

Where has your beloved gone,

MOST BEAUTIFUL OF WOMEN?

Which way did your beloved turn,

THAT WE MAY LOOK FOR HIM WITH YOU?

My beloved has gone down to his

GARDEN, TO THE BEDS OF SPICES,

to browse in the gardens

AND TO GATHER LILIES.

I am my beloved's and my beloved is

MINE; HE BROWSES AMONG THE LILIES.

OF SOLOMON
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