



# **unfoldingWord® Literal Text**

**Song of Solomon**

**Version 38**

[en]

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# Song of Songs

## Chapter 1

<sup>1</sup>The Song of Songs which is of Solomon.

The woman speaking to herself

<sup>2</sup>Oh, that he would kiss me with the kisses of his mouth,

The woman speaking to the man

for your love is better than wine.

<sup>3</sup>Your anointing oils have a delightful fragrance;

your name is oil poured out;

therefore the maidens love you.

<sup>4</sup>Draw me after you; let us run.

The woman speaking to herself

The king has brought me into his chambers.

The woman speaking to the man

We are glad and rejoice in you;

we will extol your love more than wine;

rightly do they love you.

The woman speaking to the other women

<sup>5</sup>I am dark but lovely,

O daughters of Jerusalem,

like the tents of Kedar,

like the curtains of Solomon.

<sup>6</sup>Do not stare at me because I am dark,

because the sun has scorched me.

The sons of my mother 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

<sup>7</sup>Tell me, you whom my soul loves,

where do you pasture your flock?

Where do you make it lie down at noontime?

For why should I be like someone who veils herself

beside the flocks of your companions?

The man speaking to the woman

<sup>8</sup>If you do not know, O most beautiful among women,

follow in the tracks of the flock,

and pasture your young goats beside the tents of the shepherds.

<sup>9</sup>I compare you, my love,

to a mare among the chariots of Pharaoh.

<sup>10</sup>Your cheeks are beautiful with ornaments,

your neck with strings of jewels.

<sup>11</sup>We will make for you ornaments of gold

with beads of silver.

The woman speaking to herself

<sup>12</sup>While the king was on his couch,

my nard gave forth its fragrance.

<sup>13</sup>My beloved is to me a sachet of myrrh

that spends the night lying between my breasts.

<sup>14</sup>My beloved is to me a cluster of henna blossoms

in the vineyards of En Gedi.

The man speaking to the woman

<sup>15</sup>How beautiful you are, my love;

how beautiful you are;

your eyes are doves.

The woman speaking to the man

<sup>16</sup>How handsome you are, my beloved, truly delightful.

Indeed, our couch is luxuriant.

<sup>17</sup>The beams of our house are cedars;

our rafters are firs.

## **Chapter 2**

The woman speaking to the man

<sup>1</sup>I am a meadow flower of Sharon,  
a lily of the valleys.

The man speaking to the woman

<sup>2</sup>As a lily among thorns,  
so is my love among the maidens.

The woman speaking to herself

<sup>3</sup>As an apple tree among the trees of the forest,  
so is my beloved among the young men.

With great delight, I sat in his shadow,  
and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

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

The woman speaking to the man

<sup>5</sup>Sustain me with raisin cakes; refresh me with apples,  
for I am sick with love.

The woman speaking to herself

<sup>6</sup>His left hand is under my head,  
and his right hand embraces me.

The woman speaking to the other women

<sup>7</sup>I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,  
by the gazelles or the does of the fields,  
that you not stir up or awaken love  
until it pleases.

The woman speaking to herself

<sup>8</sup>The voice of my beloved! Look! Here he comes,  
leaping over the mountains,  
bounding over the hills.

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

gazing through the windows,  
peering through the lattice.

**10**My beloved responded and said to me,  
"Arise, my love;  
My beautiful one, and come away.

**11**for behold, the winter is past;  
the rain is over and gone.

**12**The flowers have appeared in the land;  
the time of singing has come,  
and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land.

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

**14**O my dove, in the clefts of the rock,  
in the secret places of the cliff,  
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

**15**Catch the foxes for us, the little foxes  
that spoil the vineyards,  
for our vineyards are in blossom.

**16**My beloved is mine, and I am his;  
he grazes among the lilies.  
The woman speaking to the man

**17**Until the day breathes and the shadows flee away,  
turn, my beloved, be like a gazelle or a young stag  
on the cleft mountains.

