

SONG OF SONGS

¹ *Here beginneth the Song of Songs**.

² Kiss he me with the kiss of his mouth. For thy loves be better than wine†,

³ and give odour with best oint-ments. Thy name *is like* oil shed [*or poured*] out; therefore [*the*] young damsels loved thee.

⁴ Draw thou me after thee; we shall run. The king led me into his cellars; we mindful of thy loves above wine, shall make full out joy, and we shall be glad in thee; rightful men love thee.

⁵ Ye daughters of Jerusalem, I am black, but fair, as the tabernacles of Kedar, as the skins of Solomon.

⁶ Do not ye behold me, that I am black, for the sun hath discoloured me; the sons of my mother fought against me, they set me a keeper in vineries; I kept not my vinery.

⁷ *Thou spouse*, whom my soul loveth, show to me, where thou pasturest, where thou restest in mid-day; lest I begin to wander, after the flocks of thy fellows.

* **CHAPTER 1:1** One manuscript adds, ‘that were made of (or by) Solomon, to be sung in the temple of the Lord, into everlasting worshipping, and needeth none other prologue’. † **CHAPTER 1:2** The “Early Version” of the “*Wycliffe Bible*”, and one copy of the “Later Version” labeled “X”, present this book as an allegorical dialogue between Christ and the Church. For example, this verse is introduced as: ‘The Church, of the coming of Christ speaketh (or The Church speaketh of the coming of Christ), saying,...’.

⁸ A! thou fairest among women, if thou knowest not thyself, go thou out, and go forth after the steps of thy flocks; and feed thy kids, beside the tabernacles of shepherds.

⁹ My love, I likened thee to mine host of knights in the chariots of Pharaoh.

¹⁰ Thy cheeks be fair, as of a turtle; thy neck is as brooches.

¹¹ We shall make to thee golden ornaments, parted and made diverse with silver.

¹² When the king was in his resting place, my nard gave his odour.

¹³ My darling is a bundle of myrrh to me; he shall dwell betwixt my teats.

¹⁴ My darling *is* to me a cluster of cypress trees, among the vineries of Engedi.

¹⁵ Lo! my love, thou art fair; lo! thou *art* fair, thine eyes *be the eyes* of culvers.

¹⁶ Lo! my darling, thou art fair and shapely; our bed *is* fair as flowers.

¹⁷ The beams of our houses *be* of cedar; our couplings *be* of cypress.

CHAPTER 2

¹ I *am* a flower of the field, and a lily of great valleys.

² As a lily among thorns, so *is* my friendess among daughters.

³ As an apple tree among the trees of woods, so *is* my darling among sons. I sat under the shadow of him, whom I desired; and his fruit *was* sweet to my throat.

4 The king led me into the wine cellar; he ordained charity in me.

5 Beset ye me with flowers, en-compass ye me with apples; for I am sick for love.

6 His left hand *is* under mine head; and his right hand shall embrace me.

7 Ye daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you greatly, by caprets, and harts of fields, that ye raise not, neither make to awake the dear-worthy *spoussess*, till she will.

8 The voice of my darling; lo! this *darling* cometh leaping in mountains, and skipping over little hills.

9 My darling is like a capret, and a calf of harts; lo! he standeth behind our wall, and beholdeth by the windows, and looketh through the lattice.

10 Lo! my darling speaketh to me, My love, my culver, my fair *spoussess*, rise thou, haste thou, and come thou;

11 for winter is passed now, rain is gone, and is departed away.

12 Flowers have appeared in our land, and the time of cutting is come; the voice of a turtle is heard in our land,

13 the fig tree hath brought forth his buds; the vineries flowering have given their odour. My love, my fair *spoussess*, rise thou, haste thou, and come thou.

14 My culver *is* in the holes of [*the*] stone, in the chink of a wall without mortar. Show thy face to me, thy voice sound in mine ears; for thy voice is sweet, and thy face is fair.

¹⁵ Catch ye little foxes to us, that destroy the vineries; for our vinery hath flowered.

