



unfoldingWord® Literal Text

v88

Song of Solomon

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Song of Songs

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

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

As for the scent of your oils—they are good;
oil poured out is your name.

Therefore, marriageable women love you.

Draw 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.

I am black but lovely, daughters of Jerusalem,
like the tents of Kedar,
like the curtains of Solomon.

Do not look at me, that I am black,
that the sun scorched me.

The sons of my mother were angry with me;
they appointed me as keeper of the vineyards—
my vineyard that is mine I have not kept.

Declare 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?

If 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.

To a mare among the chariots of Pharaoh
I liken you, my darling.

Your cheeks are beautiful with earrings;

your neck is beautiful with necklaces.

Earrings of gold we will make for you,
with studs of silver.

While the king was on his couch,
my nard gave off its scent.

Abundle of myrrh is my beloved to me;
between my breasts it stays.

Acluster of henna blossoms is my beloved to me,
in the vineyards of Engedi.

Behold you, beautiful, my darling!

Behold you, beautiful!

Your eyes are doves.

Behold you! You are handsome, my beloved, truly pleasant.
Indeed, our couch is leafy.

The beams of our house are cedars;
our rafters are pine.

I am a wildflower of Sharon,
a lily of the valleys.²

Like a lily among thorns,
so is my darling among the daughters.

Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest,
so is my beloved among the sons.

In his shadow I greatly delighted, and I sat,
and his fruit is sweet to my palate.

He brought me to the house of wine
and his banner over me is love.

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

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

Tadjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,
by the female gazelles or the does of the field,
do not awaken nor stir love
until it desires.

The voice of my beloved! Behold, this one is coming,
leaping over the mountains,
jumping over the hills.

My beloved is being like a gazelle or a young stag.
Behold, this one is standing behind our wall,
gazing through the windows,
looking through the lattices.

My beloved answered and said to me,
“Get up, my darling,
my beauty, and come,
for, behold, the winter has gone;
the rain has passed;
it went away.

The blossoms have appeared in the land;
the time of the song has arrived,
and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land.

The fig tree ripens its green figs,
and the vines are in blossom;
they give off a smell.

Get up, come, my darling, my beauty, and come.”

My 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.

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

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

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

On my bed in the night
I sought him whom my soul loves;

I sought him, but I did not find him.

I will get up now 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.

The guards going about in the city found me:

“**H**ave you seen him whom my soul loves?”

Hardly had I passed by them

when I found him whom my soul loves.

I held him and I would not let him go

until I had brought him to the house of my mother

and to the room of the woman who conceived me.

Sadjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,

by the female gazelles or the does of the field,

do not awaken nor stir love until it desires.

Who is that coming up from the wilderness

like columns of smoke,

fragrant smoke of myrrh and frankincense,

from all the powders of the merchant?

Behold—his litter, which belongs to Solomon;

60 warriors surround it,

from the warriors of Israel.

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

Each one has his sword at his thigh,

against the terrors in the nights.

He made for himself a palanquin, King Solomon,

from the trees of Lebanon.

He made its posts out of silver;

its back, gold;

its seat, purple cloth.

Its interior was fitted with love

from the daughters of Jerusalem.

Go 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.

Behold you! You are beautiful, my darling.

4

Behold you! You are beautiful.

Your eyes are doves from behind your veil.

Your hair is like a flock of goats that hop down from the slopes of Gilead.

Your 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.

Like a thread of scarlet are your lips,

and your mouth is lovely.

Like a slice of pomegranate are your cheeks

from behind your veil.

Like the tower of David is your neck, built of layers—

a thousand shields hanging on it,

all the shields of the warriors.

Your two breasts are like two fawns,

twins of a female gazelle,

the ones pasturing among the lilies.

Until the day breathes and the shadows flee,

I myself will go to the mountain of myrrh

and to the hill of frankincense.

All of you is beautiful, my darling,

and there is no blemish in you.

Come with me from Lebanon, my bride;

come with me from Lebanon.

Descend from the top of Amana,

from the top of Senir and Hermon,

from the hiding places of lions,

from the mountains of leopards.

You 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.

How 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!

Our 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.

Alocked garden is my sister, my bride,
a locked spring, a sealed fountain.

Bour shoots are an orchard of pomegranate trees with delicious fruits,
henna with nard,

Card and saffron,
calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense,
myrrh and aloes, with all the best spices,
D fountain of gardens,
a well of living waters,
and flowing streams from Lebanon.

Ewake, 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.

F have come to my garden, my sister, my bride;
G 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, beloved ones.

H 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.”

I have taken off my robe; how will I put it on?
I have washed my feet; how could I get them dirty?”

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

K 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.

