



unfoldingWord® Literal Text

Song of Solomon

Version 33

[en]

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Song of Songs

Chapter 1

¹The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.

The woman speaking to herself

²Oh, that he would kiss me with the kisses of his mouth,

The woman speaking to the man

for your love is better than wine.

³Your anointing oils have a delightful fragrance;

your name is like flowing perfume,

so the young women love you.

⁴Take me with you, and we will run.

The woman speaking to herself

The king has brought me into his rooms.

The woman speaking to the man

We are glad; We rejoice about you;

let us celebrate your love; it is better than wine.

It is natural for the other women to adore you.

The woman speaking to the other women

⁵I am dark but lovely,

you daughters of Jerusalem—

dark like the tents of Kedar,

lovely like the curtains of Solomon.

⁶Do not stare at me because I am dark,

because the sun has scorched me.

My mother's sons were angry with me;

they made me keeper of the vineyards,

but my own vineyard I have not kept.

The woman speaking to the man

⁷Tell me, you whom my soul loves,

where do you feed your flock?

Where do you rest your flock at noontime?

Why should I be like someone who wanders

beside the flocks of your companions?

The man speaking to the woman

⁸If you do not know, most beautiful among women,

follow the tracks of my flock,

and pasture your young goats near the shepherds' tents.

⁹I compare you, my love,

to a mare among Pharaoh's chariot horses.

¹⁰Your cheeks are beautiful with ornaments,

your neck with strings of jewels.

¹¹We will make for you gold ornaments

with silver studs.

The woman speaking to herself

¹²While the king lay on his couch,

my nard emitted its fragrance.

¹³My beloved is to me like a bag of myrrh

that spends the night lying between my breasts.

¹⁴My beloved is to me like a cluster of henna flowers

in the vineyards of En Gedi.

The man speaking to the woman

¹⁵Listen, you are beautiful, my love;

listen, you are beautiful;

your eyes are doves.

The woman speaking to the man

¹⁶Listen, you are handsome, my beloved, how handsome.

The lush plants are our bed.

¹⁷The beams of our house are cedars;

our rafters are firs.

Chapter 2

The woman speaking to the man

¹I am a meadow flower of Sharon,
a lily of the valleys.

The man speaking to the woman

²As a lily among thorns,
so is my love among the young women.

The woman speaking to herself

³As an apricot tree among the trees of the forest,
so is my beloved among the young men.

I sit down under his shadow with great delight,
and his fruit is sweet to my taste.

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

The woman speaking to the man

⁵Revive me with raisin cakes and refresh me with apricots,
for I am weak with love.

The woman speaking to herself

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

The woman speaking to the other women

⁷I want you to swear, daughters of Jerusalem,
by the gazelles and the does of the fields,
that you will not awaken or arouse love
until she pleases.

The woman speaking to herself

⁸There is the sound of my beloved! Listen, here he comes,
leaping over the mountains,
jumping over the hills.

⁹My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag;
look, he is standing behind our wall,

gazing through the window,
peering through the lattice.

¹⁰My beloved spoke to me and said,
“Arise, my love;
My beautiful one, come away with me.

¹¹Look, the winter is past;
the rain is over and gone.

¹²The flowers have appeared in the land;
the time for pruning and the singing of birds has come,
and the sound of the doves is heard in our land.

¹³The fig tree ripens her green figs,
and the vines are in blossom;
they give off their fragrance.
Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come away.

¹⁴My dove, in the clefts of the rock,
in the secret clefts of the mountain crags,
let me see your face.
Let me hear your voice,
for your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely.”

The woman speaking to the man

¹⁵Catch the foxes for us, the little foxes
that spoil vineyards,
for our vineyard is in blossom.

¹⁶My beloved is mine, and I am his;
he grazes among the lilies with pleasure.

The woman speaking to the man

¹⁷Go away, my beloved,
before the soft winds of dawn blow and the shadows flee away.
Go away; be like a gazelle or a young stag
on the rugged mountains.

Chapter 3

The woman speaking to herself

¹At night on my bed

I was longing for him whom my soul loves;

I looked for him, but I could not find him.

²I said to myself, "I will get up and go through the city,

through the streets and squares;

I will search for him whom my soul loves."

I searched for him, but I did not find him.

³The watchmen found me as they were making their rounds in the city.

I asked them, "Have you seen him whom my soul loves?"

⁴It was only a little while after I had passed 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,

into the bedroom of the one who had conceived me.

The woman speaking to the other women

⁵I want you to swear, daughters of Jerusalem,

by the gazelles and the does of the fields,

that you will not awaken or arouse love

until she pleases.

The woman speaking to herself

⁶What is that coming up from the wilderness

like a column of smoke,

perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,

with all the powders sold by merchants?

⁷Look, it is the bed of Solomon;

sixty warriors surround it,

sixty soldiers of Israel.

⁸All of them are skilled with a sword and are experienced in warfare.

Every man has his sword at his side,

armed against the terrors of the night.

⁹King Solomon made himself a sedan chair
of the wood from Lebanon.

