

Song of Songs

¹ The Song of Songs, that [is] of Solomon. ² Let him kiss me with kisses of his mouth, || For better [are] your loves than wine. ³ For fragrance [are] your good perfumes. Perfume emptied out—your name, || Therefore have virgins loved you! ⁴ Draw me: we run after you, || The king has brought me into his inner chambers, || We delight and rejoice in you, || We mention your loves more than wine, || Uprightly they have loved you! ⁵ I [am] dark and lovely, daughters of Jerusalem, as tents of Kedar, as curtains of Solomon. ⁶ Do not fear me, because I [am] very dark, || Because the sun has scorched me, || The sons of my mother were angry with me, || They made me keeper of the vineyards, || My vineyard—my own—I have not kept. ⁷ Declare to me, you whom my soul has loved, || Where you delight, || Where you lie down at noon, || For why am I as one veiled, || By the ranks of your companions? ⁸ If you do not know, || O beautiful among women, || Go forth by the traces of the flock, || And feed your kids by the shepherds' dwellings! ⁹ To my joyous one in chariots of Pharaoh, I have compared you, my friend, ¹⁰ Your cheeks have been lovely with garlands, your neck with chains. ¹¹ We make garlands of gold for you, with studs of silver! ¹² While the king [is] in his circle, || My

spikenard has given its fragrance. ¹³ A bundle of myrrh [is] my beloved to me, || Between my breasts it lodges. ¹⁴ A cluster of cypress [is] my beloved to me, || In the vineyards of Engedi! ¹⁵ Behold, you [are] beautiful, my friend, || Behold, you [are] beautiful, your eyes [are] doves! ¹⁶ Behold, you [are] beautiful, my love, indeed, pleasant, || Indeed, our bed [is] green, ¹⁷ The beams of our houses [are] cedars, || Our rafters [are] firs, I [am] a rose of Sharon, a lily of the valleys!

2

¹ As a lily among the thorns, ² So [is] my friend among the daughters! ³ As a citron among trees of the forest, || So [is] my beloved among the sons, || In his shade I delighted, and sat down, || And his fruit [is] sweet to my palate. ⁴ He has brought me to a house of wine, || And his banner over me [is] love, ⁵ Sustain me with grape-cakes, || Support me with citrons, for I [am] sick with love. ⁶ His left hand [is] under my head, || And his right embraces me. ⁷ I have adjured you, daughters of Jerusalem, || By the roes or by the does of the field, || Do not stir up nor wake the love until she pleases! ⁸ The voice of my beloved! Behold, this—he is coming, || Leaping on the mountains, skipping on the hills. ⁹ My beloved [is] like to a roe, || Or to a young one of the harts. Behold, this—he is standing behind our wall, || Looking from the windows, || Blooming from the lattice. ¹⁰ My beloved has answered and said to me, || “Rise up, my friend,

my beautiful one, and come away, ¹¹ For behold, the winter has passed by, || The rain has passed away—it has gone. ¹² The flowers have appeared in the earth, || The time of the singing has come, || And the voice of the turtle was heard in our land, ¹³ The fig tree has ripened her green figs, || And the sweet-smelling vines have given forth fragrance, || Rise, come, my friend, my beautiful one, indeed, come away. ¹⁴ My dove, in clefts of the rock, || In a secret place of the ascent, || Cause me to see your appearance, || Cause me to hear your voice, || For your voice [is] sweet, and your appearance lovely.” ¹⁵ Seize for us foxes, || Little foxes—destroyers of vineyards, || Even our sweet-smelling vineyards. ¹⁶ My beloved [is] mine, and I [am] his, || Who is delighting among the lilies, ¹⁷ Until the day breaks forth, || And the shadows have fled away, || Turn, be like, my beloved, || To a roe, or to a young one of the harts, || On the mountains of separation!

3

¹ On my bed by night, I sought him whom my soul has loved; I sought him, and I did not find him! ² Now let me rise, and go around the city, || In the streets and in the broad places, || I seek him whom my soul has loved! I sought him, and I did not find him. ³ The watchmen have found me || (Who are going around the city), || “Have you seen him whom my soul has loved?” ⁴ But I passed on a little from them, || Until I found him whom my soul has loved! I seized him, and did not let him go, || Until I brought him to the house

of my mother—And the chamber of her that conceived me. ⁵ I have adjured you, daughters of Jerusalem, || By the roes or by the does of the field, || Do not stir up nor wake the love until she pleases! ⁶ Who [is] this coming up from the wilderness, || Like palm-trees of smoke, || Perfumed [with] myrrh and frankincense, || From every powder of the merchant? ⁷ Behold, his couch, that [is] of Solomon, || Sixty mighty ones [are] around it, || Of the mighty of Israel, ⁸ All of them holding sword, taught of battle, || Each his sword by his thigh, for fear at night. ⁹ A palanquin King Solomon made for himself, || Of the wood of Lebanon, ¹⁰ Its pillars he made of silver, || Its bottom of gold, its seat of purple, || Its midst lined [with] love, || By the daughters of Jerusalem. ¹¹ Go forth, and look, you daughters of Zion, || On King Solomon, with the crown, || With which his mother crowned him, || In the day of his espousals, || And in the day of the joy of his heart!

