

Songs of Solomon's *Song of Songs* (Crown of Sonnets)

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"Songs of Solomon's *Song of Songs*", Crown sonnets, a group of fourteen sonnets written from *Song of Songs* in the *Bible*.

The Bride Confesses Her Love

Enjoy writ' songs o' Solomon's Song of Song,
Th' love o' God and 'ciples be 'plained lovers.
The beloved asks the kisses o' her suitor's,
She thinks his love is better than wine strong.
Th' virgins love him for his fragrance and 'fume,
They rejoice, delight and his love will praise.
Be happy 'gether and i' love lose ourselves,
Be my king and draw me into your room.
Tell me, my love, where you pasture your bevy,
And tell me where you rest your sheep at noon;
For why should I be like a veiled woman
Beside the flock of your friends and ally?
Dark am I, daughters of Jerusalem,
Oh, yet lovely and beautiful I am.

Solomon and His Bride Delight in Each Other

Lo, yet lovely and beautiful I am.
Oh, the most beautiful one, my love is deep.
Do please follow in the tracks of the sheep,
And beside the shepherds' tents, feed your lamb.
My love is like my mare 'mong ch'riots o' King.
Your cheeks are very beautiful wi' earrings,

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And your neck is charming with strings o' jewels.
 Your orn'ments o' gold wi' beads o' silver are making.
 A cluster of henna like, bloom i' th' vineyards,
 'tween my breasts lies, my bride, a bag of myrrh,
 Verdant is our bed, how han'ome my lover,
 How beauti' my darl' to make our house wi' woods.
 Your cheeks are fair; eyes are doves, my pretty,
 How beauti' you are, my darl', my beauty.

A Rose of Sharon

How beauti' you are, my darl', my beauty,
 A lily of th' dale, I'm a rose o' Shanron.
 My beau' is as pretty as a lily,
 Among th' maidens like a lily 'mong thorn.
 As th' apple tree among the trees o' th' forest,
 Among the young men so is my lover.
 In his shade I sit and his sweet fruit taste,
 Brought me to feast, o'er me was his love banner.
 Refresh me wi' fruits for I'm weak from passion,
 His left arm is 'der my head, right me 'braces.
 Daughters o' Jerusalem, charge you wi' 'motion,
 By th' roes or the hinds of the field, you see:
 Don't rouse or wake love 'til it so desires,
 I hear my lover's voice, look, here he comes.

Springtime Rhapsody

I hear my lover's voice, here he recurs,
 Leaping across th' mountains, com' over th' knoll,
 Like a young stag, he stands behind our wall,
 Peering through th' lattice, my lover utters.
 Listen! He said to me, 'Rise up, my love,
 And come with me, oh my beautiful one.
 The winter is past, th' rain is o'er and gone,
 Flowers are i' bloom, lo, hear, the cooing o' dove.
 The fig trees are produc' their early fruit,
 And the blossoming vines spread their fragrance.
 Let me hear your voice, see your countenance,
 My dove i' the clefts o' the rock, in th' place secret.
 Until the day breaks and the shadow flee,
 My lo'er is mine, he browses among th' lily.

Love's Dream

My love is mine, he browses 'mong th' lily,
 I dreamed the one I love night after night.
 I was look' for him, but he's out o' my sight,
 I went wander' through the streets and alley.
 The guards found me as they were 'round walking,
 I asked them, "Have you seen my lover?"
 As soon as I left, I found my suitor,
 I held and took him t' my mother's dwelling.
 Daughters of Jerusalem, promise me,
 By the swift deer and the gazelles swear.
 'Til th' love itself is ready and aware,
 Do not stir up or waken love, you see.
 By sixty soldiers, th' carriage o' Solomon,
 Who's com' from th' desert like a smoke column.

The Groom and His Party Approach

Who's this from th' desert like a smoke column?
 Oh, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense.
 He smells with th' fragrant powders from all th' spice,
 By sixty men, 'it's th' litter o' Solomon.
 The guards are the Israel soldiers finest,
 Equipped with his swords, each o' the warrior,
 Oh, each of them is prepared for th' night fear,
 King Solomon made his throne o' th' wood nicest.
 The pillars o' his carriage were made o' silver,
 The cloth o'er 'tis with gold embroidered.
 And wi' purple cloth the cushions are covered,
 Loving' woven by th' Jerusalem daug'ter.
 His mother put him crown on his wedding,
 Look at king Solomon, his crown wearing.

The Bride's Beauty Extolled

Extoll'd King Solomon, wi' his crown wearing,
 How beauti' you are, my darling, my love.
 Your eyes behind your veil are th' ones of dove,
 Your teeth are like sheep just shorn and washing.
 A scarl't ribbon like, your lips are lovely,
 Behind your veil, glow your beautiful cheek.
 Like David tower, round and smooth's your neck,

Your breasts are like gazell's feed' 'mong lily.
 How beautiful and perfect you're, my bride,
 Come with me from mountains of Lebanon.
 Come down from th' top Mount Amana, Hermon,
 Leave th' places the dens o' the lions and leopards 'side.
 You eyes and necklace have stolen my heart,
 Your love delights me, my bride, my sweetheart.