¹⁰Its posts were made of silver;
the back was made of gold, and the seat of purple cloth.
Its interior was decorated with love
by the daughters of Jerusalem.

The woman speaking to the women of Jerusalem

¹¹Go out, daughters of Zion, and gaze on King Solomon,
bearing the crown with which his mother crowned him
on his wedding day,
on the day of the joy of his heart.

Chapter 4

The man speaking to the woman

¹Oh, you are beautiful, my love; you are beautiful.
Your eyes are doves behind your veil.

Your hair is like a flock of goats
going down from Mount Gilead.

²Your teeth are like a flock of newly shorn ewes,
coming up from the washing place.

Each one has a twin,
and none among them is bereaved.

³Your lips are like a thread of scarlet;
your mouth is lovely.

Your cheeks are like pomegranate halves
behind your veil.

⁴Your neck is like the tower of David built in rows of stone,
with a thousand shields hanging on it,
all the shields of soldiers.

⁵Your two breasts are like two fawns,

twins of a gazelle,
grazing among the lilies.

⁶Until the dawn arrives and the shadows flee away,
I will go to the mountain of myrrh
and to the hill of frankincense.

⁷You are beautiful in every way, my love
and there is no blemish in you.

⁸Come with me from Lebanon, my bride.
Come with me from Lebanon;
come from the top of Amana,
from the top of Senir and Hermon,
from lions' dens,
from mountain dens of leopards.

⁹You have stolen my heart, my sister, my bride;
you have stolen my heart,
with just one look at me,
with just one jewel of your necklace.

¹⁰How beautiful is your love, my sister, my bride!
How much better is your love than wine,
and the fragrance of your perfume than any spice.

¹¹Your lips, my bride, drip honey;
honey and milk are under your tongue;
the fragrance of your garments is like the fragrance of Lebanon.

¹²My sister, my bride is a garden locked up,
a garden locked up, a spring that is sealed.

¹³Your branches are a grove of pomegranate trees with choice fruits,
and of henna and nard plants,

¹⁴Nard and saffron,
calamus and cinnamon with all kinds of spices,
myrrh and aloes with all the finest spices.

¹⁵You are a garden spring,

a well of fresh water,
streams flowing down from Lebanon.

The woman speaking to the man

¹⁶Awake, north wind; come, south wind;
blow on my garden so that its spices may give off their fragrance.
May my beloved come into his garden
and eat some of its choice fruit.

Chapter 5

The man speaking to the woman

¹I 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.

The friends speaking to the man and the woman

Eat, friends;
drink and be drunk with love.

The woman speaking to herself

²I was asleep, but my heart was awake.
There is the sound of my beloved knocking and saying,
“Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled one,
for my head is wet with dew,
my hair with the night’s dampness.”

³“I have taken off my robe; must I put it on again?
I have washed my feet; must I get them dirty?”

⁴My beloved put in his hand through the opening of the door latch,
and my heart was stirred up for him.

⁵I got up to open the door for my beloved;
my hands were dripping with myrrh,
my fingers with moist myrrh,
on the door handle.

⁶I opened the door for my beloved,
but my beloved had turned and gone.
My heart sank when he spoke.^[1]

I looked for him, but I did not find him;
I called him, but he did not answer me.

⁷The watchmen found me as they were making their rounds in the city.
They struck me and wounded me;
the guards on the walls took away my cloak from me.
The woman speaking to the women of the city

⁸I want you to swear, daughters of Jerusalem,
that if you find my beloved—
What will you make known to him?—
that I am sick from love.

The women of the city speaking to the woman
⁹How is your beloved better than another beloved man,
most beautiful among women?
Why is your beloved better than another beloved,
that you ask us to take an oath like this?

The woman speaking to the women of the city

¹⁰My beloved is radiant and ruddy,
outstanding among ten thousand.

¹¹His head is the purest gold;
his hair is curly and as black as a raven.

¹²His eyes are like doves beside streams of water,
bathed in milk, mounted like jewels.

¹³His cheeks are like beds of spices,
yielding aromatic scents.^[2]

His lips are lilies, dripping liquid myrrh.

¹⁴His arms are rounded gold set with jewels;
his abdomen is ivory covered with sapphires.

¹⁵His legs are pillars of marble, set on bases of pure gold;

his appearance is like Lebanon, choice as the cedars.

¹⁶His mouth is most sweet;

he is completely lovely.

This is my beloved, and this is my friend,

daughters of Jerusalem.

5:6 ^[1].

5:13 ^[2].

Chapter 6

The women of Jerusalem speaking to the young woman

¹Where has your beloved gone,

most beautiful among women?

In what direction has your beloved gone,

so that we may seek him with you?

The woman speaking to herself

²My beloved has gone down to his garden,

to the beds of spices,

to graze in the garden and to gather lilies.

³I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine;

he grazes among the lilies with pleasure.

The man speaking to the woman

⁴You are as beautiful as Tirzah, my love,

as lovely as Jerusalem,

as awe-inspiring as an army with its banners.

