



unfoldingWord® Literal Text

Song of Solomon

Version 77

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Song of Songs

Chapter 1

¹The song of songs which {is} of Solomon.

²Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth,
for better {is} your love than wine.

³As for the smell of your oils—{they are} good;
oil poured out {is} your name.
Therefore, marriageable women love you.

⁴Draw me after you; let us run.
The king has brought me {to} his bedroom.
Let us be glad and rejoice in you.
Let us profess your love more than wine;
rightly do they love you.

⁵I {am} black and lovely, daughters of Jerusalem,
like the tents of Kedar,
like the curtains of Solomon.

⁶Do not look at me, that I {am} black,
that the sun burned me.
The sons of my mother were angry with me;
they appointed me {as} guard of the vineyards—
my vineyard that {is} mine, I have not kept.

⁷Declare to me, {you} whom my soul loves:
where do you graze?
Where do you make {your flocks} lie down at noontime?
For why should I be like a woman who covers herself
beside the flocks of your companions?

⁸If you do not know, most beautiful among women,
go out in the footprints of the flock,
and pasture your young goats beside the tents of the shepherds.

⁹To a mare among the chariots of Pharaoh

I liken you, my darling.

¹⁰Your cheeks are beautiful with earrings;

your neck {is beautiful} with necklaces.

¹¹Earrings of gold we will make for you,

with beads of silver.

¹²While the king {was} in his enclosure,

my nard gave off its smell.

¹³A bundle of myrrh {is} my beloved to me;

between my breasts it stays.

¹⁴A cluster of henna blossoms {is} my beloved to me,

in the vineyards of Engedi.

¹⁵Look at you—{you are} beautiful, my darling.

Look at you—{you are} beautiful;

your eyes {are} doves.

¹⁶Look at you—{you are} handsome, my beloved, truly pleasant.

Indeed, our couch is leafy.

¹⁷The beams of our house {are} cedars;

our rafters {are} pine.

Chapter 2

¹I {am} a flower of Sharon,

a lily of the valleys.

²Like a lily among thorns,

so {is} my darling among the daughters.

³Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest,

so {is} my beloved among the sons.

In his shadow, I passionately desired and I will sit,

and his fruit {is} sweet to my palate.

⁴He brought me to the house of wine

and his banner over me {is} love.

⁵Sustain me with raisin cakes;

refresh me with apples,

for sick with love {am} I.

⁶His left hand {is} under my head,

and his right hand embraces me.

⁷I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,

by the female gazelles or the does of the fields—

do not awaken nor stir love

until it desires.

⁸The voice of my beloved! Look, this one is coming,

leaping over the mountains,

jumping over the hills.

⁹My beloved is resembling a gazelle or a young stag.

Look, this one is standing behind our wall,

gazing through the windows,

looking through the lattice.

¹⁰My beloved answered and said to me,

“Get up, my darling,

my beauty, and walk,

¹¹for, look, the winter has gone;

the rain has passed;

it went away.

¹²The blossoms have appeared in the land;

the time of pruning has struck

and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land.

¹³The fig tree ripens its figs

and the vines {are in} blossom;

they give off a smell.

Get up, go, my darling, my beauty, and go.

¹⁴My dove, in the clefts of the rock,

in the hiding places of the cliff,
show me your appearance,
make me hear your voice,
for your voice {is} sweet, and your appearance {is} lovely.

¹⁵Catch the foxes for us, the little foxes
that destroy the vineyards,
and our vineyards {are in} blossom.”

¹⁶My beloved {belongs} to me and I {belong} to him,
the man grazing among the lilies.

¹⁷Until the day breathes and the shadows flee,
turn; resemble, my beloved, a gazelle or a young stag
on the mountains of Bether.

Chapter 3

¹On my bed in the night
I sought him whom my soul loves;
I sought him, but I did not find him.

²Let me get up, please, and go about in the city,
in the streets and in the squares;
I will seek him whom my soul loves.
I sought him, but I did not find him.

³The guards going about in the city found me:
“{Have} you seen him whom my soul loves?”

⁴Almost had I passed by them
when I found him whom my soul loves.
I held him and I would not leave him
until I had brought him to the house of my mother
and to the room of the woman who had conceived me.

⁵I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,
by the female gazelles or the does of the fields,

do not awaken nor stir love until it desires.

⁶Who {is} that arising from the wilderness

like a column of smoke,

incensed {with} myrrh and frankincense

from all the powders of the merchant?

⁷Look—his litter, which {belongs} to Solomon;

sixty warriors surround it

from the warriors of Israel.

⁸All of them are grasping a sword, studied {in} war.

Each one {has} his sword at his side

against the terrors in the nights.