4

¹ Behold, you [are] beautiful, my friend, behold, you [are] beautiful, || Your eyes [are] doves behind your veil, || Your hair as a row of the goats that have shone from Mount Gilead, ² Your teeth as a row of the shorn ones that have come up from the washing, || For all of them are forming twins, || And a bereaved one is not among them. ³ As a thread of scarlet [are] your lips, || And your speech [is] lovely, || As the work of the pomegranate [is] your

temple behind your veil, ⁴ As the Tower of David [is] your neck, built for an armory, || The chief of the shields are hung on it, || All shields of the mighty. ⁵ Your two breasts [are] as two fawns, || Twins of a roe, that are feeding among lilies. ⁶ Until the day breaks forth, || And the shadows have fled away, || I go for myself to the mountain of myrrh, || And to the hill of frankincense. ⁷ You [are] all beautiful, my friend, || And there is not a blemish in you. Come from Lebanon, O spouse, ⁸ Come from Lebanon, come in. Look from the top of Amana, || From the top of Shenir and Hermon, || From the habitations of lions, || From the mountains of leopards. ⁹ You have emboldened me, my sister-spouse, || Emboldened me with one of your eyes, || With one chain of your neck. ¹⁰ How beautiful have been your loves, my sister-spouse, || How much better have been your loves than wine, || And the fragrance of your perfumes than all spices. ¹¹ Your lips drop honey, O spouse, || Honey and milk [are] under your tongue, || And the fragrance of your garments || [Is] as the fragrance of Lebanon. ¹² A garden shut up [is] my sister-spouse, || A spring shut up—a fountain sealed. ¹³ Your shoots a paradise of pomegranates, || With precious fruits, ¹⁴ Cypressess with nard—nard and saffron, || Cane and cinnamon, || With all trees of frankincense, || Myrrh and aloes, with all chief spices. ¹⁵ A fount of gardens, a well of living waters, || And flowings from Lebanon!

16 Awake, O north wind, and come, O south, ||
Cause my garden to breathe forth, its spices let
flow, || Let my beloved come to his garden, ||
And eat its pleasant fruits!

5

¹ I have come to my garden, my sister-spouse,
|| I have plucked my myrrh with my spice, || I
have eaten my comb with my honey, || I have
drunk my wine with my milk. Eat, O friends,
drink, || Indeed, drink abundantly, O beloved
ones! ² I am sleeping, but my heart wakes: The
sound of my beloved knocking! “Open to me,
my sister, my friend, || My dove, my perfect
one, || For my head is filled [with] dew, ||
My locks [with] drops of the night.” ³ I have
put off my coat, how do I put it on? I have
washed my feet, how do I defile them? ⁴ My
beloved sent his hand from the network, || And
my bowels were moved for him. ⁵ I rose to
open to my beloved, || And my hands dripped
myrrh, || Indeed, my fingers were flowing [with]
myrrh, || On the handles of the lock. ⁶ I opened
to my beloved, || But my beloved withdrew—
he passed on, || My soul went forth when he
spoke, I sought him, and did not find him. I
called him, and he did not answer me. ⁷ The
watchmen who go around the city, || Found me,
struck me, wounded me, || Keepers of the walls
lifted up my veil from off me. ⁸ I have adjured
you, daughters of Jerusalem, || If you find my
beloved—What do you tell him? That I [am]
sick with love! ⁹ What [is] your beloved above

[any] beloved, || O beautiful among women? What [is] your beloved above [any] beloved, || That thus you have adjured us? ¹⁰ My beloved [is] clear and ruddy, || Conspicuous above a myriad! ¹¹ His head [is] pure gold—fine gold, || His locks flowing, dark as a raven, ¹² His eyes as doves by streams of water, || Washing in milk, sitting in fullness. ¹³ His cheeks [are] as a bed of the spice, towers of perfumes, || His lips—lilies, dripping [and] flowing [with] myrrh, ¹⁴ His hands rings of gold, set with beryl, || His heart bright ivory, covered with sapphires, ¹⁵ His limbs pillars of marble, || Founded on sockets of fine gold, || His appearance as Lebanon, choice as the cedars. ¹⁶ His mouth is sweetness—and all of him desirable, || This [is] my beloved, and this my friend, || O daughters of Jerusalem!