¹⁶ My darling *is* to me, and I *am* to him, which is fed among lilies;

¹⁷ till the day spring, and shadows be bowed down. My darling, turn thou again; be thou like a capret, and a calf of harts, on the hills of Bether.

CHAPTER 3

¹ In my little bed, I sought him by nights, whom my soul loveth; I sought him, and I found not.

² *So I said*, I shall rise, and I shall compass the city, by little streets and large streets; I shall seek him, whom my soul loveth; I sought him, and I found not.

³ Watchmen, that keep the city, found me. *I asked*, Whether ye saw him, whom my soul loveth?

⁴ A little when I had passed them, I found him, whom my soul loveth; I held him, and I shall not leave *him*, till I bring him into the house of my mother, and into the [*bed-*]closet of my mother.

⁵ Ye daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you greatly, by the caprets, and harts of fields, that ye raise not, neither make to awake the dearworthy *spoussess*, till she will.

⁶ Who is this *woman*, that goeth up by the desert, as a rod of smoke of sweet smelling spices, of myrrh, and of incense, and of all powder of an ointment maker?

⁷ Lo! sixty strong men of the strongest men of Israel encompass the bed of Solomon;

⁸ and all they hold swords, and *be* most witting to battles; the sword of each man *is* on his hip, for the dread of nights.

⁹ King Solomon made to him a seat, of the wood of Lebanon;

¹⁰ he made the pillars thereof of silver; *he made* a golden resting place, a going up of purple; and he arrayed the middle things with charity, for the daughters of Jerusalem.

¹¹ Ye daughters of Zion, go out, and see king Solomon in the diadem, with which his mother crowned him, in the day of his espousing, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

CHAPTER 4

¹ My friendess, thou art full fair, thou art full fair; thine eyes *be* of culvers, without that, that is hid within; thine hairs *be* as the flocks of goats, that went up from the hills of Gilead.

² Thy teeth *be* as the flocks of shorn sheep, that went up from [*the*] washing; all *be* with double lambs, and no barren is among those.

³ Thy lips *be* as a red lace, and thy speech *is* sweet; as the remnant of an apple of Punic, so *be* thy cheeks, without that, that is hid within.

⁴ Thy neck *is* as the tower of David, which is builded with strong-holds made before for defence; a thousand shields hang on it, all [*the*] armour of strong men.

⁵ Thy two teats *be* as two kids, twins of a capret, that be fed among lilies,

⁶ till the day spring, and [*the*] shadows be bowed down. I shall go to the mountain of myrrh, and to the little hill of incense.

⁷ My love, thou art all-fair, and no wem is in thee.

⁸ My spouses, come thou from the Lebanon; come thou from the Lebanon, come thou; beholding from the head of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the dens of lions, from the hills of leopards.

⁹ My sister spouses, thou hast wounded mine heart; thou hast wounded mine heart, in one of thine eyes, and in one hair of thy neck.

¹⁰ My sister spouses, thy loves be full fair; thy loves be fairer than wine, and the odour of thy clothes is above all sweet smelling ointments.

¹¹ Spouses, thy lips *be as* an honeycomb dropping; honey and milk *be* under thy tongue, and the odour of thy clothes *is* as the odour of incense.

¹² My sister spouses, a garden closed altogether; a garden closed altogether, a well asealed.

¹³ Thy sendings-out *be as a* paradise of apples of Punic, with the fruits of apples, cypress trees, with nard;

¹⁴ nard and saffron, *an herb called* fistula, and canel, with all [*the*] trees of the Lebanon, myrrh, and aloes, with all the best, *either first*, ointments.

¹⁵ A well of gardens, a well of welling, *either quick*, waters, that flow with fierceness from the Lebanon.

¹⁶ Rise thou, north *wind*, and come thou, south *wind*; blow thou through my garden, and the sweet smelling ointments thereof shall flow. My darling, come *he* into his garden, to eat the fruit of his apples.

