

Maid:

"My Beloved is white and ruddy,
A standard-bearer among ten thousand,
His hair is black as the raven,
His eyes are as the dove's in the water-brooks,
His cheeks as sweet flowers,
His lips as lilies, as sweet-smelling myrrh,
His skin is as ivory and sapphire;
Yea, he is altogether lovely!
He is my Beloved and my friend!"

Women:

"Where is thy Beloved?
We will seek him with thee."

Maid:

"My Beloved gathers lilies in the garden,
I am my Beloved's and he is mine."

Solomon (entering and approaching the maid):

"Thou art beautiful, O my love,
Thou art beautiful as Tirzah,
Comely as Jerusalem,
Terrible as an army with banners.
Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have
overcome me.
There are threescore queens and fourscore concubines,
And virgins without number;
But thou my dove, my undefiled, art but one!"

First Woman (indignantly):

"Who is this maid that looketh forth as the
morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
Terrible as an army with banners?"

Maid:

"I was in the garden ere yet the sun was up,
To see the nuts, the vine, and the pomegranates;
Or ever I was aware, my soul bade me to fly.
Then did the king pass in his chariot,
Then did his attendants call,
'Return, return, O Shulamite.'
They saw in my dancing the hosts of angels that
attended Jacob."

Chorus of Women:

"Dance for us the dance that is like the angelic
host."

Solomon:

"O my love, dance again as thou didst in the
garden
Among the vines and pomegranates."

The maid dances the Dance of the Vineyard.

First Woman:

"How beautiful are thy feet, O Prince's daughter!"

Second Woman:

"The joints of thy thighs are like jewels!"

Third Woman:

"Thy skin shines as a heap of wheat!"

Fourth Woman:

"Thy neck is a tower of ivory,
Thine eyes are dark pools!"

First Woman (overcome):

"Thine head is like Carmel,
Thy locks of purple hold the king captive!"

Solomon:

"How fair, how pleasant art thou,
O love for delights!

Thy stature is like to a palm-tree.

(seizing her) "I will take hold of the boughs of the
palm-tree,

The smell of thy nose shall be as apples,

Thy breasts as clusters of the vine,

Thy mouth like the best of wine

Maid (freeing herself):

. . . . "For my Beloved!

I am my Beloved's and his desire is toward me."

ACT V.

Rustic lover and Maid in the early morning on the
road.

Lover:

"Come, my Beloved, let us go into the field,
Let us go early to the vineyards,
Let us see if the tender grape appear."

Maid:

"I have laid up for thee all manner of pleasant
fruits,

O my Beloved.

O that thou wert my brother,

I would bring thee into my mother's house,

I would give thee drink of spiced wine and the
juice of the pomegranate.

O that the daughters of Jerusalem would listen
to my words,

That they stir not up nor awaken love,

Till love himself enter their hearts!

The neighbors will cry,

'Who is this that cometh from the wilderness

Leaning upon her Beloved?'"

(embracing her lover) "Set me as a seal upon thine
heart,

For love is strong as death."

Lover:

"Jealousy is cruel as the grave."

Maid:

"Love is as the lightning of Jehovah."

Lover:

"Love is as a vehement flame."

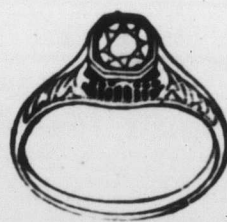
Maid (bidding her lover farewell at her mother's
door, to which they have been approaching):

"Make haste for the wedding, my Beloved!

Be thou like a roe or a young hart

Upon the mountains of spice!"

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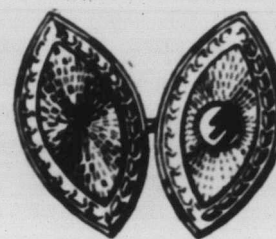


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