

Song of Songs

Stage Play - 1 act

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Roles

Shulammitte bride of the Shepard

Shepherd bridegroom of the Shulammitte

Daughters of
Jerusalem
daughter1 1. daughter of Jerusalem
daughter2 2. daughter of Jerusalem

Speaker OFF Voice. Can be spoken by the Shepherd

Watchmen Two Watchmen, appear in the dreams of the Shulammitte at night,
can be played by the Daughters of Jerusalem.

Requisits bed, perl necklet, windows, curtains, apple tree

Stage The stage is divided into a left and a right part.
On the bigger left part is the inner chamber of the Shulammitte.
On the right side is an apple tree under which the shepherd sits.
Between the two side is a wall.
The shepherd can see the Shulammitte but the Shulammitte can't see the
Shepherd. Like an interrogation room, on the left side a mirror, on the right
side a window.

1. Day

Speaker The song of songs, which is Solomon's.

Daughters of Jerusalem looking outside the window

Daughter1 about Solomon 2 May he kiss me with the kisses of his mouth

Daughter2 about Solomon For your love is better than wine.

Daughter1 about Solomon 3 The perfume of your oils is pleasant.

Daughter2 about Solomon Your name is like a perfumed oil poured out.

Shulammite That is why the virgins love you.

Daughter1 to Daughter2 4 Come with me!

Daughter2 to Daughter1 Let us run!

Shulammite enters The king has brought me into his interior rooms!

Daughter1 about Solomon Let us be joyful and rejoice in you.

Daughter2 about Solomon Let us praise your love more than wine.

Shulammite Love the upright!

Daughters of Jerusalem Turn to the Shulammite and look fascinated

Shulammite 5 A black girl I am

Daughters of Jerusalem but lovely.

Shulammite O daughters of Jerusalem!

Daughter1 Like the tents of Ke'dar.

Daughter2 Like the tent cloths of Sol'o·mon.

Shulammite 6 I do not look black, because the sun has looked down to me -

Shulammite Children were angry of my mother and made me the keeper of the vineyards, not of my own, and I have kept them.

Shulammite 7 Tell me, you whom my soul loves,
Where you shepherd, where you give rest at midday.
Why should I go astray to the flocks of your companions?

Speaker Off (Shulammite does not hear him)
8 If you do not know, most beautiful among women,

Follow the tracks of the flock and pasture your lambs near the shepherds' tents.

Shepherd Off To a mare among Pharaoh's chariotry. I compare you, my friend.

Daughter1 to Shulammitte 10 Your cheeks lovely in pendants, your neck in jewels.

Daughter2 11 We will make pendants of gold for you, and ornaments of silver.

Speaker While the king sits at his round table

Shulammitte My spikenard give forth its fragrance. 13 My lover is to me a sachet of myrrh. Between my breasts he will spend the night. 14 My lover is to me a cluster of henna from the vineyards of Engedi.

Shepherd Approaches the wall. How beautiful you are, my friend. How beautiful are your dove eyes!

Shulammitte 16 How fair you are, my love! Pleasant is our bed of green.

Shepherd 17 The beams of our house are cedars, our rafters, cyresses.

Shulammitte 2 I am a flower of Sharon, a lily of the valleys.

Shepherd 2 Like a lily among thorns, so is my friend among women.

Shulammitte 3 Like an apple tree among the trees of the woods, so is my lover among men.

Shulammitte preparing for sleep In his shadow I delight to sit, and his fruit is sweet to my taste. 4 He brought me to the banquet hall and his glance at me signaled love. 5 Strengthen me with raisin cakes, refresh me with apples, for I am sick with love.

lies down 6 His left hand is under my head and his right arm embraces me.

almost sleeping. I adjure you, Daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and the does of the field, do not awaken, or stir up love until he is ready.

Daughters of Jerusalem draw the curtains and leave the room. It is dark. Persons can hardly be identified.

1. Night

Shulammitte dreaming – raising The sound of my lover! here he comes springing across the mountains, leaping across the hills. 9 My lover is like a gazelle like a young stag.

Going to the wall. See! He is standing behind our wall, gazing through the windows, peering through the lattices. 10 My lover speaks and says to me,

Lies down again. Keeps sleeping.