CHAPTER 5

¹ My sister spouses, come thou into my garden. I have reaped my myrrh, with my sweet smelling spices; I have eaten an honeycomb, with mine honey; I have drunk my wine, with my milk. Friends, eat ye, and drink; and most dear *friends*, be ye filled greatly.

² I sleep, and mine heart waketh. The voice of my darling knocking; my sister, my love, my culver, my *spouess* unwemmed, open thou to me; for mine head is full of dew, and mine hairs *be* full of [*the*] drops of nights.

³ I have unclothed me of my coat; how shall I be clothed therein? I have washed my feet; how shall I defoul them?

⁴ My darling put his hand by an hole *in the door*; and my womb trembled at the touching thereof.

⁵ I rose, for to open to my darling; mine hands dropped myrrh, and my fingers *were* full of myrrh most proved.

⁶ I opened the wicket of my door to my darling; and he had bowed away, and had passed forth. My soul was melted, as the darling spake; I sought, and I found not him; I called, and he answered not to me.

7 The keepers that compassed the city found me; they smote me, and wounded me; the keepers of *[the]* walls took away my mantle.

8 Ye daughters of Jerusalem, I beseech you by an holy thing, if ye have found my darling, that ye tell to him, that I am sick for love.

9 A! thou fairest of women, of what manner condition is thy darling of the beloved? of what manner condition is thy darling of a darling? for thou hast so besought us by an holy thing.

10 My darling *is* white and ruddy; chosen of thousands.

11 His head *is* best gold; his hairs *be* as the boughs of palm trees, *and be* black as a crow.

12 His eyes *be* as culvers on the strands of waters, that be washed in milk, and sit beside *[the]* fullest rivers.

13 His cheeks *be* as gardens of sweet smelling spices, set of ointment makers; his lips *be as* lilies, dropping down the best myrrh.

14 His hands *be* able to turn about, golden, and full of jacinths; his womb is of ivory, adorned with sapphires.

15 His hips *be* pillars of marble, that be founded on foundations of gold; his shapeliness *is* as the Lebanon, *he is* chosen as cedars.

16 His throat *is* most sweet, and he *is* all desirable. Ye daughters of Jerusalem, such is my darling, and this is my friend.

CHAPTER 6

¹ Thou fairest of women, whither went [*away*] thy darling? whither bowed [*down*] thy darling? and we shall seek him with thee.

² My darling went down into his orchard, to the garden of sweet smelling spices, that he be fed there in [*the*] orchards, and gather lilies.

³ I to my darling; and my darling, that is fed among the lilies, *be* to me.

⁴ My love, thou art fair, sweet and shapely as Jerusalem, *thou art* fearedful as the battle array of hosts set in good order.

⁵ Turn away thine eyes from me, for they made me to flee away; thine hairs *be* as the flocks of goats, that appeared from Gilead.

⁶ Thy teeth *be* as a flock of sheep, that went up from [*the*] washing; all *be* with double lambs, *either twins*, and no barren there is among them.

⁷ As the rind of a pomegranate, so *be* thy cheeks, without thy privates.

⁸ Sixty *be* queens, and eighty *be* secondary wives; and of young damsels is none number.

⁹ One is my culver, my perfect *spouses*, one is to her mother, and *is* the chosen of her mother; the daughters of Zion saw her, and preached *her* most blessed; queens, and secondary wives, praised her.

¹⁰ Who is this, that goeth forth, as the morrowtide rising, fair as the moon, chosen as the sun, fearedful as the battle array of hosts set in good order?

¹¹ I came down into mine orchard, to see the apples of great valleys, and to behold, if vineries

had flowered, and if the pomegranate trees had burgeoned.

¹² I knew not; my soul troubled me, for the chariots of Amminadib.

¹³ Turn again, turn again, thou Shulamite; turn again, turn again, that we behold thee. What shalt thou see in the Shulamite, but companies of hosts?

CHAPTER 7

¹ Daughter of the prince, thy goings be full fair in shoes; the jointures of thy hips *be* as brooches, that be made by the hand of a craftsman.

