

**This book contains songs that
King Solomon sang with his
beloved. We call this book
Song of Songs**

¹ This is *King Solomon's* most beautiful song.

The young woman speaks to her lover

² Kiss me *on my lips*,
because your love *for me* is more delightful
than wine.

³ The fragrance of the cologne on your *skin* is
very sweet/pleasing [CHI].
And your reputation is *very good* and
spreads,
like [SIM] the fragrance of the special oil
spread on your skin.

That is why the *other* young women are attracted
to you.

⁴ Take me quickly;
take me to your home.
It is as though you are my king;
take me into your room.

Their friends speak to the man

We are very happy [DOU] about you;
we say that your love *for each other* is better
than wine.
It is not surprising that the other young
women adore you.

The woman speaks

⁵ You women of Jerusalem,
 I am dark but beautiful;
 my dark skin is like [SIM] the tents in Kedar,
or like the beautiful curtains in Solomon's
 palace.

⁶ *But* do not stare at me because of the sun having
 caused my skin to become dark;
 my brothers were angry with me,
so they forced me to work *out in the sunshine* in
 the vineyards,
 so I was not able to take good care of my
 body/skin [CHI, MET].

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

The man speaks

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/footprints of the sheep.
Then allow your young goats to ◀graze/eat
 grass▶ near the shepherds' tents.

⁹ You *are beautiful*, my darling, like the young
 female horse

- that pulls the chariot of the king of Egypt.
- 10 Your cheeks are decorated with jewelry,
and there are strings of beads/pearls around
your neck.
- 11 We will make for you *some* gold earrings
that are decorated/inlaid with silver.

The woman speaks

- 12 While the king was on his couch,
the smell of my perfume spread *around the
room*.
- 13 The man who loves me is *as delightful as [MET]*
a ◀sachet/small cloth bag▶ of myrrh be-
tween my breasts.
- 14 He is like [MET] a bunch of flowers from
the vineyards at En-Gedi.

The man speaks

- 15 You whom I love, you are beautiful;
you are very beautiful!
Your eyes are *as delightful/charming as* doves.

The woman replies

- 16 You who love me, you are very delightful/
handsome,
you are wonderful!
This green grass will be *like* a couch *where
we lie down*.
- 17 *Branches of cedar trees* will shade us;
it is as though branches of juniper/pine trees
will be like [MET] a roof *over our heads*.

2

The woman speaks

¹ I am *like* [MET] a flower/rose from the Sharon Plain,
and *like* [MET] a lily *that grows* in a valley.

The man speaks

² Among the *other* young women,
the one whom I love is like [MET] a lily
growing among thorns!

The woman speaks

³ And among *the other* men, you, the man who
loves me, are like [MET] an apple/fruit tree
that grows in the forest.

*You are like a tree whose shadow protects me
from the sun,*
and your *being close to me* [EUP] is like [MET]
eating sweet fruit.

⁴ You led me to the ◀banquet room/room where
we could make love▶,
and it is evident that you love me very much.

⁵ Refresh me and strengthen me *with your
lovemaking*
like I am refreshed by eating [MET, EUP]
raisins and other fruit,
because I very much desire that you love me
even more.

⁶ Put your left arm under my head
and with your right arm hold me close.

⁷ You young women of Jerusalem,
solemnly promise me, while the doves and
gazelles *are listening*, that you will not
disturb us while we are making love
until we are ready to quit.

- 8 I hear the voice of the man who loves me.
It is as though [MET] he is leaping over the
 mountains
 and skipping over the hills
- 9 like [SIM] a deer or a gazelle.
 Now he is standing outside the wall of our
 house,
 looking in the window,
 and peering through the ◀lattice/wooden
 strips inside the window frame▶.
- 10 He spoke to me and said,
 “You whom I love, get up;
 my beautiful one, come with me [CHI]!”
- 11 Look, the ◀winter/cold season▶ is ended;
 the rain has stopped;
- 12 flowers are blooming throughout the country/
 land.
 It is now time to sing;
 we hear the doves cooing.
- 13 There are young/new figs on the fig trees,
 and there are blossoms on the grapevines
 and their fragrance fills the air.
 You whom I love, get up;
 my beautiful one, come with me!
- 14 *You are like* [MET] a dove that is hiding *far from*
me in an opening/crack in the rocky cliff.
 Show me your face,
 and allow me to hear your voice,
 because your voice is sweet-sounding
 and your face is lovely [CHI].”