⁹He made for himself a palanquin, King Solomon,

from the trees of Lebanon.

¹⁰He made its posts {out of} silver;

its back, gold;

its seat, purple cloth.

Its interior was fitted {with} love

from the daughters of Jerusalem.

¹¹Go out and look, daughters of Zion, at King Solomon,

at the crown with which his mother crowned him

on the day of his wedding,

on the day of the joy of his heart.

Chapter 4

¹Look at you! {You are} beautiful, my darling.

Look at you! {You are} beautiful.

Your eyes {are} doves from behind your veil.

Your hair {is} like a flock of goats that jump down from {the} slopes of Gilead.

²Your teeth {are} like a flock of shorn {sheep} that have come up from the washing,

all of which bear twins,

and there is not among them one which is bereaved.

³Like a thread of scarlet {are} your lips
and your mouth {is} lovely.

Like a slice of pomegranate {is} your temple
from behind your veil.

⁴Like the tower of David {is} your neck, built of layers—
a thousand shields hanging on it,
all the quivers of the warriors.

⁵Your two breasts {are} like two fawns,
twins of a gazelle,
the ones pasturing among the lilies.

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

⁷All of you {is} beautiful, my darling,
and there is no blemish in you.

⁸{Come} with me from Lebanon, {my} bride;
come with me from Lebanon.
Bend down from the top of Amana,
from the top of Senir and Hermon,
from the hiding places of lions,
from the mountains of leopards.

⁹You have enchanted my heart, my sister, {my} bride;
you have enchanted my heart
with one {look} from your eyes,
with one jewel from your necklace.

¹⁰How your love is beautiful, my sister, {my} bride!
How your love {is} better than wine
and the smell of your oils {is better} than all spices.

¹¹Your lips drip {with} nectar, {my} bride;
honey and milk {are} under your tongue

and the smell of your garments {is} like the smell of Lebanon.

¹²A locked garden {is} my sister, {my} bride,

a locked spring, a sealed fountain.

¹³Your shoots {are} an orchard of pomegranate trees with delicious fruits;

henna with nard,

¹⁴nard and saffron;

calamus and cinnamon with all trees of frankincense;

myrrh and aloes with all the best spices;

¹⁵a fountain of gardens,

a well of living water

and flowing streams from Lebanon.

¹⁶Awake, north wind, and come, south wind;

blow on my garden and let its spices flow.

Let my beloved come to his garden

and eat its delicious fruit.

Chapter 5

¹I have come to my garden, my sister, {my} bride;

I have plucked my myrrh with my spice.

I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;

I have drunk my wine with my milk.

Eat, friends;

drink and be drunk {with} love.

²I {am} asleep, but my heart {is} awake.

A sound—my beloved is knocking:

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

because my head {is} full of dew,

my hair {is full of} the drops of the night.”

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

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

⁴My beloved stretched out his hand through the hole
and my belly roared concerning him.

⁵I got myself up to open to my beloved
and my hands dripped {with} myrrh
and my fingers {dripped with} flowing myrrh
on the hands of the bolt.

⁶I myself opened to my beloved,
but my beloved had turned and gone.
My soul went out when he spoke.
I searched for him, but I did not find him;
I called him, but he did not answer me.

⁷The guards going about in the city found me.
They beat me and wounded me;
they lifted my veil from me, the guards of the walls.

⁸I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,
if you find my beloved—
what will you declare to him—
that sick {with} love {am} I?

⁹What {is} your beloved more than {another} beloved,
most beautiful woman among women?
What {is} your beloved than {another} beloved,
that thus you adjure us?

¹⁰My beloved {is} shimmering and red,
able to be distinguished from ten thousand {other} people.

¹¹His head {is} refined gold;
his hairs {are} wavy, black like the raven.

¹²His eyes {are} like doves beside rivers of water,
bathed in milk, sitting by the pools.

¹³His cheeks {are} like planters of spices,
towers of herbal spices.
His lips {are} lilies, dripping {with} flowing myrrh.

¹⁴His arms {are} rods of gold mounted with topaz;
his belly {is} a plate of ivory covered {with} sapphires.

¹⁵His thighs {are} pillars of alabaster set on bases of gold;
his appearance {is} like Lebanon, {as} choice as the cedars.

¹⁶His mouth {is} most sweet,
and all of him {is} most desirable.
This {is} my beloved, and this {is} my friend,
daughters of Jerusalem.

Chapter 6

¹Where did he go, your beloved,
most beautiful woman among women?

Where did he turn, your beloved,
and let us seek him with you?

²My beloved went down to his garden,
to the planters of spices,
in order to graze in the gardens and in order to glean lilies.

