

## The Song of Solomon

<sup>1</sup> The song of songs, which *is* Solomon's. <sup>2</sup> Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love *is* better than wine. <sup>3</sup> Because of the savor of thy good ointments thy name *is as* ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee. <sup>4</sup> Draw me, we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers; we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love more than wine: the upright love thee. <sup>5</sup> I *am* black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. <sup>6</sup> Look not upon me, because I *am* black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; *but* my own vineyard have I not kept. <sup>7</sup> Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest *thy flock* to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions? <sup>8</sup> If thou knowest not, O thou fairest among women, go forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds tents. <sup>9</sup> I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots. <sup>10</sup> Thy cheeks are comely with rows *of jewels* , thy neck with chains *of gold* . <sup>11</sup> We will make for thee borders of gold with studs of silver. <sup>12</sup> While the king *sitteth* at his table, my

spikenard sendeth forth its smell. <sup>13</sup> A bundle of myrrh *is* my well beloved to me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts. <sup>14</sup> My beloved *is* to me *as* a cluster of camphor in the vineyards of Engedi. <sup>15</sup> Behold, thou *art* fair, my love; behold, thou *art* fair; thou *hast* doves' eyes. <sup>16</sup> Behold, thou *art* fair, my beloved, yes, pleasant: also our bed *is* green. <sup>17</sup> The beams of our house *are* cedar, *and* our rafters of fir.

## 2

<sup>1</sup> I *am* the rose of Sharon, *and* the lily of the valleys. <sup>2</sup> As the lily among thorns, so *is* my love among the daughters. <sup>3</sup> 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. <sup>4</sup> He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me *was* love. <sup>5</sup> Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I *am* sick with love. <sup>6</sup> His left hand *is* under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me. <sup>7</sup> I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not, nor awake my love, till he please. <sup>8</sup> The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. <sup>9</sup> My beloved *is* like a roe, or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice. <sup>10</sup> My beloved spoke, and said to me, Rise, my love, my fair one, and come away. <sup>11</sup> For lo, the winter is past, the

rain is over *and* gone. <sup>12</sup> The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of *birds* is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; <sup>13</sup> The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines *with* the tender grape give a *good* smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. <sup>14</sup> O my dove, *that art* in the clefts of the rock, in the secret *places* of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet *is* thy voice, and thy countenance *is* comely. <sup>15</sup> Take for us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines *have* tender grapes. <sup>16</sup> My beloved *is* mine, and I *am* his: he feedeth among the lilies. <sup>17</sup> Until the day shall break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

### 3

<sup>1</sup> By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. <sup>2</sup> I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. <sup>3</sup> The watchmen that go about the city found me: *to whom I said*, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth? <sup>4</sup> *It was* but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: 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 that conceived me. <sup>5</sup> 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. <sup>6</sup> Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant? <sup>7</sup> Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; sixty valiant men *are* about it, of the valiant of Israel. <sup>8</sup> They all hold swords, *being* expert in war: every man *hath* his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night. <sup>9</sup> King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. <sup>10</sup> He made its pillars *of* silver, the bottom of it *of* gold, the covering of it *of* purple, the midst of it being paved *with* love, for the daughters of Jerusalem. <sup>11</sup> Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown with which his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

## 4

<sup>1</sup> Behold, thou *art* fair, my love; behold, thou *art* fair; thou *hast* doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead. <sup>2</sup> Thy teeth *are* like a flock *of* sheep that *are* even shorn, which came up from the washing; all of which bear twins, and none is barren among them. <sup>3</sup> Thy lips *are* like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples *are* like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks. <sup>4</sup> Thy neck is like the tower of David built for an armory, on which hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men. <sup>5</sup> Thy two breasts *are* like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies. <sup>6</sup> Until the day shall break, and the

shadows flee away, I will repair to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense. <sup>7</sup> Thou *art* all fair, my love; *there is* no spot in thee. <sup>8</sup> 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. <sup>9</sup> Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, *my* spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thy eyes, with one chain of thy neck. <sup>10</sup> How fair is thy love, my sister, *my* spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thy ointments than all spices! <sup>11</sup> Thy lips, O *my* spouse, drop *as* the honey-comb; honey and milk *are* under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments *is* like the smell of Lebanon. <sup>12</sup> A garden inclosed *is* my sister, *my* spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. <sup>13</sup> Thy plants *are* an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphor, with spikenard, <sup>14</sup> Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices: <sup>15</sup> A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon. <sup>16</sup> Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, *that* its spices may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

