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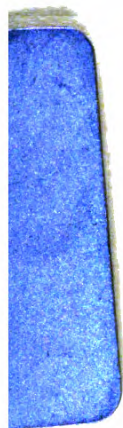
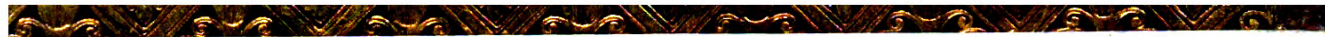
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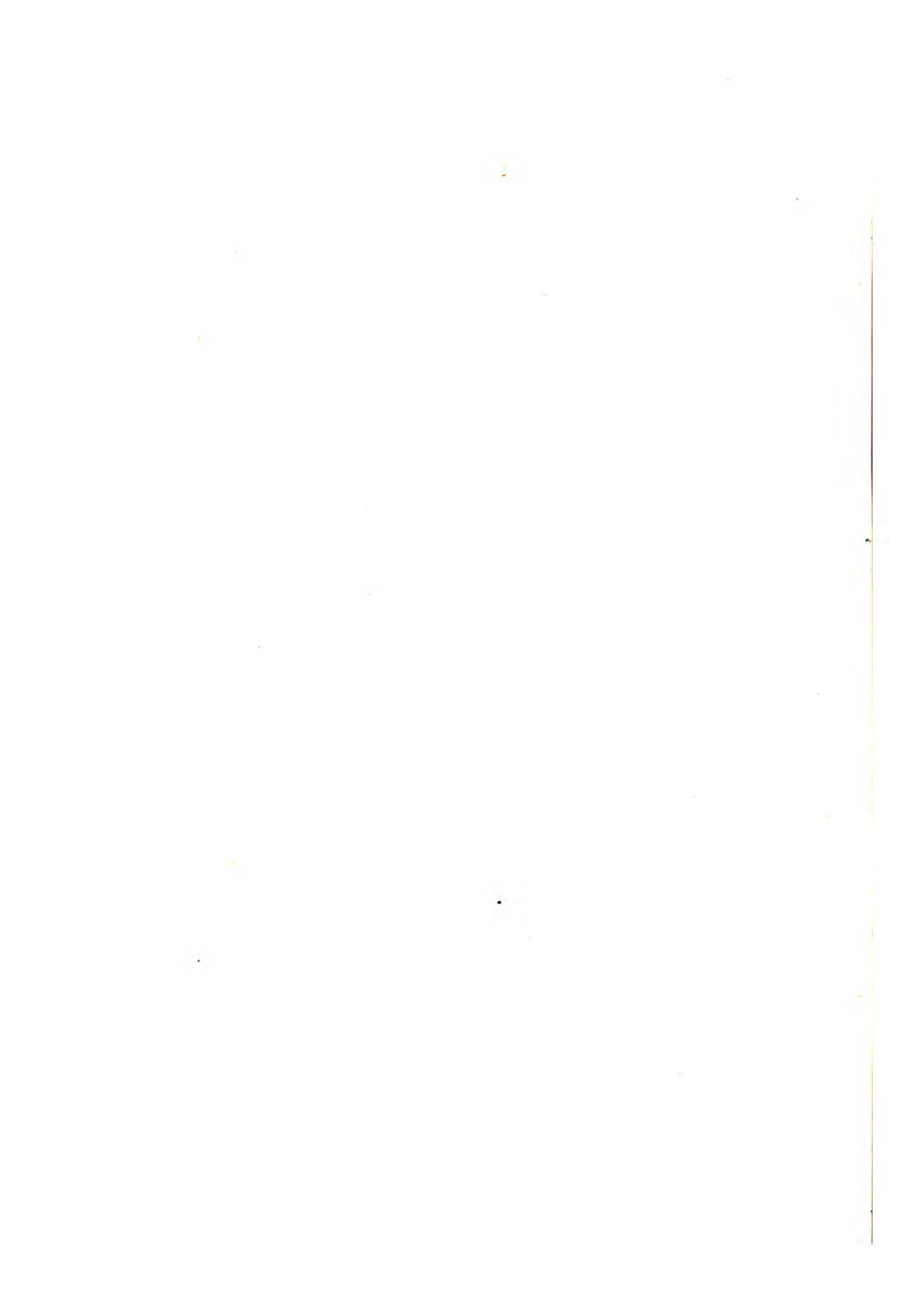


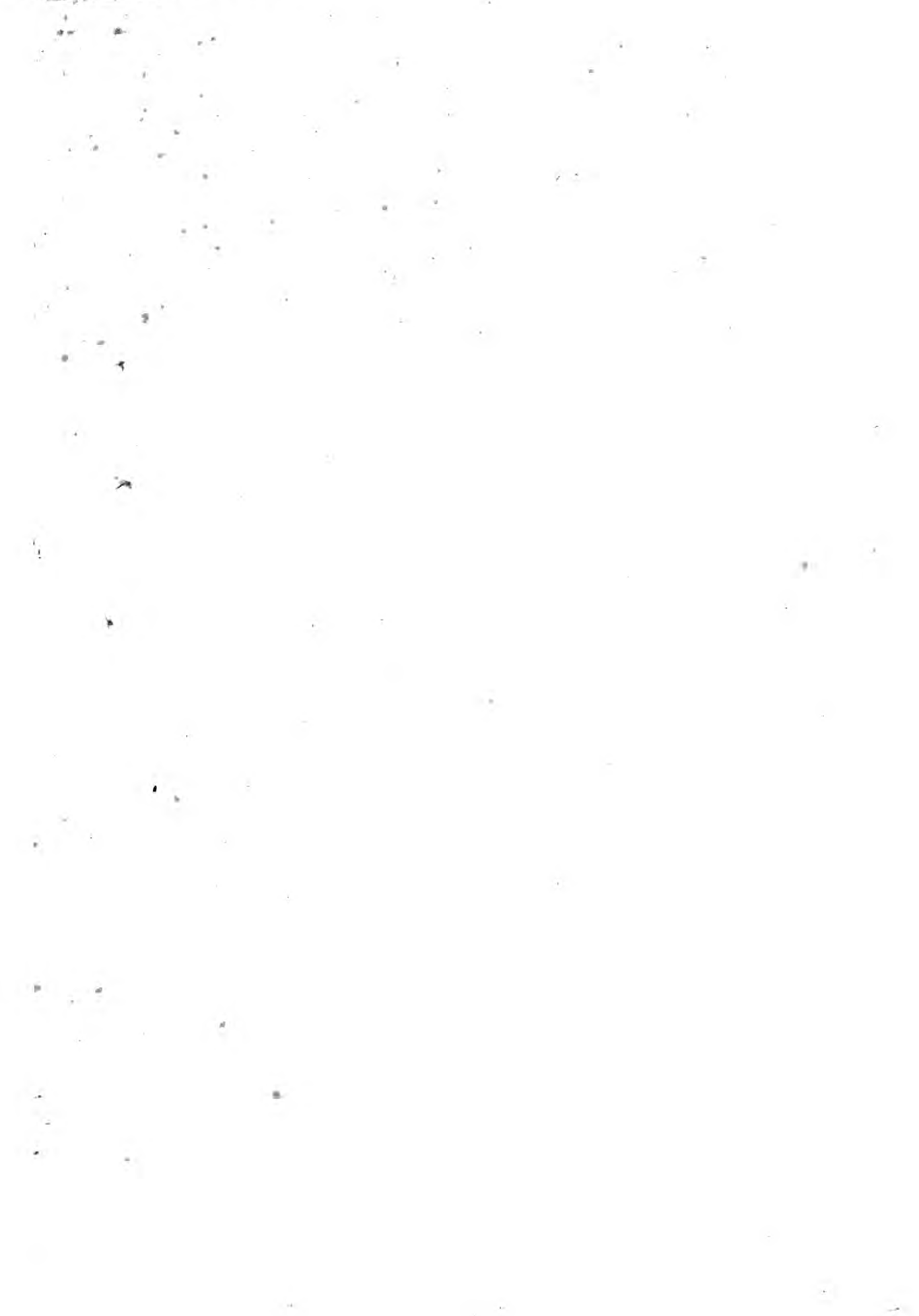
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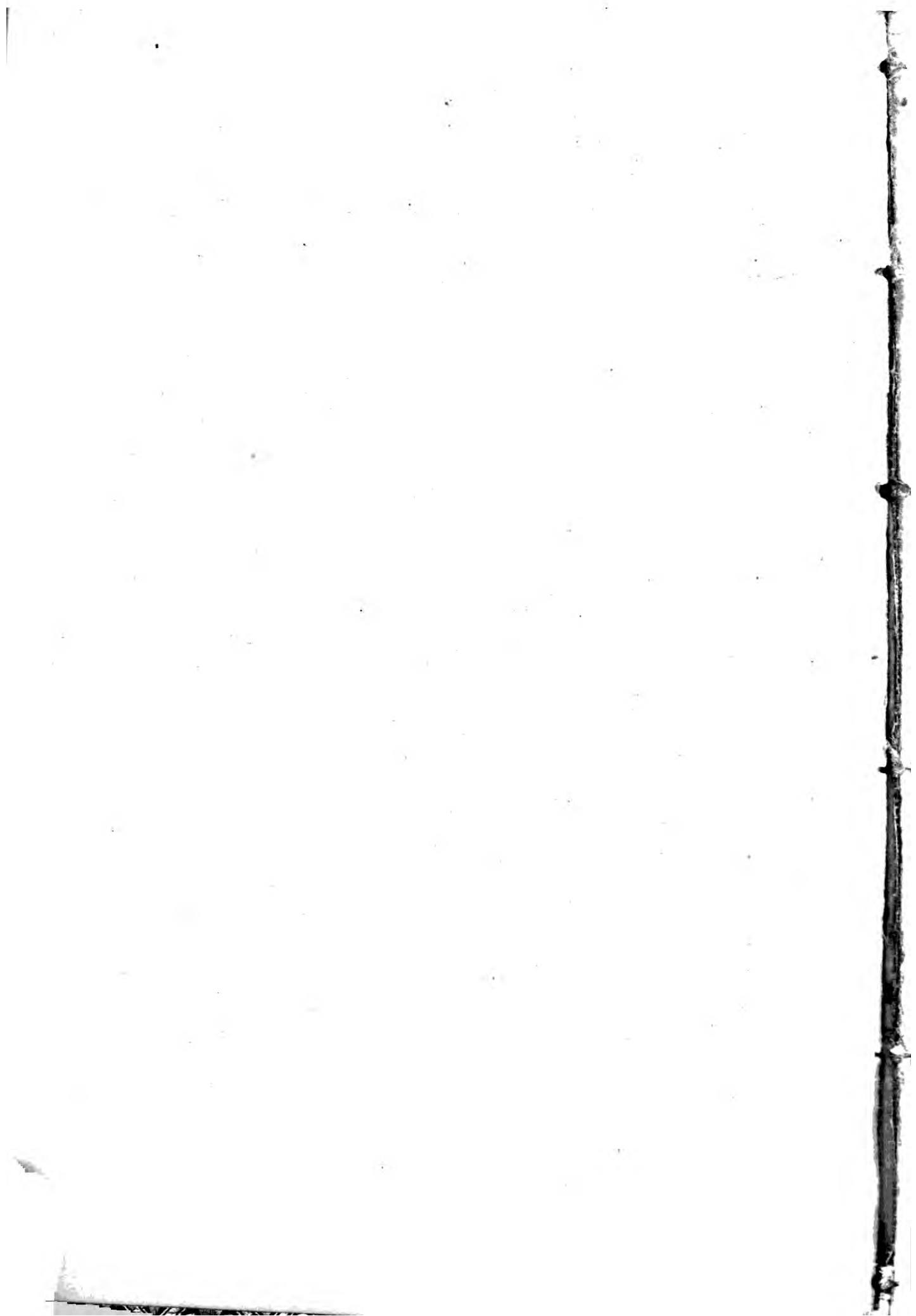




