

**[8] The Lord is my shepherd***Psalm 23*

Adonai ro-i, lo ehsar.  
 Bin'ot deshe yarbitseini,  
 Al mei m'nuhot y'nahaleini,  
 Naf'shi y'shovev,  
 Yan'heini b'ma'aglei tsedek,  
 L'ma'an sh'mo.  
 Gam ki eilech  
 B'gei tsalmavet,  
 Lo ira ra,  
 Ki Atah imadi.  
 Shiv't'cha umishan'techa  
 Hemah y'nahamuni.  
 Ta'aroch l'fanai shulchan  
 Neged tsor'rai  
 Dishanta vashemen roshi  
 Cosi r'vayah.  
 Ach tov vahesed  
 Yird'funi kol y'mei hayai  
 V'shav'ti b'veit Adonai  
 L'orech yamim.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.  
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,  
 He leadeth me beside the still waters,  
 He restoreth my soul,  
 He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness,  
 For His name's sake.  
 Yea, though I walk  
 Through the valley of the shadow of death,  
 I will fear no evil,  
 For Thou art with me.  
 Thy rod and Thy staff  
 They comfort me.  
 Thou preparest a table before me  
 In the presence of mine enemies,  
 Thou anointest my head with oil,  
 My cup runneth over.  
 Surely goodness and mercy  
 Shall follow me all the days of my life,  
 And I will dwell in the house of the Lord  
 Forever.

**[16] The Song of Songs***Text from The Song of Solomon*

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.

The voice of my beloved! Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

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:

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

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 mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely.

This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

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.