## 5

<sup>1</sup> I have come into my garden, my sister, *my* spouse: I have gathered my myrrh, with my spice; I have eaten my honey-comb with my

honey; I have drank my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yes, drink abundantly, O beloved. <sup>2</sup> 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. <sup>3</sup> I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them? <sup>4</sup> My beloved put in his hand by the hole *of the door* , and my bowels were moved for him. <sup>5</sup> 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. <sup>6</sup> I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, *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. <sup>7</sup> The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my vail from me. <sup>8</sup> I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I *am* sick with love. <sup>9</sup> 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? <sup>10</sup> My beloved *is* white and ruddy, the chief among ten thousand. <sup>11</sup> His head *is* as the most fine gold, his locks *are* bushy, *and* black as a raven. <sup>12</sup> His eyes *are* as *the eyes* of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, *and* fitly set. <sup>13</sup> His cheeks *are* as a bed

of spices, *as* sweet flowers: his lips *like* lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh. <sup>14</sup> His hands *are as* gold rings set with the beryl: his belly *is as* bright ivory overlaid *with* sapphires. <sup>15</sup> His legs *are as* pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance *is as* Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. <sup>16</sup> His mouth *is* most sweet: yes, he *is* altogether lovely. This *is* my beloved, and this *is* my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

## 6

<sup>1</sup> Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee. <sup>2</sup> My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies. <sup>3</sup> I *am* my beloved's, and my beloved *is* mine: he feedeth among the lilies. <sup>4</sup> Thou *art* beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as *an army* with banners. <sup>5</sup> Turn away thy eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair *is as* a flock of goats that appear from Gilead. <sup>6</sup> Thy teeth *are as* a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, of which every one beareth twins, and *there is* not one barren among them. <sup>7</sup> As a piece of pomegranate *are* thy temples within thy locks. <sup>8</sup> There are sixty queens, and eighty concubines, and virgins without number. <sup>9</sup> My dove, my undefiled *is but* one; she *is* the *only* one of her mother, she *is* the choice *one* of her that bore her. The daughters saw her, and blessed her; yes, the queens and

the concubines, and they praised her. <sup>10</sup> Who is she *that* looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, *and* terrible as *an* army with banners? <sup>11</sup> 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. <sup>12</sup> Or ere I was aware, my soul made me *like* the chariots of Amminadib. <sup>13</sup> Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies.

## 7

<sup>1</sup> How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs *are* like jewels, the work of the hands of a skillful workman. <sup>2</sup> Thy navel *is like* a round goblet, *which* wanteth not liquor: thy belly *is like* a heap of wheat set about with lilies. <sup>3</sup> Thy two breasts *are* like two young roes *that are* twins. <sup>4</sup> Thy neck *is* as a tower of ivory; thy eyes *like* the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim: thy nose *is* as the tower of Lebanon which looketh towards Damascus. <sup>5</sup> Thy head upon thee *is* like Carmel, and the hair of thy head like purple; the king *is* held in the galleries. <sup>6</sup> How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights! <sup>7</sup> This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters *of grapes* . <sup>8</sup> I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of its boughs: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples; <sup>9</sup> And the roof of

thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved, that goeth *down* sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak. <sup>10</sup> I *am* my beloved's, and his desire *is* towards me. <sup>11</sup> Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages. <sup>12</sup> Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourisheth, *whether* the tender grape appeareth, *and* the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves. <sup>13</sup> The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates *are* all manner of pleasant *fruits* , new and old, *which* I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

## 8

<sup>1</sup> O that thou *wert* as my brother, that was nourished at the breasts of my mother! *when* I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yes, I should not be despised. <sup>2</sup> I would lead thee, *and* bring thee into my mother's house, *who* would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate. <sup>3</sup> His left hand *should be* under my head, and his right hand should embrace me. <sup>4</sup> I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not, nor awake *my* love, until he please. <sup>5</sup> Who *is* this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple-tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth *that* bore thee. <sup>6</sup> Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thy arm: for love *is* strong as death; jealousy *is* cruel as the grave: the coals of it *are* coals of fire, *which hath* a most vehement flame. <sup>7</sup> 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 utterly be contemned. <sup>8</sup> We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for? <sup>9</sup> If she *is* a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she *is* a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar. <sup>10</sup> I *am* a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favor. <sup>11</sup> Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon; he let out the vineyard to keepers; every one for the fruit of it was to bring a thousand *pieces* of silver. <sup>12</sup> My vineyard which *is* mine, *is* before me: thou, O Solomon, *must have* a thousand, and those that keep the fruit of it two hundred. <sup>13</sup> Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear *it* . <sup>14</sup> Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of spices.

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