**The Book of Song of Songs**

**Song of Songs Chapter 1**

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| 1 | The Song of songs, which is Solomon’s. |

Beloved

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| 2 | Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth,  for your love is better than wine. |
| 3 | Your oils have a pleasing fragrance.  Your name is *fragrant* oil poured out,  therefore the virgins love you. |
| 4 | Take me away with you. Let’s hurry.  The king has brought me into his rooms. |

Friends

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|  | We will be glad and rejoice in you.  We will praise your love more than wine!  They are right to love you. |

Beloved

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| 5 | I am dark but lovely,  you daughters of Jerusalem,  like the tents of Kedar, like Solomon’s curtains. |
| 6 | Do not stare at me because I am darkish,  because the sun has looked upon me.  My mother’s sons burned *in anger* about me.  They made me a keeper of the vineyards.  But my vineyard—the one that was mine—I have not kept. |
| 7 | Tell me, you whom my soul loves,  where you graze your flock,  where you rest them at noon;  lest I become as one who covers herself  beside the flocks of your companions? |

Lover

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| 8 | If you do not know,  O most beautiful among women,  follow the tracks of the sheep.  Graze your young goats  near the shepherds’ tents. |
| 9 | I compare you, my darling,  to a mare among Pharaoh’s chariots. |
| 10 | Your cheeks are beautiful with looped earrings,  and your neck with strings of beads. |
| 11 | We will make ornaments of gold for you  studded with silver. |

Beloved

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| 12 | While the king was reclining upon his dining couch,  my nard spread its fragrance. |
| 13 | My beloved is to me a sachet of myrrh  that lies all night between my breasts. |
| 14 | My beloved is to me a cluster of henna blossoms  in the vineyards of En-gedi. |

Lover

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| 15 | Behold, you are beautiful, my darling.  Behold, you are beautiful.  Your eyes are doves. |

Beloved

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| 16 | Behold, you are handsome, my lover.  O how pleasant,  Indeed, lush *foliage* is our bed. |

Lover

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| 17 | The beams of our house are cedars.  Our rafters are firs. |

**Song of Songs Chapter 2**

Beloved

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| 1 | I am a rose of Sharon,  a lily of the valleys. |

Lover

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| 2 | As a lily among the bramble,  so is my darling among the young women. |

Beloved

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| 3 | As the apple tree among the trees of the forest,  so is my lover among the young men.  I sat down under his shadow with great delight,  and his fruit was sweet to my taste. |
| 4 | He brought me to the house of wine,  and his banner toward me is love. |
| 5 | Strengthen me with raisins,  refresh me with apples,  for I am faint from love. |
| 6 | His left hand is under my head,  and his right hand embraces me. |
| 7 | I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,  by the gazelles or by the does of the field,  that you not stir up nor awaken love  until it so desires. |
| 8 | Listen! My lover!  Behold, he comes,  leaping across the mountains,  bounding across the hills. |
| 9 | My lover is like a gazelle  or a young stag.  Behold, he stands behind our wall!  He looks in through the windows.  He peers through the lattice. |
| 10 | My lover spoke and said to me, |

Lover

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|  | “Rise up, my darling,  my beautiful one, and come away. |
| 11 | For, behold, the winter is past.  The rain is over and gone. |
| 12 | The flowers appear on the earth.  The time of the singing has come,  and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land. |
| 13 | The fig tree has put forth her green figs.  The vines are in blossom. They give forth their fragrance.  Arise, my darling, my beautiful one,  and come away.” |
| 14 | My dove in the clefts of the rock,  in the hiding places of the mountainside,  let me see your face.  Let me hear your voice;  for your voice is sweet  and your face is lovely. |
| 15 | Catch for us the foxes,  the little foxes that spoil the vineyards,  for our vineyards are in bloom. |

Beloved

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| 16 | My beloved is mine, and I am his.  He grazes among the lilies. |
| 17 | Until the day awakes  and the shadows flee away,  turn, my beloved, and be like a gazelle  or a young stag on the cleft mountains. |

**Song of Songs Chapter 3**

Beloved

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| 1 | By night on my bed,  I sought him whom my soul loves.  I sought him, but I did not find him. |
| 2 | I will get up now, and go about the city;  in the streets and in the squares  I will seek him whom my soul loves.  I sought him, but I did not find him. |
| 3 | The watchmen who go about the city found me.  “Have you seen him whom my soul loves?” |
| 4 | I had scarcely passed from them  when 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,  into the room of her who conceived me. |
| 5 | I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,  by the roes or by the hinds of the field,  that you not stir up nor awaken love  until it so desires. |

Narrator

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| 6 | Who is this who comes up from the wilderness  like pillars of smoke,  perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,  with all spices of the merchant? |
| 7 | Behold, it is Solomon’s carriage!  Sixty mighty men are around it  of the mighty men of Israel. |
| 8 | They all handle the sword  and are expert in war.  Every man has his sword on his thigh  because of fear in the night. |
| 9 | King Solomon made himself a carriage  of the wood of Lebanon. |
| 10 | He made its pillars of silver,  its bottom of gold,  its seat of purple,  its middle being paved with love  from the daughters of Jerusalem. |
| 11 | Go out, you daughters of Zion,  and see King Solomon  with the crown with which his mother has crowned him,  in the day of his weddings,  in the day of the gladness of his heart. |

