

Song of Solomon

Chapter 1

The song of songs, which is Solomon's.

Let him kiss me with the kisses his mouth:
because your love is better than wine.

Because of the aroma of your good perfume your name is as perfume poured forth, therefore the virgins love you.

Draw me, we will run after you:
the king has brought me into his chambers:
we will be glad and rejoice in you, we will remember your love more than wine:
the upright love you.

I *am* black, but beautiful, O you daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.

Do not look upon me, because I *am* black, because the sun has looked upon me:
my mother's children were angry with me;
they made me the keeper of the vineyards;
but my own vineyard I have not kept.

Tell me, O you whom my soul loves, where you feed, where you cause *your flock* to rest at noon:
because why should I be as one who turns aside by the flocks of your companions?

If you do not know, O you fairest among women, go your way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed your young goats beside the shepherds' tents.

I have compared you, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.

Your cheeks are beautiful with rows of jewels, your neck with chains of gold.

We will make for you borders of gold with studs of silver.

While the king *sits* at his table, my perfume sends forth its smell.

A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved to me;
he shall lie all night between my breasts.

My beloved is to me as a bouquet of henna flowers in the vineyards of En-gedi.

Indeed, you are fair

**{beautiful},
my love;
indeed, you *are* fair
{beautiful};
you *have* doves' eyes.**

**Indeed, you *are* fair
{beautiful},
my beloved, yes, pleasant:
also our bed *is* green.**

The beams of our house *are* cedar, *and* our rafters of fir.

Song of Solomon Chapter 2

I *am* the rose of Sharon, *and* the lily of the valleys.

As the lily among thorns, so *is* my love among the daughters.

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.

Keep me with raisin cakes, comfort me with apples:
because I *am* sick with love.

His left hand *is* under my head, and his right hand embraces me.

I charge you, O you daughters of Jerusalem, by the does, and by the deer of the field, that you not stir up, nor awake *my* love, until he pleases.

The voice of my beloved!
Look he comes leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

My beloved is like a doe or a fawn:
look, he stands behind our wall, he looks forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice.

My beloved spoke, and said to me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

Because, indeed, the winter is past, the rain is over *and* gone;

**The flowers appear on the earth;
the time of the singing *of birds* has come, and the voice of the turtle dove is heard
in our land;**

**The fig tree puts forth her green figs, and the vines *with* the tender grape give a
good smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.**

**O my dove, *that are* in the clefts of the rock, in the secret *places* of the stairs, let
me see your face, let me hear your voice;
because your voice is sweet, and your face *is* beautiful.**

Let us catch the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines:
because our vines *have* tender grapes.

My beloved *is* mine, and I *am* his:
he feeds among the lilies.

Until the day breaks, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be like a deer or a fawn upon the mountains of Bether.

Song of Solomon Chapter 3

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loves:
I sought him, but I did not find him.

I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him
whom my soul loves:
I sought him, but I did not find him.

The watchmen who go about the city found me:
to whom I said,
Have you seen him whom my soul loves?

It was but a little while that I passed from them, that I found him whom my soul loves:
I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and
into the chamber of her who conceived me.

I charge you, O you daughters of Jerusalem, by the does, and by the deer of the field, that you
not stir up, nor awake *my* love, until he pleases.

Who *is* this who comes out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and
frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?

Look at Solomon's bed;
sixty valiant men *are* around it, of the most valiant of Israel.

They all hold swords, *being* expert in war:
every man *has* his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.

King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.

He made its pillars *of* silver, its bottom *of* gold, its covering *of* purple, the middle of it being
paved *with* love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.

Go forth, O you daughters of Zion, and look at king Solomon with the crown with which his
mother crowned him in the day of his weddings, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

Song of Solomon Chapter 4

Indeed, you *are* fair {beautiful}, my love;
indeed, you *are* fair;
you *have* doves' eyes within your locks:
your hair *is* as a flock of goats, that appears from mount Gilead.

Your teeth *are* like a flock of sheep that *are* evenly sheared, which came up from the washing;
of which everyone bears twins, and none *is* barren among them.

Your lips *are* like a thread of scarlet, and your speech *is* beautiful:
your temples *are* like a piece of a pomegranate within your locks.

Your neck *is* like the tower of David built for an armory, upon which there hang a thousand shields, all shields of mighty men.

Your two breasts *are* like two fawns that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

Until the day breaks, and the shadows flee away, I will go up to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.

You *are* without blemish, my love;
there is no spot in you.

Come with me from Lebanon, *my* spouse, with me from Lebanon:
look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

You have ravished my heart, my sister, *my* spouse;
you have ravished my heart with one of your eyes, with one chain of your neck.

How fair your love *is*, my sister, *my* spouse!
how much better *is* your love than wine! and the smell of your perfume than all spices!

Your lips, O *my* spouse, drop *as* the honeycomb:
honey and milk *are* under your tongue;
and the smell of your clothes *is* like the smell of Lebanon.

My sister *is* an enclosed garden, *my* spouse;
a spring closed up, a fountain sealed.

Your plants *are* an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,

Spikenard and saffron;
calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense;

myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:

A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

Awake, O north wind;
and come, you south *wind*;
blow upon my garden, *that* its spices may flow out.
Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat its pleasant fruits.

