18_JOB_36:27 For he maketh small the drops of water. they pour down rain according to the vapour thereof:

SON_05:02 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.

ON_05:02 I sleep, but my heart waketh: [it is the Voice of my beloved that knocketh, [saying], Open to me, rester, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, [and] my locks with the drops of the ni	ny ght.

SON_05:02 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.

ON_05:02 I sleep, but my heart waketh: [it is the Voice of my beloved that knocketh, [saying], Open to me, a ster, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, [and] my locks with the drops of the ni	my ight.

ON_05:02 I sleep, but my heart waketh: [it is the Voice of my beloved that knocketh, [saying], Open to me, is ster, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, [and] my locks with the drops of the ni	my ight.

SON_05:02 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.

22_SON_05:02 I sleep, but my heart waketh: [i²/₁soN_05_02.html 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.

42_LUK_22:44 And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.