The Song of Songs

La Salle University Art Museum

Brother Daniel Burke FSC

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THE SONG OF SONGS

An Exhibition of Illustrated Editions
La Salle College Museum
Spring-Summer, 1983
THE SONG OF SOLOMON
The song of songs, which is Solomon's.

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth:
For thy love is better than wine.
Because of the savour of thy good ointments
Thy name is as ointment poured forth,
Therefore do the virgins love thee.

Draw me, we will run after thee:
The king hath brought me into his chambers:
We will be glad and rejoice in thee,
We will remember thy love more than wine:
The upright love thee.

I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.
Look not upon me, because I am black,
Because the sun hath looked upon me:
My mother's children were angry with me;
They made me the keeper of the vineyards;
But mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth,
Where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon:
For why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?

If thou know not, O thou fairest among women,
Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock,
And feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.

I have compared thee, O my love,
To a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.
Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels,
Thy neck with chains of gold.
We will make thee borders of gold
With studs of silver.

While the king sitteth at his table,
My spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.
A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me;
He shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.
My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire
In the vineyards of En-gedi.
Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair:
Thou hast doves’ eyes.
Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant:
Also our bed is green.
The beams of our house are cedar,
And our rafters of fir.
I am the rose of Sharon,
And the lily of the valleys.
As the lily among thorns,
So is my love among the daughters.
As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
So is my beloved among the sons.
I sat down under his shadow with great delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the banqueting house,
And his banner over me was love.
Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.
His left hand is under my head,
And his right hand doth embrace me.
I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes, and by the hinds of the field,
That ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.

THE voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh
Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
My beloved is like a roe or a young hart:
Behold, he standeth behind our wall,
He looketh forth at the windows,
Shewing himself through the lattice.
My beloved spake, and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs,
Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice;
For sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

Take us the foxes,
The little foxes, that spoil the vines:
For our vines have tender grapes.

My beloved is mine, and I am his:
He feedeth among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
Turn, my beloved,
And be thou like a roe or a young hart
Upon the mountains of Bether.

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth:
I sought him, but I found him not.
I will rise now, and go about the city
In the streets and in the broad ways,
I will seek him whom my soul loveth:
I sought him, but I found him not.
The watchmen that go about the city found me:
To whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?
It was but a little that I passed from them,
But I found him whom my soul loveth:
I held him, and would not let him go,
Until I had brought him into my mother's house,
And into the chamber of her that conceived me.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes, and by the hinds of the field,
That ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.

Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke,
Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
With all powders of the merchant?
Behold his bed, which is Solomon's;
Threescore valiant men are about it,
Of the valiant of Israel.
They all hold swords, being expert in war:
Every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.

King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.
He made the pillars thereof of silver,
The bottom thereof of gold,
The covering of it of purple,
The midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.

Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon
With the crown wherewith his mother crowned him
In the day of his espousals,
And in the day of the gladness of his heart.

Behold, thou art fair, my love: behold, thou art fair;
Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks:
Thy hair is as a flock of goats,
That appear from mount Gilead.
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn,
Which came up from the washing;
Whereof every one beareth twins,
And none is barren among them.
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet,
And thy speech is comely:
Thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.
Thy neck is like the tower of David
Budded for an armoury,
Whereon there hang a thousand bucklers,
All shields of mighty men.
Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins,
Which feed among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.
Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.

Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon:
Look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon,
From the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.
Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse;
Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes,
With one chain of thy neck.
How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse!
How much better is thy love than wine!
And the smell of thine ointments than all spices!
Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb:
Honey and milk are under thy tongue;
And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.
A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse;
A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits;
Camphire, with spikenard,
Spikenard and saffron;
Calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense;
Myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:
A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters,
And streams from Lebanon.
Awake, O north wind; and come thou south;
Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.
Let my beloved come into his garden,
And eat his pleasant fruits.

I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse:
I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;
I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;
I have drunk my wine with my milk:
Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.

I sleep, but my heart waketh:
It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying,
Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled:
For my head is filled with dew,
And my locks with the drops of the night.
I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on?
I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?
My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door,
And my bowels were moved for him.
I rose up to open to my beloved;
And my hands dropped with myrrh,
And my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh,
Upon the handles of the lock.
I opened to my beloved;
But my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone:
My soul failed when he spake:
I sought him, but I could not find him;
I called him, but he gave me no answer.
The watchmen that went about the city found me,
They smote me, they wounded me;
The keepers of the walls took away my vail from me.
I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
If ye find my beloved, that ye tell him,
That I am sick of love.

