

Song of Solomon

Song of Solomon 1

- ¶1. The song of songs which is by Solomon.
2. "O may he kiss me with the kisses of his mouth. Yea, your loving *kisses* are better than wine,
 3. and the aroma of your oil is pleasurable. Your name is poured out *as* oil. Therefore, virgins love you.
 4. Draw me! After you will we run. The king brought me into his chambers; we will be glad and rejoice in you. We will remember your loving more than wine; *all* the upright love you.
 5. I am dark, yet beautiful, O daughters of Jerusalem, like tents of Kedar, like the curtains of Solomon.
 6. Do not stare at me. I am dark *for* the sun has looked upon me. My mother's sons were angry with me. They made me a keeper of the vineyards. My own vineyard have I not kept.
 7. O tell me, you whom my soul loves, where do you tend *your flock*, where do you bring *it* to lie down at noon? For why am I as one who covers herself before the flocks of your companions?"
 8. "If it be not known to you, O fairest among women, go forth in the footsteps of the flock and feed your kids by the shepherds' places.
 9. As my mare among the chariots of Pharaoh have I compared you, O my love.
 10. Your cheeks are beautiful with pendants, your neck with chains.
 11. We will make pendants of gold for you, with studs of silver."
 12. "While the king reclined, my spikenard gave forth its aroma.
 13. My beloved is as a pouch of myrrh to me; he shall pass the night between my breasts.
 14. My beloved is to me as a cluster of ??? in the vineyards of En-gedi."
 15. "Behold, you are fair! O my love, behold, you are beautiful! Your eyes are *gentle as* doves."
 16. "Behold, you, my beloved, are handsome, yea, pleasing. Yea, our bed is lush.
 17. The beams of our house are cedar; our boards are fir."

Song of Solomon 2

- ¶1. "I am the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valleys.
2. As a lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters."
 3. "As an apple tree among the trees of the woods, so is my beloved among the sons. In his shadow I delight sit down, and his fruit is sweet to my mouth.
 4. He has brought me to the house of the wine, and his banner over me is love.

5. Sustain me with cakes of raisins; comfort {?} me with apples. I am overcome *by* love.
6. His left *hand* is under my head, and his right *hand* embraces me.”
7. “I adjure you {masc.}, O daughters of Jerusalem, by gazelles {1Kings 4:23}, or by hinds of the field, if you {masc.} rouse up or if you {masc.} awaken *my* love {fem.} until she {he?} pleases.” {3:5 identical}
8. “The voice of my beloved! Behold, he is coming, leaping over the mountains, skipping over the hills.
9. My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag. Behold, he stands behind our wall looking at the windows, gazing through the lattice.
10. My beloved spoke and said to me, ‘Rise up, O my love, my fair one and come away.
11. For behold, winter is past; the rain is over, it is gone.
12. The flowers appear upon the land, the time for song has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in the land.
13. The fig tree ripens its green figs, and the vines in blossom give *their* fragrance. Rise up, come, my love, my fair one, and come away.
14. O my dove, *who is* in the clefts of the rock, in the secret place of the ascent, let me see your countenance, let me hear your voice, for your voice is sweet, and your countenance is beautiful.
15. Catch the foxes for us, the little foxes spoiling the vines, for our vines are in blossom.
16. My beloved is mine, and I am his; he grazes among the lilies,
17. until the day breaks, and the shadows flee. Turn, my beloved, be like a gazelle or a young stag upon mountains of Bather.”

Song of Solomon 3

- ¶1. “Night after night on my bed, I sought *him* whom my soul loves; I sought him, but I could not find him.
2. I will arise now and go about in the city, in the streets and in the open squares will I seek *him* whom my soul loves; I sought him, but I could not find him.
3. The watchmen who go about in the city found me. ‘Have you seen him whom my soul loves?’
4. *It was* just a little after I passed on from them until I found him whom my soul loves. I seized him, and I would not let him go until I had brought him to the house of my mother and into the chamber of her who conceived me.
5. I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by gazelles {1Kings 4:23}, or by hinds of the field, if you {masc.} rouse up or if you {masc.} awaken *my* love {fem.} until she {he?} pleases.”
6. “Who is this coming up from the wilderness like mushrooming columns of smoke, {Joel 2:20} perfumed with myrrh, and frankincense, with every powder from a merchant?”

