

{22} Song of Solomon

King James Version

(6) I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, *and* was gone: my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.

(7) The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.

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

(9) What *is* thy beloved more than *another* beloved, O thou fairest among women? what *is* thy beloved more than *another* beloved, that thou dost so charge us?

(10) My beloved *is* white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

(11) His head *is as* the most fine gold, his locks *are* bushy, *and* black as a raven.

(12) His eyes *are as* the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, *and* fitly set.

(13) His cheeks *are as* a bed of spices, *as* sweet flowers: his lips *like* lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.

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

King James Paraphrase

(6) 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.

(7) 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.

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

(9) 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?

(10) My beloved *is* white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

(11) His head *is as* the most fine gold, his locks *are* bushy, *and* black as a raven.

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(15) His legs <i>are as</i> pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance <i>is</i> as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. (16) His mouth <i>is</i> most sweet: yea, he <i>is</i> altogether lovely. This <i>is</i> my beloved, and this <i>is</i> my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.	(15) His legs <i>are as</i> pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his appearance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. (16) His mouth <i>is</i> most sweet: yes, he <i>is</i> altogether lovely. This <i>is</i> my beloved, and this <i>is</i> my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.
Chapter 6	
(1) Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee. (2) My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies. (3) I <i>am</i> my beloved's, and my beloved <i>is</i> mine: he feedeth among the lilies. (4) Thou <i>art</i> beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as <i>an army</i> with banners. (5) Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair <i>is</i> as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead. (6) Thy teeth <i>are</i> as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and <i>there is</i> not one barren among them. (7) As a piece of a pomegranate <i>are</i> thy temples within thy locks. (8) There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number.	(1) Where has your beloved gone, O you fairest among women? where has your beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with you. (2) My beloved has gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies. (3) I <i>am</i> my beloved's, and my beloved <i>is</i> mine: he feeds among the lilies. (4) You <i>are</i> beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, beautiful as Jerusalem, terrible as <i>an army</i> with banners. (5) Turn away your eyes from me, because they have overcome me: your hair <i>is</i> as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead. (6) Your teeth <i>are</i> as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, of which everyone bears twins, and <i>there is</i> not one barren among them. (7) As a piece of a pomegranate <i>are</i> your temples within your locks. (8) There are sixty queens, and eighty concubines, and virgins without number.