



unfoldingWord® Literal Text

v89

Song of Songs

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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 mare⁹ among the chariots of Pharaoh

I liken you, my darling.

Your cheeks¹⁰ are beautiful with earrings;

your neck **is beautiful** with necklaces.

Earrings of¹¹ gold we will make for you,

with studs of silver.

While the¹² king **was** on his couch,

my nard gave off its scent.

A bundle of¹³ myrrh **is** my beloved to me;

between my breasts it stays.

A cluster of¹⁴ henna blossoms **is** my beloved to me,

in the vineyards of Engedi.

Behold you¹⁵ beautiful, my darling!

Behold you, beautiful!

Your eyes **are** doves.

Behold you¹⁶ **You are** handsome, my beloved, truly pleasant.

Indeed, our couch is leafy.

The beams¹⁷ of our house **are** cedars;

our rafters **are** pine.

I am a wild¹⁸ flower of Sharon,

a lily of the valleys.

Like a lily² 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 brought⁴ me to the house of wine

and his banner over me **is** love.

Sustain me⁵ with raisin cakes;

refresh me with apples,

for sick with love **am** I!

His left ha⁶nd **is** under my head,

and his right hand embraces me.

I adjure yo⁷u, daughters of Jerusalem,

by the female gazelles or the does of the field,

do not awaken nor stir love

until it desires.

The voice⁸ of my beloved! Behold, this one is coming,

leaping over the mountains,

jumping over the hills.

My beloved⁹ 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 beloved¹⁰ answered and said to me,

“Get up, my darling,

my beauty, and come,

for, behold¹¹ the winter has gone;

the rain has passed;

it went away.

The blossom¹² has appeared in the land;

the time of the song has arrived,

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

The fig tree¹³ 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, ¹⁴ 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 guard **going** about in the city found me:

“**Have** 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.

I adjure **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~~ 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 ~~it~~ 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 ~~all~~ 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.

4 Behold you! **You are** beautiful, my darling.
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~~ **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 ~~are~~ **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!

Your lips **tip with** nectar, **my** bride;
honey and milk **are** under your tongue
and the smell of your garments **is** like the smell of Lebanon.

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

Your shoots **are** an orchard of pomegranate trees with delicious fruits,

henna with nard,
nard and ~~saffron~~¹⁴,
calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense,
myrrh and aloes, with all the best spices,
a fountain~~of~~¹⁵ gardens,
a well of living waters,
and flowing streams from Lebanon.
Awake, ~~north~~¹⁶ 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.

I have come¹ 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, beloved ones.
I **am** asleep², 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 taken³ off my robe; how will I put it on?
I have washed my feet; how could I get them dirty?”
My beloved⁴ stretched out his hand through the hole
and my belly roared concerning him.
I got myself⁵ 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.

I 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.
 I 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.
 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.

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

His mouth¹⁶ is most sweet,
and all of him is most desirable.
This is my beloved, and this is my friend,
daughters of Jerusalem.

Where did¹ he go, your beloved,
most beautiful woman among women?
Where did he turn, your beloved,
and let us seek him with you?
My beloved² went down to his garden,
to the beds of spices,
in order to graze in the gardens and in order to glean lilies.
I belong³ to my beloved, and my beloved belongs to me;
he grazes among the lilies.
You are⁴ beautiful, my darling, like Tirzah,
lovely like Jerusalem,
awe-inspiring like bannered armies.
Turn your⁵ eyes away from me,
because they excite me.
Your hair is like a flock of goats
that hop down from Gilead.
Your teeth⁶ 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 slice⁷ of a pomegranate are your cheeks
from behind your veil.
Sixty are⁸ they, queens, and eighty concubines,
and marriageable women without number.
One is she⁹ 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~~¹⁰, the woman who looks down like ~~the~~ dawn,
beautiful like the moon,
pure like the sun,
awe-inspiring like bannered armies?”
To the garden of ~~the~~¹¹ nut tree I went down,
to look at the green shoots of the valley,
to see—had the vine budded?
Had the pomegranates bloomed?
I did not ~~know~~¹²—my soul put me
among the chariots of my people, a noble.
Return, ~~return~~¹³, Shulammite,
return, return and let us look at you.
Why do you look at the Shulammite
like the dance of two armies?

7How your ~~feet~~¹ 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~~² the rounded bowl—
that never lacks spiced wine.
Your belly **is** a heap of wheat
encircled with the lilies.
Your two ~~Breasts~~³ **are** like two fawns,
twins of a gazelle.
Your neck ~~is~~⁴ 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 head⁵ 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 ⁶are beautiful and how you are lovely—
love with delights!²

This is your ⁷height—it is like a palm tree,
and your breasts like its clusters.

I said, “I ⁸will 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 ⁹mouth be like the best wine.

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

I belong to¹⁰ my beloved
and his longing is for me.

Come, my¹¹ beloved, let us go out to the fields;
let us spend the night in the villages.

Let us go ¹²early 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 mandrakes¹³ 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.

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

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

Who will give you like a brother to me,
who nursed at the breasts of my mother?
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,
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.
A sister 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 ~~w~~all,
we will build on her a battlement of silver.
And if she ~~is~~ a door,
we will enclose over her boards of cedar.
I ~~was~~ a wa~~ll~~¹⁰
and my breasts ~~are~~ like towers;
then I was, in his eyes, like a person who finds peace.
~~There was~~¹¹ 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 vine~~yard~~¹² 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.
~~You~~ who ~~reside~~¹³ in the gardens;
companions are listening intently for your voice—
let me hear it.
Flee, my ~~be~~loved,¹⁴
and resemble a gazelle or a young stag
on the mountains of spices.