

unfoldingWord® Simplified Text

v92

Song of Songs

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Song of Songs

1 This is King Solomon's most beautiful song.

The woman thinks about the man she loves

[2] I wish he would kiss me on my lips,

The woman speaks internally to the absent man

because how you love me is more
delightful than wine.
[3] The fragrance of the perfume on your skin
is very pleasing.
More and more people are honoring you,
just as the fragrance of the perfume that you
have put on your skin is spreading
farther and farther.
That is why the other young women are
attracted to you.
[4] Take me quickly;
take me to your home.

The woman speaking to herself

He is like a king to me;
I desire him to bring me into his bedroom.

The women of Jerusalem speaking about the man

We are very happy about you;
we say that how you love is better than wine.

The woman speaking to the man about the young women of Jerusalem

It is not surprising that the young women adore you.

The woman speaking to the women of Jerusalem

[5] You young women of Jerusalem,
I am brown but beautiful;
my dark skin is like the tents in Kedar,
and I am beautiful like the curtains in
Solomon's palace.
[6] But do not stare at me because the sun has
made my skin dark;
my brothers were angry with me,
so they forced me to work outside in the
sunshine in the vineyards,
so I was not able to take good care of my skin.

The woman speaking to the man she loves

[7] You whom I love, where will you take your
flock of sheep today?
Where will you allow them to rest at noontime?
I want to know because it is not right for me to
wander around like a prostitute,
looking for you among the flocks that
belong to your friends.

The man answering the woman he loves

[8] You who are the most beautiful of all the women,
if you search for me and do not know where
I will take my sheep,
follow the tracks of the sheep.
Then allow your young goats to eat grass
near the shepherds' tents.
[9] You excite me, my dear one,
like a mare walking among Pharoah's stallions.
[10] Your cheeks are lovely with jewelry,
and your neck is lovely with strings of
beads around it.
[11] We will make for you some gold earrings
that are inlaid with silver.

The woman speaking to herself

[12] During the time that he who is like a king to
me reclined on his couch,
the fragrance of my perfume spread
around the room.
[13] During the night I desire to cradle the man
I love between my breasts; to me,
he is like the bag of sweet-smelling
perfume which I keep there.
[14] The man whom I love is like a bunch of the
fragrant flowers that are in the grape
farms of the city of En Gedi.

The man speaking to the woman he loves

[15] My dear one, you are beautiful;
you are very beautiful!
Your eyes are as gentle and beautiful as doves.

The woman speaking to the man she loves

[16] You whom I love, you are very good-looking,
you are delightful!
The green grass will be like a bed where we lie down.
[17] Branches of cedar trees will shade us;
branches of pine trees will be like a roof
over our heads.

2 I am like an insignificant flower on the plains,
like an insignificant lily growing in the valleys.

The man speaking to the woman he loves

[2] Among all the other young women,
you, my dear one, are like a lily growing
among thorns!

The woman speaking to herself

[3] Compared to other men, you, the one whom I
love, are like an apple tree that produces
delicious fruit and grows in the forest
among common trees.

You are like a tree whose shade protects
me from the sun,
and your being close to me is delightful, like
eating sweet fruit.
4 I want you to lead me to the place where
we can make love,
and it is evident that you love me very much.

The woman speaking to the man she loves

5 Strengthen and refresh me with fruit,
because the way you love me makes me feel lovesick.

The woman speaking to herself

6 The man whom I love has placed his left
arm under my head,
and he holds me close with his right arm.

The woman speaking to the women of Jerusalem

7 You young women of Jerusalem,
I want you to solemnly promise me, while the
female gazelles and female deer are listening,
that you will not cause people to love romantically
until it is the right time.

The woman speaking to herself

8 Listen! Look! The man whom I love is coming.
It is as though he is leaping over the mountains
and skipping over the hills,
9 like a gazelle or a young male deer.
Look! There he is! He is standing outside
the wall of our house,
peering in through the window,
and looking intently through the wooden strips
inside the window frame.
10 The man whom I love spoke to me and said,
"My dear one, get up;
my beautiful one, come with me!
11 Look, the cold season has ended;
the rain has stopped.
12 The flowers are blooming throughout the country.
It is now time to sing;
we hear the doves cooing throughout our land.
13 There are new figs on the fig trees,
and there are blossoms on the grapevines,
and their fragrance fills the air.
My dear one, get up;
my beautiful one, come with me!
14 You are like a dove that is hiding far from me in
an opening in the rocky cliff.
Allow me to see your form,
and allow me to hear your voice,
because your voice sounds sweet,
and your form is comely."

The woman speaking to the man she loves

15 There are harmful things that are like little
foxes that ruin vineyards;
do not allow these things to ruin our
growing relationship.
16 You whom I love, you are mine, and I am yours.
You have pleasure when you kiss my lips,
as a gazelle does when eating among the lilies.
17 You whom I love, come and be like a gazelle or a
young male deer on the mountains in Bether,
until the evening breeze blows and the sun sets.