## Chapter 3

The woman speaking to herself

<sup>1</sup>All night long on my bed

I sought him whom my soul loves;

I sought him, but I did not find him.

<sup>2</sup>I will get up now and go about the city,

in the streets and in the squares;

I will search for him whom my soul loves.

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

<sup>3</sup>The watchmen found me as they went about in the city.

“Have you seen him whom my soul loves?”

<sup>4</sup>Scarcely had I passed them

when I found him whom my soul loves.

I held him and would not let him go

until I had brought him into the house of my mother,

into the bedroom of the one who had conceived me.

The woman speaking to the other women

<sup>5</sup>I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,

by the gazelles or the does of the fields,

that you not stir up or awaken love

until it pleases.

The woman speaking to herself

<sup>6</sup>What is that coming up from the wilderness

like a column of smoke,

perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,

with all the fragrant powders of the merchant?

<sup>7</sup>Look, it is the litter of Solomon;

sixty mighty men around it,

of the mighty men of Israel.

<sup>8</sup>All of them are wielders of the sword, expert in war.

Each man has his sword at his side,



against the terrors of the night.

<sup>9</sup>King Solomon made for himself a sedan chair  
from the wood of Lebanon.

<sup>10</sup>He made its posts of silver;  
its back of gold, its seat of purple cloth.  
Its interior was inlaid with love  
by the daughters of Jerusalem.

The woman speaking to the women of Jerusalem

<sup>11</sup>Go out, O daughters of Zion, and gaze on King Solomon,  
with the crown with which his mother crowned him  
on the day of his wedding,  
on the day of the gladness of his heart.

## **Chapter 4**

The man speaking to the woman

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

Your hair is like a flock of goats  
that have descended from Mount Gilead.

<sup>2</sup>Your teeth are like a flock of shorn ewes,  
that have come up from the washing,  
all of which bear twins,  
and none among them is bereaved.

<sup>3</sup>Your lips are like a thread of scarlet,  
and your mouth is lovely.

Your temples are like a slice of a pomegranate  
behind your veil.

<sup>4</sup>Your neck is like the tower of David built in rows of stone,  
with a thousand shields hanging on it,  
all of them shields of warriors.

<sup>5</sup>Your two breasts are like two fawns,

twins of a gazelle,  
that graze among the lilies.

<sup>6</sup>Until the day breathes and the shadows flee away,  
I will go to the mountain of myrrh  
and to the hill of frankincense.

<sup>7</sup>You are altogether beautiful, my love  
and there is no blemish in you.

<sup>8</sup>Come with me from Lebanon, my bride.  
Come with me from Lebanon.  
Journey down from the peak of Amana,  
from the peak of Senir and Hermon,  
from the dens of lions,  
from the mountains of leopards.

<sup>9</sup>You have stolen my heart, my sister, my bride;  
you have stolen my heart,  
with one glance of your eyes,  
with one jewel of your necklace.

<sup>10</sup>How beautiful is your love, my sister, my bride!  
How much better is your love than wine,  
and the fragrance of your oils than any spice.

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

<sup>12</sup>My sister, my bride is a garden locked up,  
a spring locked up, a fountain that is sealed.

<sup>13</sup>Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranate trees with choice fruits,  
henna with nard plants,

<sup>14</sup>Nard and saffron,  
calamus and cinnamon with all trees of frankincense,  
myrrh and aloes with all the finest spices.

<sup>15</sup>You are a garden fountain,

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

The woman speaking to the man

<sup>16</sup>Awake, O north wind; and come, O south wind;  
blow on my garden so that its spices may flow.

May my beloved come into his garden  
and eat its choice fruit.

## **Chapter 5**

The man speaking to the woman

<sup>1</sup>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.

The friends speaking to the man and the woman

Eat, friends;

drink and be drunk with love.

The woman speaking to herself

<sup>2</sup>I was asleep, but my heart was awake.

A sound! My beloved is knocking,

“Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my perfect one,

for my head is wet with dew,

my locks with the drops of the night.”