³I {belong} to my beloved, and my beloved {belongs} to me;
he grazes among the lilies.

⁴You {are} beautiful, my darling, like Tirzah,
lovely like Jerusalem,
terrifying like bannered armies.

⁵Turn your eyes away from me,
because they excite me.
Your hair {is} like the flock of goats
that jump down from Gilead.

⁶Your teeth {are} like a flock of ewes
that come up from the washing,
all of which bear twins,
and there is not among them one which is bereaved.

⁷Like a slice of a pomegranate {are} your temples
from behind your veil.

⁸Sixty {are} they, queens, and eighty concubines
and marriageable women without number.

⁹One {is} she, my dove;
my perfect one—one {is} she to her mother;
pure {is} she to the woman who bore her.
The daughters saw her and called her blessed;
the queens and the concubines—they praised her:

¹⁰“Who {is} that, the woman who looks down like {the} dawn,
beautiful like the moon,
pure like the sun,
terrifying like the bannered army?”

¹¹To the garden of {the} nut tree I went down,
to look at the green shoots of the valley,
to see—had the vines blossomed?
Had the pomegranates bloomed?

¹²I did not know—my soul put me
{among} the chariots of my people, a noble.

¹³Return, return, Shulammitte,
return, return and let us look at you.
Why do you look at the Shulammitte
like the dance of two armies?

Chapter 7

¹How your feet are beautiful in sandals, daughter of a noble.
The curves of your thighs {are} like ornaments,
the work of the hands of a craftsman.

²Your navel {is} the rounded bowl—
let it never lack spiced wine.

Your belly {is} a heap of wheat
fenced with the lilies.

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

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

Your nose {is} like the tower of Lebanon,
looking {to the} face of Damascus.

⁵Your head on you {is} like Carmel,
and the loose hair of your head {is} like purple;
a king is held captive in the tresses.

⁶How you are beautiful and how you are lovely—
love with delights!

⁷This is your height—it resembles a palm tree,
and your breasts {resemble} bunches of grapes.

⁸I said, “I will go up {the} palm tree;
I will grab hold of its fruit stalks.”
And, please, let your breasts be like the bunches of the vine,
and {let the} smell of your nose {be} like apples,

⁹and {let} your mouth {be} like the best wine,
going down to my beloved smoothly,
gliding over the lips of those who sleep.

¹⁰I {belong} to my beloved
and his longing {is} for me.

¹¹Come, my beloved, let us go out {to} the fields;
let us spend the night in the villages.

¹²Let us go early to the vineyards;
let us see if the vine has budded,
{if} the blossoms have opened,
{if} the pomegranates are blooming.

There I will give my love to you.

¹³The mandrakes give off a smell
and beside our doors {are} every choice thing—
new things, even old things.
My beloved, I have stored {these} up for you.

Chapter 8

¹Who will give you like a brother to me,
who nursed at the breasts of my mother?
I will find you outside. I will kiss you.
Also they will not despise me.

²I will lead you; I will bring you to the house of my mother.
She will teach me.
I will make you drink from the wine of spice,
from the juice of my pomegranate.

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

⁴I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem:
do not stir up and do not awaken love
before it pleases.

⁵Who {is} that coming up from the wilderness,
leaning against her beloved?
Under the apple tree I awakened you;
there your mother was in labor {with} you;
there she was in labor; she gave birth {to} you.

⁶Place me like the seal on your heart,
like the seal on your arm,
because strong like death {is} love;
hard as Sheol {is} jealousy.
Its flashes {are} flashes of fire,

the flame of Yahweh.

⁷Many waters are not able to quench {this} love
and rivers will not drown it.

If a man will give all {the} wealth of his house in exchange for love,
they will utterly despise him.

⁸A sister {belongs} to us—a little one—
and breasts there are not for her.

What will we do with our sister
on the day when it is spoken for her?

⁹If she {is} a wall,
we will build on her a battlement of silver.
And if she {is} a door,
we will lay siege against her with boards of cedar.

¹⁰I {was} a wall
and my breasts {were} like towers;
then I was in his eyes like a person who finds peace.

¹¹{There} was a vineyard for Solomon in Baal Hamon.
He gave the vineyard to keepers.
Each person brought in exchange for its fruit a thousand {pieces of} silver.

¹²My vineyard that {belongs} to me {is} to my face.
The thousand {belong} to you, Solomon,
and the two hundred {belong} to the people who kept its fruit.

¹³{You} who reside in the gardens;
companions are listening intently for your voice—
let me hear it.

¹⁴Flee away, my beloved,
and resemble a gazelle or a young stag
on the mountains of the balsam tree.

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