The woman speaking to herself

3 At night while I lay on my bed,
I searched for the man whom I love.
I searched for him,
but could not find him.
2 So I said to myself,
"I will get up now and walk around the city,
through the streets and plazas,
to search for the man whom I love."
So I got up and went out to search for him,
but I could not find him.
3 The city watchmen saw me
while they were walking around the city.
I asked them,
"Have you seen the man whom I love?"
4 As soon as I walked past them,
I found the man whom I love.
I clung to him and would not release my hold on him
until I brought him to my mother's house,
to the bedroom of my mother who had conceived me.

The woman speaking to the women of Jerusalem

5 You young women of Jerusalem,
I want you to solemnly promise me, while the
female gazelles and female deer are listening,
that you will not cause people to love romantically
until it is the right time.

The woman speaking to herself

6 Look! See what is coming up from the dry
and uninhabited area.
Look at what is stirring up dust like clouds of smoke,
and like billows of smoke from burning
myrrh and incense,
which are from the fragrant powders imported
by traveling traders!
7 Look! Solomon has sent his portable royal chair,
and it is surrounded by 60 bodyguards
chosen from the greatest soldiers in Israel.
8 They all have swords,
and they all know how to use them.
Each one has his sword strapped to his side
and is prepared to defend against dangers that
might occur during the night.
9 King Solomon commanded his servants to make
that royal portable chair for him;
it was made with wood from Lebanon.
10 The canopy that covered it was held up by
posts made with silver,
and the base of the palanquin was made with gold.
The seat was covered with purple cloth,
and the inside of the palanquin was lovingly
decorated by the women of Jerusalem.
11 You young women of Jerusalem,

come and look at King Solomon
wearing the headdress that his mother put on his head
on the day when he was married,
on the day when he was very happy.

The man speaking to the woman he loves

4 My dear one, you are beautiful,
you are very beautiful!
Beneath your veil, your eyes are as gentle
and as beautiful as doves.
Your long black hair moves from side to side
like a flock of black goats
moving down the slopes of Mount Gilead.
2 Your teeth are very white,
white like a flock of sheep whose wool
people have just cut off
and which have just come up from washing in a stream.
You have all of your teeth on both sides of your mouth;
none of them is missing.
3 Your lips are the color of bright red thread,
and your mouth is beautiful.
Beneath your veil,
your cheeks are round and rosy like the
halves of a pomegranate.
4 Your long neck is beautiful like the tower of King David
that was built using layers of stone.
The beauty of your jeweled neck is like a thousand
shields hanging on the walls of a tower;
like the beauty of a thousand warrior's shields
hanging from a tower.
5 Your two breasts are as beautiful as two
young twin gazelles
that eat grass among lilies.
6 Until the evening breeze blows
and the sun sets,
I will go to your breasts
because they are like two hills that smell
like pleasant spices.
7 My dear one, you are completely beautiful;
your body is perfectly formed and has no blemish!
8 Come back to me, my bride. It is as though
you are in Lebanon
far away, where I cannot reach you.
Come back to me.
It is as though you are inaccessible on the
top of Mount Hermon
or the nearby peaks, where I cannot go to you.
Come from the mountains, where the lions
have their dens
and where the leopards live.
9 You who are as dear to me as a sister, my bride,
by only once quickly looking at me with your eyes,
and by one strand of jewels in your necklace,
you have obtained my full affection.
10 You who are as dear to me as a sister, my bride,
your love for me is delightful!
It is more delightful than wine!
The fragrance of your perfume
is more pleasing than any spice!
11 When you kiss me, my bride, it is as delightful
as eating honey.
Your kisses are as sweet as milk mixed with honey.
The aroma of your clothes
is like the aroma of cedar trees in Lebanon.
12 You who are as dear to me as a sister, my bride, you
are like a garden that the owner keeps locked
so that other men cannot enter it;
you are like a spring or a fountain that is covered
so that others may not drink from it.
13 You are like an orchard of pomegranate trees
full of delicious fruit
and plenty of plants that produce henna
and nard spices,
14 and saffron and calamus and cinnamon
and many other kinds of incense,
myrrh and aloes,
and many other fine spices.
15 You are like a spring in a garden,
like a well of fresh-flowing water,
and like streams that flow down from the
mountains of Lebanon.

The woman speaking to the man she loves

16 I want the north wind and the south wind to come
and blow on me,
so that the fragrance of my body will spread through
the air and attract the man I love.
You whom I love, I am like your garden.
I want you to come and enjoy my body,
like someone comes into a garden and enjoys eating
the delicious fruit that grows there.

