



unfoldingWord® Literal Text

Song of Solomon

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Song of Songs

Chapter 1

¹The Song of Songs which is of Solomon.

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 oil poured out;

therefore the maidens love you.

⁴Draw 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

⁵I am dark but lovely,

O daughters of Jerusalem,

like the tents of Kedar,

like the curtains of Solomon.

⁶Do 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

⁷Tell 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

⁸If 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.

⁹I compare you, my love,

to a mare among the chariots of Pharaoh.

¹⁰Your cheeks are beautiful with ornaments,

your neck with strings of jewels.

¹¹We will make for you ornaments of gold

with beads of silver.

The woman speaking to herself

¹²While the king was on his couch,

my nard gave forth its fragrance.

¹³My beloved is to me a sachet of myrrh

that spends the night lying between my breasts.

¹⁴My beloved is to me a cluster of henna blossoms

in the vineyards of En Gedi.

The man speaking to the woman

¹⁵How beautiful you are, my love;

how beautiful you are;

your eyes are doves.

The woman speaking to the man

¹⁶How handsome you are, my beloved, truly delightful.

Indeed, our couch is luxuriant.

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 maidens.

The woman speaking to herself

³As 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.

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

The woman speaking to the man

⁵Sustain me with raisin cakes; refresh me with apples,
for I am sick 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 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

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

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

gazing through the windows,
peering through the lattice.

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

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

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

13The 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.

14O 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

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

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

17Until 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

¹All night long on my bed

I sought him whom my soul loves;

I sought him, but I did not find him.

²I 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.

³The watchmen found me as they went about in the city.

“Have you seen him whom my soul loves?”

⁴Scarcely 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

⁵I 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

⁶What 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?

⁷Look, it is the litter of Solomon;

sixty mighty men around it,

of the mighty men of Israel.

⁸All of them are wielders of the sword, expert in war.

Each man has his sword at his side,

against the terrors of the night.

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

¹⁰He 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

¹¹Go 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

¹Oh, 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.

²Your 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.

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

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

⁴Your 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.

⁵Your two breasts are like two fawns,

twins of a gazelle,
that graze among the lilies.

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

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

⁸Come 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.

⁹You 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.

¹⁰How 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.

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 spring locked up, a fountain that is sealed.

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

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

¹⁵You are a garden fountain,

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

The woman speaking to the man

¹⁶Awake, 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

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.

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.”

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

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

⁴My beloved extended his hand through the opening of the door latch,

and my heart was stirred up for him.

⁵I arose to open to my beloved;

my hands dripped with myrrh,

my fingers with flowing myrrh,

on the handles of the bolt.

⁶I opened to my beloved,
but my beloved had turned and gone.

My heart sank when he spoke.^[1]

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

I called him, but he did not answer me.

⁷The 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

⁸I 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

⁹Why 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

¹⁰My beloved is radiant and ruddy,

outstanding among ten thousand.

¹¹His head is the purest gold;

his locks are wavy, black as a raven.

¹²His eyes are like doves beside streams of water,

bathed in milk, reposed in their setting.

¹³His cheeks are like beds of spices,

yielding aromatic scents.^[2]

His lips are lilies, dripping liquid myrrh.

¹⁴His arms are rods of gold, set with jewels;

his abdomen is polished ivory, covered with sapphires.

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

his appearance is like Lebanon, choice as the cedars.

¹⁶His mouth is most sweet;

he is altogether desirable.

This is my beloved, and this is my friend,

O 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,

O most beautiful among women?

Where has your beloved turned,

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 gardens and to gather lilies.

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

he grazes among the lilies.

The man speaking to the woman

⁴You are beautiful as Tirzah, my love,

lovely as Jerusalem,

awesome as an army with its banners.

⁵Turn your eyes away from me,

for they overwhelm me.

Your hair is like a flock of goats

that descend from Gilead.

⁶Your 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.

⁷Your temples are like a slice of a pomegranate
behind your veil.

The man speaking to himself

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

⁹My 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

¹⁰“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

¹¹I 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.