⁵Turn your eyes away from me,

for they overwhelm me.

Your hair is like a flock of goats

going down from the slopes of Gilead.

⁶Your teeth are like a flock of ewes

coming up from the washing place.

Each one has a twin,

and none among them is bereaved.

⁷Your cheeks are like pomegranate halves
behind your veil.

The man speaking to himself

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

⁹My dove, my undefiled, is the only one;
she is the only daughter of her mother;
she is the favorite one of the woman who bore her.

The young women saw her and called her blessed;
the queens and the concubines saw her also, and they praised her:

What the queens and the concubines said

¹⁰“Who is this who appears like the dawn,
as beautiful as the moon,
as bright as the sun,
as awe-inspiring as an army with its banners?”

The man speaking to himself

¹¹I went down into the grove of nut trees
to see the young growth in the valley,
to see whether the vines had budded,
and whether the pomegranates were in bloom.

¹²I was so happy that I felt
I was riding in the chariot of a prince.

The friends speaking to the woman

¹³Turn back, turn back, you perfect woman;^[1]
turn back, turn back so that we may gaze on you.

The woman speaking to the friends

Why do you gaze on the perfect woman,^[2]
as if on the dance between two armies?^[3]

6:13 ^[1] .

6:13 ^[2] .

6:13 ^[3] .

Chapter 7

The man speaking to the woman

¹How beautiful your feet appear in your sandals, prince's daughter!

The curves of your thighs are like jewels,
the work of the hands of a master craftsman.

²Your navel is like a round bowl;
may it never lack mixed wine.

Your belly is like a mound of wheat
encircled with lilies.

³Your two breasts are like two fawns,
twins of a gazelle.

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

Your nose is like the tower in Lebanon
that looks toward Damascus.

⁵Your head is on you like Carmel;
the hair on your head is dark purple.
The king is held captive by its tresses.

⁶How beautiful and how lovely you are,
my love, with delights!^[1]

⁷Your height is like that of a date palm tree,
and your breasts like clusters of fruit.

⁸I said, "I want to climb that palm tree;
I will take hold of its branches."
May your breasts be like clusters of grapes,
and may the fragrance of your nose be like apricots.

⁹May your palate be like the best wine,
flowing smoothly for my beloved,
gliding over the lips of those who sleep.^[2]

The woman speaking to the man

¹⁰I am my beloved's,
and he desires me.

¹¹Come, my beloved, let us go out into the countryside;
let us spend the night in the villages.^[3]

¹²Let us rise early to go to the vineyards;
let us see whether the vines have budded,
whether their blossoms have opened,
and whether the pomegranates are in flower.
There I will give you my love.

¹³The mandrakes give off their fragrance;
at the door where we are staying are all sorts of choice fruits, new and old,
that I have stored up for you, my beloved.

7:6 ^[1] .

7:9 ^[2] .

7:11 ^[3] .

Chapter 8

The woman speaking to the man

¹I wish that you were like my brother,
who nursed at my mother's breasts.
Then whenever I met you outside, I could kiss you,
and no one would despise me.

²I would lead you and bring you into my mother's house—
she who taught me.

I would give you spiced wine to drink
and some of the juice of my pomegranates.

The woman speaking to herself

³His left hand is under my head
and his right hand embraces me.

The woman speaking to the other women

⁴I want you to swear, daughters of Jerusalem,
that you will not stir up or awaken love

until it pleases.

The women of Jerusalem speaking

⁵Who is this who is coming up from the wilderness,

leaning on her beloved?

The woman speaking to the man

I awakened you under the apricot tree;

there your mother conceived you;

there she gave birth to you, she delivered you.

⁶Set me as a seal over your heart,

like a seal on your arm,

for love is as strong as death.

Passionate devotion is as unrelenting as Sheol;

its flames burst out; it is a blazing flame,

a flame hotter than any other fire.

⁷Surging waters cannot quench love,

nor can floods sweep it away.

If a man gave all the possessions in his house for love,

the offer would utterly be despised.

The woman's brothers speaking among themselves

⁸We have a little sister,

and her breasts have not yet grown.

What can we do for our sister

on the day when she will be promised in marriage?

⁹If she is a wall,

we will build on her a tower of silver.

If she is a door,

we will adorn her with boards of cedar.

The woman speaking to herself

¹⁰I was a wall, but my breasts are now like fortress towers;^[1]

so I am in his eyes as one who brings peace.^[2]

The woman speaking to herself

11Solomon had a vineyard at Baal Hamon.

He gave the vineyard to those who would maintain it.

Each one was to bring a thousand shekels of silver for its fruit.

12My vineyard, my very own, is before me;

the thousand shekels are for you, Solomon,

and the two hundred shekels are for those who maintain its fruit.

The man speaking to the woman

13You who live in the gardens,

my companions are listening for your voice;

let me hear it.

The woman speaking to the man

14Hurry, my beloved,

and be like a gazelle or a young stag

on the mountains of spices.

8:10 ^[1] .

8:10 ^[2] .

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