6 myself opened to my beloved,
but my beloved had turned and gone.
My soul went out because he departed.
I searched for him, but I did not find him;
I called him, but he did not answer me.
The guards going about in the city found me.
They beat me and wounded me;
they lifted my shawl from me, the guards of the walls.
8 adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,
if you find my beloved,
what will you declare to him?
Declare to him that sick with love am I.
9 What is your beloved more than another beloved,
most beautiful among women?
What is your beloved more than another beloved,
that thus you adjure us?
My beloved is shimmering and red,
distinguished among ten thousand.
His head is gold, refined gold;
his hairs are wavy, black like the raven.
His eyes are like doves beside stream beds of water,
bathing in milk, sitting beside the pools.
His cheeks are like a bed of spices,
towers of herbal spices.
His lips are lilies, dripping with flowing myrrh.¹
His arms are rods of gold mounted with topaz;
his belly is a plate of ivory covered with sapphires.
His thighs are pillars of alabaster set on bases of refined gold;
his appearance is like Lebanon, as choice as the cedars.
His mouth is most sweet,
and all of him is most desirable.
This is my beloved, and this is my friend,
daughters of Jerusalem.

Where did he go, your beloved,

most beautiful woman among women?

Where did he turn, your beloved,

and let us seek him with you?

¶ My beloved went down to his garden,

to the beds of spices,

in order to graze in the gardens and in order to glean lilies.

¶ Belong to my beloved, and my beloved belongs to me;

he grazes among the lilies.

¶ You are beautiful, my darling, like Tirzah,

lovely like Jerusalem,

awe-inspiring like bannered armies.

¶ Turn your eyes away from me,

because they excite me.

Your hair is like a flock of goats

that hop down from Gilead.

¶ Your teeth are like a flock of ewes

that have come up from the washing,

all of which bear twins,

and there is not among them one which is bereaved.

¶ Like a slice of a pomegranate are your cheeks

from behind your veil.

¶ Sixty are they, queens, and eighty concubines,

and marriageable women without number.

¶ One 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:

¶ Who is that, the woman who looks down like the dawn,

beautiful like the moon,

pure like the sun,

awe-inspiring like bannered armies?"

¶ In the garden of the nut tree I went down,

to look at the green shoots of the valley,

1. Instead of *towers of*, many Bible scholars think the text reads *yielding*.

to see—had the vine budded?

Had the pomegranates bloomed?

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

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

How 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.

Your navel is the rounded bowl—
that never lacks spiced wine.

Your belly is a heap of wheat
encircled with the lilies.

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

Your 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.

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

How you are beautiful and how you are lovely—
love with delights!²

This is your height—it is like a palm tree,
and your breasts like its clusters.

Said, “I will go up the palm tree;
I will grab hold of its fruit stalks.”
And, please, let your breasts be like the clusters of the vine,
and let the smell of your nose be like apples,
and let your mouth be like the best wine.

Going down for my beloved smoothly,
gliding over the lips of those who sleep.³

10elong to my beloved
and his longing is for me.

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

Let us go early to the vineyards;
let us see if the vine has budded,
if the blossoms have opened,
if the pomegranates have bloomed.

There I will give my love to you.

The mandrakes give off a scent,
and over our doors are all choice fruits,
new ones and also old ones.

My beloved, I have stored these up for you.

Who will give you like a brother to me,
who nursed at the breasts of my mother?⁸

If I found you outside, I would kiss you.
Yes, they would not despise me.

I would lead you; I would bring you to the house of my mother,
she who taught me.

I would make you drink from the wine of spice,
from the juice of my pomegranate.

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

I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,
do not awaken and do not stir love
until it desires.

Who 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.

Place me like the seal on your heart,

2. Instead of *love*, some manuscripts read *one who is loved*.

like the seal on your arm,
because strong like death **is** love;
unyielding like Sheol **is** zeal.

Its flashes **are** flashes of fire,
the flame of Yah.

Many waters are not able to quench **this** love
and rivers will not drown it.

If a man would give all **the** wealth of his house in exchange for love,
they would utterly despise it.

Asister **belongs** to us—a little one—
and breasts there are not for her.

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

If she **is** a wall,
we will build on her a battlement of silver.

And if she **is** a door,
we will enclose over her boards of cedar.

I0**was** a wall
and my breasts **are** like towers;
then I was, in his eyes, like a person who finds peace.

11here 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.

My vineyard that **belongs** to me **is** to my face.
The thousand **belong** to you, Solomon,
and the two hundred **belong** to the people who **are** keepers of its fruit.

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

Free, my beloved,
and resemble a gazelle or a young stag
on the mountains of spices.

3. Instead of *the lips of those who sleep*, many Bible scholars think the text should read *lips and teeth*.