

Song of Solomon 2:1 – 7

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~ The Song of Solomon has an intimate and personal spiritual message revealed only to the saint with the blood-tipped ear of discernment. A dizzyingly high level of Scriptural understanding is prerequisite to a doctrinally sound exposition of this book of the Bible. Multitudes of genuinely born-again people cannot receive this elevated plane of truth and beauty. As we have previously learned, this is a collection of five songs that, ultimately, tell a true story. Each of the five canticle songs within Solomon's song sets before us differing scenes of a love affair. We cannot know what tune they were written to but, being songs, we know they were written to a particular tune. However, just as with the Psalms, the Spirit of God has kept that from us; and I believe there is a very definite reason for that: to keep our mind on the Word of God, and not on any accompaniment of sound.

Our Spiritual Safari has totally bogged down — almost stopped — as we are listening to this collection of songs. It is possible that I could write ten thousand reports on this portion of the Bible; because there is so much detail and intricate meaning interwoven into almost every word. Well, if there ever was a good place to become bogged down, then this highly neglected section of Scripture would be it! I doubt if many have ever heard a sermon from the Song of Solomon. Well, there is a deep meaning here that is difficult to capture; and even more difficult to explain. Telling the story of the Shulamite girl meeting the shepherd who later turns out to be King Solomon is easy; but making an application is the difficult part — because it very well may mean one thing to you — but something altogether different to me....

1 (Christ) - I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.

2 (Christ) - As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

~ Most modern day Bible expositors ascribe verses one and two to the Shulamite girl — the bride — as making a statement in reflection of herself

in Christ. I cannot accept that; because the terminology is language that, frankly, we wouldn't find the sons of men using. It's the same thought as Jesus saying "*I am meek and lowly.*" If you or I say we are meek and lowly, it's not humility – it's pride. When Jesus says it, we can accept it; because He stooped very low to become meek and lowly. For Jesus to leave Heavens glory and come down to earth is the uttermost meaning of humility, meekness and servitude. Further, the Old English Bible, the French, Italian and Portuguese Bibles specifically state that this is the voice of Christ; and almost all of the church fathers applied this to the Lord Jesus.

So, we have two very interesting flowers named. Most people agree the rose is the flower of all flowers. A rose is the most fragrant and valuable flower, to be sure. If the flowers had a king, the rose would rule them. Sharon is a stretch of coastal geography that runs from Joppa to Haifa. There are a whole bunch of extraordinarily unusual fields of flowers and citrus in that valley. Some of the finest citrus in the world is grown in Israel; and the rose grows in profusion. Well, even a beautiful rose grows atop a stem of thorns. Many artists throughout history have attempted to portray Jesus on canvass; but their renderings fall woefully short of adequate. Candidly, painting a visual picture of Jesus is ultimately perfectly meaningless.

Elsewhere in Scripture Christ is, of course, compared to the Bread of Life and the Living Water – both of which are amongst the frailest substances we have; and both are absolutely necessary for a man to live. Here, Christ presents Himself as an object of luxury, delight and admiration – *NOT* necessity – to the children of men. Jesus said, "*consider the lilies of the field....*" — so, let's consider Christ Jesus — the rose of Sharon. In our last report, we saw the green fields where Christ made the sheep lay down satisfied. Here, we have a bouquet of red roses – because He shed His blood – and they give us a joy and happiness in life. What a remarkably beautiful and irreplicable masterpiece the Spirit of God is painting for us....

3 (Church) - 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.

4 (Church) - He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.

5 (Church) - Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.

6 (Church) - His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.

~ Alright, our Spiritual Safari is still moving dreadfully slowly as we end this leg of our expedition through the entire Word of God. What we all need to do is pray for wisdom, judgment and discernment, and then meditate on this song little by little. The “apple” in Scripture, as we have here in verse three, is really the orange. Apples don’t grow naturally in Israel; but oranges grown there are some of the finest in the world. The orange tree provides deep shade, and the orange blossom is one of the sweetest smells in the world. Here in Florida, we have many orange trees; or, at least, we used to. Either way, Christ gives us respite in His shade, blossoms that are lovely, and fruit that quenches the thirst, satisfying our hunger for something sweet – as well as being good for us – because the orange is overloaded with vitamin C, of course.

The banquet house speaks of the marriage supper of the Lamb. Anything and everything that could possibly satisfy the human heart is found in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, friends. Most Christians today are down in the pig-pen with the prodigal son — their prodigal brother — eating the scraps that the pigs won’t even eat. I’m not sure why so many people will settle for slop and Ersatz bread when we have this smorgasbord of fine delicacies in the Word of God – but they do. People are looking to politics, psychology, and possessions to satisfy them. Well, those are all exercises in futility, I can assure you. We feed on Christ, we enjoy His aroma, and we rest in Him. If you love Him, you’ll become lovesick. He’s everything to me. Does He mean anything to you? Do you mean anything to Him? ~

7 (Church) - 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
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