What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women?
What is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?

My beloved is white and ruddy,
The chiefest among ten thousand.
His head is as the most fine gold,
His locks are bushy, and black as a raven.
His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters,
Washed with milk, and fitly set.
His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers:
His lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.
His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl:
His belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.
His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold:
His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.
His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely.
This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women?
Whither is thy beloved turned aside, that we may seek him with thee.

My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices,
To feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.
I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine:
He feedeth among the lilies.

Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah,
Comely as Jerusalem,
Terrible as an army with banners.

Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me:
Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.
Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing,
Whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them.
As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.

There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines,
And virgins without number.
My dove, my undefiled is but one;
She is the only one of her mother,
She is the choice one of her that bare her.
The daughters saw her, and blessed her;  
Yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.  
Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,  
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,  
And terrible as an army with banners?

I WENT down into the garden of nuts  
To see the fruits of the valley,  
And to see whether the vine flourished,  
And the pomegranates budded.

Or ever I was aware,  
My soul made me like the chariots of Ammi-nadib.

Return, return, O Shulamite;  
Return, return, that we may look upon thee.  
What will ye see in the Shulamite?  
As it were the company of two armies.

HOW beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!  
The joints of thy thighs are like jewels,  
The work of the hands of a cunning workman.

Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor:  
Thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies,  
Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.  
Thy neck is as a tower of ivory;  
Thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim:  
Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.  
Thine head upon thee is like Carmel,  
And the hair of thine head like purple;  
The king is held in the gallerys.

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

This thy stature is like to a palm tree,  
And thy breasts to clusters of grapes.

I said, I will go up to the palm tree,  
I will take hold of the boughs thereof:

Now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine,  
And the smell of thy nose like apples;  
And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine,  
For my beloved, that goeth down sweetly,  
Causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.

I am my beloved's, and his desire is towards me.
COME, my beloved, let us go forth into the field:
Let us lodge in the villages.
Let us get up early to the vineyards;
Let us see if the vine flourish,
Whether the tender grape appear,
And the pomegranates bud forth:
There will I give thee my loves.
The mandrakes give a smell,
And at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old,
Which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

O THAT thou wert as my brother,
That sucked the breasts of my mother!
When I should find thee without, I would kiss thee:
Yea, I should not be despised.
I would lead thee, and bring thee
Into my mother's house, who would instruct me:
I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine,
Of the juice of my pomegranate.
His left hand should be under my head,
And his right hand should embrace me.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
That ye stir not up, nor awake my love, until he please.

WHO is this that cometh up from the wilderness,
Leaning upon her beloved?
I raised thee up under the apple tree:
There thy mother brought thee forth:
There she brought thee forth that bare thee.

Set me as a seal upon thine heart,
As a seal upon thine arm:
For love is strong as death;
Jealousy is cruel as the grave:
The coals thereof are coals of fire,
Which hath a most vehement flame.
Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it:
If a man would give all the substance of his house for love,
It would utterly be contemned.
WE have a little sister, and she hath no breasts:
What shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?
If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver:
And if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.

I am a wall, and my breasts like towers:
Then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.

SOLOMON had a vineyard at Baal-hamon;
He let out the vineyard unto keepers;
Every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.

My vineyard, which is mine, is before me:
Thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand,
And those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.

THOU that dwellest in the gardens,
The companions hearken to thy voice:
Cause me to hear it.

Make haste, my beloved,
And be thou like to a roe or to a young hart
Upon the mountains of spices.
THE SONG OF SONGS

One of the first English translators called it "The Ballad of Ballads." More typically, however, we have called it "The Song of Solomon" or to stress that it is the greatest love poem, "The Sublime Song of Solomon," "The Canticle of Canticles," "The Song of Songs."

But what indeed is it? And what is it doing among the Books of Wisdom in the Bible? Is it simply a pagan cultic text that somehow wandered in by mistake and, with some uneasiness, has been allowed to stay? A satire on a besotted and aging Solomon among his many wives? An idyll of man and woman returning to the liberation of Eden? A mystical celebration of God's love for his people?

