

The Book of
The Song of Solomon

2 The Bride speaks with the Daughters of Jerusalem. 2:10 Conversation of Bride and Bridegroom. 5:1 The sleepy one.

1 The Song of songs, which *is* by Solomon.
 2 Let him kiss me with *the* kisses of his mouth;
 For thy love *is* better than wine.
 3 Thine oils have a goodly fragrance;
 Thy name *is as* oil poured forth;
 Therefore do *the* ¹virgins love thee.
 4 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 make mention of thy love more than of wine:
²Rightly do they love thee.
 5 I *am* black, but comely,
 O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
 As *the* tents of Kedar,
 As *the* curtains of Solomon.
 6 Look not upon me, because I *am* swarthy,
 Because the sun hath ³scorched me.
 My mother's sons were incensed against me;
 They made me keeper of the vineyards;
 But mine own vineyard have I not kept.
 7 Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth,
 Where thou feedest *thy* flock, where thou makest it
 to rest at noon:
 For why should I be as one that is veiled
 Beside *the* flocks of thy companions?
 8 If thou know not, O thou the fairest among women,
 Go thy way forth by *the* footsteps of the flock,
 And feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.
 9 I have compared thee, O ⁴my love,
⁵To a steed in Pharaoh's chariots.
 10 Thy cheeks are comely with plaits *of* hair,
 Thy neck with strings *of* jewels.
 11 We will make thee plaits of gold
 With studs of silver.
 12 While the king *sat* at his table,
 My spikenard sent forth its fragrance.
 13 My beloved *is* unto me *as* a ⁶bundle of myrrh,
 That lieth betwixt my breasts.
 14 My beloved *is* unto me *as* a cluster of ⁷henna-flowers
 In *the* vineyards of En-gedi.

¹ Or, maidens

² Or, In uprightness do they love thee.
 or, The upright love thee.

³ Or, looked upon me.

⁴ Or, my friend (and so throughout)

⁵ Or, To the steeds or, To my steed

⁶ Or, bag

⁷ Hb. kopher

15 Behold, thou *art* fair, my love; behold, thou *art* fair;
⁸Thine eyes *are as* doves.

16 Behold, thou *art* fair, my beloved, yes, pleasant:
 Also our couch *is* green.

17 *The* beams of our ⁹house *are* ¹⁰cedars,
 and our rafters *are* ¹¹firs.

2 I *am* a ¹²rose of ¹³Sharon,
 A lily of the valleys.

2 As a lily among thorns,
 So *is* my love among the daughters.

3 As *the* apple-tree among trees of the wood,
 So *is* my beloved among the sons.
 I ¹⁴sat down under his shadow with great delight,
 And his fruit *was* sweet to my taste.

4 He brought me to the ¹⁵banqueting-house,
 And his banner over me *was* love.

5 Stay ye me with ¹⁶raisins, refresh me with apples;
 For I *am* sick from love.

6 ¹⁷His left hand *is* under my head,
 And his right hand doth embrace me.

7 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
 By *the* ¹⁸roes, or by *the* hinds of the field,
 That ye stir not up, nor awake *my* love,
 Until ¹⁹he please.

8 *The* voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh,
 Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the
 hills.

9 My beloved is like a roe or a young hart:
 Behold, he standeth behind our wall;
 He looketh in at the windows;
 He glanceth through the lattice.

10 My beloved spake, and said unto me,
 Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

11 For, lo, the winter is past;
 The rain is over and gone;

⁸ Or, Thou hast doves' eyes.

⁹ Or, houses

¹⁰ Or, of cedar, And our rafters are of fir.

¹¹ Or, cypresses.

¹² Hb. chabatzzeleth, the autumn crocus.