**Song of Songs Chapter 4**

Lover

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| 1 | Behold, you are beautiful, my darling.  Behold, you are beautiful.  Your eyes are doves  behind your veil.  Your hair is as a flock of goats  that descend from Mount Gilead. |
| 2 | Your teeth are like a newly shorn flock  which have come up from the washing,  where every one of them has twins.  None is bereaved among them. |
| 3 | Your lips are like scarlet thread.  Your mouth is lovely.  Your temples are like a piece of a pomegranate  behind your veil. |
| 4 | Your neck is like David’s tower  built for an armory  on which 1,000 shields hang,  all the shields of the mighty men. |
| 5 | Your two breasts are like two fawns  that are twins of a roe, which feed among the lilies. |
| 6 | Until the day is cool  and the shadows flee away,  I will go to the mountain of myrrh,  to the hill of frankincense. |
| 7 | You are all beautiful, my darling.  There is no spot in you. |
| 8 | Come with me from Lebanon, my bride,  with me from Lebanon.  Look from the top of Amana,  from the top of Senir and Hermon,  from the lions’ dens,  from the mountains of the leopards. |
| 9 | You have captivated my heart, my sister, my bride.  You have captivated my heart with one of your eyes,  with one chain of your neck. |
| 10 | How beautiful is your love, my sister, my bride!  How much better is your love than wine!  The fragrance of your perfumes than all kinds of spices! |
| 11 | Your lips, my bride, drip like the honeycomb.  Honey and milk are under your tongue.  The smell of your garments is like the smell of Lebanon. |
| 12 | A locked up garden is my sister, my bride;  a locked up spring, a sealed fountain. |
| 13 | Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates  with choice fruits:  henna with nard, |
| 14 | nard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon,  with every kind of tree of frankincense,  myrrh and aloes  with all the best spices, |
| 15 | a fountain of gardens,  a well of living waters,  flowing streams from Lebanon. |

Beloved

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| 16 | Awake, north wind,  and come, you south!  Blow on my garden,  that its spices may flow out.  Let my beloved come into his garden  and taste his precious fruits. |

**Song of Songs Chapter 5**

Lover

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| 1 | I have come into my garden, my sister, my bride.  I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;  I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;  I have drunk my wine with my milk. |

Friends

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|  | Eat, friends!  Drink, yes, drink abundantly, beloved. |

Beloved

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| 2 | I was asleep, but my heart was awake.  It is the voice of my beloved who knocks: |

Lover

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|  | “Open to me, my sister, my darling,  my dove, my undefiled,  for my head is filled with dew  and my hair with the dampness of the night.” |

Beloved

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| 3 | I have taken off my cloak.  Indeed, must I put it on?  I have washed my feet.  Indeed, must I soil them? |
| 4 | My beloved thrust his hand in through the latch opening.  And my bowels were aroused for him. |
| 5 | I rose up to open for my beloved.  My hands dripped with myrrh,  my fingers with liquid myrrh  on the handles of the lock. |
| 6 | I opened to my beloved,  but my beloved left and had gone away.  My heart went out when he spoke.  I looked for him, but I did not find him.  I called him, but he did not answer. |
| 7 | The watchmen who go about the city found me.  They beat me. They bruised me.  The keepers of the walls  took my cloak away from me. |
| 8 | I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,  if you find my beloved,  that you tell him that I am faint with love. |

Friends

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| 9 | How is your beloved better than another beloved,  you fairest among women?  How is your beloved better than another beloved,  that you do so adjure us? |

Beloved

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| 10 | My beloved is white and ruddy.  The best among 10,000. |
| 11 | His head is like the purest gold.  His hair is wavy;  black as a raven. |
| 12 | His eyes are like doves  beside the water brooks,  washed with milk,  mounted like jewels. |
| 13 | His cheeks are like a bed of spices  with towers of perfumes.  His lips are like lilies,  dropping liquid myrrh. |
| 14 | His hands are like rings of gold  set with beryl.  His body is like ivory work  overlaid with lapis lazuli. |
| 15 | His legs are like pillars of marble  set on bases of fine gold.  His appearance is like Lebanon,  excellent as the cedars. |
| 16 | His mouth is sweetness;  yes, he is altogether lovely.  This is my beloved and this is my friend,  daughters of Jerusalem. |

**Song of Songs Chapter 6**

Friends

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| 1 | Where has your beloved gone,  you fairest among women?  Where has your beloved turned,  that we may seek him with you? |

Beloved

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| 2 | My beloved has gone down to his garden,  to the beds of spices,  to feed in the gardens  and to gather lilies. |
| 3 | I am my beloved’s, and my beloved is mine.  He grazes among the lilies. |