Song of Solomon Chapter 5

**I have come into my garden, my sister, *my* spouse:
I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;
I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;
I have drunk my wine with my milk:
eat, O friends;
drink, yes, drink abundantly, O beloved.**

I sleep, but my heart awakes:
it is the voice of my beloved that knocks, saying,
**Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled:
because my head is filled with dew, *and* my locks with the drops of the night.**

I have put off my coat;
how shall I put it on?
I have washed my feet;
how shall I defile them?

My beloved put in his hand by the hole *of the door*, and my heart moved for him.

I rose up to open to my beloved;
and my hands dropped *with* myrrh, and my fingers *with* sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.

I opened to my beloved;
but my beloved had left, *and* was gone:
my soul failed when he spoke:
I sought him, but I could not find him;
I called him, but he gave me no answer.

The watchmen who went about the city found me, they struck me, they wounded me;
the keepers of the walls took my veil away from me.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him, that I *am* sick with love.

Who *is* your beloved more than *another* beloved, O you fairest among women?
who *is* your beloved more than *another* beloved, that you so charge us?

My beloved *is* white and handsome, 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 cheeks *are as* a bed of spices, *as* sweet flowers:
his lips *like* lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.

His hands *are as* gold rings set with the beryl:
his belly *is as* bright ivory overlaid *with* sapphires.

His legs *are as* pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold:
his appearance *is as* Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

His mouth *is* most sweet:
yes, he *is* altogether lovely.
This *is* my beloved, and this *is* my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

Song of Solomon Chapter 6

Where has your beloved gone, O you fairest among women?
where has your beloved turned aside?
that we may seek him with you.

My beloved has gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

I *am* my beloved's, and my beloved *is* mine:
he feeds among the lilies.

You *are* beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, beautiful as Jerusalem, terrible as *an army* with banners.

**Turn away your eyes from me, because they have overcome me:
your hair *is* as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.**

Your teeth *are* as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, of which everyone bears twins, and *there is* not one barren among them.

As a piece of a pomegranate *are* your temples within your locks.

There are sixty queens, and eighty concubines, and virgins without number.

**My dove, my undefiled *is but* one;
she *is the only* one of her mother, she *is the choice one* of her who bore her.
The daughters saw her, and blessed her;
yes, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.**

**Who *is she who* looks forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
and terrible as *an army* with banners?**

**I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, *and* to see
whether the vine flourished, *and* the pomegranates budded.**

Or ever I was aware, my soul made me *like* the chariots of Ammi-nadib.

**Return, return, O Shulamite {peaceful};
return, return, that we may look upon you.
What will you see in the Shulamite?
As it were the company of two armies.**

Song of Solomon Chapter 7

**How beautiful are your feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!
the joints of your thighs *are* like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning
workman.**

**Your navel *is like* a round goblet, *which* lacks no liquor:
your belly *is like* a heap of wheat set about with lilies.**

Your two breasts *are* like two young fawns *that are* twins.

Your neck *is* as a tower of ivory;
your eyes *like* the fish pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim:
your nose *is* as the tower of Lebanon which looks toward Damascus.

Your head upon you *is* like Carmel, and the hair of your head like purple;
the king *is* held in the galleries.

How fair and how pleasant you are, O love, for delights!

Your stature is like to a palm tree, and your breasts to clusters *of grapes*.

**I said,
I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of its branches:
now also your breasts will be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of your nose
like apples;**

**And the roof of your mouth like the best wine for my beloved, that goes *down*
sweetly, causing the lips of those who are asleep to speak.**

I *am* my beloved's, and his desire *is* towards me.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field;
let us lodge in the villages.

Let us get up early to the vineyards;
let us see if the vine flourishes, *whether* the tender grapes appear, *and* the pomegranates bud
forth:
there I will give you my love.

**The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates *are* all manner of pleasant *fruits*,
new and old, *which* I have laid up for you, O my beloved.**

Song of Solomon Chapter 8

O that you *were* as my brother, who nursed the breasts of my mother!
when I should find you outside, I would kiss you;
yes, I should not be despised.

I would lead you, *and* bring you into my mother's house, *who* would instruct me:
I would cause you to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate.

His left hand *would be* under my head, and his right hand would embrace me.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that you not stir up, nor awake *my* love, until he pleases.

**Who is this who comes up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?
I raised you up under the apple tree:
there your mother brought you forth:
there she brought you forth *who* gave birth to you.**

**Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm:
because love *is* strong as death;
jealousy *is* cruel as the grave:
its coals *are* coals of fire, *which have a most violent flame.***

**Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it:
if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would be completely consumed.**

We have a little sister, and she has no breasts:
what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?

If she *was* a wall, we would build upon her a palace of silver:
and if she *was* a door, we would enclose her with boards of cedar.

I *am* a wall, and my breasts like towers:
then I was in his eyes as one who had found favor.

Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon;
he let out the vineyard to keepers;
everyone for its fruit was to bring a thousand *pieces* of silver.

My vineyard, which *is* mine, *is* before me:
you, O Solomon, *must have* a thousand, and those who keep its fruit two hundred.

You who live in the gardens, the companions listen to your voice:
cause me to hear *it*.

Come quickly, my beloved, and be like a deer or a young fawn upon the mountains of spices.