² Thy navel *is* as a round cup, and well-formed, that hath never need to drinks; thy womb *is* as an heap of wheat, beset about with lilies.

³ Thy two teats *be* as two kids, twins of a capret.

⁴ Thy neck *is* as a tower of ivory; thine eyes *be* as [*the*] cisterns in Heshbon, that be in the gate of the daughter of [*the*] multitude; thy nose *is* as the tower of Lebanon, that beholdeth against Damascus.

⁵ Thine head *is* as Carmel; and the hairs of thine head *be* as the king's purple, joined to troughs.

⁶ Most dear spouses, thou art full fair, and full shapely in delights.

⁷ Thy stature is likened to a palm tree, and thy teats to clusters of grapes.

⁸ I said, I shall go up into a palm tree, and I shall take the fruits thereof. And thy teats shall be as the clusters of grapes of a vinery; and the odour of thy mouth as the odour of pom-egranates;

⁹ thy throat *shall be* as best wine. Worthy to my darling for to drink, and to his lips and teeth to chew.

¹⁰ I *shall cleave by love* to my darling, and his turning *shall be* to me.

¹¹ Come thou, my darling, go we out into the field; dwell we together in towns.

¹² Rise we early to the vinery; see we, if the vine hath flowered, if the flowers bring forth fruit, if [*the*] pomegranates have flowered; there I shall give to thee my loves.

¹³ [*The*] Mandrakes have given their odour in our gates; my darling, I have kept to thee all apples, new and eld [*or old*].

CHAPTER 8

¹ Who may grant to me thee, my brother, sucking the teats of my mother, that I find thee alone without-forth, and that I kiss thee, and no man despise me then?

² I shall take thee, and I shall lead *thee* into the house of my mother, and into the *bed*-closet of my mother; there thou shalt teach me, and I shall give to thee drink of wine made sweet, and of the must of my pomegranates.

³ His left hand *shall be* under mine head, and his right hand shall embrace me.

⁴ Ye daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you greatly, that ye raise not, neither make the dearworthy *spoussess* to awake, till she will.

⁵ Who is this *spoussess*, that goeth up from desert, and floweth in delights, and resteth on her darling? I raised thee under a pomegranate

tree; there thy mother was corrupted, there thy mother was defouled.

⁶ Set thou me as a signet on thine heart, as a signet on thine arm; for love is strong as death, envy is hard as hell; the lamps thereof *be[the]* lamps of fire, and of flames.

⁷ Many waters be not able to quench charity, neither floods shall oppress it. Though a man give all the chattel of his house for love, he shall despise, *or reckon it*, as nought.

⁸ Our sister is little, and hath no teats; what shall we do to our sister, in the day when she shall be spoken to?

⁹ If it is a wall, build we thereon silveren towers; if it is a door, join we together with boards of cedar.

¹⁰ I *am* a wall, and my teats *be* as a tower; since I am made as finding peace before him.

¹¹ A vinery was to the peaceable; in that *city*, that hath peoples, he betook it to keepers; a man bringeth a thousand pieces of silver for the fruit thereof.

¹² The vinery is before me; a thousand *be* of thee peaceable, and two hundred to them that keep the fruits thereof.

¹³ Friends hearken *to* thee, that dwellest in orchards; make thou me to hear thy voice.

¹⁴ My darling, fly thou; be thou made like a capret, and a calf of harts, on the hills of sweet smelling spices.

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Wycliffe's Bible with Modern Spelling, was made in response to requests from readers who wanted my Wycliffe's Old and New Testaments and Apocrypha in one volume. Printing limitations dictated the number of pages available to me and the letter size. In my previous books, Wycliffe's Bible, Wycliffe's Old Testament, Vols. 1 amp 2, Wycliffe's New Testament, and Wycliffe's Apocrypha, I have tens of thousands of rewritten verses, presented in parentheses "()", to provide help in comprehending the 14th century Middle English vocabulary and grammar. In this present volume, with space at a premium, those "helps" had to be eliminated, to make room for the text of the Apocrypha.

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