JOHNSON e. 1828



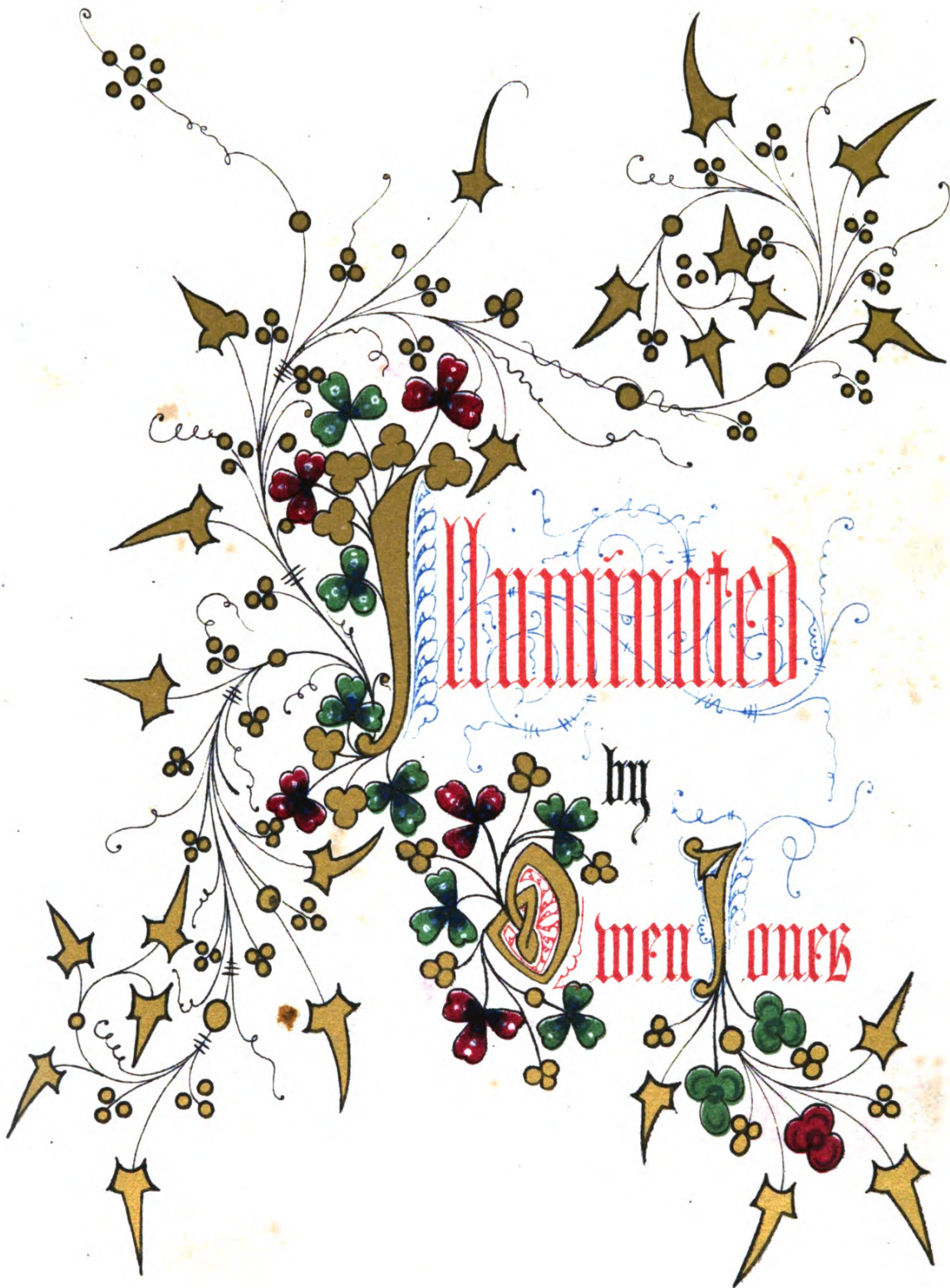






T. Angman & Co. 1849.





Illuminated

by

Wen Jones

Cee

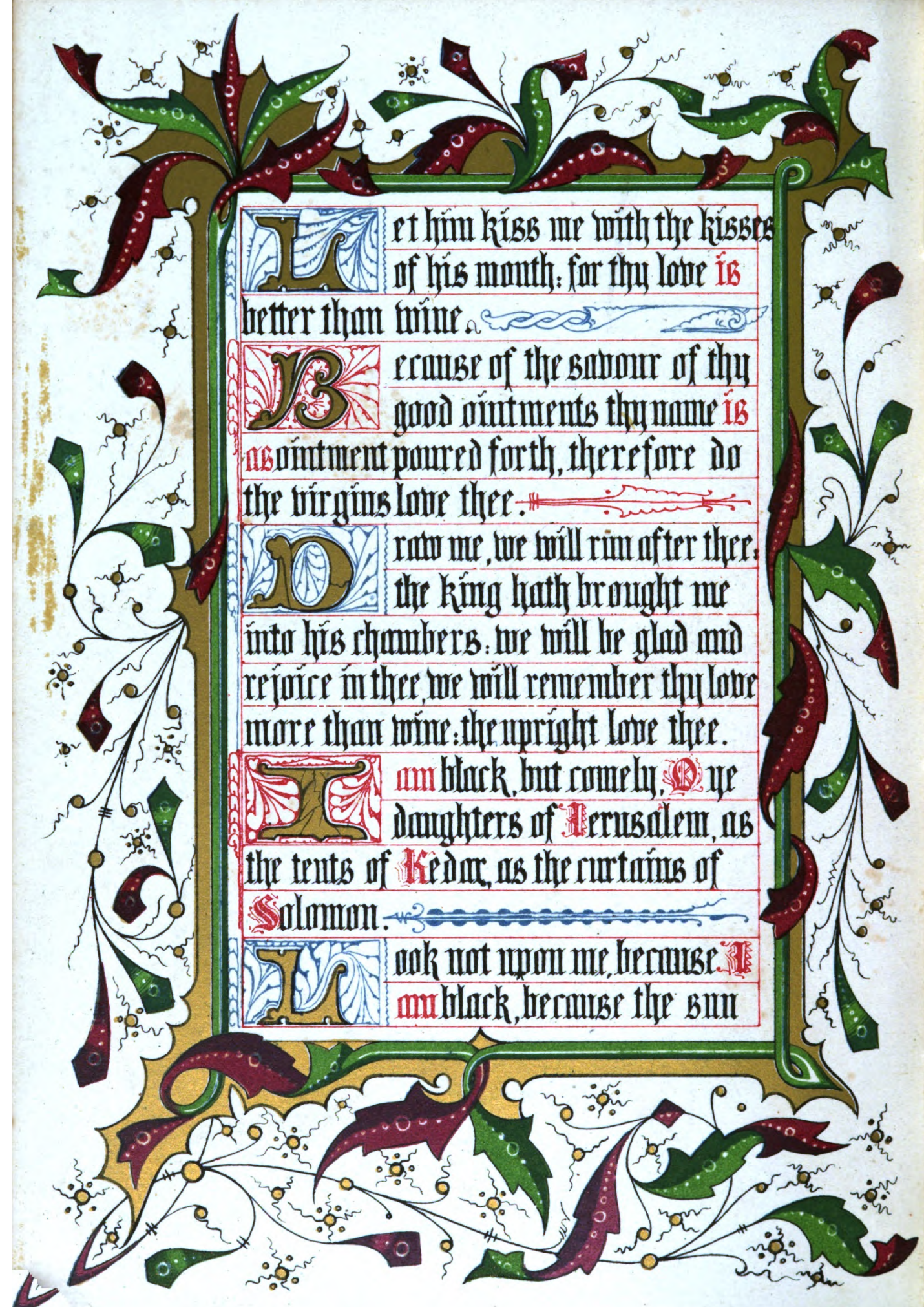
Cee



The Song of

Songs  
which is

Solomon's



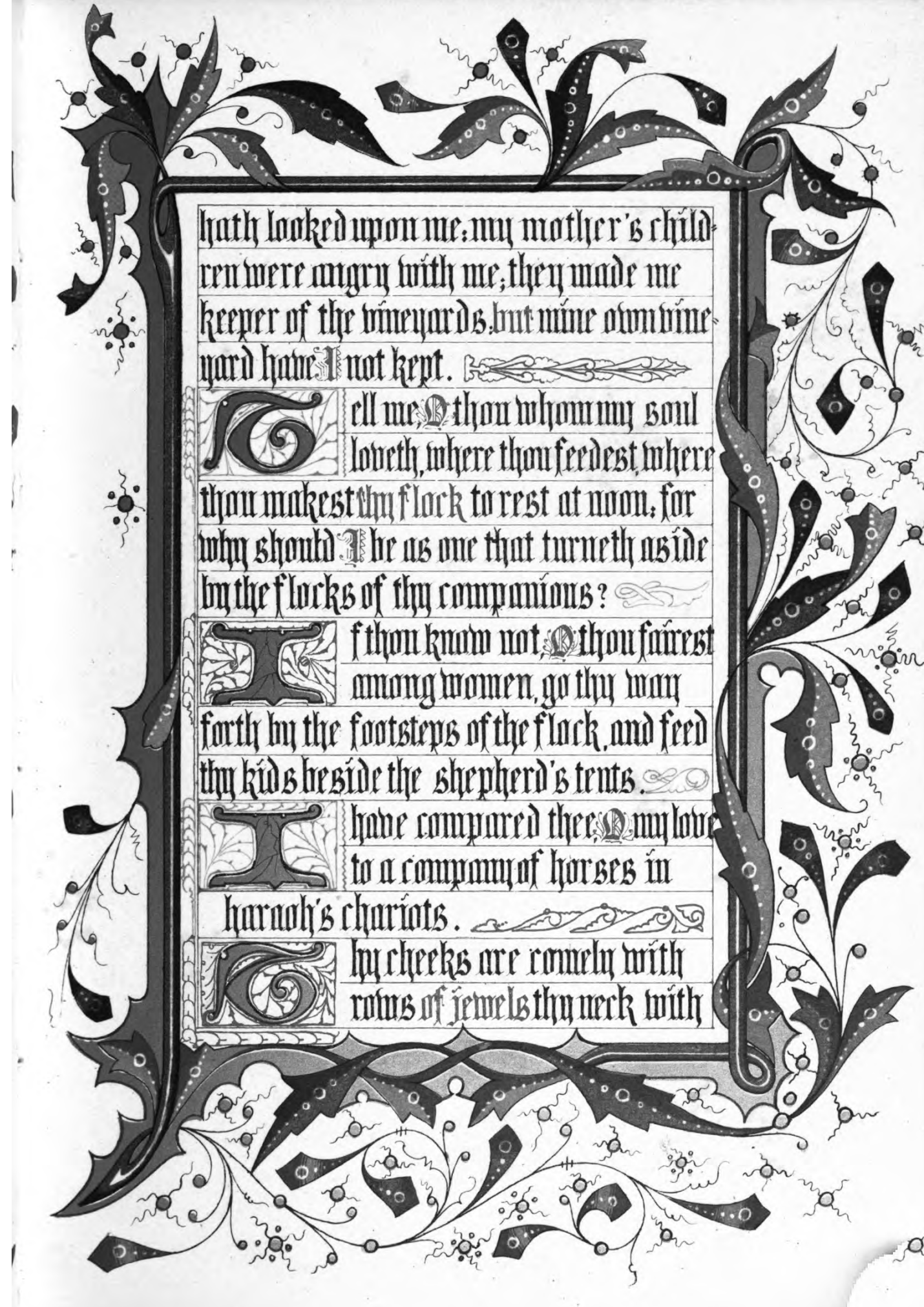
**L**et him kiss me with the kisses  
of his mouth: for thy love is  
better than wine.

**B**ecause of the savour of thy  
good ointments thy name is  
as ointment poured forth, therefore do  
the virgins love thee.

**D**raw me, we will run after thee:  
the king hath brought me  
into his chambers: we will be glad and  
rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love  
more than wine: the upright love thee.

**I** am black, but comely, O ye  
daughters of Jerusalem, as  
the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of  