¹³ Or, the plain,

¹⁴ Hb. delighted and sat down under his shadow,

¹⁵ Hb. house of wine,

¹⁶ Hb. the cakes of raisins,

¹⁷ Or, Let his left hand be under my head,

¹⁸ Or, gazelles,

¹⁹ Lit. she or, it

12 The flowers appear on the earth;
*The time of the*²⁰*singing of birds* is come,
 And *the* voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land;

13 The fig-tree ripeneth her green figs,
 And the vines *are* in blossom;
 They give forth their fragrance.
 Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

14 O my dove, *that art* in the clefts of the rock, in the
 covert of the steep place,
 Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice;
 For sweet *is* thy voice, and thy countenance *is*
 comely.

15 Take us *the* foxes, ²¹*the* little foxes, that spoil *the*
 vineyards;
 For our vineyards *are* in blossom.

16 My beloved *is* mine, and I *am* his:
 He feedeth *his* flock among the lilies.

17 ²²Until the day ²³be cool, and the shadows flee away,
 Turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young
 hart
 Upon *the* ²⁴mountains of ²⁵Bether.

3 By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul
 loveth:
 I sought him, but I found him not.

2 *I said*, 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.

3 The watchmen *that* go about the city found me:
To whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?

4 *It was* but a little that I passed from them,
 When 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.

5 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
 By *the* roes, or by *the* hinds of the field,
 That ye stir not up, nor awake *my* love,
 Until ²⁶he please.

6 Who *is* this that cometh up from the wilderness like
 pillars of smoke,
 Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
 With all powders of *the* merchant?

7 Behold, *it is* *the* litter of Solomon;
 Sixty mighty men *are* about it,
 Of *the* mighty men of Israel.

²⁰ *Or*, pruning of vines is come,

²¹ *So* Massoretic, Aram. *But* some Massoretic mss.
 4QCant^b Sept. (Vg.) omit *the* little foxes

²² *Or*, While the day is cool, *And* in ch. 4:6.

²³ *Or*, break, *Hb.* breathe

²⁴ *Or*, mountains of separation.

²⁵ *Perhaps* the spice malobathron.

²⁶ *Or*, it *or*, she

8 They all handle *the* sword, *and* are expert in war:
 Every man hath his sword upon his thigh,
 Because of fear in the night.

9 King Solomon made himself a ²⁷palanquin
 Of the wood of Lebanon.

10 He made *the* pillars thereof of silver,
The bottom thereof of gold, *the* seat of it of purple,
The midst thereof being ²⁸paved with love,
 From *the* daughters of Jerusalem.

11 Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king
 Solomon,
 With the crown wherewith his mother hath crowned
 him in *the* day of his espousals,
 And in *the* day of *the* gladness of his heart.

4 Behold, thou *art* fair, my love; behold, thou *art* fair;
²⁹Thine eyes *are* as doves behind thy ³⁰veil.
 Thy hair *is* as a flock of goats,
 That ³¹lie along *the* side of mount Gilead.

2 Thy teeth *are* like a flock of ewes *that are* newly
 shorn,
 Which are come up from the washing,
³²Whereof every one hath twins,
 And none *is* bereaved among them.

3 Thy lips *are* like a thread of scarlet,
 And thy ³³mouth *is* comely.
 Thy temples *are* like a piece of a pomegranate
 Behind thy veil.

4 Thy neck *is* like *the* tower of David builded ³⁴for an
 armory,
 Whereon there hang a thousand bucklers,
 All *the* shields of the mighty men.

5 Thy two breasts *are* like two fawns
 That are twins of a ³⁵roe,
 Which feed among the lilies.

6 Until the day be cool, and the shadows flee away,
 I will get me to the mountain of myrrh,
 And to the hill of frankincense.

7 Thou *art* all fair, my love;
 And *there is* no spot in thee.

8 Come with me from Lebanon, *my* bride,
 With me from Lebanon:
³⁶Look from *the* top of Amana,
 From *the* top of Senir and Hermon,
 From *the* lions' dens,
 From *the* mountains of *the* leopards.

²⁷ *Or*, car of state Sept., Vg. read litter

²⁸ *Or*, inlaid

²⁹ *Or*, Thou hast doves' eyes behind thy veil.

