

Thy beams are cedars,  
Thy rafters are fir."  
(Turning to the King):  
"I am nothing but the rose of sharon,  
I am but the lily of the valley."

Solomon:  
"As the lily among thorns,  
So art thou among the daughters of Zion."

Maid (turning aside):  
"As the apple-trees in blossom among the trees  
of the wood,  
So is my Beloved among the sons of Zion.  
How we sat under the shadow of the tree!  
How sweet the fruit to my taste!  
He brought me to his vineyard,  
He spread over my heart his love.  
O, my heart faints for my Beloved!"

She turns to the women of the harem and cries passionately to them:

"I charge ye, Daughters of Jerusalem,  
By the roes and by the hinds of the field,  
That ye stir not up nor awaken love  
Until love itself fills your heart."

## ACT II.

## SCENE II.

**The Maid's Dream.**

Sleeping apartment. The Shulamite maid, awaking from sleep:

"All night I dreamed of my Beloved,  
I sought him, but I found him not;  
Then I dreamed I went about the streets of the  
city,  
The watchmen found me,  
I said, 'Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?'  
Then I found him.  
I held him. I would not let him go."

(Sinking back): "Ah! Ah! (stretching out her arms)  
"I charge ye, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem,  
By the roes and by the hinds of the field,  
That ye stir not up nor awaken love  
Till love comes of himself to fill your heart."

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

A group of people stand watching a stately procession that passes in pomp and grandeur.

First Bystander:  
"Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness  
Like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and  
frankincense?"

Second Bystander:  
"Behold the car of the king,  
His bodyguard are threescore of the valiant of  
Israel!"

Third Bystander:  
"King Solomon arrays himself as a bridegroom!  
He will wed the beautiful Shulamite maid,  
He will give her a place among his threescore  
queens."

First Bystander:  
"The pillars of his bed are of silver,  
The bottom of gold,  
The canopies are of purple."

Second Bystander:  
"Come forth, O ye Daughters of Zion,  
And behold King Solomon with the crown  
Wherewith his mother crowned him  
In the day of his espousals."

## ACT III.

## SCENE II.

In the King's garden. Solomon and the Shulamite maid are seated.

Solomon:

"Behold thou art fair, my love,  
Thou hast dove's eyes,  
Thy hair is as a flock of goats,  
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even  
shorn.  
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet,  
Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate.  
The coins on thy neck are like the round shields  
Hung on the tower of David.  
Thou art all fair, my love, there is no blemish  
in thee."

Maid (turning from him):

"When the day breaks and the shadows flee,  
I will go to the mountain of myrrh to await my  
Beloved."

Solomon (rising):

"Turn away thine eyes from me,  
For they have overcome me,  
Let me bring thee myrrh and crimson lilies to  
waken thy love."

Solomon leaves the garden.

The rustic lover stealthily enters the garden and approaches the maid.

"Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse,  
Come with me from the lion's dens,  
Thou hast ravished my heart,  
Thou art beauteous in thy gold chains,  
The smell of thine ointment is better than all  
spices,  
Thy lips drop sweetness as the honeycomb,  
The smell of thy garments is as the smell of  
Lebanon,  
Thou art pure as a sealed fountain,  
Thou art a pure well of living waters,  
Thou art a stream from Lebanon,  
Thou art a garden enclosed."

Maid:

"Awake, O North wind, and come thou South,  
Blow upon my garden that the spices thereof  
may flow out."

Lover (embracing her):

"Thou art my garden, my spouse,  
(kissing her) "I gather my myrrh and my spice,  
I drink my wine and milk."

Solomon is seen approaching.

Maid:

"Flee from the king's wrath,  
Sleep thou in the garden and wait till I come."

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

Afternoon in the harem. Ladies resting.

The Shulamite Maid (waking out of troubled sleep)

"I sleep, but my heart waketh,  
My Beloved knocketh and I hear his voice,  
'Open to me, my love, my dove, my undefiled.'  
His head is filled with dew,  
His locks are wet with the drops of the night.  
I rose to open the door to my Beloved,  
My hands dropped with myrrh,  
And my fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh  
Upon the handles of the locks, where his fingers  
pressed.

I opened to my Beloved, but he was gone!"

(To the women):

"I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,  
If ye find my Beloved in the garden,  
Tell him I am sick with love!"

Women:

"What is thy Beloved more than any other Be-  
loved?"