<sup>3</sup>“I have taken off my robe; how could I put it on again?

I have washed my feet; how could I get them dirty?”

<sup>4</sup>My beloved extended his hand through the opening of the door latch,

and my heart was stirred up for him.

<sup>5</sup>I arose to open to my beloved;

my hands dripped with myrrh,

my fingers with flowing myrrh,

on the handles of the bolt.

<sup>6</sup>I opened to my beloved,  
but my beloved had turned and gone.  
My heart sank when he spoke.<sup>[1]</sup>

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

<sup>7</sup>The watchmen found me as they went about in the city.  
They struck me and wounded me;  
the guards of the walls took away my cloak from me.  
The woman speaking to the women of the city

<sup>8</sup>I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,  
if you find my beloved—  
What will you tell him?—  
that I am sick with love.

The women of the city speaking to the woman

<sup>9</sup>Why is your beloved better than another beloved man,  
O most beautiful among women?  
Why is your beloved better than another beloved,  
that you thus adjure us?

The woman speaking to the women of the city

<sup>10</sup>My beloved is radiant and ruddy,  
outstanding among ten thousand.

<sup>11</sup>His head is the purest gold;  
his locks are wavy, black as a raven.

<sup>12</sup>His eyes are like doves beside streams of water,  
bathed in milk, reposed in their setting.

<sup>13</sup>His cheeks are like beds of spices,  
yielding aromatic scents.<sup>[2]</sup>

His lips are lilies, dripping liquid myrrh.

<sup>14</sup>His arms are rods of gold, set with jewels;  
his abdomen is polished ivory, covered with sapphires.

<sup>15</sup>His legs are pillars of alabaster, set on bases of pure gold;

his appearance is like Lebanon, choice as the cedars.

<sup>16</sup>His mouth is most sweet;

he is altogether desirable.

This is my beloved, and this is my friend,

O daughters of Jerusalem.

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5:6 <sup>[1]</sup> .

5:13 <sup>[2]</sup> .

## Chapter 6

The women of Jerusalem speaking to the young woman

<sup>1</sup>Where has your beloved gone,

O most beautiful among women?

Where has your beloved turned,

so that we may seek him with you?

The woman speaking to herself

<sup>2</sup>My beloved has gone down to his garden,

to the beds of spices,

to graze in the gardens and to gather lilies.

<sup>3</sup>I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine;

he grazes among the lilies.

The man speaking to the woman

<sup>4</sup>You are beautiful as Tirzah, my love,

lovely as Jerusalem,

awesome as an army with its banners.

<sup>5</sup>Turn your eyes away from me,

for they overwhelm me.

Your hair is like a flock of goats

that descend from Gilead.

<sup>6</sup>Your teeth are like a flock of ewes

that have come up from the washing.

All of them bear twins,

and none among them is bereaved.

<sup>7</sup>Your temples are like a slice of a pomegranate  
behind your veil.

The man speaking to himself

<sup>8</sup>There are sixty queens, eighty concubines,  
and maidens without number.

<sup>9</sup>My dove, my perfect one, is the only one;  
she is the only one 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 also, and they praised her:

What the queens and the concubines said

<sup>10</sup>“Who is this who looks down like the dawn,  
beautiful as the moon,  
bright as the sun,  
awesome as an army with its banners?”

The man speaking to himself

<sup>11</sup>I went down to the orchard of nut trees  
to look at the young growth in the valley,  
to see whether the vines had budded,  
and whether the pomegranates were in bloom.

<sup>12</sup>Before I was aware, my soul set me  
among the chariots of my noble people.

The friends speaking to the woman

<sup>13</sup>Turn back, turn back, O Shulammité;<sup>[1]</sup>  
turn back, turn back so that we may gaze at you.

The woman speaking to the friends

Why should you gaze at the Shulammité,<sup>[2]</sup>  
as at the dance of two armies?<sup>[3]</sup>

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6:13 <sup>[1]</sup> .

6:13 <sup>[2]</sup> .