The woman continues to speak

- 15 *There are other men who are like [MET] little jackals/foxes that ruin vineyards; do not allow those men to attack me.*
- 16 You who love me, I belong to you and you belong to me,
and you *experience pleasure when you kiss my lips*
like [MET] a shepherd enjoys taking care of his sheep.
- 17 You who love me, come and be like [SIM] a gazelle or like a young deer on the hills of Bether,
and then flee like a deer at dawn *tomorrow morning*,
when the darkness fades.

3

- 1 All through the night *while I lay* on my bed,
I longed for the one whom I love.
I desired for him *to come*,
but he did not come.
- 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 one whom I love.”
So I got up and searched for him,
but I could not find him.
- 3 The city watchmen saw me
while they were patrolling/walking around
the city.
I asked them,
“Have you seen the one whom I love?”
- 4 As soon as I walked past them,

I found the one whom I love.
 I clung to him and would not let him go
 until I had brought him to my mother's
 house,
 to the room where my mother had conceived
 me (OR, where I was born).

⁵ You women of Jerusalem,
 solemnly promise me, while the does and
 gazelles *are listening*, that you will not
 disturb us while we are making love
 until we are ready to quit.

One of their friends speaks

⁶ Who is it that is coming from the desert,
 who is *stirring up dust* like a column of
 smoke
 from burning myrrh and incense
made from spices imported by merchants?

⁷ It is *Solomon, sitting in* his portable chair
 surrounded by 60 bodyguards
 chosen from the strongest/greatest warriors
 in Israel.

⁸ They all have swords
 and they *all* ◀are trained to/know well how
 to▶ use them.

Each one has his sword *strapped to* his side
 and *is prepared to defend Solomon from*
 dangers that might occur even during the
 night.

⁹ King Solomon *commanded his servants* to make
 that portable chair for him;
it was made with wood from Lebanon.

10 The *canopy that covered it* was ◀held up/
supported▶ by posts made of silver,
and the back of the chair was *embroidered*
with gold.

The seat/cushion was covered with purple cloth
lovingly made/woven by the women of
Jerusalem.

11 You 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,
the day when he [SYN] was very happy.

4

The man speaks

1 My darling, you are beautiful,
you are very beautiful!
Underneath your veil, your eyes are *as gentle*
as [MET] doves.

Your *long black* hair moves from side to side like
[SIM] a flock of *black* goats
moving down the slopes of Gilead Mountain.

2 Your teeth are *very white*
like [SIM] a flock of sheep *whose wool* has
just been ◀shorn/cut off▶
and that have come up from being washed *in a*
stream.

You have all of your teeth;
none of them is missing.

3 Your lips are like [SIM] a scarlet ribbon,
and your mouth is lovely.

Beneath your veil,

- your *round, rosy/red* cheeks are like [SIM]
the halves of a pomegranate.
- 4 Your *long* neck is *beautiful* like [SIM] the tower
of *King David*
that was built using layers/rows of stone.
The ornaments on your necklaces are like 1,000
[HYP] shields that are hanging *on the walls*
of a tower;
each one belongs to a warrior.
- 5 Your breasts are *as beautiful* [SIM] as two
◀fawns/young gazelles▶
that eat *grass* among lilies.
- 6 Until dawn *tomorrow morning*
and the nighttime shadows/darkness disap-
pear,
I will *lie close to your breasts*
that are *like* [MET] hills that are covered with
incense [DOU].
- 7 My darling, you are completely beautiful;
your body is perfectly *formed!*
- 8 My bride, *it is as though you are in* [MET]
Lebanon
far away, where I cannot reach you;
come back to me.
It is as though you are inaccessible [MET]
on the top of Hermon Mountain or the
nearby peaks.
Come from where the lions have their dens
and where the leopards live on the moun-
tains.
- 9 My bride [DOU], you who are dearer to me than
my sister, you have captured my affection
[IDM]

