

Eighth Part

The Wisdom Books of David and Solomon

Book IV *Song of Songs* Prologue

1. King Solomon, inspired by the Holy Ghost, wrote the Book Song of Songs during the years he lived far from the right path, given up to idolatry, licentiousness, profligacy, vainglory and many other vices. The Song of Songs is a moral book in which the sublime mystical espousal between the Divine Bridegroom and the Divine Bride is poetically extolled. The Divine Bridegroom is Our Lord Jesus Christ; and His Divine Bride *par excellence* is the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, and by extension Holy Church as well.

2. Solomon wrote the Song of Songs repeatedly using figurative expressions of great poetic beauty and sublime mystical profundity. Nonetheless, at times he employed phrases with a notably worldly sentiment of passion when describing the beauty of the Spouses and the love between the two. Without a shadow of doubt the moral corruption that enslaved his soul when he wrote the Song of Songs had a powerful influence on a considerable portion of the literal text. While it was the Holy Ghost who inspired the sublime doctrinal content of the Book, He nonetheless reprov'd the expressions of its author that ran counter to Divine Morality, in such fashion that He sent the Prophet Gad on repeated occasions ordering Solomon to rectify them; but the king always responded: “*Don't harass me*”.

3. The present version of the Song of Songs is expressed literally in accord with Divine Morality and in its true doctrinal content.

Chapter I

1. **First Song:** The Most Divine Soul of Christ, enchanted by the beauty and holiness of the Divine Soul of Mary, chosen to be His Spouse by the Eternal Father, with sublime vehemence claims Her so that She become espoused to Him. Therefore, in this Chant is expressed: **(a)** the desire of Mary to become espoused with Christ and **(b)** the Espousal between Them both. By extension is expressed the Espousal of the Church with the Most Divine Soul of Christ through espousal with the Divine Soul of Mary.

The Bride:

(a)

O Christ, my Lord and God! Anoint my soul
with the most holy exhalation of Your Divine Espousal.
Because Your Love surpasses in suavity and sweetness
every other holy consolation,

since it is fragrant
above the best of balms.
Heavenly oil outpoured
is Your Holy Name, my God:
hence pure souls yearn for Your presence.
Draw Me, and, at the fragrance of Your aromas,
I will run after You
with my retinue of faithful souls.

(b)

The Divine King brought Me
into the Tabernacle of His Soul,
and became espoused to Me
and made Me partaker of His divine secrets.
I will rejoice and will be happy savouring
the ineffable delights of His Love,
which surpasses any other fare.

2. **Second Song:** The Divine Mary, on becoming espoused to the Most Divine Soul of Christ, becomes espoused to the Holy Ghost as well. By the action and Grace of the Divine Paraclete, Mary conceives in Her virginal womb the Divine Word made Man, to Whom She later gives birth. In this chant, therefore, is expressed the Incarnation of the Divine Word and the birth of Christ. By extension is also expressed the conception of the Church.

The Bride:

While the King dwelt in My virginal Womb,
My Divine Spikenard exhaled its aroma.
Spray of myrrh is My Beloved to Me.
With sublime tenderness I will nurse Him in My lap.
Cluster of grapes is my Beloved to Me
in the vineyard of My soul.

3. **Third Song:** The Divine Mary, in union with Saint Joseph, finds Herself immersed in a dark night of the soul on losing the Divine Child Jesus, and returns to Jerusalem seeking Him passionately and with inconsolable anguish, and finds Him in the Temple as Good Shepherd instructing the sheep. In this chant, then, is expressed Jesus' concealment from His Virginal Parents, the joyful meeting of the Bride and Bridegroom, and the Divine Child's submissive subjection to His Parents throughout His hidden life in Their Nazareth home.

The Bride:

Along the way I lost the Beloved of My Soul.
I sought Him, and did not find Him.
I returned to the city,
and scoured streets and squares
seeking Him whom My Soul loves.
I asked the sentinels who guarded the city:

Have you, by any chance, seen Him whom My Soul loves?
Tell me in which lush meadows
He pastures His sheep
or under which spreading tree
He reposes come noontide:
Lest wandering about
amid my dark night,
I delay longer in finding Him.

The sentinels:

If You do not know,
O most beautiful among women!
follow the tracks of His flock
and gratify Your longing
with the hope of finding Him,
for soon You will perceive His consolation in Your Soul
since within dwells the One You love so dearly.

