



unfoldingWord® Literal Text

v90

Song of Songs

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Song of Songs

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

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

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

4 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.

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

6 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.

7 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?

8 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.

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

10 Your cheeks are beautiful
with earrings;
your neck **is beautiful** with
necklaces.

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

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

13 A bundle of myrrh **is** my
beloved to me;
between my breasts it stays.

14 A cluster of henna blossoms
is my beloved to me,
in the vineyards of Engedi.

15 Behold you, beautiful, my
darling!
Behold you, beautiful!
Your eyes **are** doves.

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

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

2 ¹ I **am** a wildflower of
Sharon,
a lily of the valleys.

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

3 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.

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

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

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

7 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.

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

9 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.

10 My beloved answered and said to me,
"Get up, my darling,
my beauty, and come,

11 for, behold, the winter has gone;
the rain has passed;
it went away.

12 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.

13 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."

14 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.

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

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

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

3 **1** On my bed in the night
I sought him whom my soul loves;
I sought him, but I did not find him.

2 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.

3 The guards going about in the city found me:

"**Have** you seen him whom my soul loves?"

4 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.

5 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.

6 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?

7 Behold—his litter, which
belongs to Solomon;
60 warriors surround it,
from the warriors of Israel.

8 All of them are grasping a
sword, studied **in** war.
Each one **has** his sword at his
thigh,
against the terrors in the
nights.

9 He made for himself a
palanquin, King Solomon,
from the trees of Lebanon.

10 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.

11 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.

4 **1** 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.

2 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.

3 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.

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

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

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

7 All 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.
Descend from the top of
Amana,

from the top of Senir and
Hermon,
from the hiding places of lions,
from the mountains of leopards.

9 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.

10 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!

11 Your 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.

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

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

14 nard and saffron,
calamus and cinnamon, with all
trees of frankincense,
myrrh and aloes, with all the
best spices,

15 a fountain of gardens,
a well of living waters,
and flowing streams from
Lebanon.

16 Awake, 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.

5 ¹ I 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, beloved
ones.

2 I **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?”

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

5 I 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 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.

7 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 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.

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?

10 My beloved **is** shimmering and red,
distinguished among ten thousand.

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

12 His eyes **are** like doves beside stream beds of water,
bathing in milk, sitting beside the pools.

13 His cheeks **are** like a bed of spices,
towers of herbal spices.
His lips **are** lilies, dripping **with** flowing myrrh.¹

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

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

16 His mouth **is** most sweet,
and all of him **is** most desirable.

This **is** my beloved, and this **is** my friend,
daughters of Jerusalem.

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

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

2 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.

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

4 You **are** beautiful, my darling, like Tirzah,
lovely like Jerusalem,
awe-inspiring like bannered armies.

5 Turn your eyes away from me,
because they excite me.
Your hair **is** like a flock of goats that hop down from Gilead.

6 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.

7 Like a slice of a pomegranate **are** your cheeks
from behind your veil.

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

9 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:

10 “Who **is** that, the woman who looks down like **the** dawn, beautiful like the moon, pure like the sun, awe-inspiring like bannered armies?”

11 To the garden of **the** nut tree I went down,
to look at the green shoots of the valley,
to see—had the vine budded?
Had the pomegranates bloomed?

12 I did not know—my soul put me

among the chariots of my people, a noble.

13 Return, return, Shulammitte, return, return and let us look at you.

Why do you look at the Shulammitte like the dance of two armies?

7 **1** 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.

2 Your navel **is** the rounded bowl—
that never lacks spiced wine.
Your belly **is** a heap of wheat encircled with the lilies.

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

4 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.

5 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.

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

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

8 I 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,

9 and **let** your mouth **be** like the best wine.

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

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

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

12 Let us go early to the vineyards;
let us see if the vine has budded,

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

if the blossoms have opened,
 if the pomegranates have
 bloomed.
 There I will give my love to you.
13 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.

8 ¹ 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.
² 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.
³ His left hand **is** under my
 head
 and his right hand embraces
 me.
⁴ I adjure you, daughters of
 Jerusalem,
 do not awaken and do not stir
 love
 until it desires.
⁵ 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.

6 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.
⁷ 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.
⁸ 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?
⁹ 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.
¹⁰ I **was** a wall
 and my breasts **are** 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.
¹² My vineyard that **belongs** to
 me **is** to my face.
 The thousand **belong** to you,
 Solomon,

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

and the two hundred **belong** to
the people who **are** keepers of
its fruit.

13 **You** who reside in the
gardens;
companions are listening
intently for your voice—

let me hear it.

14 Flee, 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*.