Solomon.

**L**ook not upon me, because I  
am black, because the sun



hath looked upon me, my mother's children were angry with me, they made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine oliveyard have I not kept.

**T**ell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon, for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?

**I**f thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherd's tents.

**I** have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in harash's chariots.

**T**hy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with

chains of gold

**W**e will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver.

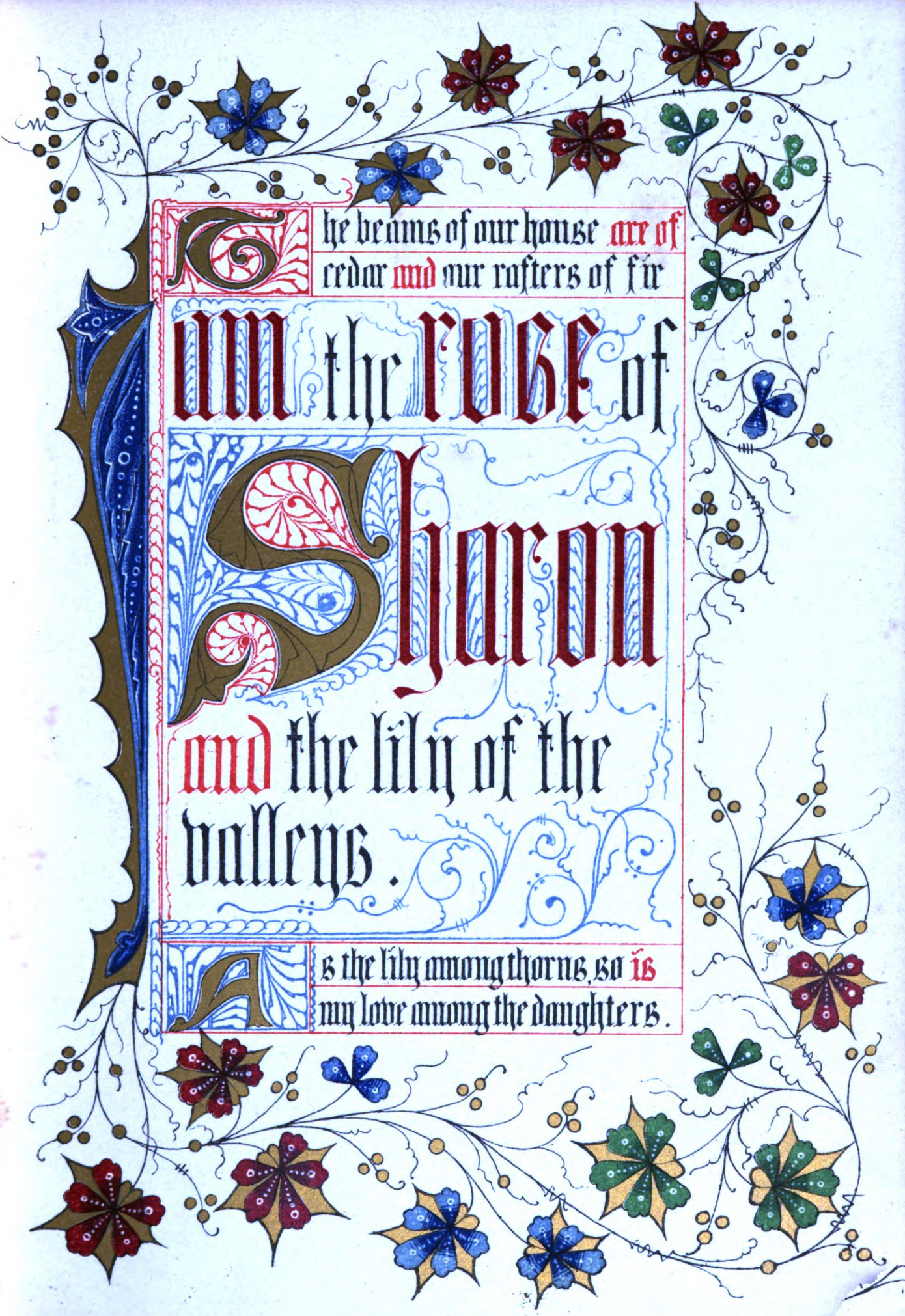
**W**hile the king sitteth at his table, my spikeward sendeth forth the smell thereof.