Lover

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| 4 | You are beautiful, my darling, as Tirzah,  lovely as Jerusalem,  awesome as an army with banners. |
| 5 | Turn away your eyes from me,  for they have overcome me.  Your hair is like a flock of goats  that lie along the side of Gilead. |
| 6 | Your teeth are like a flock of ewes  that have come up from the washing,  of which every one has twins;  none is bereaved among them. |
| 7 | Your temples are like a piece of a pomegranate  behind your veil. |
| 8 | There are 60 queens,  80 concubines,  and virgins without number. |
| 9 | My dove, my perfect one, is unique.  She is her mother’s only daughter.  She is the favorite one of her who bore her.  The daughters saw her and called her blessed;  the queens and the concubines, and they praised her. |
| 10 | Who is she who looks forth as the morning,  beautiful as the moon,  clear as the sun  and awesome as an army with banners? |
| 11 | I went down into the nut tree grove  to see the green plants of the valley,  to see whether the vine budded  and the pomegranates were in flower. |
| 12 | Without realizing it,  my desire set me  with my royal people’s chariots. |

Friends

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| 13 | Return, return, Shulammite!  Return, return, that we may gaze at you. |

Lover

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|  | Why do you desire to gaze at the Shulammite  as at the dance of Mahanaim? |

**Song of Songs Chapter 7**

Lover

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| 1 | How beautiful are your feet in sandals, noble’s daughter!  Your rounded thighs are like jewels,  the work of the hands of a skillful workman. |
| 2 | Your body is like a round goblet,  no mixed wine is lacking.  Your waist is like a heap of wheat,  set about with lilies. |
| 3 | Your two breasts are like two fawns  that are twins of a roe. |
| 4 | Your neck is like an ivory tower.  Your eyes are like the pools in Heshbon  by the gate of Bathrabbim.  Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon  that looks toward Damascus. |
| 5 | Your head on you is like Carmel.  The hair of your head like purple.  The king is held captive in its tresses. |
| 6 | How beautiful and how pleasant you are,  love, for delights! |
| 7 | This, your stature, is like a palm tree,  your breasts like its fruit. |
| 8 | I said, “I will climb up into the palm tree.  I will take hold of its fruit.”  Let your breasts be like clusters of the vine,  the smell of your breath like apples, O beloved. |

Beloved

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| 9 | Your mouth like the best wine  that goes down smoothly for my beloved,  gliding through the lips of those who are asleep. |
| 10 | I am my beloved’s.  His desire is toward me. |
| 11 | Come, my beloved,  let’s go out into the field.  Let’s lodge in the villages. |
| 12 | Let’s go early up to the vineyards.  Let’s see whether the vine has budded,  its blossom is open  and the pomegranates are in flower.  There I will give you my love. |
| 13 | The mandrakes give forth fragrance.  At our gates are all kinds of precious fruit,  new and old,  that I have stored up for you, my beloved. |

**Song of Songs Chapter 8**

Beloved

|  |  |
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| 1 | Oh that you were like a brother to me  who nursed from the breasts of my mother!  If I found you outside, I would kiss you,  yes, and no one would despise me. |
| 2 | I would lead you,  bringing you into my mother’s house,  who would instruct me.  I would have you drink spiced wine  of the juice of my pomegranate. |
| 3 | His left hand would be under my head.  His right hand would embrace me. |
| 4 | I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,  that you not stir up nor awaken love  until it so desires. |

Friends

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| 5 | Who is this who comes up from the wilderness,  leaning on her beloved? |

Beloved

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|  | Under the apple tree I aroused you.  There your mother conceived you.  There she was in labor and bore you. |
| 6 | Set me as a seal on your heart,  as a seal on your arm;  for love is strong as death.  Passion is as fierce as Sheol.  Its flashes are flashes of fire,  a very flame of Yahweh. |
| 7 | Many waters cannot quench love,  neither can floods drown it.  If a man would give all the wealth of his house for love,  he would be utterly scorned. |

Friends

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| 8 | We have a little sister.  She has no breasts.  What will we do for our sister  in the day when she is to be spoken for? |
| 9 | If she is a wall,  we will build on her a turret of silver.  If she is a door,  we will enclose her with boards of cedar. |

Beloved

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| 10 | I am a wall,  and my breasts like towers,  then I was in his eyes  like one who found peace. |
| 11 | Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon.  He leased out the vineyard to keepers.  Each was to bring 1,000 shekels[[1]](#footnote-18399)  of silver for its fruit. |
| 12 | My own vineyard is before me.  The 1,000 are for you, Solomon,  200 for those who tend its fruit. |

Lover

|  |  |
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| 13 | You who dwell in the gardens  with friends in attendance,  let me hear your voice! |

Beloved

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| --- | --- |
| 14 | Come away, my beloved!  Be like a gazelle  or a young stag  on the mountains of spices! |

1. Roughly 25 pounds (11.3 kilograms) [↑](#footnote-ref-18399)