth embrace her.

The last, the bride curses: she charges them, daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that they stir not up, nor awake her love, till he please.

PARAPHRASING

THE SIXTH SONG

The author tells us that the women of Jerusalem ask each other: who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?

Then the bride says that she raised the groom up under the apple tree. In the same place, the groom's mother brought him forth. There also, his mother brought him forth that bare him.

After that, the bride asks the groom to set her as a seal upon his heart, as a seal upon his arm: for her love is strong as death, and jealousy is cruel as the grave.

Her love is like the coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame. She says that many water cannot quench love; neither can the floods drown it.

Then, at last, the bride warns us that if we would give all the substance of our house for love, it would utterly be contemned.



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King James Ver

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Song of Solomon

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Song of Solomon 1

¹ The song of songs, which is Solomon's. ² Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine. ³ Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee. ⁴ Draw me, we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love more than wine: the upright love thee. ⁵ I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. ⁶ Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept. ⁷ Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions? ⁸ If thou know not, O thou fairest

know not, O thou fairest
among women, go thy way
forth by the footsteps of
the flock, and feed thy kids
beside the shepherds'
tents. ⁹ I have compared
thee, O my love, to a
company of horses in
Pharaoh's chariots. ¹⁰ Thy
cheeks are comely with
rows of jewels, thy neck
with chains of gold. ¹¹ We
will make thee borders of
gold with studs of silver. ¹²
While the king sitteth at
his table, my spikenard
sendeth forth the smell
thereof. ¹³ A bundle of
myrrh is my well-beloved
unto me; he shall lie all
night betwixt my breasts.
¹⁴ My beloved is unto me
as a cluster of camphire in
the vineyards of Engedi. ¹⁵
Behold, thou art fair, my
love; behold, thou art fair;
thou hast doves' eyes. ¹⁶
Behold, thou art fair, my
beloved, yea, pleasant:
also our bed is green. ¹⁷
The beams of our house
are cedar, and our rafters
of fir.



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Song of Solomon 2

¹ I am the rose of Sharon,
and the lily of the valleys. ²
As the lily among thorns,
so is my love among the
daughters. ³ 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.
⁴ He brought me to the
banqueting house, and his
banner over me was love.
⁵ Stay me with flagons,
comfort me with apples: for
I am sick of love. ⁶ His left
hand is under my head,
and his right hand doth
embrace me. ⁷ I charge
you, O ye daughters of
Jerusalem, by the roes,
and by the hinds of the
field, that ye stir not up,
nor awake my love, till he
please. ⁸ The voice of my
beloved! behold, he
cometh leaping upon the
mountains, skipping upon
the hills. ⁹ My beloved is
like a roe or a young hart:
behold, he standeth
behind our wall, he looketh
forth at the windows,
shewing himself through
the lattice. ¹⁰ My beloved
spake, and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair



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Song of Solomon 8

¹ O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised. ² I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate. ³ His left hand should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me. ⁴ I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, until he please. ⁵ Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth that bare thee. ⁶ Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. ⁷ Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would

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