**A** bundle of myrrh is my wellbeloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.

**M**y beloved is unto me as a cluster of comphire in the vineyards of En-gedi.

**B**ehold, thou art fair, my love, behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes.

**B**ehold, thou art fair my beloved, my pleasant, also our bed is green.




The beams of our house are of cedar and our rafters of fir

in the house of

Sion

and the lily of the valleys.

As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.




**A**s the apple tree among the  
trees of the wood, so **is** my beloved  
among the sons, **I** sat down under his  
shadow with great delight and his fruit **was**  
sweet to my taste.

**W**hen he brought me to the banquetting  
house, and his banner over me  
**was** love.


**S**tay me with flagons, comfort  
me with apples: for **I** am sick  
of love.

**W**his left hand **is** under my head, and  
his right hand doth embrace me.

**C**harge you, **O** ye daughters of  
**J**erusalem, by the roes, and by  
the hinds of the field that ye stir not up, nor  
awake **my** love till he please




he voice of my beloved !  
behold, he cometh leaping  
upon the mountains, skipping upon the  
hills.




My beloved is like a roe or a  
young hart : behold, he  
standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth  
at the windows, shewing himself through  
the lattice.



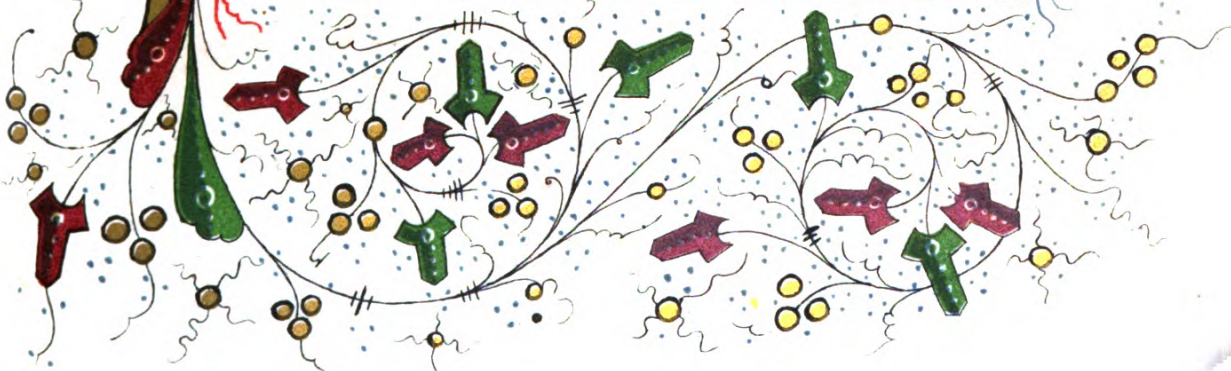
My beloved spake, and said unto  
me, **R**ise up, my love, my fair  
one and come away.




For, lo, the winter is past, the  
rain is over **and** gone;



The flowers appear on the earth,  
the time of the singing of **birds**  
is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard  
in our land.







**T**he fig tree putteth forth her  
green figs, and the vines **with**  
the tender grape give a **good** smell. **Arise**  
my love, my fair one, and come away.

**O** my dove, **that art** in the clefts  
of the rock, in the secret **places**  
of the stairs, let me see thy countenance,  
let me hear thy voice; for sweet **is** thy  
voice, and thy countenance **is** comely.

**T**ake us the foxes, the little  
foxes, that spoil the vines: for  
our vines **have** tender grapes.

**M**y beloved **is** mine, and **I am**  
his: he feedeth among the lilies

**U**ntil the day break, and the  
shadows flee away, turn, my  
beloved and be thou like a roe or a young  
hart upon the mountains of **Bether**.

The page is a full-page illumination. The text is written in a Gothic script within a rectangular frame. The frame is decorated with a dark green border and a red ribbon-like pattern. The text is arranged in several lines, with large, ornate initials in red and blue. The background of the text area is white with red and blue decorative flourishes. The overall style is characteristic of late Gothic or early Renaissance manuscript illumination.

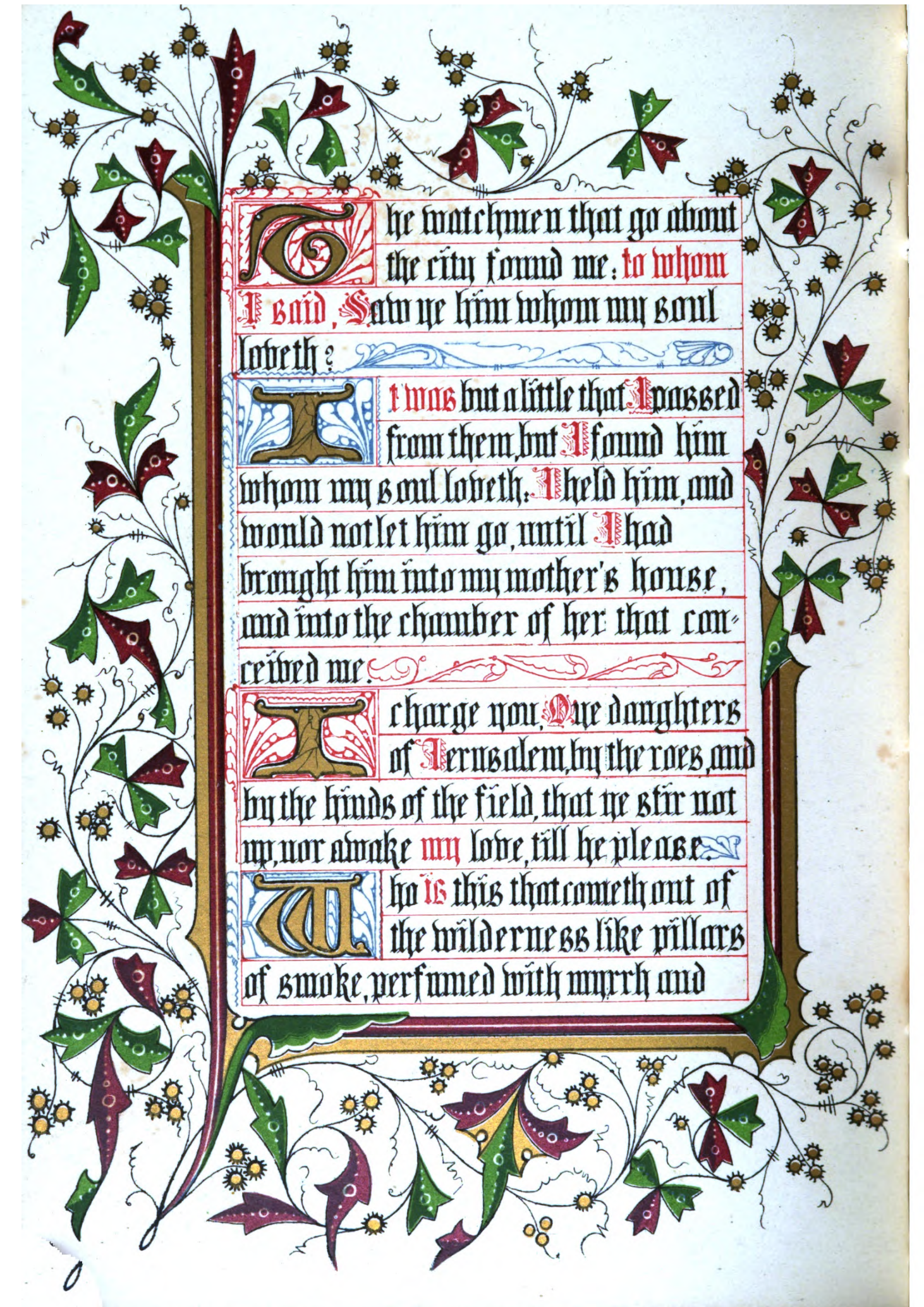
**Y** might

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. **I** sought him, but **I** found  
him not.

