

## Chapter 01

**L**et <sup>a)</sup>him kiffe me with the kiffe of his mouth: because thy breftes are better then wine, <sup>2</sup> fmelling fragrantly of the beft ointments. Oile powred out is thy name: therfore haue yongmaydes loued thee. <sup>3</sup> Draw me: we wil runne after thee in the odour of thine ointments. The king hath brought me into his cellars: we wil reioyce & be glad in thee, mindful of thy brefts aboute wine: the righteous loue thee. <sup>4</sup> <sup>b)</sup>I am blacke but beautiful, ô ye daughters of Ierufalem, as the tabernacles of Cedar, as the skinned of Salomon. <sup>5</sup> Doe not confider me that I am browne, because the funne hath altered my colour: the fennes of my mother haue fought againft me, they haue made me a keeper in the vinyards: my vinyard I haue not kept. <sup>6</sup> Shew me ô thou, whom my foule loueth, where thou feedeft, where thou lyeft in the midday, left I beginne to wander after the flockes of thy companions. <sup>7</sup> <sup>c)</sup>If thou know not thyfelfe, ô moft fayrest among wemen, goe forth, and folow after the fteppes of the flockes, and feede thy kiddes byfide the tabernacles of the pafours. <sup>8</sup> To my companie of horfemen, in the chariotes of Pharao, haue I likened thee, ô my loue. <sup>9</sup> Thy cheekes are beautiful as the turtledoues, thy necke as iewels. <sup>10</sup> We wil make thee cheynes of gold, enamoled with filuer. <sup>11</sup> <sup>d)</sup>Whiles the king was at his repofe, my fpikenard gaue the odour thereof. <sup>12</sup> A bundle of myrrhe my beloued is to me, he shal abide betwen my breftes. <sup>13</sup> A cluftre of cypre my loue is to me, in the vineyardes of Engaddi. <sup>14</sup> <sup>e)</sup>Behold thou art fayre, ô my loue, behold thou art fayre, thyne eyes are as of doues.

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<sup>a</sup> The Church of the old teftament defireth Chrifs coming in flefh: and the Chriftian Church prayeth for his coming in glorie.

<sup>b</sup> The Church outwardly afflicted, is inwardly fayre.

<sup>c</sup> Chrift encorageh his fpoufe the Church.

<sup>d</sup> She meditateth of his Paffion, and Refurrection.

<sup>e</sup> Chrift praifeth his fpoufe.

<sup>15</sup> a)Behold thou art fayre my beloued, & comlie: <sup>b</sup>)our  
litle bed is flourishing. <sup>16</sup> The beames of our houfes are  
of cedar, our rafters of cyprefe trees.

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<sup>a</sup> She againe praifeth him,

<sup>b</sup> vvith thanks for her repofe, and prefent confolation.