7. "Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; sixty mighty men are about it, of the mighty men of Israel.
8. All of them holding a sword, instructed in war. Each man's sword upon his thigh against fear in the night."
9. "King Solomon made a litter for himself of the wood of Lebanon.
10. He made its pillars of silver, its support of gold, its seat of purple, its interior lined with love by the daughters of Jerusalem.
11. Go forth, O daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown that his mother crowned him on the day of his marriage, and on the day of the rejoicing of his heart!"

Song of Solomon 4

- ¶1. "Behold, you are fair, my love; behold, you are fair, your eyes are *like* doves' behind your veil. Your hair is as a flock of goats descending {capering down} from Mount Gilead.
2. Your teeth are like a flock of shorn ewes that is coming up from the washing, which all have twins, and not one is bereaved among them.
3. Your lips are like a thread of scarlet, and your mouth is beautiful; like a piece of pomegranate is your temple behind your veil.
4. Your neck is like the tower of David built for an armory, on which are hung a thousand shields, all *of them* the shields of warriors.
5. Your two breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle, which feed among the lilies.
6. Until the day breaks, and the shadows flee, I will get myself to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.
7. You are altogether beautiful, my love; there is not even a blemish in you.
8. With me, O bride, come from Lebanon, *come* with me from Lebanon. Look {possibly Descend} from the top of Amana, from the top of Senir, even Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of leopards.
9. You make my heart race, my sister, *my* bride; you make my heart race with one of your eyes, with one link of your neck.
10. How beautiful is your love, my sister, *my* bride! How much better is your love than wine, and the aroma of your oil than all spices!
11. Your lips, O bride, drip as the honeycomb. Honey and milk are under your tongue, and the aroma of your garments is like the scent of Lebanon.
12. A garden closed off is my sister, *my* bride, {??} a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
13. Your shoots{??} are an orchard of pomegranates with choice fruit: henna with spikenard;
14. spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all the trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all the finest spices:
15. a spring for gardens, a well of living water, and flowing streams from Lebanon."

16. "Awake, O north wind, and come, O south. Blow on my garden, that its spices may flow. Bring my beloved to his garden, and let him eat its choice fruit."

Song of Solomon 5

- ¶1. "I have come to my garden, my sister, O 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." "Eat, O friends! Drink, yea, be drunk, beloved ones!"
2. "I was sleeping, but my heart was awake. The voice of my beloved knocks, 'Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my perfect one, for my head is filled with dew; my locks with the drops of the night.
3. I have taken off my tunic. How can I put it on? I have washed my feet. How can I dirty them?"
4. My beloved stretched out his hand upon the opening, and my bowels were moved for him.
5. I rose up to open to my beloved, and my hands dripped with myrrh, and my fingers ran with myrrh upon the handles of the lock.
6. I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had turned aside. He had gone. My soul had failed when he spoke. I searched for him, but I could not find him. I called for him, but he did not answer me.
7. The watchmen who go about in the city found me. They beat me; they bruised me. The keepers of the walls took my veil off me.
8. I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem. If you find my beloved, tell him that I am sick with love."
9. "What is your beloved more than another beloved, O fairest among women? What is your beloved more than another beloved, that you adjure us so?"
10. "My beloved is radiant and ruddy, distinguished among ten thousand.
11. His head is as the purest fine gold; his locks are wavy, black as a raven.
12. His eyes are like doves by rivers of water, bathed in by milk, *and* sitting by a pool.
13. His cheeks are like a bed of spice, mounds of spices; his lips, *like* lilies dripping liquid myrrh.
14. His hands are rods of gold filled with beryl; his belly is plates of ivory covered with sapphire.
15. His legs are pillars of alabaster, set on sockets of fine gold; his appearance is like the choice cedars of Lebanon.
16. His mouth is most sweet, and he is altogether desirable. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem."