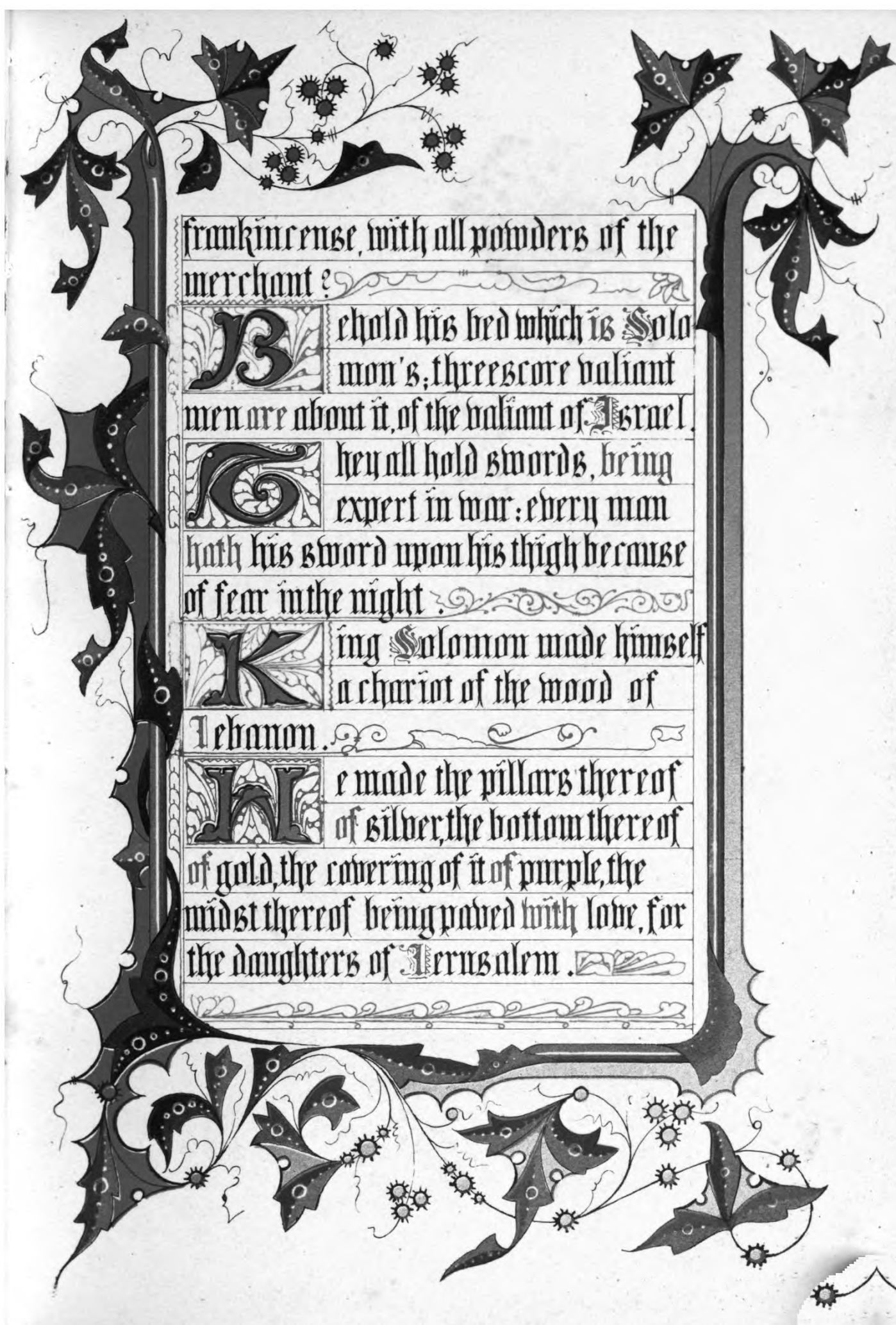


**W**he watchmen that go about  
the city found me: **to whom**  
**I** said, Saw ye him whom my soul  
loveth?

**I** was but a little that I passed  
from them, but I found him  
whom my soul loveth. I held him, and  
would not let him go, until I had  
brought him into my mother's house,  
and into the chamber of her that con-  
ceived me.

**I** charge you, O ye daughters  
of Jerusalem, by the roes, and  
by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not  
up, nor awake my love, till he please.

**W**ho is this that cometh out of  
the wilderness like pillars  
of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and




frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?

**B**ehold his bed which is Solomon's, threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel.

**T**hey all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.


**K**ing Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.

**W**e made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being padded with lobe, for the daughters of Jerusalem.



**C**ome forth, ye daughters of  
Sion, and behold king Solo-  
mon with the crown where with his  
mother crowned him in the day of his  
espousals, and in the day of the glad-  
ness of his heart.

**B**ehold thou art fair,  
my love, behold thou  
art fair; thou hast  
doves' eyes within thy locks thy hair  
is as a flock of goats that appear  
from mount **G**ilead.



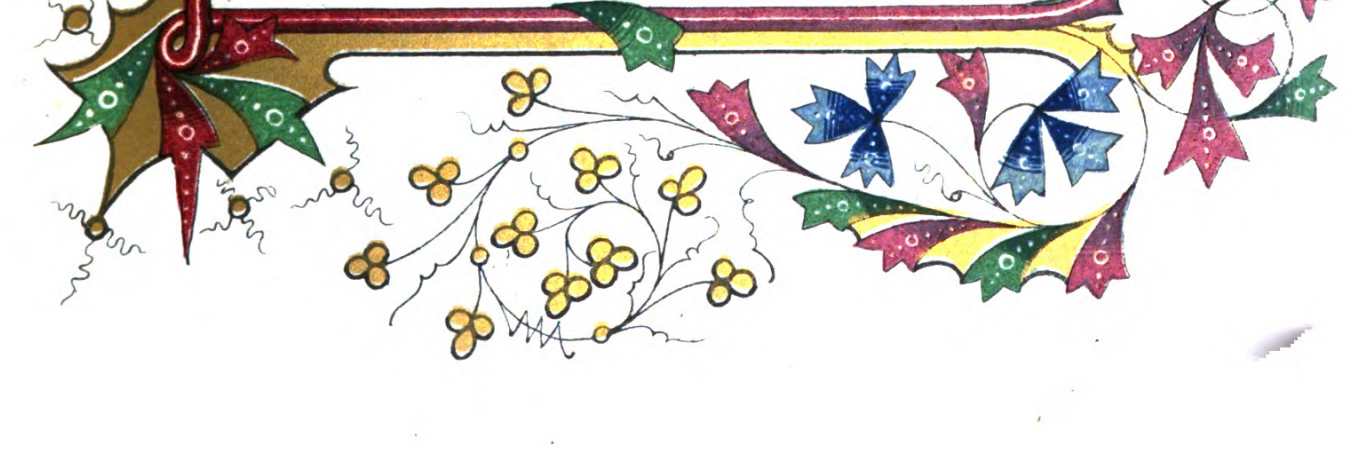
**T**hy teeth **are** like a flock of  
**sheep that are even** shorn  
which come up from the washing, where  
of every one bear twins, and none **is** bar-  
ren among them.


**T**hy lips **are** like a thread of  
scarlet, and thy speech is  
come by: thy temples **are** like a piece of a  
pomegranate within thy locks.

**T**hy neck **is** like the tower of  
**David** builded for an armoury,  
whereon there hang a thousand bucklers  
all shields of mighty men.

**T**hy two breasts **are** like two  
young roes that are twins,  
which feed among the lilies.

**U**ntil the day break, and the  
shadows flee away: **I** will





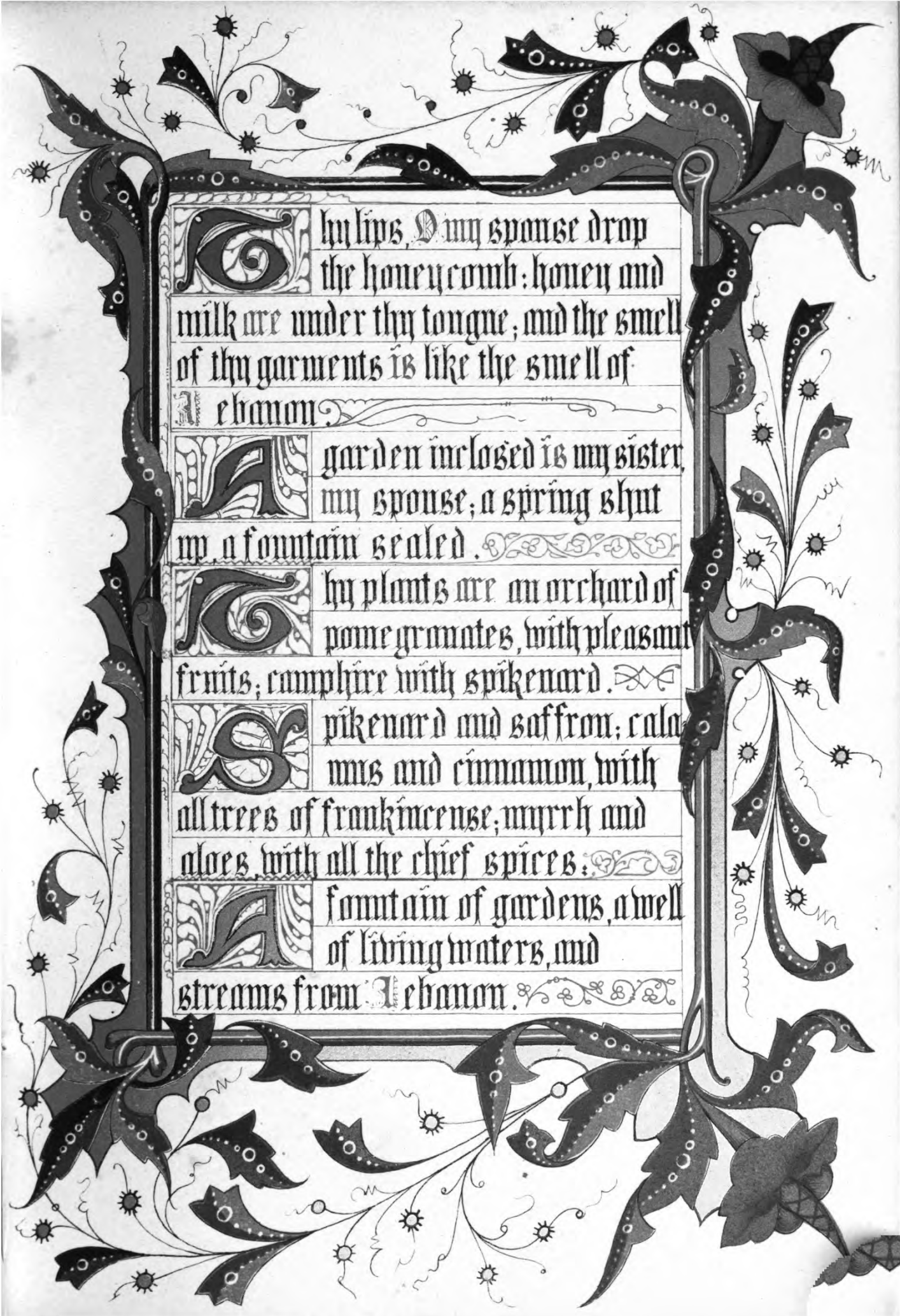
get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to  
the hill of frankincense.

