Chapter 1

1 ¶ The song of songs, which is Solomon’s.

The Shulamite

2 ¶ Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for your love is better than wine.
3 Because of the fragrance of your good ointments your name is as ointment poured forth. Therefore, the maidens love you.
4 ¶ Take me away with you.

The Maidens Of Jerusalem

¶ We will run after you
The Shulamite

¶ The king has brought me into his chambers.

The Maidens Of Jerusalem

¶ We will be glad and rejoice in you. We will remember your love more than wine.

To Her Beloved

7 ¶ Tell me, O you whom I love, where you feed your flock and where you make them rest at midday. Why should I be as a veiled woman beside the flocks of your friends?

The Maidens of Jerusalem

8 ¶ If you do not know, O fairest among women, go your way in the footsteps of the flock and feed your young goats beside the shepherds’ tents.

The King

9 ¶ I have compared you, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh’s chariots.
10 ¶ Your cheeks are lovely with rows of jewels, your neck with chains of gold.

The Maidens of Jerusalem

11 ¶ We will make you ornaments of gold studded with silver.

The Shulamite

12 ¶ While the king was at his table, my perfume sent forth its fragrance.
13 A bag of myrrh is my beloved unto me. He will lie all night between my breasts.
14 My beloved is unto me as a clus-
Song of Solomon 2

The King

15 ¶ Behold, how fair you are my love. Behold, how fair you are. You have the eyes of doves.

The Shulamite

16 ¶ Behold, you are handsome, my beloved, yes, pleasant; also our bed is green.

17 The beams of our house are cedar and our rafters of fir.

Chapter 2

1 ¶ I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys.

The King

2 ¶ As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the maidens.

The Shulamite

3 ¶ As the apple tree among the trees of the forest, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

4 He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.

5 Sustain me with cakes of raisins. Comfort me with apples, for I am faint with love.

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

7 ¶ I charge you, O maidens of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and by the does of the field, that you do not arouse or awaken love until it so desires.

The Beloved

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

9 ¶ My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag. Behold, he stands behind our wall. He looks out through the windows, showing himself through the lattice.

10 ¶ My beloved is about to speak to me. He speaks to me.

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 of birds has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land.

13 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.

14 O my dove in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see your face. ¶ Let me hear your voice, for sweet is your voice, and your face is lovely.”

15 ¶ Catch for us the foxes, the little foxes that ruin the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.

The Shulamite

16 ¶ ¶ My beloved is mine and I am his. He feeds among the lilies.

17 ¶ Until the day breaks and the shadows flee away, turn my beloved, and be like a gazelle or a young stag upon

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k Ss 4:1; 5:12 l Ss 5:10-16 Chapter 2: a Rv 22:1,2 b Ss 8:3 c Ss 3:5; 8:4 d Ss 2:17 e Ss 5:2 f Ss 8:13 g Ez 13:4 h Ss 6:3 i Ss 4:6 j Ss 8:14
the mountains of Bether.

Chapter 3
The Shulamite

1 ¶ In the nights on my bed I sought him whom my soul loves. I sought him, but I did not find him.
2 I will rise now and go about the city in the streets. 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. I asked them, “Have you seen him whom my soul loves?”
4 It was but a brief time when 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.

5 I charge you, O you maidens of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and by the does of the field, that you do not stir up, nor awaken love until it pleases.

The Shulamite

6 ¶ Who is this who comes out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?
7 Behold, it is the traveling couch of Solomon. Sixty mighty men are around it, of the mighty men of Israel.
8 They all hold swords, being experts in war. Every man has his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.
9 ¶ King Solomon made himself a carriage of the wood of Lebanon.

Chapter 4
The King

1 ¶ Behold, you are fair, my love. Behold, you are fair. You have the eyes of doves behind your veil. Your hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead.
2 Your teeth are like a flock of shorn sheep that came up from the washing, every one bearing twins, and none is barren among them.
3 Your lips are like a ribbon of scarlet, and your speech is lovely. Your temples are like a piece of a pomegranate behind your veil.
4 Your neck is like the tower of David built for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.
5 Your two breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle that feed among the lilies.

The Shulamite

6 ¶ Until the day breaks and the shadows flee away, I will go my way to the mountain of myrrh and to the hill of frankincense.
The King

7 ¶ You are all fair, my love. There is no spot in you.
8 Come with me from Lebanon, my bride, come 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.
9 You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride. You have ravished my heart with one of your eyes, with one chain of your neck.
10 How fair is your love, my sister, my bride! How much better is your love than wine, and the smell of your ointments than all spices!
11 Your lips, O my bride, drop as the honeycomb. Honey and milk are under your tongue, and the smell of your garments is like the fragrance of Lebanon.
12 A garden enclosed is my sister, my bride, a spring shut up and a fountain sealed.
13 Your plants are an orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits, henna blooms with spikenard,
14 spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon with all trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes with all the chief spices.
15 You are a garden spring, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

The Shulamite

16 ¶ Awake, O north wind, and come wind of the south. Blow upon my garden so that its spices may flow out. ¶Let my beloved come into his garden and eat its pleasant fruits.

Chapter 5

The King

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.

To the Friends

¶ Eat, O friends. Drink. Yes, drink abundantly, O lovers.