The book has clearly had a long and troubled history of interpretation, more extensive, perhaps, than anything else in world literature. It should at least be pointed out here that its numerous interpretations have usually followed two basic directions. The first explains the poem literally, as a celebration of courtship and marriage, of human love and sexuality created by a God who "saw that it was good." From that basic premise, literal interpreters, especially after Moses Mendelsohn (d. 1786), go on to concern themselves with the literary genre of the work as a wedding song, a courtly drama, a pastoral dialogue, or a cultic rite. And they have sought some unity in what otherwise might appear to be a collection of separate lyrics, parcelling out stretches of the dialogue to different participants and proposing different basic themes.

A second line of interpreters, at times uncomfortable with the frank sensuality of the poem, assumes that the writer must have had an allegorical purpose or, at least, that its setting in the Bible suggest that it should be allegorized. So since the time of Rabbi Akiba (d. 135 A.D.), the poem has been treated as a parable of God's love for his Chosen People or,
particularly after Origen (d. 254 A.D.), as a celebration of Christ's love for the Church or of the Godhead for the Virgin Mary. The great spiritual writers in the Christian tradition—most particularly Bernard, John of the Cross, Theresa—found it easy and appropriate to extend the application further to the ecstatic union of the soul and God in mystical prayer. And down through the centuries, the poets and dramatists of many nations have mined the original text and these poetic applications for their own work.

Among other elements, the loose structure of the work itself has permitted such flexible applications. There is direct discourse throughout the eight chapters of the work, but the speakers are not separately identified, the addressees, only rarely. Scholars who interpret the work as dramatic divide it into five or six acts, and later plays and cantatas have followed such arrangements. Those who think of it as a small anthology of love lyrics divide it into as many as twenty-nine parts. In either case, a fragmentary narrative is inferred, as, for example, an Israeli king wooing an Egyptian princess or a girl of his own people whose heart, however, is set on a shepherd of her own district. But here as elsewhere, as one commentator remarks, the secret of the poem remains a lock without a key.

In the last century, with the rise of the private presses, the Song of Solomon became the most popular of the separate books of the Bible being published. For biblical illustrators, the book provided both a release from the specific requirements of detailed narrative scenes and the opportunity to treat the draped and undraped human figure more freely. The illustrated editions presented here from La Salle's collection, one of the most extensive in the country, run the gamut from the Pre-Raphaelite pieties of Burne-Jones, through the earthy realism of Eric Gill, to the recent abstractions of Ronald King. But just as no contemporary poetic elaboration of the Song's ecstasy can be compared to the "Spiritual Canticle" of John of the Cross, so no modern work of art can match the imagery of Bernini's "St. Theresa in Ecstasy." Nor do we have anything to illustrate the Song's theme of a love stronger than death as strong and elegant as the fourth century B.C. Etruscan sculpture showing husband and wife in loving
embrace. Though it is unrelated, of course, it may be, for all we know, contemporary with the Song itself.

But what, we may ask, has the Song of Solomon and its images to offer the man and woman of our own age. I would suggest, among other possibilities,

+ the realization, as with the opening chapters of Genesis, that human love is one of the great gifts of the Creator, a tangible sign, when it is real, of His own nature

+ an insight into the depth and sweep of human love and, in the repeated admonition of the Beloved to the Daughters of Jerusalem, its necessary discipline: "Do not arouse, do not stir up love before its own time"

+ a step in understanding, in a Christian view, the sacramental nature and the independent role of the partners in wedded love and the mystery of the love of the Creator for His creatures

+ in the final view, a lesson about the fidelity of a love stronger than death, an idea quite foreign to the playboy and playgirl ethos of our modern paganism and our increasing rate of divorce, but a lesson still worth learning.

But if there is anything of human or divine wisdom to be learned, those revelations can come only as the poetry and art of the text unfold. And for that possibility, the present exhibits offer, we think, a beautiful opportunity.

Daniel Burke, F.S.C.
Director
CASE I

1. The Byble...

("The Wife Beater's Bible")

Imprinted at London by Jhon Daye...and William Seres...1549

This Bible, which brings together the best work of Tyndale and Coverdale, is a reprint of Matthew's Bible of 1537, revised and edited by Edmund Becke. The annotations in Latin are reputed to be by Sir Francis Bacon. It is referred to as the 'Wife Beater's Bible' after the note in the First Epistle of St. Peter, Chapter III: "he dwelleth wyth his wyfe accordinge to knowledge, that taketh her as a necessar ye healper, and not as a bonde slave. And yf she be not obedient and healpfull unto hym, endeavoreth to beate the feare of God into her heade, that therby she may be compelled to leame her duittie and do it."