**H**ow art all fair, my love; there  
is no spot in thee.

**C**ome with me from Lebanon,  
my spouse, with me from  
Lebanon: look from the top of Amanah,  
from the top of Shevir and Sermon,  
from the lion's dens, from the mountains  
of the leopards.

**H**ow hast ravished my heart,  
my sister, my spouse; thou  
hast ravished my heart with one of thine  
eyes, with one chain of thy neck.

**H**ow fair is thy love, my sister,  
my spouse! how much better  
is thy love than wine! and the smell of  
thine ointments than all spices!



**W**hy lips, O my spouse drop  
the honeycomb: honey and  
milk are under thy tongue; and the smell  
of thy garments is like the smell of  
Jebanon.


**A** garden inclosed is my sister,  
my spouse; a spring shut  
up, a fountain sealed.

**W**hy plants are an orchard of  
pomegranates, with pleasant  
fruits; camphire with spikenard.

**S**pikenard and saffron; cala-  
mms and cinnamon, with  
all trees of frankincense; myrrh and  
aloes, with all the chief spices:

**A** fountain of gardens, a well  
of living waters, and  
streams from Jebanon.





**A**wake; North wind; and come  
thou south: blow upon my gar-  
den, that the spices thereof may flow out.  
Let my beloved come into his garden,  
and eat his pleasant fruits.

**C**ome into my gar-  
den, my sister, my spouse: I  
have gathered my myrrh with  
my spice; I have eaten my honey  
comb with my honey; I have  
drunk my wine with my milk.



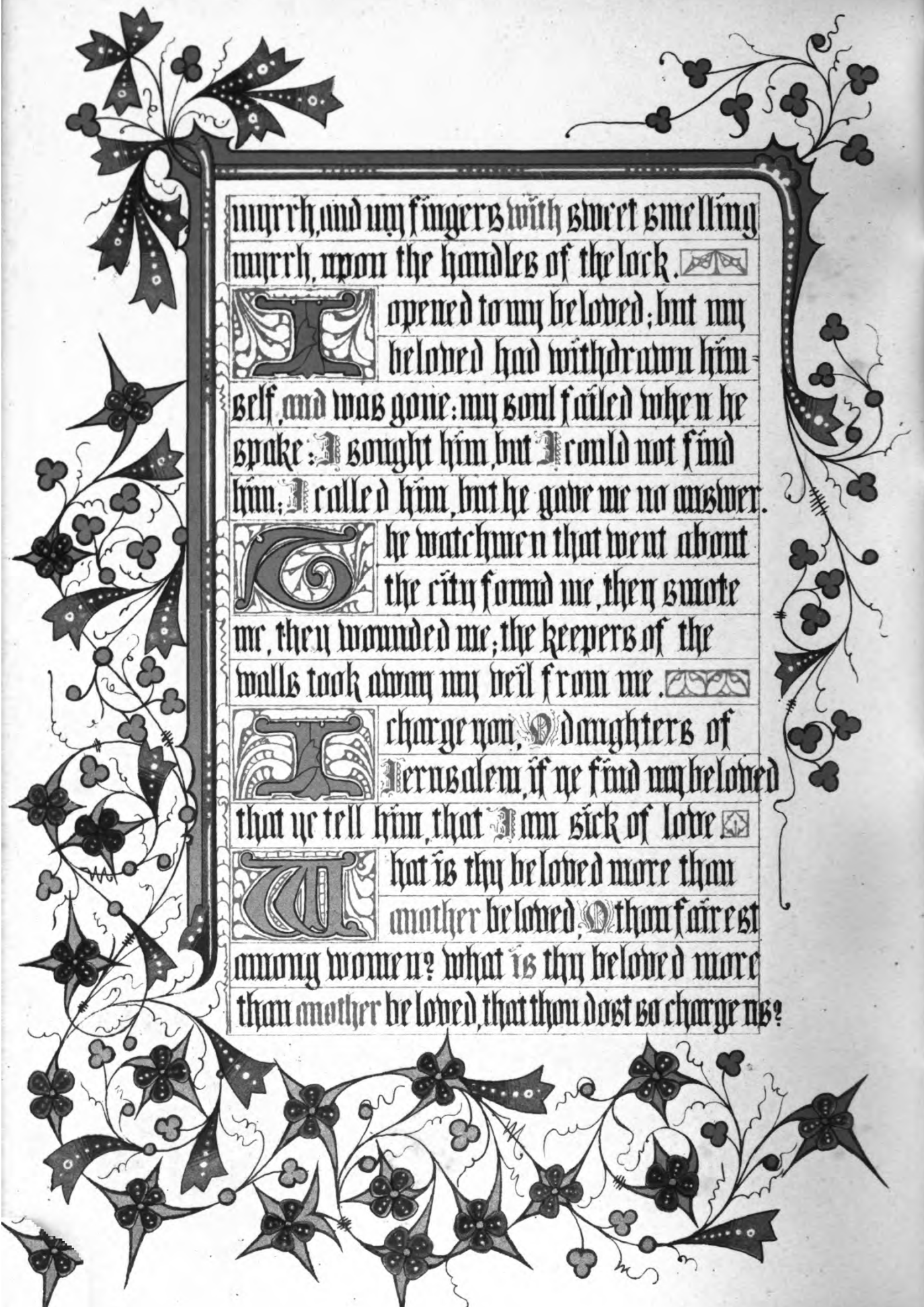
eat, **O** friends; drink, yea, drink  
abundantly, **O** beloved. **Ps**

**I** sleep, but my heart waketh; **it**  
**is** the voice of my beloved  
that knocketh, **saying** **O** pen to me, my sister,  
my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my  
head is filled with dew, **and** my looks with  
the drops of the night.

**I** have put off my coat; how  
shall **I** put it on? **I** have  
washed my feet; how shall **I** defile them:

**W**hy beloved put in his hand by  
the hole **of the door** and my  
bowels were moved for him.

**I** rose up to open to my beloved;  
and my hands dropped **with**




murrh, and my fingers with sweet smelling  
murrh, upon the handles of the lock.

**I** opened to my beloved; but my  
beloved had withdrawn him-  
self, and was gone: my soul failed when he  
spake: I sought him, but I could not find  
him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.

**W**hen the watchmen that went about  
the city found me, they smote  
me, they wounded me; the keepers of the  
walls took away my veil from me.

**C**harge you, O daughters of  
Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved  
that ye tell him, that I am sick of love.

**W**hat is thy beloved more than  
another beloved, O thou fairest  
among women? what is thy beloved more  
than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?




**W**hich beloved is white and ruddy,  
the chiefest among ten thousand.  
**H**is head is as the most fine gold, his  
locks are bushy, and black as a  
raven.