The Shulamite

2 ¶ I sleep, but my heart is awake. It is the voice of my beloved who knocks, 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.”
3 I have put off my coat. How will I put it on again? I have washed my feet. How will I make them dirty again?
4 My beloved put his hand in the latch opening, and my heart yearned for him.
5 I rose up to open to my beloved, and my hands dripped with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock.
6 I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had withdrawn himself and was gone. My soul failed when he turned away. ¶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 away my veil from me. 8 I charge you, O maidens of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved tell him that I am lovesick.

**The Maidens of Jerusalem**

9 ¶ What is your beloved more than another beloved, O you fairest among women? What is your beloved more than another beloved, that you so charge us?

**The Shulamite**

10 ¶ My beloved is radiant and ruddy, the chief among ten thousand. 11 His head is as the purest gold. His locks are bushy and black as a raven. 12 His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the water streams, washed with milk and reposed in their setting. 13 His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers. His lips are like lilies, dripping sweet smelling myrrh. 14 His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl. His stomach is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires. 15 His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold. His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. 16 His speech is most sweet. Yes, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O maidens of Jerusalem.

**The King**

4 ¶ You are beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, lovely as Jerusalem, awesome as an army with banners. 5 Turn away your eyes from me, for they have confused me. Your hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead. 6 Your teeth are as a flock of sheep that go up from washing, all of which bear twins, and not one among them has lost her young. 7 As a piece of a pomegranate are your temples behind your veil. 8 There are sixty queens and eighty concubines, and maidens without number. 9 My dove, my perfect one is but one. She is the only one of her mother. She is the pure child of the one who bore her. The maidens saw her and blessed her. The queens and the concubines, they also praised her, saying.

**Chapter 6**

**The Maidens of Jerusalem**

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

**The Shulamite**

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 am my beloved’s, and my beloved is mine. He feeds among the lilies.

**Friends**

10 ¶ Who is this who grows like the
dawn, and is as beautiful as the full moon, as pure as the sun, as awesome as an army with banners?

The Shulamite

11 ¶ 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.

12 Before I was aware, my desire set me among the chariots of my noble people.

The Maidens of Jerusalem

13 ¶ Return, return, O Shulamite. Return, return, so that we may look upon you.

The Shulamite

¶ Why should you gaze at the Shulamite, as at the dance of the two companies?

Chapter 7

The Maidens of Jerusalem

1 ¶ How beautiful are your feet with shoes, O prince’s maiden! The joints of your thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a skillful craftsman.

2 Your navel is like a round goblet that never lacks mixed wine. Your waist is like a mound of wheat encircled with lilies.

3 Your two breasts are like two young gazelles that are twins.

4 Your neck is as a tower of ivory and your eyes like the pools in Heshbon by the gate of Bath Rabbim.

Your nose is as the tower of Lebanon that looks toward Damascus.

5 Your head upon you is like Carmel, and the hair of your head like purple. The king is captivated by your tresses.

The King

6 ¶ How fair and how pleasant you are, O love, with your delights!

7 This your stature is like a palm tree, and your breasts like its clusters.

8 I said, “I will go up to the palm tree. I will take hold of its branches.” Let now your breasts be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of your nose like apples,

9 and the roof of your mouth like the best wine for my beloved.

The Shulamite

¶ May the wine go straight to my beloved, flowing gently over lips and teeth.

10 ¶ I am my beloved’s, and his desire is toward me.

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

12 Let us get up early to the vineyards. Let us see if the vine has budded, whether the tender grape appears, and the pomegranates bud forth. There I will give you my love.

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

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i Ss 6:4 j Ss 7:12 Chapter 7: a Ps 45:13 b Ss 4:5 c Ss 4:4 d Ss 2:16; 6:3 e Ps 45:11 f Ss 6:11 g Gn 30:14 h Mt 13:52
Chapter 8

1 ¶ O that you were as my brother who nursed at the breasts of my mother! Then if I would find you outside, I would kiss you. Yes, I would not be despised.

2 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 from the juice of my pomegranate.

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

4 dI charge you, O maidens of Jerusalem, that you do not stir up, nor awaken love until it pleases.

Friends

5 ¶ eWho is this who comes up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?

The Shulamite

¶ Under the apple tree I awakened you. There your mother brought you forth. There she brought you forth who bore you.

6 ¶ fSet me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm. For love is as strong as death. gJealousy is as cruel as the grave. Its flames are flames of fire, a most vehement flame of the LORD.

7 Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. hIf a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be scorned.

Brothers of the Shulamite

8 ¶ iWe have a little sister, and she has no breasts. What will we do for our sister in the day when she will be spoken for?

9 If she is a wall, we will build upon her towers of silver. And if she is a door, we will enclose her with boards of cedar.

The Shulamite

10 ¶ iAm a wall, and my breasts like towers; then I was in his eyes as one who found favor.

11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baal Hamon. jHe leased the vineyard to keepers; everyone for its fruit was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.

12 My own vineyard is before me. You, O Solomon, must have a thousand, and those who keep its fruit two hundred.

The Beloved

13 ¶ You who dwell in the gardens, the friends hearken to your voice. kLet me hear it.

The Shulamite

14 lMake haste, my beloved, and be like a gazelle or a young stag upon the mountains of spices.