

OT POETRY SESSION #4: Simile, Imagery, & the Song of Songs

Song of Songs Chapter 2

<p style="text-align: center;">SHE</p> <p>¹ I am a rose of Sharon, a lily of the valleys.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">HE</p> <p>² As a lily among brambles, so is my love among the young women.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">SHE</p> <p>³ As an apple tree among the trees of the forest, so is my beloved among the young men. With great delight I sat in his shadow, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.</p> <p>⁴ He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.</p> <p>⁵ Sustain me with raisins; refresh me with apples, for I am sick with love.</p> <p>⁶ His left hand is under my head, and his right hand embraces me!</p>	<p>⁷ I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles or the does of the field, that you not stir up or awaken love until it pleases.</p> <p>⁸ The voice of my beloved! Behold, he comes, leaping over the mountains, bounding over the hills.</p> <p>⁹ My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag. Behold, there he stands behind our wall, gazing through the windows, looking through the lattice.</p> <p>¹⁰ My beloved speaks and says to me: “Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come away, ¹¹ for behold, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone. ¹² The flowers appear on the earth, the time of singing has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land.</p>	<p>¹³ The fig tree ripens its figs, and the vines are in blossom; they give forth fragrance. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come away.</p> <p>¹⁴ O my dove, in the clefts of the rock, in the crannies of the cliff, let me see your face, let me hear your voice, for your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely.</p> <p>¹⁵ Catch the foxes for us, the little foxes that spoil the vineyards, for our vineyards are in blossom.”</p> <p>¹⁶ My beloved is mine, and I am his; he grazes among the lilies.</p> <p>¹⁷ Until the day breathes and the shadows flee, turn, my beloved, be like a gazelle or a young stag on cleft mountains.</p>
---	--	---

Song of Songs Chapter 8

SHE

- 8 Oh that you were like a brother to me
who nursed at my mother's breasts!
If I found you outside, I would kiss
you,
and none would despise me.
- 2 I would lead you and bring you
into the house of my mother—
she who used to teach me.
I would give you spiced wine to drink,
the juice of my pomegranate.
- 3 His left hand is under my head,
and his right hand embraces me!
- 4 I adjure you, O daughters of
Jerusalem,
that you not stir up or awaken love
until it pleases.
- 5 Who is that coming up from the
wilderness,
leaning on her beloved?
- Under the apple tree I awakened you.
There your mother was in labor with
you;
there she who bore you was in labor.

- 6 Set me as a seal upon your heart,
as a seal upon your arm,
for love is strong as death,
jealousy is fierce as the grave.
Its flashes are flashes of fire,
the very flame of the LORD.
- 7 Many waters cannot quench
love,
neither can floods drown it.
If a man offered for love
all the wealth of his house,
he would be utterly despised.

OTHERS

- 8 We have a little sister,
and she has no breasts.
What shall we do for our sister
on the day when she is spoken
for?
- 9 If she is a wall,
we will build on her a
battlement of silver,
but if she is a door,
we will enclose her with boards
of cedar.

SHE

- 10 I was a wall,
and my breasts were like towers;
then I was in his eyes
as one who finds peace.
- 11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-
hamon;
he let out the vineyard to keepers;
each one was to bring for its fruit a
thousand pieces of silver.
- 12 My vineyard, my very own, is before
me;
you, O Solomon, may have the
thousand,
and the keepers of the fruit two
hundred.

HE

- 13 O you who dwell in the gardens,
with companions listening for your
voice;
let me hear it.

SHE

- 14 Make haste, my beloved,
and be like a gazelle
or a young stag
on the mountains of spices.