

Chapter 02

I am ^{a)}the flower of the filde, and the lilie of the valley. ^{2 b)}As the lilie among the thornes, fo is my loue among the daughters. ^{3 c)}As the aple-tree among trees of the woodes, fo is my beloued among the fonnes. Vnder his shadow, whom I defired, I fate: and his fruite was fweete vnto my throte. ⁴ He brought me into the wineceller, he hath ordered in me charitie. ⁵ Stay me vp with flowers, compaffe me about with apples: becaufe I languish with loue. ⁶ His lefthand vnder my head, and his righthand shal embrace me. ⁷ I adire you ô daughters of Ierufalem, by the roes, and the hartes of the fildes, ^{d)}that you rayfe not, nor make the beloued to awake, vntil herfelfe wil. ^{8 e)}The voice of my beloued, behold he cometh leaping in the mountaines, leaping ouer the little hilles: ⁹ my beloued is like vnto a roe, and to a fawne of hartes. Behold he ftandeth behind our walle, ^{f)}looking through the windowes, looking forth by the grates. ¹⁰ Behold my beloued fpeaketh to me: ^{g)}Arife, make haft my loue, my doue, beautiful one, and come. ¹¹ For winter is now pafte, the rayne is gone, and departed. ¹² The flowers haue appeared in our land, the time of pruning is come: the voice of the turtle doue is heard in our land: ¹³ the figgetree hath brought forth her greene figges: the florishing vineyards haue geuen their fauour. Arife my loue, my beautiful one, & come.

^a Chrift profeffeth himfelf the floure of mankinde: yea Lord of al creatures.

^b The Church excelleth al other focieties: In the Church the godlie excel finners, among the innocent and holie, the virgin Marie fupaffeth al.

^c The Church praifing Chrift refteth vnder his protectiō.

^d He for the weakes fake permitteth her not to be moleftes, til ſhe be prepared to fuffer vvith patience.

^e She feeling Chriffs affiftance, confeffeth, & preacheth boldly his Gofpel, & truth againft al Paganes, and Heretikes.

^f VVho though he ſhew not himfelf vifibly,

^g yet encorageth her to approch vnto him:

¹⁴ My doue in the holes of the rocke, in the holow places
of the wal, shew me thy face, let thy voice found in
mine eares: for thy voice is fweete, and thy face comely.
¹⁵ ^{a)}Catch vs the litle foxes, that deftroy the vineyards:
for our vineyard hath florished. ¹⁶ ^{b)}My beloued to me,
and I to him, who feedeth among the lilies, ¹⁷ til the day
breake, and the shadowes decline. Returne: be like, my
beloued, to a roe, and to the fawne of hartes vpon the
mountaynes of Bether.

^a commandeth his paftours to deftroy herefies.

^b And fo she repofeth in him.