80-B-311

2. Canticum Canticorum

Parisiis. In Collegio Italorum
1539

Lent by Bryn Mawr College Library

3. Willeram: Abbatis in Canticum Canticorum
Paraphrasis gemina...

Ex officina Plantiniana
Apud Christophorum Raphelengium, 1598

Bound in with Francisci Junii FF
Observations in Willerami...

Amstelodam:
Apud Christophorum Cunradi, 1655

Lent by Bryn Mawr College Library
4. Sions Sonnets
Sung By Solomon The King And
Periphras'd By Fra. Quarles

London, Printed by W. Stanby for Thomas Dewe, and are to bee sold at his shoppe in Saint Dun Stanes church-yard. 1625

First edition
82-B-493

5. Canticum Canticorum 1590

Engraving by Martin de Vos (1532-1603), Flemish

Published by Aegidus Sadeler
76-B-1 (J)

6. The Bible And Holy Scriptures

At Geneva. Printed by Rouland Hall. 1560

First Edition

Queen Mary I, daughter of Henry VIII and a militant Catholic, was successful in restoring relations between the Church of England and the papacy. The resulting persecution led a group of exiled English Protestants to gather in Geneva to produce a revision of The Great Bible, 1539 and various other translations, under the guidance of the Reformed Church of Geneva. The translation was largely the work of William Whittingham, assisted by Thomas Sampson and Anthony Gilby. In spite of its Calvinist prologues and annotations, which made it suspect to Church officials, its popularity and use as a portable family Bible produced no less than 150 editions between 1560 and 1640 after which time the authorized King James version became the standard for English Protestants. The Geneva Bible is sometimes referred to as the 'Breeches' Bible due to the reading Genesis Chapter 111:7 as: "...and they sowed figge tree leaves together and made themselves breeches." (instead of "aprons")

81-B-400
7. **Ecclesiastes; or The Preacher And The Song of Solomon**

Composed in the fount known as the King's Fount, Designed by Charles Ricketts, and printed under his supervision for Messrs. Hacon & Ricketts by the Ballanryne Press.

Limited Edition: 300

800-B-428

8. **Cantica 5.1**

Engraving by Martin de Vos (1532-1603), Flemish

Published by Claes Jansz Visscher, the Elder (c. 1550-c. 1612), Dutch

76-B-1(J)

9. **Biblia Sacra...**

Palmagvar 1591

With woodcut illustrations possibly by Tobias Stimmer (1539-1584), Swiss

79-B-232

**CASE II**

The revival of the art of printing was launched by the English Private Presses which reached their greatest period of activity between 1891-1940. The establishment of these presses, spearheaded by William Morris and his Kelmscott Press, was a part of the Arts and Crafts Movement, and specifically developed out of a desire to escape the mass production of books for profit by mechanical means. Quality rather than quantity was the key factor in the production of these limited editions. **Handmade** paper, specially designed type, decorations, and illustrations and a hand press were some of the chief ingredients employed. Utmost consideration was given to the relative spacing of letters, words, lines, and the position of printed matter on the page as well as the unity and harmony between word, illustration and decoration.
CASE II

10. The Doves Press Bible, 1903-1905

Containing the Old Testament and the New translated out of the original tongues by special command of His Majesty King James the First and now Reprinted with the text revised... and edited by... F.H. Scrivener.

In five volumes

Hammersmith: Doves Press, 1903-05

Limited edition: 500 copies

77-B-74 (1)

11.-12. The Song of Solomon 1902

Hand Illuminated by Florence Kingford

Limited Edition: 40

Ashendene Press, Chelsea, England

Lent by Bryn Mawr College Library

13. The Song of Songs Being Love Lyrics From Ancient Palestine Translated by Morris Jastrow

1922

Limited Edition: 310

Printed for The Book Club of California by Edwin & Robert Grabhorn in November, 1922

The decoration is by Harold Von Schmidt and initials by Joseph Sinel

82-B-455
14. The Song of Songs
   Called By Many The Canticle of Canticles

   Printed and published at The Golden Cockerel Press at Waltham St. Lawrence in Berkshire in the year MCMXXV

   Printed by Robert Gibblings. The illustrations have been designed and engraved on wood by Eric Gill

   Limited editions: 659/750

   78-B-176

15. Das Hohe Lied Salomo

   With wood engravings and initials by Eric Gill.