The Bride's Beauty Extolled (sequel)

You've stolen my heart, my bride, my sweet girl,
 How much more pleasing is your love than wine.
 No perfume's more fragrant than th' 'roma o' thine,
 Your love delights me, my lovely damsel.
 Oh, your tongue is milk and honey for me,
 Your lips distill milk, honey and nectar.
 Your garments smell like the scent of cedar,
 A garden lock'd, spring seal'd is my honey.
 An orchard o' pomegranates are your plants,
 With henna, calamus and cinnamon,
 With all kinds of incense tree and choice fruits,
 A gard'n you're wi' water flow' from Lebanon.
 Blow winds, fill th' air with fragrance i' my garden,
 Let my lover come to have th' fruits eaten.

Another Dream

Let my lover come to have th' fruits eaten,
 "Eat, friends, and drink 'til you are drunk with love."
 "Open to me, my darling, you're my dove,"
 I dreamed, my beloved has come, th' door's beaten.
 My head is wet wi' dew and my hair's drpping,
 Why should I get dressed for I've 'dressed 'lready.
 I've washed my feet, why should I get th'm dirty?
 My b'loved thrust his hand into th' opening.
 Oh, and for him, my heart began to pound,
 To 'pen for my lover wi' my hands dripp'd wi' myrrh.
 My heart sank at th' departure o' my lover,
 I looked for him but he could not be found.
 Friends, tell my lov'r my love if him you find,
 "Wha' virtue he has to make th' fairest blind?"

The Bride Praises Her Beloved

"What virtue he has to hold th' fairest love?"
 Th' chiefest 'mong t'n thousand, he's white and ruddy.
 As th' purest gold his head is, locks wavy,
 Bath'd i' milk, fitly set, his eyes are like dove.
 Yielding fragrance, his cheeks are beds o' flowers,
 His lips are like lilies dripping with myrrh.
 His hands are well-formed, rings set wi' gems he wear,
 His body like bright ivory set wi' sapphires.
 On bases o' gold, his legs marble pillar,
 And he is majestic, like the mountain.
 As choice cedars, he looks like Lebanon,
 His mouth is sweet, he's lovely 'together.
 That's what my entire lover like, you see,
 That's what is like my lover who loves me.

The Bride's Matchless Beauty

"That's what is like my lover who loves me,
 I'm my lover's and my lover is mine."
 My b'loved is as Jerusalem as fine,
 With banners majestic as an army.
 Turn 'way your eyes, lest I'm overcome wholly,
 Your hair's like flock o' goats Gilead down bounding.
 Your teeth are like a flock o' sheep from th' washing,
 Behind your veil, flushed are your cheeks lively.
 Let many queens and countless maid'ns by king owned,
 But my dove's unique, th' darling o' her mother.
 Th' only one, flawless to her that bore her,
 Th' maidens and queens called her happy and praised.
 "Lo, who is this that appears like the dawn?
 Fair as the moon, bright as th' sun, nicely born."

Expressions of Praise

"Fair as th' moon, bright as the sun." really fine,
 O, queen maiden, your feet are beautiful.
 Like jewels, your rounded thighs are very graceful,
 A rounded goblet navel's full o' blended wine.
 Your waist's a mound o' wheat enclosed by lilies,
 As two gazelles, you breasts are like twin fawn.
 Your eyes are like the pools i' th' city o' Heshborn,

Smooth, fair, your neck like tower o' ivories.
 Wi' nice nose, your head crowns you like Mount Carmel,
 O, your hair is like purple tapestry.
 Th' king 's held captive by its tresses royal,
 Your stature is like that of the palm tree.
 I'll climb th' tree and take hold o' its fruit finest,
 And your breasts like clusters of th' fruit freshest.

Bride's Response

Your breasts are like the clusters of the vine,
 Your mouth like th' best wine to me, your suitor.
 Oh, may the wine go straight to my lover,
 Flow' gently over lips and teeth, the wine.
 I'm my beloved's, his desire is for me,
 Come, my beloved, let's go forth 'to the fields.
 Let us go out early to the vineyards,
 Whether the vines have budded, let us see.
 Whether are i' bloom th' grape and th' pomegranates,
 I' mandrakes fragrance, I'll give my love to you.
 Oh, and over our doors are all choice fruits,
 Which I've kept for you, old as well as new.
 His left hand's 'der my head, right embrace me,
 Oh, friends, don't stir up our love, 'til please he.

Homecoming

Oh, friends, don't stir up our love, 'til please he,
 O, that you were to me like a brother.
 That you were nursed at th' breast of my mother,
 Kiss you outside, no one would despise me.
 I'd take you to my mother's house for love,
 And I would give you spiced wine for drinking.
 Under th' apple tree, I woke your sleeping,
 Close your heart to 'very love but mine, your dove.
 Oh, love and passion are as strong as death,
 They burn like blazing fire and flame of woods.
 Waters can't quench love, neither can the floods,
 Contempt is all if one tried buy love wi' wealth.
 Love o' God and 'sciples sung as lover's songs. (rhymes)
 Enjoy writ' songs o' Solomon's Song of Songs. (hymns)

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