Song of Solomon 6

- ¶1. "Where has your beloved gone, O fairest of women? Where has your beloved turned aside, that we may seek him with you?"

2. "My beloved has gone down to his garden, to the beds of spice, 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."
4. "You are beautiful, my love, like Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, inspiring awe like the banners *of an army*.
5. Turn your eyes away from me, for they overwhelm me; your hair is as a flock of goats descending from Gilead.
6. Your teeth are like a flock of ewes that is coming up from the washing, which all have twins, and not one is bereaved among them,
7. like a piece of pomegranate is your temple behind your veil."
8. "There are sixty queens, and eighty concubines, and virgins without number.
9. My dove, my perfect one, she is *but* one; she is the *only* one of her mother. She is pure to the one who bore her. The daughters saw her and called her blessed; the queens and the concubines, they praised her."
10. Who is this who looks down like the dawn, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and inspiring awe like the banners *of an army*?"
11. "I went down to the garden of nuts to look at the blossom of the valley, to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranate had budded.
12. I did not know my soul had set me in a chariot of Amminadib." {???
13. "Return, return, O Shulamite! Return, return, that we may look upon you. What will we see in the Shulamite? As it were, the dance of two camps." {phewee!}

Song of Solomon 7

- ¶1. "How beautiful are your feet in sandals, O prince's daughter! The curves of your thighs are like ornaments, the work of the hands of a master.
2. Your navel is like a rounded bowl that never lacks wine; your belly is a heap of wheat set with lilies.
3. Your two breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle.
4. Your neck is like a tower of ivory; your eyes are like the pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim. Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon which looks towards Damascus.
5. Your head upon you is like Carmel, and the hair of your head is like purple *cloth*; the king is bound by the flowing *locks*.
6. O how you are fair, and O how pleasant you are, O *my* love, for delights!
7. *And* this: your stature is like a palm tree, with your breasts for clusters *of dates*.
8. I said that I will go up into the palm tree; I will take hold of its boughs. Yea, let your breasts be as clusters of the vine, and the scent of your breath like apples.
9. And your mouth is like good wine, flowing sweetly from my beloved, dropping from sleeping lips."

10. "I am my beloved's, and his desire is for me.
11. Come, my beloved. Let us go out to the field; let us lodge in the villages.
12. Let us go early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine is flourishing with blossom open, *and* the pomegranates budded; there, I will give you my love.
13. The mandrakes give off an aroma, and at our doors are all *kinds* of precious things, new and also old, which I have stored up for you, my beloved."

Song of Solomon 8

- ¶1. "Oh, that He would give you as a brother for me, one who nursed at my mother's breasts! I would find you outside; I would kiss you. Yea, they would not despise me.
2. I would lead you, bring you, to the house of my mother, who taught me. I would give you spiced wine to drink, the juice of the pomegranate.
3. His left hand under my head, and his right hand embracing me."
4. "I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that you rouse not, nor awaken *my* love until she pleases."
5. "Who is this coming up from the wilderness, leaning on her beloved? I roused you under the apple tree. There, your mother brought you forth; there, she brought forth, she brought forth you.
6. Set me as a seal on your heart, as a seal on your arm, for love is strong as death, jealousy as cruel as Sheol. Its flames are flames of a fierce fire.
7. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can rivers drown it. If a man would give all the wealth of his house for love, it would be utterly despised {by him???}."
8. "We have a little sister, and she has no breasts. What shall we do for our sister on the day that she is spoken of?"
9. If she is a wall, we will build a battlement of silver on her, or if she is a door, we will enclose her with cedar boards."
10. "I am a wall, and my breasts are like towers; then I had favor in his eyes like one who found peace."
- ¶11. "Solomon had a vineyard at Baalhamon; he let out the vineyard to keepers. Each one brought a thousand pieces of silver for its fruit.
12. My vineyard, which is mine, is before me. Solomon has the thousand, and those who keep its fruit two hundred.
13. She who dwells in the gardens, companions listening for your voice; let me hear it!
14. Make haste, my beloved, and be to me like a gazelle or a young stag upon the mountains of spices."