The man speaking to the woman he loves

5 You who are as dear to me as a sister, my bride,
I am ready to go away with you now and
enjoy making love with you.
It will be delightful, delightful like when I gather
my myrrh with my other spices,
as wonderful as eating my honey and honeycomb,
and as enjoyable as drinking my wine with milk.

The women of Jerusalem speaking to the newly married couple

Friends, enjoy making love;
fully enjoy all that you do with each other.

The woman speaking to the women of Jerusalem

2 I was asleep, and I had a dream.
In it I heard the man I love knocking at the door.
He said, "You who are as dear to me as a sister,
my dear one, you who are like a
dove, my flawless one.
Open the door for me
because my hair is wet from the dew,
from the mist that has fallen during the night."
3 But I had already taken my robe off;
I did not want to put it on again to open the door.
I had already washed my feet;
so I did not want them to get dirty again
by answering the door.
4 The man I love put his hand through the
opening in the door,
and I was thrilled in my inner being
that he was there.

5 I got up to open the door for the man I love,
but first I put much myrrh on my hands.
The liquid myrrh was dripping from my fingers
while I unlatched the bolt.
6 I opened the door for the man I love,
but he had left.
He had turned away and was gone!
I greatly despaired because he was not there.
I searched for him, but I could not find him.
I called out for him, but he did not answer.
7 The city watchmen saw me while they were
walking around the city.
They struck me and bruised me
because they thought I was a prostitute;
those watchmen who were guarding the city walls
took my robe that was on me.
8 You young women of Jerusalem,
if you see the man I love, what will you tell him?
I want you to solemnly promise me that if you see him,
you will tell him that the way he loves me
makes me feel lovesick.

The women of Jerusalem speaking to the woman

9 You who are the most beautiful of all the women,
why do you think that the man you love
is better than other men?
In what way is he better than other men
that would cause you to want us to solemnly
promise that we will tell him that?

The woman speaking to the women of Jerusalem

10 It is because the man I love is handsome and healthy,
outstanding among an uncountable number
of other men.
11 His face is beautiful and gleams like gold; he is
as precious as purest gold.
His hair is wavy
and as black as a raven.
12 His eyes are as gentle and beautiful as doves
which are beside streams.
His eyes are as white as white doves
which are sitting beside pools of water.
13 His cheeks are like a garden where spices grow
and like towers where spices are kept.
His lips are like lilies
that have myrrh dripping from them.
14 His arms are like round gold rods,
that are decorated with precious stones.
His abdomen is like ivory
that is decorated with sapphires.
15 His legs are like alabaster columns
that are set in bases made of pure gold.
He is majestic, like the mountains of Lebanon.
He is tall and strong and outstanding like the
cedar trees that grow there.
16 His kisses are very sweet;
he is completely attractive.
You young women of Jerusalem,
this is what the man I love, who is my
friend, is like, and this is why he is
better than all other men.

The women of Jerusalem speaking to the woman

6 You who are the most beautiful of the women,
where has the man you love gone?
Tell us which direction he went,
and we will go with you to search for him.

The woman speaking to herself

2 The man who I love has come to me.
I am like his garden where pleasant spices grow.
He has come to enjoy my body as a gazelle enjoys
grazing in a garden and as a person enjoys
picking lilies. 3 I belong to the man I
love, and he belongs to me.
He feels pleasure when he is near me,
as a gazelle does when eating among lilies.

The man speaking 4 *My dear one, you are beautiful.*

You are as beautiful as the city of Tirzah and as
lovely as the city of Jerusalem.
You are as exciting and majestic to look at
as an army with banners.
5 Stop looking at me like that,
because your eyes excite me very much.
Your long black hair moves from side to side
like a flock of black goats
moving down the slopes of Mount Gilead.
6 Your teeth are very white,
white like a flock of sheep
that has just come up from being washed in a stream.
You have all of your teeth on both sides of your mouth;
none of them is missing.
7 Beneath your veil,
your cheeks are round and rosy like the
halves of a pomegranate.
8 Even if a king had 60 queens and 80 concubines
and more young women in his court than
anyone can count,
9 none of them would be as special as she is. She
is like a dove; she is flawless.
Her mother considers her to be very special;
she is her mother's favorite child.
When the young women of the king's court see her,
they say that she is fortunate,
and the queens and concubines praise her.
10 Look at this woman who appears like the dawn,
who is as beautiful to look at as the moon,
who is radiant like the sun,
who is as exciting and majestic to look at as
an army with banners!
11 I went down to the walnut tree orchard
to look at the new plants that were
growing in the valley.
I wanted to see if the grapevines had budded
and if the pomegranate trees were blooming.
12 All of a sudden
I imagined that I was among the chariots
of my noble people.

The women of Jerusalem speaking

13 Come back to us, beautiful woman from Shulam,

come back to us, in order that we may see you!