Day again

2. Day

Shepherd 10 Arise, my friend, my beautiful one, and come!
11 For see, the winter is past, the rains are over and gone.
12 The flowers appear on the earth, the singing of birds is heard again, and the song of the turtledove is heard in our land. 13 The fig tree puts forth its figs, and the vines, in bloom, give forth fragrance. Arise, my friend, my beautiful one, and come!

Shulammitte Gets up, with her mind on her shepherd.

Shepherd 14 My dove in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the cliff, Let me see your face, let me hear your voice, for your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely.

Daughters of Jerusalem get in and draw back the curtains

Daughter1 15 Catch us the foxes

Daughter2 The little foxes

Daughter1 That damage the vineyards;

Daughter2 For our vineyards are in bloom!

Shulammitte (for her there is no reason to worry) My lover belongs to me and I to him. Looking outside the window he feeds among the lilies.

17 Until the day grows cool and the shadows flee, roam, my lover, like a gazelle or a young stag upon the rugged mountains.

The day passes by

Daughters of Jerusalem draw the curtains and leave the room. It is dark again.
Persons are hardly to be identified.

2. Night

Shulammitte lies down again.

Shulammitte 3 On my bed at night I sought him whom my soul loves. I sought him but I did not find him. Falls asleep.

Shulammitte gets up 2 Let me rise then and go about the city, through the streets and squares. Let me seek him whom my soul loves. I sought him but I did not find him.

Watchmen get on the stage

Shulammitte 3 The watchmen found me,
as they made their rounds in the city.
to the watchmen Have you seen him, whom my souls love?

Watchmen get off the stage

Shulammitte 4 Hardly had I left them when I found him whom my soul loves. I held him and would not let him go until I had brought him to my mother's house, to the chamber of her who conceived me.

Shulammitte lies down again, sleeps, awakes, drowsy, Light gets on.

Daughters of Jerusalem get in and draw back the curtains.

3. Tag

Shulammitte 5 I adjure you, o Daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and the does of the field, Do not awaken or stir up love until it is ready.

Shulammitte steps to the window asking the Daughters of Jerusalem Who is this coming up from the desert, like columns of smoke perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all kinds of exotic powders?

Daughters of Jerusalem join the Shulammitte at the window.

Daughter1 7 See! it is the litter of Solomon. Sixty strong men surrounding it, of the strong men of Israel, 8 all of them expert with the sword, skilled in battle, Each with his sword at his side against the terrors of the night.

Daughter2 9 King Solomon made himself an enclosed litter of wood from Lebanon. 10 He made its columns of silver, its roof of gold, Its seat of purple cloth, its interior lovingly fitted for the daughters of Jerusalem.

Daughters of Jerusalem to the audience (daughters of Zion) 11 Go out and look upon King Solomon in the crown with which his mother has crowned him on the day of his marriages, on the day of the joy of his heart.

Daughters of Jerusalem get out

Shepherd Off 4 How beautiful you are, my friend, how beautiful you are! Your eyes are doves. Inside your locks your hair is like a flock of goats streaming down Mount Gilead.

2 Your teeth are like a flock of ewes to be shorn, that come up from the washing. All of them big with twins, none of them barren.

3 Like a scarlet strand, your lips, and your mouth - lovely!
Like pomegranate halves, your cheeks behind your locks.

4 Like a tower of David, your neck, built in courses, a thousand shields hanging upon it, all the armor of warriors.

5 Your breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle feeding among the lilies.

6 Until the day grows cool and the shadows flee, I shall go to the mountain

of myrrh (1.bosom), to the hill of frankincense (2.bosom).
7 You are beautiful in every way, my friend, there is no flaw in you!
8 With me from Lebanon, my bride! With me from Lebanon, come!
Descend from the peak of Amana, from the peak of Senir and Hermon,
from the lairs of lions, from the leopards' heights.

9 You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride.

You have ravished my heart with one glance of your eyes,
with one pearl of your necklace.

10 How fair is your love,
my sister, my bride,

How much better is your love than wine,
and the fragrance of your perfumes than any spice!