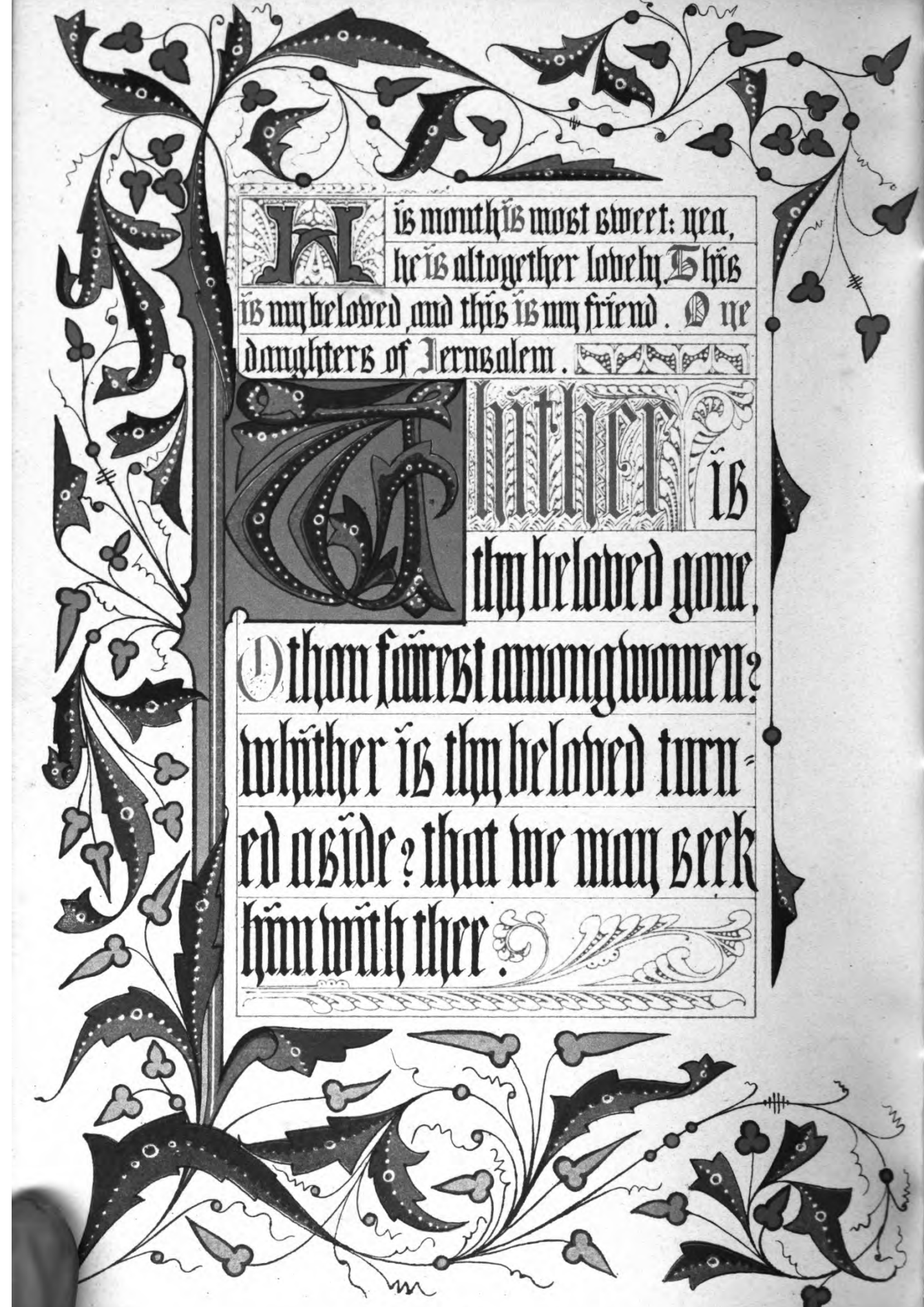
**H**is eyes are as the eyes of doves  
by the rivers of waters, washed  
with milk, and fitly set.

**H**is cheeks are as a bed of spices  
as sweet flowers: his lips like  
filices, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.

**H**is hands are as gold rings set  
with the beryl: his belly is as  
bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.

**H**is legs are as pillars of marble  
set upon sockets of fine gold: his  
countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the  
cedars.






**H**is mouth is most sweet: yea,  
he is altogether lovely. This  
is my beloved, and this is my friend. O ye  
daughters of Jerusalem.

**W**hither is  
thy beloved gone,

O thou fairest among women?  
Whither is thy beloved turn-  
ed aside? that we may seek  
him with thee.



**W**hy beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.


**I** my beloved's, and my beloved is mine: he see death among the lilies.

**T**hou art beautiful, O my love, as Sirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.

**T**urn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.

**T**hy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof everyone beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them.

**A**s a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.



**W**here are threescore queens, and  
fourscore concubines and virgins  
without number.

**W**hy doth my undefiled is **but** one;  
she is the **only** one of her mother,  
she is the **choic**e one of her that bare her. **T**he  
daughters saw her and blessed her; **yea**, the  
queens and the concubines, and they praised  
her.

**W**ho is she **that** looketh forth as the  
morning, fair as the moon, clear  
as the sun, **and** terrible as **an army** with  
banners?

**S**he went down into the garden of  
nuts to see the fruits of the val-  
ley, **and** to see whether the vine flourished,  
**and** the pomegranate budded.

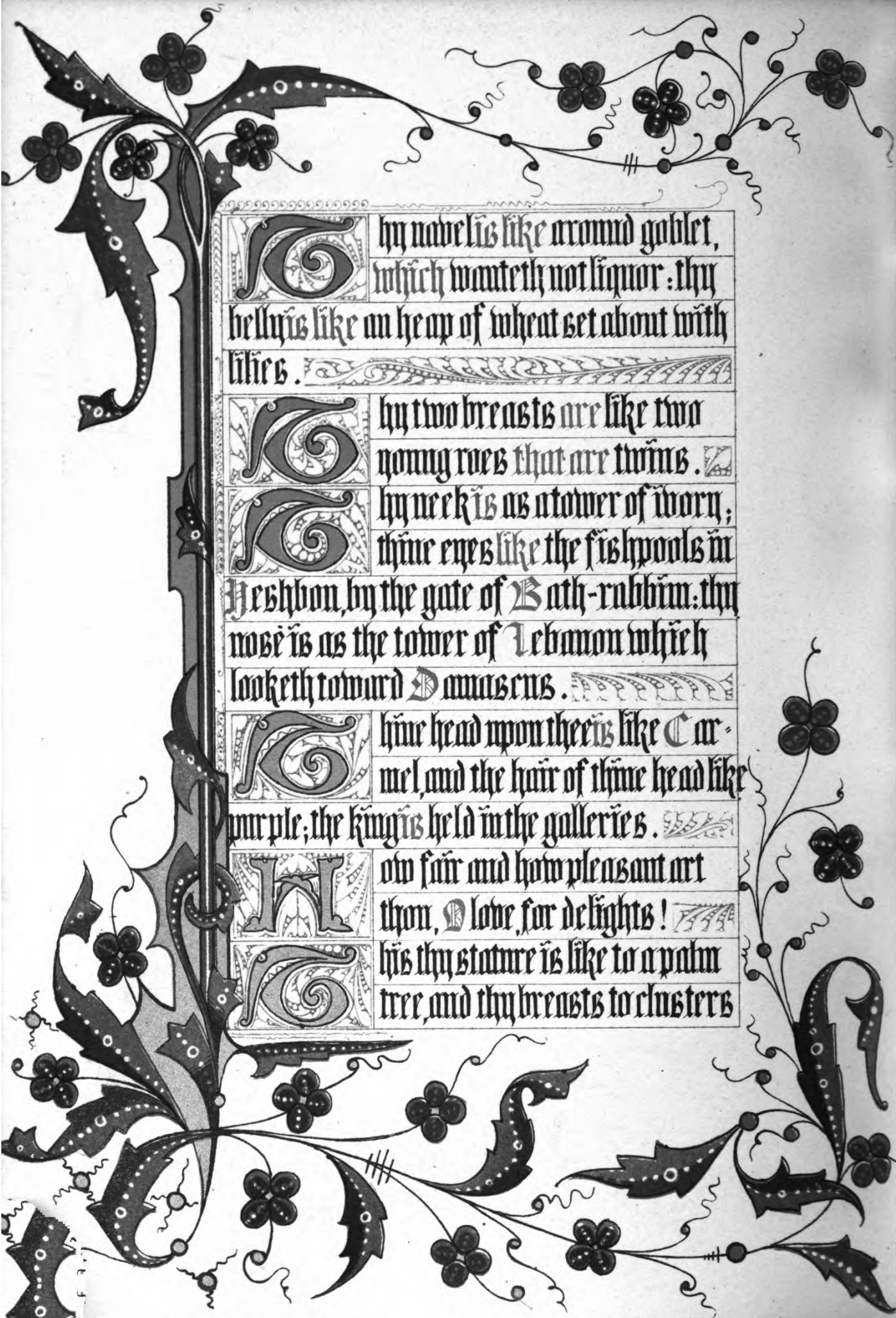
**Q**uerever I was aware, my soul  
made me like the chariots of  
Hinnadib.

**R**eturn, return, O Shulamite;  
return, return, that we may look  
upon thee. What will we see in the Shulamite?  
As it were the company of two armies.

**W**onderful are  
thy feet with shoes,

**O** prince's daughter! the joints of  
thy thighs are like jewels the work  
of the hands of a cunning workman.





**T**hy navel is like a round goblet,  
which wanteth not liquor: thy  
belly is like an heap of wheat set about with  
lilies.

**T**hy two breasts are like two  
young roes that are twins.

**T**hy neck is as a tower of ivory;  
thine eyes like the fishpools in  
Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim: thy  
nose is as the tower of Lebanon which  
looketh toward Damascus.

**T**hine head upon thee is like Car-  
mel, and the hair of thine head like  
purple; the king is held in the galleries.

**H**ow fair and how pleasant art  
thou, O love, for delights!

**H**is thy stature is like to a palm  
tree, and thy breasts to clusters

of grapes

**I** said I will go up to the palm tree  
I will take hold of the boughs  
thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as  
clusters of the vine, and the swell of thy  
nose like apples;

**A**nd the roof of thy mouth like the  
best wine for my beloved, that  
goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those  
that are asleep to speak.

