

# SONG OF SONGS

COMPOSER: AARON BLUMENFIELD

TEXT: SELECTIONS FROM SONG OF SONGS

I sleep, but my heart waketh!  
Hark! My beloved knocketh. **5:2**

My beloved spoke, and said unto me:  
Rise up my love, my fair one,  
Rise up my love, and come away.  
For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth.  
The time of singing has come.  
The voice of the turtle is heard in the land;  
The fig tree puts forth the green figs,  
And the vines in blossom give forth their fragrance.  
Arise, my love:  
My fair one, come away. **2:10-13**

I have put off my coat;  
How shall I put it on?  
I have washed my feet;  
How shall I defile them?  
My beloved put his hand by the hole in the door  
And my heart was moved for him.  
I rose up to open to my beloved.  
And my hands dripped with myrrh.  
And my fingers with flowing myrrh,  
Upon the handles of the bar.  
I opened to my beloved;  
But my beloved had turned away and was gone.  
My soul failed me when he spoke.  
I sought him, but could not find him;  
I called him, but he gave me no answer.  
The watchmen that go about the city found me,  
They smote me, they wounded me.  
The keepers of the walls took away my mantle from me.  
I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,  
If ye find my beloved, what will ye tell him?  
That I am lovesick. **5:3-8**

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth.  
I sought him, but I found him not.  
I will rise now and go about the city,  
In the streets and in the broad ways.  
I will seek him whom my soul loveth. **3:1-2**



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Oh, thou that wert as my brother,  
That sucked the breasts of my mother!  
When I should find thee without, I would kiss thee;  
Yea, and none would despise me.  
I would lead thee, I would bring thee  
Into my mother's house  
That thou mightiest instruct me.  
I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine,  
Of the juice of my pomegranate. **8:1-2**

Stay ye me with dainties,  
Refresh me with apples.  
For I am lovesick.  
Let his left hand be under my head,  
And his right hand embrace me. **2:5**

The watchmen that go about the city found me;  
"Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?"  
Scarce had I passed from them, when I found whom my soul loveth.  
I held him, I would not let him go,  
Until I'd brought him into my mother's house,  
And into the chamber of her that conceived me. **3:3-4**

I am my beloved's,  
And his desire is toward me. **7:11**

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth. **1:2**

His mouth is most sweet.  
Yea, he is altogether lovely. **5:16**

The mandrakes give forth fragrance  
And at our doors are all manner of precious fruits.  
New and old, which I have laid up for thee,  
O my beloved. **7:14**

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 precious fruits! **4:16**

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth. **1:2**