³⁰ *Or*, locks.

³¹ *Or*, appear on mount Gilead.

³² *Or*, Which are all of them in pairs,

³³ *Or*, speech

³⁴ *Or*, with turrets,

³⁵ *Or*, gazelle,

³⁶ *Or*, Go

9 Thou hast ³⁷ravished my heart, my sister, *my* bride;
Thou hast ravished my heart with ³⁸one of thine eyes,
With one chain of thy neck.

10 How fair is thy love, my sister, *my* bride!
How much better is thy love than wine!
And the fragrance of thine oils than all manner of
spices!

11 Thy lips, O *my* bride, ³⁹drop *as the* honeycomb:
Honey and milk *are* under thy tongue;
And the smell of thy garments *is like the* smell of
Lebanon.

12 A garden ⁴⁰shut up *is* my sister, *my* bride;
A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

13 Thy shoots *are* ⁴¹an orchard of pomegranates, with
precious fruits;
Henna with spikenard plants,

14 Spikenard and saffron,
Calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of
frankincense;
Myrrh and aloes, with all *the* chief spices.

15 *Thou art* a fountain of gardens,
A well of living waters,
And flowing streams from Lebanon.

16 Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south;
Blow upon my garden, *that the* spices thereof may
flow out.
Let my beloved come into his garden,
And eat his precious fruits.

5 I am come into my garden, my sister, *my* bride:
I have gathered my myrrh with my ⁴²spice;
I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;
I have drunk my wine with my milk.
Eat, O friends;
Drink, yes, drink abundantly, ⁴³O beloved.

2 I ⁴⁴was asleep, but my heart waked:
It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, *saying*,
Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my
⁴⁵undefiled;
For my head is filled with dew,
My locks with *the* drops of *the* night.

3 I have put off my garment; how shall I put it on?
I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?

4 My beloved put in his hand by the hole of *the* door,
And my ⁴⁶heart was moved for him.

³⁷ *Or*, given me courage, (*both places*)

³⁸ *Or*, one *look* from thine eyes,

³⁹ *Or*, drop honey:

⁴⁰ *Hb.* barred (*both places*)

⁴¹ *Or*, a paradise

⁴² *Or*, balsam;

⁴³ *Or*, of love.

⁴⁴ *Or*, sleep, but my heart waketh:

⁴⁵ *Hb.* perfect;

⁴⁶ *Hb.* bowels

5 I rose up to open to my beloved;
And my hands dripped *with* myrrh,
And my fingers *with* liquid myrrh,
Upon *the* handles of the bolt.

6 I opened to my beloved;
But my beloved had ⁴⁷withdrawn himself, *and* was
gone.
My soul ⁴⁸had failed me when he spake: I sought
him, but I could not find him;
I called him, but he gave me no answer.

7 The watchmen *that* go about the city found me,
They smote me, they wounded me;
The keepers of the walls took away my ⁴⁹mantle
from me.

8 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find
my beloved,
⁵⁰That ye tell him, that I *am* sick from love.

9 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 adjure us?

10 My beloved *is* white and ruddy,
⁵¹*The* chiefest among ten thousand.

11 His head *is as the* most fine gold;
His locks *are* ⁵²bushy, *and* black as a raven.

12 His eyes *are* like doves beside *the* water brooks,
Washed with milk, *and* ⁵³fitly set.

13 His cheeks are as a bed of ⁵⁴spices, *as* ⁵⁵banks of
sweet herbs:
His lips are *as* lilies, dripping liquid myrrh.

14 His hands *are as* ⁵⁶rings of gold set with ⁵⁷beryl:
His body *is as* ⁵⁸ivory work ⁵⁹overlaid *with* sapphires.

15 His legs *are as* pillars of marble, set upon sockets of
fine gold:
His aspect *is* like Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

16 His ⁶⁰mouth *is* most sweet; yes, he *is* altogether
lovely.
This *is* my beloved, and this *is* my friend,
O daughters of Jerusalem.