- by only once quickly looking at me,
and by one *strand of* jewels in your necklace.
- 10 My bride, your love for me is delightful!
It more delightful than wine!
And the fragrance of your perfume
is more pleasing than any spice!
- 11 Being kissed by you is *as enjoyable as eating*
[MTY] honey;
your kisses are as sweet as milk *mixed with*
honey.
The aroma of your clothes
is like [SIM] the aroma of *cedar trees in*
Lebanon.
- 12 My bride, *you who are dearer to me than* [MET]
my sister, you are *like* [MET] a garden that
is locked
in order that other men cannot enter it;
you are like [MET] a spring or a fountain that is
covered
in order that others may not drink from it.
- 13 You are *like* [MET] 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,
and myrrh and aloes
and many *other* fine spices.
- 15 *You are like* [MET] a fountain in a garden,
like [MET] a spring of clear water
that flows *down from the mountains of*
Lebanon.

The woman speaks

16 I want the north wind and the south wind to come,
 and blow on my garden,
in order that the fragrance of the spices will spread through the air.
Similarly, I want the one who loves me to come and enjoy cuddling up to me like [MET, EUP] someone comes into a garden and enjoys eating the fruit that grows there.

5

The man speaks

1 My bride, *you who are dearer to me than my sister,*
 I have come *to cuddle up to you [MET, EUP]; it will be as though I will be gathering myrrh with my other spices,*
 and eating my honey and my honeycomb,
 and drinking my wine and my milk.

Their friends speak

You two who love each other, enjoy your love-making;
 enjoy all that you want to.

The woman speaks

2 I was partially asleep, but my mind was *still awake.*
 Then I heard the one who loves me knocking *at the door.*

*He said, "My darling, you who are dearer to me
than my sister, my dear friend, my perfect
one, my dove [MET],
open the door for me!*

*My hair is wet from the dew,
from the mist that has fallen during the
night."*

³ *But I had already taken off my robe;
I did not [RHQ] want to put it on again to
open the door.*

*I had already washed my feet;
I did not [RHQ] want them to become dirty
again.*

⁴ *The one who loves me put his hand through the
opening in the wall,
and I was thrilled that he was there.*

⁵ *I got up to open the door for the one who loves
me,
but first I put a lot of myrrh on my hands.*

*The myrrh was dripping from my fingers
while I unlatched the bolt.*

⁶ *I opened the door for the man who loves me,
but he had left.*

He had turned away and was gone!

I was very disappointed [IDM];

I searched for him, but I could not find him.

I called him, but he did not answer.

⁷ *The city watchmen saw me while they were
walking around the city.*

They beat me and wounded me

*because they thought I must be a prostitute;
those men who were guarding the city walls
took my robe.*

8 You young women of Jerusalem,
 I plead with you,
 if you see the man who loves me,
 tell him [DOU] that I am very disappointed
 that we did not make love.

Their friends speak

9 You who are the ◀fairest/most beautiful▶
 among women,
 why *do you think that* the one who loves you
 is better than other men?
 In what way is the man who loves you better
 than other men
 with the result that you ask us to tell him
 that?

The woman speaks

10 The man who loves me is handsome and
 healthy,
 ◀outstanding among/better than▶ ◀10,000/
 an uncountable number of▶ *other men*.
 11 His head is *beautiful, like* [MET] purest gold;
 his hair is wavy
 and as black as [SIM] a raven/crow.
 12 His eyes *are as gentle* as [SIM] doves
 along the streams;
the white parts of his eyes are as white as [MET]
 milk,
with what resembles jewels inlaid in them.
 13 His cheeks are like [SIM] a garden full of spice
 trees
 that produce *sweet-smelling* perfume.
 His lips are *like* [SIM] lilies
 that have myrrh/perfume dripping from
 them.