11 Your lips drip honey, my bride,
honey and milk are under your tongue;

And the fragrance of your garments
is like the fragrance of Lebanon.

A garden enclosed, is my sister, my bride, a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed! 13 Your branches are a grove of pomegranates,
with fruits of choicest yield: Henna with spikenard, 14 spikenard and saffron, Sweet cane and cinnamon, with all kinds of frankincense; Myrrh and aloes, with all the finest spices; 15 A garden fountain, a well of living water, streams flowing from Lebanon.

Daughters of Jerusalem Off

Daughter1 16 Awake, o north wind

Daughter2 Come, o south wind.

Shepherd Blow upon my garden that its perfumes may spread abroad.

Shulammite while falling asleep Let my lover come to his garden and eat his pleasant fruits.

3. Night

Shepherd 5 I have come to my garden, my sister, my bride.
I gather my myrrh with my spices,
I eat my honeycomb with my honey,
I drink my wine with my milk.

Daughter1 Eat, friends; drink!

Daughter2 Drink deeply, lovers!

Shulammitte lies down to sleep 2 I was sleeping, but my heart was awake.
The sound of my lover knocking!

Shepherd Open to me, my sister, my friend, my dove, my perfect one!
For my head is wet with dew, my hair, with the moisture of the night.

Shulammitte desperate I have taken off my robe, am I then to put it on?
I have bathed my feet, am I then to soil them?
4 My lover put his hand in through the opening. My innermost
being trembled because of him.
gets up and puts on her robe 5 I rose to open for my lover, my hands
dripping myrrh:
My fingers, flowing myrrh upon the handles of the lock.
6 I opened for my lover - but my lover had turned and gone!
At his leaving, my soul sank.
I sought him, but I did not find him;
I called out after him, but he did not answer me.

Watchmen appear

Shulammitte 7 The watchmen found me, as they made their rounds in the city;

Watchmen beat Shulammitte

Shulammitte They beat me, they wounded me.

Watchmen tear off her robe

Shulammitte They tore off my mantle, the watchmen of the walls.

Shulammitte Lies ashamed back on her bed again.

Daughters of Jerusalem get in and draw back the curtains.

4. Day

Shulammitte awakes 8 I adjure you, Daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my lover
Tell him that I am sick with love.

Daughter1 9 How does your lover differ from any other lover,
most beautiful among women?

Daughter2 How does your lover differ from any other,
that you adjure us?

Shulammitte 10 My lover is white and red; outstanding among thousands.
11 His head is gold, pure gold, the locks of his hair are like palm fronds, his
black hair as a raven.
12 His eyes are like doves beside streams of water bathing in milk,
sitting by brimming pools.

13 His cheeks are like beds of spices, yielding aromatic scents;
His lips are lilies that drip flowing myrrh.
14 His arms are rods of gold adorned with gems;
His loins, a work of ivory covered with sapphires.
15 His legs, pillars of alabaster, resting on golden pedestals.
His appearance, like the Lebanon, imposing as the cedars.
16 His mouth is sweetness itself; he is delightful in every way.
Such is my lover, and such is my friend, o daughters of Jerusalem!

Daughter1 6 Where has your lover gone, most beautiful among women?

Daughter2 Where has your lover withdrawn that we may seek him with you?

Shulammitte 2 My lover has come down to his garden, to the beds of spices,
to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies.
3 I belong to my lover, and my lover belongs to me; he feeds among the
lilies.

Shepherd 4 Beautiful as Tirzah are you, my friend; fair as Jerusalem,
Fearsome as an army with banners!
5 Turn your eyes away from me, for they stir me up.
Your hair is like a flock of goats streaming down from Gilead.
6 Your teeth are like a flock of ewes that come up from the washing,
All of them big with twins, none of them barren.
7 Like pomegranate halves, your temples behind your locks.

Shepherd 8 Sixty are the queens, eighty the concubines,
and virgins without number—
9 One alone is my dove, my perfect one,
her mother's special one,
favorite of the one who bore her.

Speaker Daughters see her and call her happy, queens and concubines, they praise
her:

Daughter1 10 Who is this that comes forth like the dawn,
beautiful as the white moon?