**I** am my beloved's, and his desire  
is toward me.

**C**ome, my beloved, let us go forth  
into the field; let us lodge in the  
villages.

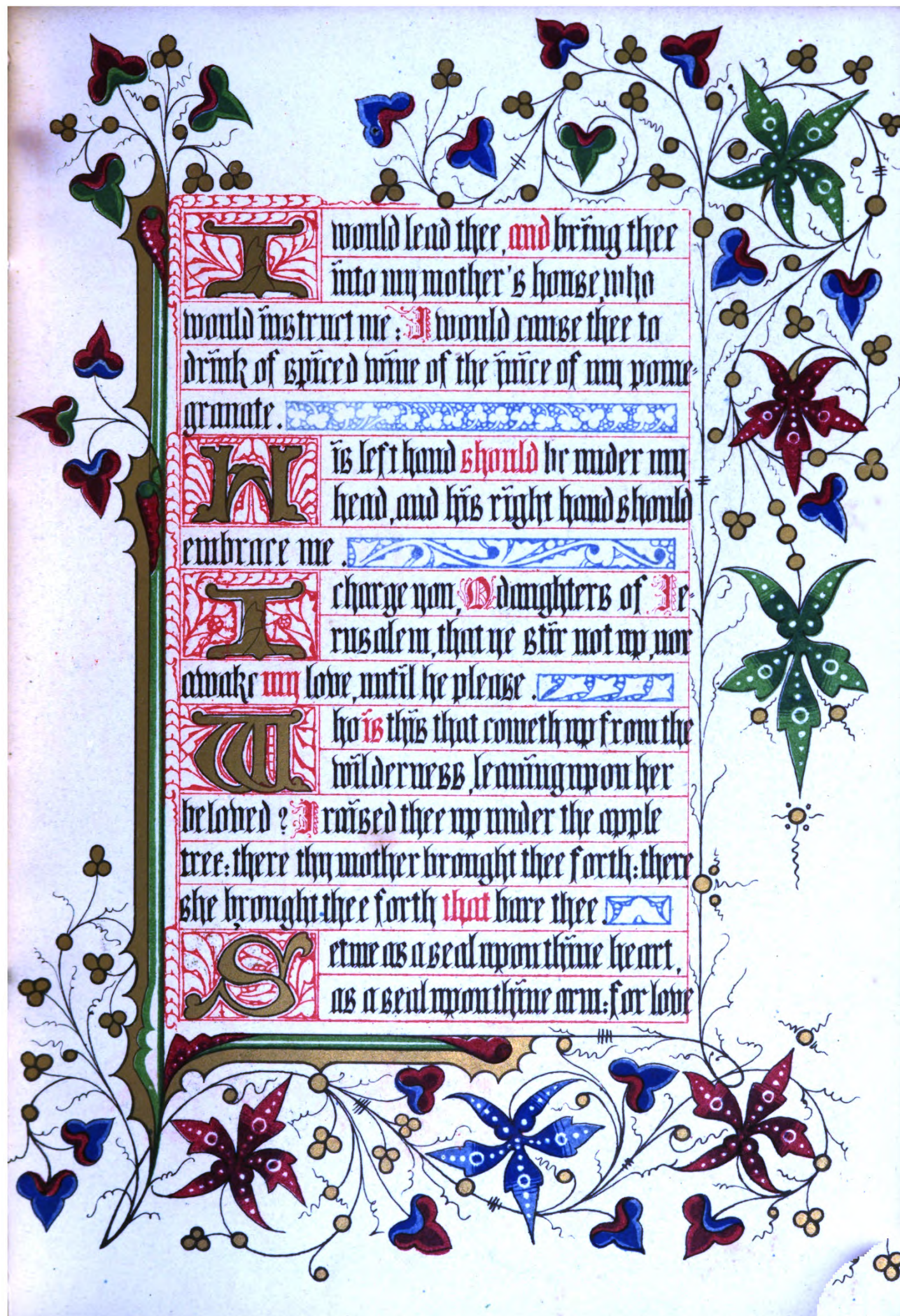
**L**et us get up early to the vineyards,  
let us see if the vine flourish,  
whether the tender grape appear, and the



pomegranates laid forth: there will I give thee  
my loves.

**W**he mandrakes give a smell, and  
at our gates are all manner of  
pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have  
laid up for thee, O my beloved.

**W**hether thou wert as  
my brother that sucked  
the breasts of my mother: when I should  
find thee without I would kiss thee;  
yea, I should not be despised.




**I**would lead thee, **and** bring thee  
into my mother's house, who  
would instruct me: **I**would cause thee to  
drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pome-  
granate.

**H**is left hand **should** be under my  
head, and his right hand **should**  
embrace me.

**I** charge you, **O** daughters of Je-  
rusalem, that ye stir not up, nor  
awake **my** love, until he please.

**W**ho **is** this that cometh up from the  
wilderness, leaning upon her  
beloved? **I** raised thee up under the apple  
tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there  
she brought thee forth **that** bare thee.

**S**et me as a seal upon thine heart,  
as a seal upon thine arm: for love



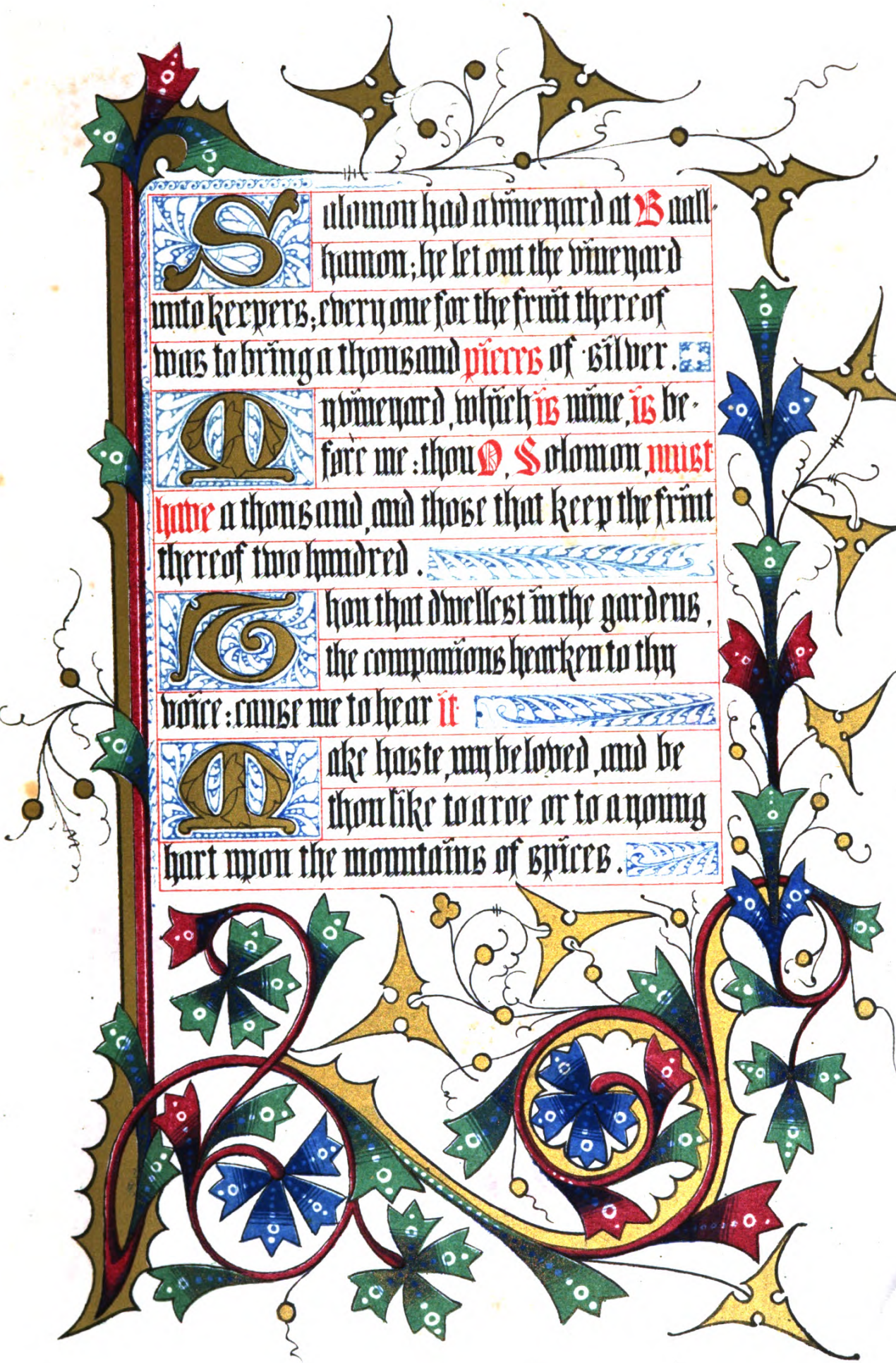
**I**s strong as death; jealousy **i**s cruel as the  
grave: the coals thereof **a**re coals of fire **w**hich  
**h**ath a most vehement flame.

**N**o waters can quench love,  
neither can the floods drown it: if a  
man would give all the substance of his house  
for love, it would utterly be contemned.

**W**e have a little sister, and she hath  
no breasts: what shall we do for  
our sister in the day when she shall be spoken  
for?

**I**f she **b**e a wall, we will build upon  
her a palace of silver: and if she **b**e  
a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.

**I**f **l**ike a wall, and my breasts like  
towers: then was **I** in his eyes  
as one that found favour.



**S**olomon had a vineyard at **B**aal-  
hamon; he let out the vineyard  
unto keepers; every one for the fruit there of  
was to bring a thousand **pieces** of silver.

**A** vineyard, which **is** mine, **is** be-  
fore me: thou **O**, **S**olomon, **must**  
**have** a thousand, and those that keep the fruit  
thereof two hundred.

**T**hou that dwellest in the gardens,  
the companions hearken to thy  
voice: cause me to hear **it**.

**M**ake haste, my beloved, and be  
thou like to a roe or to a young  
hart upon the mountains of spices.



JOHN  
Bibl  
Bodl.  
JOHNSON