⁴⁷ *Or*, turned away,

⁴⁸ *Hb.* went forth when he spake:

⁴⁹ *Or*, veil

⁵⁰ *Hb.* What will ye tell him? That I *am* sick from love.

⁵¹ *Hb.* Marked out by a banner among ten thousand.

⁵² *Or*, curling,

⁵³ *Or*, sitting by full streams.

⁵⁴ *Or*, the balsam,

⁵⁵ *Or*, towers of perfumes:

⁵⁶ *Or*, cylinders

⁵⁷ *Or*, the topaz:

⁵⁸ *Or*, bright ivory overlaid *with* sapphires.

⁵⁹ *Or*, encrusted

⁶⁰ *Or*, speech *Hb.* palate

6 Whither is thy beloved gone,
 O thou fairest among women?
 Whither hath thy beloved turned him,
 That we may seek him with thee?
 2 My beloved is gone down to his garden, to *the* beds
 of ⁶¹spices,
 To feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.
 3 *I am* my beloved's, and my beloved *is* mine:
 He feedeth *his* flock among the lilies.
 4 Thou *art* fair, O my love, as Tirzah,
 Comely as Jerusalem,
 Formidable as *an* army with ⁶²banners.
 5 Turn away thine eyes from me,
 For they ⁶³have overcome me.
 Thy hair *is* as a flock of goats,
 That lie along *the* side of Gilead.
 6 Thy teeth *are* like a flock of ewes,
 Which are come up from the washing;
 Whereof every one hath twins,
 And none *is* bereaved among them.
 7 Thy temples *are* like a piece of a pomegranate
 Behind thy veil.
 8 There are sixty queens, and eighty concubines,
 And ⁶⁴virgins without number.
 9 My dove, my ⁶⁵undefiled, is *but* one;
 She *is* the *only* one of her mother;
 She *is* the ⁶⁶choice *one* of her that bare her.
 The daughters saw her, and called her blessed;
 Yes, the queens and the concubines, and they praised
 her.
 10 Who *is* she that looketh forth as *the* morning,
 Fair as the moon,
⁶⁷Choice as the sun,
 Formidable as *an* army with banners?
 11 I went down into *the* garden of nuts,
 To see *the* green plants of the valley,
 To see whether the vine budded,
 And the pomegranates were in flower.
 12 Before I was aware, my ⁶⁸soul ⁶⁹set me
 Among the chariots of my ⁷⁰noble people.
 13 Return, return, O Shulammitte;
 Return, return, that we may look upon thee.
 Why will ye look upon the Shulammitte,
 As upon the dance ⁷¹of Mahanaim?

⁶¹ *Or*, the balsam,

⁶² *Hb.* the bannered hosts.

⁶³ *Or*, make me afraid.

⁶⁴ *Or*, maidens

⁶⁵ *Hb.* perfect

⁶⁶ *Or*, pure *And in vs. 10.*

⁶⁷ *Or*, Clear *or possibly*, Bright

⁶⁸ *Or*, desire *Hb.* nephesh

⁶⁹ *Or*, made me *like* the chariots of Amminadib.

⁷⁰ *Or*, willing people.