   Printed at the Cranach Presse, Weimar, Germany, 1931

   Designed by Count Kessler, set in a Jensen-style roman cut by E. W. Prince.

   (Facsimile reproduced and printed in East Germany, 1967)

   77-B-R-72

   CASE III

16. The Song of Songs

   The authorized version, together with a New Translation and Introduction and Notes by W. D. E. Oesterley

   Engravings by Lettice Sandford

   The Golden Cockerel Press, Berkshire, England, 1936

   Limited Edition: 204

   Handset in 18 point Peretua, type by A. H. Gibbs

   81-B-405
17. The Song of Solomon
Woodcut illustrations by Wharton Esherick
The Centaur Press, Philadelphia, 1927
Limited Edition: 525
Lent by The Donglomur Foundation, Villanova,
The Robin Collection of Bible and Art.

18. The Song of Songs
Which is Solomon's
Designed, decorated and hand illuminated with pure gold
by Valenti Angelo for The Heritage Club

19.-21. Le Cantique Des Canticles
Engravings by Edy Legrand
N. Matzneft. Editions Orion à Paris

CASE IV

22. The Song of Songs
Copper engravings by Ru Van Rossen
London, The Collectors Book Club, 1950
Limited edition 3/100
The text in Blado italic type on English handmade paper
by John Roberts Press Limited, London
23. **Song of Songs** (in Hebrew)

Illustrated by Rafaelo Busini

Berlin: A. Rugel, for Hans Strim 1923

Limited Edition: 163

82-B-499

24. **The Song of Solomon**

Reproductions of drawings by Zeev Rabin, "Bezalel," Jerusalem

Publisher: Shulamite, Jerusalem

80-B-299

25. **Le Cantique Des Cantiques De Salomon**

Etchings by R. M. Markel

A Paris Aux Depens Des Amateurs. 1937

79-B-64

26. **The Song of Solomon**

Published by Chapman and Hall Limited, No. 11 Henrietta Street W. C.

With reproductions of drawings by H. Granville Fell

London: 1897

80-B-339
CASE V

27. The Song of Songs
   Love Poems from the Bible
   Translated from the Original Hebrew by Marcia Falk

   Illustrations (reproductions) by Barry Moser

28. The Song of Songs

   Newly Interpreted And Rendered As A Masque by Louis Golding
   Completed during April, 1937, at the Corvinus Press
   Limited edition: 37/178
   Set in Lutetia type. Printed on Medioay paper.
   80-B-326

29. The Song of Songs Which is Solomon's

   Illustrated with photographs of sculpture by
   Jacques Lipchitz

   S. A. Jacobs, The Golden Eagle Press, Mt. Vernon,
   New York, 1956
   Limited Edition: MCMLX copies
   83-B-513

30. The Song of Solomon

   A play by Hubert Osborne

31. The Song of Songs Which is Solomon's
    A Wedding Masque

   Harold Morland: A new version with drawings (reproductions)
   by Azazel Pazuzu and an essay by Michael Adam out of The
   Ark Press, Somerset, 1972
32. The Song of Songs

Text and commentary by Robert Graves
Illustrations (reproductions) by Hans Erni
Clarkson N. Potter, Inc./Publisher New York, 1973

33. The Song of Solomon

Drawings (reproductions) by Shraga Weil
Published by Sifriat Poalim, 1968, Israel

34.-45. The Song of Solomon

from the Old Testament with original screen images
designed and printed by Ronald King
Circle Press Publications (Guilford, England), 1968
Limited Edition: 59/150, signed by the artist
The text is based on the King James Version (1611),
and handset in Baskerville Old Face and Monotype
series 169; printed letterpress by Seven Lozners
Press Ltd., Guildford on Barcham Green Imperial
140 lbs. mould-made HP sized paper.

46.-53. Canticum Canticorum

Das Hohe Lied

with original lithographs by Gerhart Kraaz
Ars Libri Verlag
Gotthard De Beauclair. Frankfurt Am Main,
Germany, 1962
Limited Edition: 35/275, signed by the artist and
the designer (G. de Beauclair)
Type is monotype Bell-Antique