The Bride:

However, when I had gone past them a little,
I found Him whom My Soul loves, and held Him;
and will not let Him go until I have made Him
enter My house of Nazareth.

The Bridegroom:

O My Bride!
You are strong like a war chariot
drawn by battle-seasoned horses.
Your simplicity resembles the candour of the turtledove.
Your purity like a necklace of white pearls.
With neckband of purest gold and silver
will I set off the humility and patience of Your Soul.
I conjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,
by the great love I have for My Spouse,
that you do not disturb Her heavenly jubilee
nor remind Her of Her afflictions.

4. **Fourth Song:** Christ and Mary, sublimely enamoured, manifest one to another: **(a)** the Divine Love they profess and **(b)** their role as victims of Calvary. By extension, Christ and Mary express the love they feel for the Church, and the Church expresses her love for Them both.

(a)

The Bridegroom:

How lovely You are, My Spouse, how lovely You are!
Your Soul is Vessel of Holiness.
Your Heart, pulse of divine love.
Your Countenance, mirror of virginity.

Your Head, uplifted like Carmel.
Your bearing, graceful tower of David.
Your eyes, sweet, pure and shining.
Your teeth, candid and immaculate.
Your lips, reflection of purity and charity.
Your tresses radiate a heavenly sparkle.
Wholesome and edifying is Your word.
All beautiful and immaculate are You, My Spouse.
There is no stain in You.

The Bride:

How handsome are You, my Spouse! How gallant!
Your Soul is Fount of Holiness.
Your Heart, Fire of Divine Love.
Your Countenance, Mirror of Divinity.
Your Head, Seat of Wisdom.
Your bearing, unshakable column.
Your eyes are deep and radiant as the sun.
Your hair, long and dark like jet.
Your hands, instruments of God's actions.
Your lips distil exquisite myrrh
of truth and knowledge.
Slender and gallant indeed, are You, my Beloved.
How becoming You are, my Spouse, how becoming You are.
Our Espousal is in flower.
The timbers of our Temple are of cedar
and the panelling is of cypress.

The Bridegroom:

How lovely You are, My Beloved, how lovely You are!
Many virgins have espoused with Me.
But one alone is My Predilect Spouse,
one alone is My Dove, My Perfect,
the One chosen by Me from among the rest:
That is You, best beloved of My Soul.

The Bride:

I am the flower of the field and the lily of the valley.

(b)

The Bridegroom:

Like the lily among thorns
is My Virgin Spouse among virgins.

The Bride:

Like a verdant olive,
is My Spouse slender among men.

5. **Fifth Song:** (a) Mary at the foot of the Cross partakes in Christ's suffering. Mary's mystical death, birth of the Church and fruits of the Lord's Passion. (b) Mary's solitude and dolour, and Her jubilee at giving birth to the Church.

(a)

The Bride:

I stayed in the shadow of My Beloved,
and His fruit was sweet in My throat.
He brought Me into the secrets of His Heart,
and overwhelmed Me with ardent charity.
O souls who love Me,
respond with fragrant flowers
and with choice fruits.
Avail Me! for I am wounded with divine Love.
The lance that transfixes the Heart of My Spouse,
has pierced Mine
and, in most dolorous Delivery,
has left My Soul in darkness.
But the might of His arms sustains Me.

(b)

Though You see Me crushed and alone,
O children of the Church!
I am full of beauty and jubilation,
since in the Tabernacle of My Soul
dwells Him whom I love.
The children of My own People,
angered with Me as well,
are the cause of My abasement.
My Beloved placed Me to guard His own vineyards
and to shepherd His flock;
but His enemies refused to enter His sheepfold.

The Bridegroom:

I entreat you, daughters of Jerusalem,
by the great love I have for My Spouse,
do not perturb Her heavenly joy,
nor do Her harm with afflictions.

Chapter II

1. **Sixth Song:** (a) The risen Christ appears to the Virgin Mary who, jubilant, communicates this to the Church. (b) Before His Ascension into Heaven, Christ leaves the care of His vineyards or flocks to Peter and the other Apostles. (c) The Virgin Mary manifests with jubilee Christ's Ascension and (d) exhorts the Apostles and other followers to have Faith in the protection of Christ over His Church, since He cares for her in continual vigilance, though her members no longer see Him.

(a)

The Bride:

The voice of My Beloved!
See Him, He comes glorious leaping over the hills
and crossing the heights.

(b)

The Bridegroom:

You, the men of My predilection,
hunt out the little foxes that spoil the vineyards
because our vineyards are now in flower.