⁷¹ *Or*, of the two companies

7 How beautiful are thy ⁷²feet in sandals, O prince's
 daughter!
 Thy rounded thighs *are* like jewels,
 The work of *the* hands of a skilful workman.
 2 Thy body *is* like a round goblet,
 Wherein no mingled wine is wanting:
 Thy waist *is* like a heap of wheat
 Set about with lilies.
 3 Thy two breasts *are* like two fawns
 That *are* twins of a roe.
 4 Thy neck *is* like *the* tower of ivory;
 Thine eyes *as* the pools in Heshbon, by *the* gate of
 Bath-rabbim;
 Thy nose *is* like the tower of Lebanon
 Which looketh toward Damascus.
 5 Thy head upon thee *is* like Carmel,
 And *the* hair of thy head like purple;
 The king *is* held captive in the tresses *thereof*.
 6 How fair and how pleasant art thou,
 O love, for delights!
 7 This thy stature is like to a palm-tree,
 And thy breasts to *its* clusters.
 8 I said, I will climb up into *the* palm-tree,
 I will take hold of *the* branches thereof:
 Let thy breasts be as clusters of the vine,
 And *the* smell of thy ⁷³breath like apples,
 9 And thy ⁷⁴mouth like the best wine,
 That goeth down ⁷⁵smoothly for my beloved,
⁷⁶Causing *the* lips of those *that* are asleep ⁷⁷to speak.
 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 whether the vine hath budded, *and*
⁷⁸*its* blossom is open,
 And the pomegranates are in flower:
 There will I give thee my love.
 13 The mandrakes give forth fragrance;
 And ⁷⁹at our doors *are* all manner of precious fruits,
 new and old,
 Which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

⁷² *Or*, steps

⁷³ *Hb.* nose

⁷⁴ *Hb.* palate

⁷⁵ *Hb.* aright

⁷⁶ *Or*, Gliding *through* the lips of those *that* are asleep.

⁷⁷ *Or*, to move.

⁷⁸ *Or*, the tender grape appear,

⁷⁹ *Or*, over

8 Oh that thou *wert* as my brother,
That sucked *the* breasts of my mother!
When I should find thee without, I would kiss thee;
Yes, and none would despise me.

2 I would lead thee, *and* bring thee into my mother's
house,
⁸⁰Who would instruct me;
I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine,
Of *the* ⁸¹juice of my pomegranate.

3 His left hand *should be* under my head,
And his right hand should embrace me.

4 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
⁸²That ye stir not up, nor awake *my* love,
Until ⁸³he please.

5 Who *is* this that cometh up from the wilderness,
Leaning upon her beloved?
Under the apple-tree I awakened thee:
There thy mother was in travail with thee,
There was she in travail ⁸⁴that brought thee forth.

6 Set me as *a* seal upon thy heart, as *a* seal upon thine
arm:
For love *is* strong as death;
Jealousy *is* ⁸⁵cruel as Sheol;
The flashes thereof *are* flashes of fire,
⁸⁶A very flame of ⁸⁷Jehovah.

7 Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can floods drown it:
If a man would give all the substance of his house
for love,
⁸⁸He would utterly be despised.

8 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?

9 If she *be* a wall,
We will build upon her ⁸⁹a turret of silver:
And if she *be* a door,
We will enclose her with boards of cedar.

10 I ⁹⁰*am* a wall, and my breasts like the towers *thereof*:
Then was I in his eyes as one that found peace.

⁸⁰ *Or, That* thou mightest instruct me;

⁸¹ *Or,* sweet wine of my pomegranate.

⁸² *Hb.* Why should ye stir up? or why awake *etc.*

⁸³ *Or,* it *or,* she

⁸⁴ *Or,* and

⁸⁵ *Hb.* hard

⁸⁶ *Or,* A most vehement flame

⁸⁷ *Hb.* Jah

⁸⁸ *Or,* It

⁸⁹ *Or,* battlements of silver:

⁹⁰ *Or,* was

11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon;
He let out the vineyard unto keepers;
Every one for *the* fruit thereof was to bring a
thousand *pieces* of silver,

12 My vineyard, which *is* mine, *is* before me:
Thou, O Solomon, *shalt have* the thousand,
And those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.

13 Thou that dwellest in the gardens,
The companions hearken ⁹¹for thy voice:
Cause me to hear *it*.

14 ⁹²Make haste, my beloved,
And be thou like to a ⁹³roe or to a young hart
Upon *the* mountains of spices.

End of the Book of the Song of Solomon

⁹¹ *Or,* to

⁹² *Hb.* Flee,

⁹³ *Or,* gazelle