- 14 His arms are like [MET] gold bars/rods
that are decorated with precious stones/
jewels.
His body is like [SIM] *a column/pillar of ivory*
that is decorated with ◀sapphires/valuable
blue stones▶.
- 15 His legs are *like* [MET] pillars of marble
that are set in bases made of pure gold.
He is *majestic, like the mountains of* [SIM]
Lebanon,
as delightful/beautiful as [SIM] cedar *trees*.
- 16 His kisses [MTY] are extremely sweet;
he is very handsome.
You young women of Jerusalem,
all that tells you why the one who loves me
and who is my friend *is better than other*
men.

6

Their friends speak to the woman

- 1 You who are the most beautiful of all the
women,
where has the one who loves you gone?
If you tell us which [RHQ] direction he went,
we will go with you to search for him.

The woman speaks

- 2 The one who loves me has now come *to me,*
who am like [MET, EUP] his garden,
He has come to *enjoy my* ◀charms/physical
attractions▶ *which are like* [MET, EUP]
spices,
to enjoy cuddling up to me [EUP, MET],

and *kissing my lips, which are like* [MET]
lilies.

- ³ I belong to the one who loves me, and the one
who loves me belongs to me;
he *enjoys kissing my lips*
like [MET] *a shepherd enjoys taking care of*
his sheep.

The man speaks

- ⁴ My darling, you are beautiful,
like [SIM] *Tirzah the capital city of Israel*
and *Jerusalem the capital city of Judah are*
beautiful;
you are as exciting [MET] as a *group/battal-*
ion of troops holding up their banners.
- ⁵ Quit looking at me like that,
because your eyes excite me very much.
Your *long black hair moves from side to side* like
[SIM] a flock of *black goats*
moving down the slopes of Gilead Mountain.
- ⁶ Your teeth are *very white*
like [SIM] a flock of sheep *whose wool* has
just been shorn
and that have come up from being washed *in a*
stream.
- You have all of your teeth;
none of them is missing.
- ⁷ Beneath your veil,
your cheeks are like [SIM] the halves of a
pomegranate.
- ⁸ Even if a king had 60 queens and 80 ◀concu-
bines/slave wives▶

and more young women than anyone can count,
 9 *none of them would be like my dove, who is perfect,*
 you who are your mother's only daughter,
 whom your mother considers to be very precious.
Other young women who see you say that you are fortunate,
 and the queens and concubines recognize that you *are very beautiful.*

Their friends speaks

10 Who is [RHQ] this woman who is *as delightful* as [SIM] the dawn,
 as fair/delightful *to look at* as *the light of the moon,*
 as exciting as a *group/battalion of troops* holding up their banners?

The man speaks

11 I went down to some walnut trees to look at the new plants that were growing in the valley.
 I wanted to see if the grapevines had budded or if the pomegranate trees were blooming.
 12 *But* before I realized it,
 my desire *to make love caused me to be as excited* as a prince riding in a chariot.

Their friends speak

13 You who are the perfect one,
 come back *to us,* in order that we may see you!

The man speaks

Why do you want to look at this woman who is perfect,
like [SIM] you like to watch two rows/lines
of people dancing?

7

- ¹ You who are the daughter of a prince/king,
you have lovely feet in your sandals.
Your curved hips/thighs are like [SIM] jewels
that have been made by a ◀skilled crafts-
man/man who shapes jewels very well▶.
- ² Your navel is *like* [MET] a round bowl
that is always full of wine mixed *with spices*.
Your waist is *like* [SIM] a mound/bundle of wheat
with lilies *growing* around it.
- ³ Your breasts are as *as beautiful* as [SIM] two
◀fawns/young gazelles▶.
- ⁴ Your neck is like [SIM] a tower *made of ivory*.
Your eyes *sparkle/shine like* [MET] the pools in
Heshbon city,
near the Bath-Rabbim gate.
Your nose is *is as lovely* as [SIM] the tower of
Lebanon
which faces toward Damascus.
- ⁵ Your head is *majestic* like [SIM] Carmel Moun-
tain.
Your long hair is shiny [SIM] and black;
it is as though I, your king, am captured by
your tresses.
- ⁶ You whom I love, who have many charming
features that attract me,
are very beautiful and pleasant/pleasing.
- ⁷ You are stately like [SIM] a palm tree,

and your breasts are like [SIM] clusters/
bunches of dates/fruit.

