

Ct. 4,9-5,1 – YOU STOLE MY HEART

BRIDEGROOM:

A. **YOU STOLE MY HEART,**
YOU STOLE MY HEART,
MY SISTER, MY BRIDE.
YOU STOLE,
YOU STOLE MY HEART. (2)

C. How beautiful your loves,
 How beautiful your loves!
 The fragrance of your perfumes
 more the all balsams of love.
 Honey flows from your lips,
 My bride, sister,
 honey and milk are under you tongue
 The fragrance of your garments,
 is the fragrance of Lebanon;
 my bride, bride of mine,
 tastier than wine
 are your loves!
 A garden enclosed are you,
 sister of mine,
 a fountain sealed, bride of mine!

Gm **A7**
 Your fruits are a paradise of pomegranates,
Gm **A7**
 of nard and saffron, of myrrh and aloes.

BRIDE:

C **F**
 Rise, wind, Auster, and come!
A7
 Blow in my garden
Dm
 so that it may diffuse its scents,
C
 and my beloved may enter
F
 and delight
A7 **Dm**
 in its exquisite fruits.

BRIDEGROOM:

Gm
 I have already entered in my garden,
A7
 my bride,
Gm **A7**
 I have eaten my honey in its honeycomb,
Gm **A7**
 I have drunk my wine and my milk
Dm **C** **B7**
 Friends, come, drink, O my dears ones,
A7
 and be inebriated (2)

Dm **Gm**
C.+A. YOU STOLE MY HEART,...

Convivence 2009