The man speaking

Why do you want to look at the beautiful
woman from Shulam,
as if she were a dancer who dances to
entertain armies?

7 You who are the daughter of a prince,
have very lovely feet in your sandals!
Your curved hips are like jewels
that have been made by a man who shapes
jewels very well.
2 Your navel is like a round bowl
that is always full of wine mixed with spices.
Your belly is like a pile of wheat
with lilies growing around it.
3 Your breasts are as delicate as two young twin gazelles.
4 Your neck is long and beautiful, like a tower
made of ivory.
Your eyes sparkle like the pools of water in
the city of Heshbon,
near the Bath Rabbim gate.
Your nose is beautiful like the tower in Lebanon
that faces Damascus.
5 Your head is majestic like Mount Carmel.
Your long hair is shiny and black;
it is as though I, your king, am captured
by your tresses.
6 You are very beautiful and very lovely!
Loving you is very delightful!
7 You are tall like a palm tree,
and your breasts are full and round like date
clusters that hang from palm trees.
8 I said to myself, "I will climb that palm tree
and take hold of those clusters of dates."
I want your breasts to be like sweet bunches
of grapes that I can enjoy;
I want your breath to be like the sweet
fragrance of apples. 9 I want your kisses
to be like very good wine.

The woman speaking to the man she loves

When I kiss you, the man whom I love,
I want my kisses to be as if you are freely
drinking wine,
and as if wine is flowing over our lips as we sleep
together. 10 I belong to the man I love,
and he desires me.
11 You whom I love, come with me, and let us
go to the countryside,
and sleep in one of the villages.
12 And let us go early to the vineyards
to see if the grapevines have budded
and if there are blossoms on them that have opened,
and to see if the pomegranate trees are blooming,
and there I will have sexual relations with you.
13 The mandrake plants are producing a fragrant scent,
and the pleasures we will experience as we express
our love for each other will be like choice
fruits that have been stored,
new ones and old ones.
You whom I love, I have reserved my love for
you as if I were storing choice fruit.

8 I wish that you were like my brother,
my own brother, who nursed from my mother's
breasts when he was a baby.
Because then, whenever I met you outside
the house, I could kiss you,
and no one would criticize me.
2 I would like to bring you to my mother's house,
to where my mother, who taught me so
many things, lives.
I would like to take you to my mother's house so I
could have sexual relations with you there.
Having sexual relations with you would be as if I were
giving you spiced wine to drink, as if I were
giving you sweet pomegranate wine.
3 The man I love has placed his left arm under my head
and he holds me close with his right arm.

The woman speaking to the women of Jerusalem

4 You young women of Jerusalem,
I want you to solemnly promise me,
that you will not cause people to love romantically
until it is the right time.

The women of Jerusalem speaking

5 Look at this woman who is coming up from
the wilderness,
the woman who is leaning on the man she loves!

The young woman speaking to the man she loves

I woke you up when you were under the apple tree
at the place where your mother gave birth to you,
the place where you were born.
6 Keep me close to you,
like a seal that rests against your chest as it
hangs down from its cord,
or like a seal worn on your bracelet.
The strength with which I love you is as powerful
as the strength of death;
it is as strong as the grave.
It is as though our love for each other bursts into flames,
and as though our love is the lightning
that Yahweh creates.
7 We love each other so deeply,
that how we love each other can be compared to a
strong fire that no river or flood can put out.
If a man tried to cause a woman to love him by saying
he would give her everything that he owns,
she would refuse.

The young woman's brothers speaking among themselves

8 We have a young sister,
and her breasts are not large yet.
What should we do for her at the time that we promise
some young man that he can marry her?
9 We will protect her virginity,
as if we were soldiers building a battlement
of silver to protect a wall.
We will protect her virginity,

like we would protect a door from intruders by
covering it with boards made of cedar wood.

The woman speaking

10 Like a wall that allows no one to enter, I have remained
a virgin and let no man come into me;
but now my breasts are large like towers.
So I am delightful to my beloved.
11 King Solomon had a vineyard at a place
called Baal Hamon,
and he rented it to people for them to farm it.
He required each one to pay him one thousand
pieces of silver each year for the
grapes that they harvested.
12 But my body is like my own vineyard, which is mine
to give to the man whom I choose.
Solomon can keep the one thousand pieces of silver
that he receives from renting his vineyard,
and the farmers who take care of it for him
can keep the two hundred pieces
of silver he pays them.

The man speaking to the woman he loves

13 You, the woman I love, who are staying in the gardens,
my friends are eagerly listening so that they
can hear you speak;
speak to me!

The young woman speaking to the man she loves

14 You whom I love, come to me quickly!
Run to me like a gazelle or a young male deer
runs across mountains where spices grow.