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

The friends speaking to the woman

¹³Turn back, turn back, O Shulammité;^[1]
turn back, turn back so that we may gaze at you.

The woman speaking to the friends

Why should you gaze at the Shulammité,^[2]
as at the dance of two armies?^[3]

6:13 ^[1] .

6:13 ^[2] .

6:13 ^[3] .

Chapter 7

The man speaking to the woman

¹How 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.

²Your navel is a round bowl

that never lacks mixed wine.

Your belly is a heap 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 of Lebanon,

which looks toward Damascus.

⁵Your head is on you like Carmel,

and the flowing locks on your head are like purple.

The king is held captive in the tresses.

⁶How beautiful and how lovely you are,

O love, with delights!^[1]

⁷Your stature is like a date palm tree,

and your breasts like its clusters.

⁸I 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,

⁹and your mouth like the best wine,

going down 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 his desire is for me.

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

¹²Let 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.

¹³The 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.

7:6 ^[1] .

7:9 ^[2] .

7:11 ^[3] .

Chapter 8

The woman speaking to the man

¹Oh 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.

²I 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

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

The woman speaking to the other women

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

until it pleases.

The women of Jerusalem speaking

⁵Who 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.

⁶Set 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.

⁷Many 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

⁸We have a little sister,

and she has no breasts.

What shall we do for our sister

on the day when she is spoken for?

⁹If 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

¹⁰I was a wall, and my breasts were like fortress towers;^[1]

then I became in his eyes as one who finds peace.^[2]

The woman speaking to herself

11Solomon 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.

12My 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

13O you who dwell in the gardens,

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] .

Contributors

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Nicholas Alsop
Scott Bayer
Larry T Brooks, M.Div., Assemblies of God Theological Seminary
Matt Carlton
George "Drew" Curley, M.Div., PhD, Professor of Biblical Languages
Dan Dennison
Jamie Duguid
Paul M Fahnestock, M.Div. Reformed Theological Seminary, D.Min. Pittsburgh Theological Seminary
Michael Francis
Laura Glassel, MA in Bible Translation
Jesse Griffin, BA Biblical Studies, MA Biblical Languages
Jesse Harris
C. Harry Harriss, M.Div.
Alrick G. Headley, M.Div., Th.M.
Bram van den Heuvel, M.A.
John Huffman
D. Allen Hutchison, MA in Old Testament, MA in New Testament
Jack Messarra
Gene Mullen
Adam W. Nagelvoort, M.Div. Academic Ministries, Columbia International University
Timothy Neu, Ph.D. Biblical Studies
Kristy Nickell
Tom Nickell
Elizabeth Oakes, BA in Religious Studies, Linguistics
Perry Oakes, PhD in Old Testament, MA in Linguistics
James N. Pohlig, M.Div., MA in Linguistics, D. Litt. in Biblical Languages
Ward Pyles, M.Div., Western Baptist Theological Seminary
Susan Quigley, MA in Linguistics
Dean Ropp
Joel D. Ruark, M.A.Th., Th.M., Ph.D. in Old Testament, University of Stellenbosch
Larry Sallee, Th.M Dallas Theological Seminary, D.Min. Columbia Biblical Seminary
Peter Smircich, BA Philosophy
Doug Smith, M.T.S., M.Div., Th.M., Midwestern Baptist Theological Seminary
Leonard Smith
Suzanna Smith
Tim Span
Dave Statezni, BA Orig langs., M.Div. Fuller Theological Seminary
Maria Tijerina
David Trombold, M. Div.
Aaron Valdizan, M.Div., Th.M. in Old Testament, The Masters Seminary
James Vigen
Hendrik "Henry" de Vries
Thomas Warren, M.Div., Trinity Evangelical Divinity School, D.Min, Reformed Theological Seminary
Angela Westmoreland, M.A. in Theological Studies (Biblical Language track)
Henry Whitney, BA Linguistics
Benjamin Wright, MA Applied Linguistics, Dallas International University
Grant Ailie, BA Biblical Studies, M.Div.