Daughter2 Pure as the blazing sun,
fearsome as an army with banners?

Shulammitte looks out of the window 11 To the walnut grove I went down,
To see the young growth of the valley;
To see if the vines were in bloom,
if the pomegranates had blossomed.

Shulammitte fascinated of the chariots of the king 12 Before I knew it, my soul was with
the chariots of the noble ones.

Daughter1 Turn, turn, o Shulammitte!

Daughter2 Turn, turn that we may gaze upon you!

Daughter1 What do you see at the Shulammite?

Daughter2 Somewhat a dance of two armies!

Shepherd 7 How beautiful are your feet in sandals, o noble daughter!
Your curving thighs are like jewels, the work of skilled hands.
3 Your valley a round bowl that may never lack mixed wine.
Your belly, a mound of wheat, encircled with lilies.
4 Your breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle.
5 Your neck like a tower of ivory; your eyes, pools in Heshbon
by the gate of Bath-Rabbim.
Your nose like the tower of Lebanon
that looks toward Damascus.
6 Your head rises upon you like Carmel;
your hair is like purple stored in the king's chambers.
7 How beautiful you are, how fair,
my love, daughter of delights!
8 Your very form resembles a date-palm,
and your breasts, clusters.
9 I said to me, "I will climb the date-palm!
I will take hold of its fruit!"
May your breasts be like clusters of the vine
and the fragrance of your breath like apples,
10 And the roof of your mouth like the best wine that goes down for my
beloved causing her lips to speak sweetly

Shulammite 11 I am ripe and my lover's, and his yearning is for me.
12 Come, my lover! Let us go out to the fields,
let us pass the night among the henna.
13 Let us go early to the vineyards, and see if the vines are in bloom,
If the buds have opened, if the pomegranates have blossomed;
There will I give you my love.
14 The mandrakes give forth fragrance,
and at our gates are all choice fruits;
Fruits both new and old, my lover, have I kept in store for you.

Shulammite 8 O, that you were a brother to me,
Nursed at my mother's breasts!
If I met you outside, I would kiss you
And none would despise me.
2 I would lead you, bring you to my mother's house,

Where I would teach you,
Where I would give you to drink spiced wine, pomegranate juice.

4. Night

Shulammitte Lies down ³ His left hand would be under my head, and his right arm would embrace me. Falls asleep and wakes up later drowsy ⁴ I adjure you, Daughters of Jerusalem, do not awaken or stir up love until the proper time!

5. Day

Conversion. The wall between has been removed. The **Shulammitte** is no longer in her bed. It is day again.

Daughter1 Who is this coming up from the desert?

Daughter2 Leaning upon her lover?

Shepherd and Shulammitte approach the apple tree.

Shepherd Beneath the apple tree I awakened you; there your mother conceived you; there she who bore you conceived.

Shulammitte ⁶ Set me as a seal upon your heart.

Shepherd As a seal upon your arm.

Shulammitte For Love is strong as death.

Shepherd Relentless as Sheol.

Shulammitte Its arrows are arrows of fire.

Shepherd Flames of the divine.

Shulammitte Deep waters cannot quench love

Shepherd Nor rivers sweep it away

Shulammitte steps in front of the stage, while her Shepherd leaves the stage
Were a man to offer all the wealth of his house for love,
it would be utterly despised.

Daughter1 ⁸ We do have a little sister having no breasts yet.

Daughter2 What shall we do for our sister on the day she is spoken for?

Daughter1 ⁹ If she is a wall, we will build upon her a silver turret.

Daughter2 But if she is a door, we will board her up with cedar planks.

Shulammitte ¹⁰ I am a wall, and my breasts are like towers.
So I became in his eyes one who finds peace.

Speaker 11 Solomon had a vineyard, one among many,
he gave the vineyard over to caretakers.
Its fruit would yield a thousand silver pieces.

Shulammitte 12 My vineyard is at my own disposal;
the thousand pieces are yours, Solomon,
and two hundred for the caretakers of its fruit.

Speaker 13 You who dwell in the gardens,
my companions are listening for your voice - let me hear it!

Shulammitte 14 Swiftly, my lover, be like a gazelle or a young stag
upon the mountains of spices.