Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth!
For your love is better than wine. Your name
is like ointment poured forth; Therefore the virgins love you.
The king brought me, brought me into his chambers—
We'll be glad and joy in you; We'll exalt your love much more than wine. Draw me; we will run after you.

Tell me, you whom my soul loves,
Where do you feed your flock?
Where do they lie down at noon?
Where do you pasture your flock?

If you yourself do not know,
Go by the flock's footsteps,
Feed your young, O fairest one,
By the shepherds' tents.