⁸ I said *to myself*, “I will climb that palm tree
and take hold of those clusters of dates.”

To me, your breasts are like clusters of grapes
that I can feel
and your breath is like the sweet fragrance
of apples

⁹ and your kisses are like very good wine.

The woman speaks

My kisses [MTY] go to the one who loves me
and flow *like wine* over his lips and his teeth.

¹⁰ I belong to the man who loves me,
and he desires me.

¹¹ You who love me, let’s go to the countryside,
and sleep among the henna bushes (OR, in
one of the villages).

¹² And let’s 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 make love to you.

¹³ The mandrakes/love-apples are producing a
fragrant odor,
and we are surrounded by delightful *plea-*
sures [MET, EUP],

new ones and old ones,
pleasures that I have been saving to give to
you, who love me.

8

The woman speaks

¹ I wish that you were my brother
 who ◀nursed at/drank milk from▶ my
 mother's breasts *when you were a baby*,
because, if you were my brother, if I saw you when
 you were outside *the house*,
 I could kiss you,
 and no one would say that my doing that was
 wrong.

² *No one would object if* I led you to my mother's
 house,
 to where my mother, who taught me *many*
things, lives.

I would like to take you to my mother's house
 because I would *like to make love to you*
 [EUP],
and that would be as delightful as [MET] juice
squeezed from pomegranates.

³ You would put your left arm under my head
 and with your right arm hold me close.

⁴ *I would say to you women of Jerusalem*,
 "Solemnly promise me
 that you will not disturb us while we are making
 love
 until we are ready to quit."

Their friends speak

⁵ Who is that *woman* who is coming up from the
 desert,
 ◀leaning on/clinging close to▶ the man who
 loves her?

The woman speaks

I woke you up *when you were* under the apple tree
 at the place where your mother conceived you,
 which is the same place where she gave birth to you.

⁶ Keep me *close to you*,
 like [SIM] a seal on your heart,
 or like [SIM] a bracelet on your arm.
 Our love *for each other* is as powerful as death,
 it is as enduring as the grave.
It is as though our love *for each other* bursts into flames
 and burns like a hot fire.

⁷ Nothing can extinguish our love *for each other*,
 not even a flood.
 If a man tried to cause a woman to love him by
 saying he would give her everything that
 is in his house,
 she would refuse.

Their friends speak

⁸ We have a younger sister,
 and her breasts are still small.
 So this is [RHQ] what we should do for her on
 the day that we promise *some young man*
 that he can marry her:

⁹ If *her chest is flat like* [MET] a wall,
 we will *decorate it by* putting silver jewels
that are like [MET] towers on it.
 Or, if she is *flat like* [MET] a door,
 we will decorate her with bits/pieces of cedar wood.

The woman speaks

¹⁰ *My chest was previously flat like [MET] a wall,
but now my breasts are big like [SIM] towers.*
So the one who loves me is delighted with me.

¹¹ *King Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-Hamon,
and he rented it to people for them to take care
of it.*

He required each one to pay him 1,000 pieces
of silver *each year* for the grapes *that they
harvested.*

¹² *But my body is like [MET] my own vineyard,
and Solomon, I am giving it to you.*
*You do not need to pay me 1,000 pieces of silver
to enjoy my body,*
but I will give 200 pieces of silver to those
who take care of me [MET].

The man speaks to the woman

¹³ You are staying in the gardens
and my friends are listening to your voice;
so allow me to hear it, *too.*

The woman speaks

¹⁴ You who love me, come *to me* quickly;
run to me [MET, EUP] as fast as [SIM] a
gazelle or young deer
runs across [MET] hills of spices.

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