(c)

The Bride:

My beloved scales the heights.
His agility is like that of the roe and of the fawn.

(d)

See Him, He Himself is there,
close up to the wall of our Home,
gazing through the windows,
observing through the shutters.

2. **Seventh Song:** (a) Mary's sublime Dormition. (b) Christ comes seeking Her.
(c) Christ exalts the working of the Holy Ghost in the Apostles, whose preaching
has given plentiful fruits. (d) Mary awakens from Her Dormition.

The Bride:

(a)

I sleep, but My Soul watches.

(b)

I hear the voice of My Beloved who calls Me.
Here is My Spouse who says to Me:

The Bridegroom:

Awaken, My Spouse, My Dove, My Immaculate.
Arise from the crevice in the rocks where You sleep,
leave the cavity that conceals You.
Show me Your countenance and let Your voice sound in my ears:
because Your countenance is lovely and Your voice sweet.
Make haste, My Spouse, My Dove,
My Fair one, and come.
Because winter is now past,
the mist has dispersed and the rains have ceased.
The flowers have now blossomed,
and pruning time has come
so that the fruits bud forth with greater vigour.

(c)

The voice of the turtle dove has been heard in our land:

The fig tree has budded forth her early fruits.
Now the vineyards in flower exhale their aroma.

(d)

The Bride:

Come, My Spouse and return with Me now
to the Glorious Kingdom where You dwell.
Be quick, My Beloved,
like the roe and the deer upon the hills.
My Beloved is for Me, and I am for My Beloved.
He feeds His flock among the lilies
from daybreak till nightfall.

3. **Eighth Song:** (a) The Divine Mary is assumed into Heaven in the sight of the Apostles, disciples and holy women; who manifest their admiration at the glory that envelops Her. (b) Mary exalts the grandeur of Christ's Royal Throne in Heaven, at whose right She is seated as Queen.

(a)

Choir of the Church Triumphant:

Who is She who comes up as the morning rising,
fair as the moon,
bright as the sun,
terrible as an army set in battle array?

Choir of the Church Militant:

Who is She who rises up from the desert,
like a column of smoke
engulfed in fragrance of myrrh, and of incense,
and of every kind of aroma?

(b)

The Bride:

Behold the throne of My Divine Spouse,
King of Kings,
encircled by the angelic myriads
and other blessed.
All are highly skilled in warfare,
and armed with swords
to defend His flock
from the enemies who prowl about her.
Over a dais of aromatic and incorruptible wood,
the Heavenly King has set up His throne:
the columns are of purest silver,
the back of finest gold,
the base of beautifully embossed ivory,
the canopy and grades tapestried in purple.
Here is the King of kings

displaying upon His Head the imperial crown
with which He was girded on the day of His anointing,
the day He was espoused to Me
with great jubilee of His Soul.

4. **Ninth Song: (a)** The Divine Mary, on entering Heaven, receives the eulogies of Her Divine Spouse, Who accents Her virginity. Mary is crowned Queen of the Universe by the Most Holy Trinity. **(b)** Christ makes known that by His Passion and Death He has overcome Satan to make way for a new economy of Grace.

(a)

The Bridegroom:

How lovely You are, My Spouse, how lovely You are!
Come, and You will be crowned Queen upon celestial throne
amid aromas of incense and myrrh.
You wounded My heart with Your sole glance.
How sweet and chaste is Your love, My Spouse!
More pleasing than angelic nectar.
The fragrance of Your perfumes
exceeds all aromas.
A Garden enclosed are You, My Spouse,
Garden enclosed and Fount sealed up.
Your immaculate virginity
is Paradise of sweet and plentiful fruits:
Refreshing pomegranates,
fragrant apples,
delicious grapes...
Spikenard and saffron, myrrh and aloe
are fruits of Your orchard.
O My Beloved!
Fount of gardens are You, wellspring of living waters.
Like gushing spring water that streams down the mount
to fertilize the earth,
thus is Your Grace poured out upon men.

(b)

Begone, gale from the north!
And come you, gentle southerly breeze,
refresh My Garden balmily,
and let her aromas spread out over the world.

The Bride:

How becoming You are, My Spouse, how becoming You are!
Your head is covered with glory,
Your hair shines like the sun.

Chapter III

1. Tenth Song: Sublime dialogue between Christ and His Spouse the Church.

The Bridegroom:

I am going, I am going to My Garden, My Spouse,
to gather from My myrrh and from My balsam,
to eat virgin honey of My honeycomb,
to eat of My bread and drink of My wine.