6

¹ To where has your beloved gone, || O beautiful among women? To where has your beloved turned, || And we seek him with you? ² My beloved went down to his garden, || To the beds of the spice, || To delight himself in the gardens, and to gather lilies. ³ I [am] my beloved's, and my beloved [is] mine, || Who is delighting himself among the lilies. ⁴ You [are] beautiful, my friend, as Tirzah, lovely as Jerusalem, || Awe-inspiring as bannered hosts. ⁵ Turn around your eyes from before me, || Because they have made me proud. Your hair [is] as a row of the goats, || That have shone from Gilead, ⁶ Your teeth as a row of the lambs, || That

have come up from the washing, || Because all of them are forming twins, || And a bereaved one is not among them. ⁷ As the work of the pomegranate [is] your temple behind your veil. ⁸ Sixty are queens, and eighty concubines, || And virgins without number. ⁹ One is my dove, my perfect one, || She [is] one of her mother, || She [is] the choice one of her that bore her, || Daughters saw, and pronounce her blessed, || Queens and concubines, and they praise her. ¹⁰ “Who [is] this that is looking forth as morning, || Beautiful as the moon—clear as the sun, || Awe-inspiring as bannered hosts?” ¹¹ To a garden of nuts I went down, || To look on the buds of the valley, || To see to where the vine had flourished, || The pomegranates had blossomed — ¹² I did not know my soul, || It made me—chariots of my people Nadib. ¹³ Return, return, O Shulammith! Return, return, and we look on you. What do you see in Shulammith?

7

¹ As the chorus of “Mahanaim.” How beautiful were your feet with sandals, O daughter of Nadib. The turnings of your sides [are] as ornaments, || Work of the hands of a craftsman. ² Your waist [is] a basin of roundness, || It does not lack the mixture, || Your body a heap of wheat, fenced with lilies, ³ Your two breasts as two young ones, twins of a roe, ⁴ Your neck as a tower of the ivory, || Your eyes pools in Heshbon, near the Gate of Bath-Rabbim, || Your face as a tower of Lebanon looking to Damascus,

⁵ Your head on you as Carmel, || And the locks of your head as purple, || The king is bound with the flowings! ⁶ How beautiful and how pleasant you have been, || O love, in delights. ⁷ This your stature has been like to a palm, || And your breasts to clusters. ⁸ I said, “Let me go up on the palm, || Let me lay hold on its boughs,” || Indeed, let your breasts now be as clusters of the vine, || And the fragrance of your face as citrons, ⁹ And your palate as the good wine—Flowing to my beloved in uprightness, || Strengthening the lips of the aged! ¹⁰ I [am] my beloved’s, and on me [is] his desire. ¹¹ Come, my beloved, we go forth to the field, ¹² We lodge in the villages, we go early to the vineyards, || We see if the vine has flourished, || The sweet smelling-flower has opened. The pomegranates have blossomed, || There I give to you my loves; ¹³ The mandrakes have given fragrance, || And at our openings all pleasant things, || New, indeed, old, my beloved, I laid up for you!

8

¹ Who makes you as a brother to me, || Suckling the breasts of my mother? I find you outside, I kiss you, || Indeed, they do not despise me, ² I lead you, I bring you into my mother’s house, || She teaches me, I cause you to drink of the spiced wine, || Of the juice of my pomegranate, ³ His left hand [is] under my head, || And his right embraces me. ⁴ I have adjured you, daughters of Jerusalem, || How you stir up,

|| And how you wake the love until she pleases!
⁵ Who [is] this coming from the wilderness, ||
Hastening herself for her beloved? Under the
citron-tree I have awoken you, || There your
mother pledged you, || There she [who] bore
you gave a pledge. ⁶ Set me as a seal on your
heart, as a seal on your arm, || For strong as
death is love, || Sharp as Sheol is jealousy, || Its
burnings [are] burnings of fire, a flame of YAH!
⁷ Many waters are not able to quench the love,
|| And floods do not wash it away. If one gives
all the wealth of his house for love, || Treading
down—they tread on it. ⁸ We have a little sister,
and she does not have breasts, || What do we
do for our sister, || In the day that it is told of
her? ⁹ If she is a wall, we build by her a palace
of silver. And if she is a door, || We fashion by
her board-work of cedar. ¹⁰ I [am] a wall, and
my breasts as towers, || Then I have been in
his eyes as one finding peace. ¹¹ Solomon has
a vineyard in Ba'al-Hamon, || He has given the
vineyard to keepers, || Each brings for its fruit
one thousand pieces of silver; ¹² My vineyard—
my own—is before me, || The one thousand [is]
for you, O Solomon. And the two hundred for
those keeping its fruit. O dweller in gardens!
¹³ The companions are attending to your voice,
|| Cause me to hear. Flee, my beloved, and be
like to a roe, ¹⁴ Or to a young one of the harts on
mountains of spices!

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