6:13 <sup>[3]</sup> .

## Chapter 7

The man speaking to the woman

<sup>1</sup>How beautiful are your feet in sandals, O daughter of a prince!

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

<sup>2</sup>Your navel is a round bowl

that never lacks mixed wine.

Your belly is a heap of wheat

encircled with lilies.

<sup>3</sup>Your two breasts are like two fawns,

twins of a gazelle.

<sup>4</sup>Your 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 of Lebanon,

which looks toward Damascus.

<sup>5</sup>Your head is on you like Carmel,

and the flowing locks on your head are like purple.

The king is held captive in the tresses.

<sup>6</sup>How beautiful and how lovely you are,

O love, with delights!<sup>[1]</sup>

<sup>7</sup>Your stature is like a date palm tree,

and your breasts like its clusters.

<sup>8</sup>I said, "I will climb the palm tree;

I will take hold of its fruit stalks."

Oh, may your breasts be like clusters of the vine,

and the fragrance of your breath like apples,

<sup>9</sup>and your mouth like the best wine,

going down smoothly for my beloved,

gliding over the lips of those who sleep.<sup>[2]</sup>

The woman speaking to the man

<sup>10</sup>I am my beloved's,  
and his desire is for me.

<sup>11</sup>Come, my beloved, let us go out into the fields;  
let us spend the night in the villages.<sup>[3]</sup>

<sup>12</sup>Let us go out early to the vineyards;  
let us see whether the vines have budded,  
whether their blossoms have opened,  
and whether the pomegranates are in bloom.  
There I will give you my love.

<sup>13</sup>The mandrakes give off fragrance;  
and over our doors are all choice fruits, new as well as old,  
which I have stored up for you, my beloved.

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7:6 <sup>[1]</sup> .

7:9 <sup>[2]</sup> .

7:11 <sup>[3]</sup> .

## Chapter 8

The woman speaking to the man

<sup>1</sup>Oh that you were like a brother to me,  
who nursed at the breasts of my mother.  
If I found you outside, I would kiss you,  
and no one would despise me.

<sup>2</sup>I would lead you and bring you into the house of my mother—  
she who used to teach me.

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

The woman speaking to herself

<sup>3</sup>His left hand is under my head  
and his right hand embraces me.

The woman speaking to the other women

<sup>4</sup>I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,  
that you not stir up or awaken love



until it pleases.

The women of Jerusalem speaking

<sup>5</sup>Who is this coming up from the wilderness,

leaning on her beloved?

The woman speaking to the man

Under the apple tree I awakened you;

there your mother conceived you;

there she was in labor and gave birth to you.

<sup>6</sup>Set me as a seal over your heart,

as a seal on your arm,

for love is strong as death,

jealousy is fierce as Sheol.

Its flashes are flashes of fire,

the very flame of Yahweh.

<sup>7</sup>Many waters cannot quench love,

nor can rivers overflow it.

If a man gave all the wealth of his house for love,

it would utterly be despised.

The woman's brothers speaking among themselves

<sup>8</sup>We have a little sister,

and she has no breasts.

What shall we do for our sister

on the day when she is spoken for?

<sup>9</sup>If she is a wall,

we will build on her a battlement of silver.

If she is a door,

we will enclose her with boards of cedar.

The woman speaking to herself

<sup>10</sup>I was a wall, and my breasts were like fortress towers;<sup>[1]</sup>

then I became in his eyes as one who finds peace.<sup>[2]</sup>

The woman speaking to herself

**11**Solomon had a vineyard at Baal Hamon.

He let out the vineyard to keepers.

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

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

the thousand shekels are for you, O Solomon,

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

The man speaking to the woman

**13**O you who dwell in the gardens,

companions are listening for your voice;

let me hear it.

The woman speaking to the man

**14**Hurry, my beloved,

and be like a gazelle or a young stag

on the mountains of spices.

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8:10 <sup>[1]</sup> .

8:10 <sup>[2]</sup> .

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