The Bride:

Let my Spouse come to His Garden
and eat of her succulent fruits.
My Beloved came down to His Garden:
He delights in its aromas,
relishes its fruits
and decks Himself with its flowers.
My Beloved is for me
and I am for my Beloved.

The Bridegroom:

O My Spouse,
how upright the tread of your feet,
how pure your demeanour!
How brimful of wheat your grain-bin!
From you issue wellsprings of living water.
From you the light shines forth.
You are upright like a tower of ivory.
How fair and blessed you are,
O kindest and most delicious Spouse!
Let all My children come to My Garden,
and eat and drink their fill.

2. Eleventh Song: Apostolate of the Church and the fruits of her labour.

The Bride:

I am happy, since I am entirely my Beloved's,
and His Heart is One with mine.
Yes, then, beloved Spouse,
let us go out into the fields together,
let us rise early and go out to the vineyards
and see if the vine is now budding,
if the flowers are opening
and the pomegranates sprouting.
O my Spouse!
Your Garden is an orchard
in which thrive
the most varied aromatic plants,
and every kind of exquisite fruit.

I have kept it all for You!

The Bridegroom:

How fair and gracious you are, My Spouse!

Kindest and fairest garden of delights.

Your body resembles the palm tree,

on it grow dates with delicious and invigorating juice.

3. **Twelfth Song:** Mystical Espousal of Christ with souls called to the state of perfection.

The Bridegroom:

Open to Me the door of your soul,

My beloved, and I will anoint you

with the mystical espousal of virgins.

As zealous lover I range about your home day and night,

My head covered with dew

and My locks with the night frost.

The soul:

I said to the Spouse: My Beloved!

I have already taken off the old garment,

and washed the dust of the highway from my feet.

And He set in my soul

the seal of Espousal between us both.

4. **Thirteenth Song:** (a) Christ, as most zealous Spouse, subjects souls to a trial of love and fidelity. Dark night of the soul. (b) Assaults of Satan. (c) Search for the Bridegroom; (d) and the joyful reunion between the Bride and the Bridegroom.

The Bride:

(a)

I heard the Voice of my Spouse,

and I sensed that He was knocking at my door.

I went out hastily to meet Him,

lifting the latch for Him to enter,

but He had disappeared.

Moved to the very depths

I sought Him but did not find Him;

I called Him, but He did not respond.

(b)

Lost in the darkness of the night,

I became a prey to robbers,

who, mocking me,

struck me heartlessly,

covering me with wounds.

(c)

I conjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,

if you find my Beloved,
to tell Him that I am faint with love.

Choir of virgins:

What is there in your Beloved above the rest,
fairest soul,
that you conjure us in this way?

The Bride:

My Beloved is gallant and considerate,
noblest is His cradle,
chosen from among the rest of men.
The echo of His voice is so gentle,
He is wholly enviable.
That is my Beloved, that is my Spouse,
daughters of Jerusalem.

Choir of virgins:

And where did your Beloved go
fairest soul,
so that we may seek Him with you?

(d)

The Bride:

However, as dawn broke,
I found my Beloved Spouse at last.
He came up to me
and took my hands.
All of Him exuded delicious myrrh,
that enraptured my soul with suavest consolation.

5. **Fourteenth Song:** Vehement desires of the Church that all those outside her fold form part of her.

The Bride:

O you who are not yet mine!
Who shall grant me that you might be simple like children
so that I might nurse you
as mother at my breasts,
clasp you in my lap
and heap Graces upon you!
My Spouse would satiate you with heavenly bread and wine,
hold you close in His arms,
and give you to share in the secrets of His Heart.

6. **Fifteenth Song:** Triumph of the Church in the Last Times.

Choir of mankind:

Who is She who rises up from the desert
overflowing with delights, leaning upon her Beloved?

The Bridegroom:

She is my dearly beloved Spouse
whom I cleansed and renewed on Calvary
and led by pathways of eternal life.
Afterwards I drew her up from the prostration
to which adulterers of truth
had reduced her.

The Bride:

Place me, my Spouse, as a seal upon your heart
because my yearning is adamant,
and my love stronger than life itself.
The fire of your divine dart has cleaved me,
my being is ablaze in it and I am wounded unto death.
My heart is a divine volcano,
that neither seas nor rivers will be able to extinguish.
Nor can be acquired by any riches.
My Beloved is for me,
and I am for my Beloved.