

## SONG OF SOLOMON 1

1The song of songs, which is Solomon's.

2Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine.

3Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.

4Draw 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.

5I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.

6Look 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.

7Tell 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?

8If thou knowest not, O thou fairest among women, go forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.

9I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.

10Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold.

11We will make for thee borders of gold with studs of silver.

12While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth its fragrance.

13A bundle of myrrh is my wellbeloved to me; he shall lie all night between my breasts.

14My beloved is to me as a cluster of henna flowers in the vineyards of Engedi.

15Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes.

16Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed is green.

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

## SONG OF SOLOMON 2

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

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

3As 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.

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

5Sustain me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick with love.

6His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.

7I 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.

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

9My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, gazing himself through the lattice.

10My beloved spoke, and said to me, Rise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

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

12The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land;

13The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give forth their fragrance. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

14O 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.

15Take for us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.

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

17Until 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.

### SONG OF SOLOMON 3

1By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

2I 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.

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

4It 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.

5I 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.

6Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?

7Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; sixty valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel.

8They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.

9King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.

10He made its posts 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.

11Go 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.

## SONG OF SOLOMON 4

1Behold, 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.

2Thy 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.

3Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks.

4Thy neck is like the tower of David built for an armoury, on which hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

5Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

6Until the day shall break, and the shadows flee away, I will go up to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.

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

8Come 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.

9Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thy eyes, with one chain of thy neck.

10How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the fragrance of thy ointments than all spices!

11Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the scent of thy garments is like the fragrance of Lebanon.

12A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

13Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; henna, with spikenard,

14Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:

15A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

16Awake, 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.

## SONG OF SOLOMON 5

1I have come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: 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, drink abundantly, O beloved.

2I 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.

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

4My beloved put his hand through the opening of the door, and my heart was moved for him.

5I rose up to open to my beloved; and my hands flowed with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.

6I 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.

7The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.

8I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick with love.

9What 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?

10My beloved is white and ruddy, the chief among ten thousand.

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

12His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.

13His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers: his lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.

14His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl: his belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.

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

16His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

## SONG OF SOLOMON 6

1Where is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? where is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee.

2My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

3I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine: he feedeth among the lilies.

4Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.

5Turn away thy eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.

6Thy 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.

7As a piece of pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.

8There are sixty queens, and eighty concubines, and virgins without number.

9My 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; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.

10Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?

11I 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.

12Before I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib.

13Return, 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.

### **SONG OF SOLOMON 7**

1How 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 skilful workman.

2Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies.

3Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.

4Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thy eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.

5Thy head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thy head like purple; the king is held captive by her locks of hair.

6How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!

7This thy stature is like a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes.

8I 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 fragrance of thy breath like apples;

9And 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.

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

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

12Let 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.

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

### **SONG OF SOLOMON 8**

1O that thou wert as my brother, that was nourished at the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee outside, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised.

2I 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.

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

4I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not, nor awake my love, until he please.

5Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I awakened thee under the apple tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth that bore thee.

6Set 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.

7Many 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 despised.

8We 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?

9If 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.

10I am a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.

11Solomon had a vineyard at Baalhamon; he let out the vineyard to keepers; every one for the fruit of it was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.

12My vineyard, which is mine, is before me: thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand, and those that keep the fruit of it two hundred.

13Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear it.

14Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of spices.