Song of Solomon

1

1 The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.
2 Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth,
for your love is better than wine.
3 Your oils have a pleasing fragrance;
your name is oil poured out.
That is why the young women love you.
4 Draw me after you;
let us run.
The king has brought me into his chambers.
We will rejoice and be glad in you;
we will celebrate your love more than wine.
Rightly do they love you.

5 I am dark and lovely, daughters of Jerusalem,
like the tents of Kedar, like the curtains of
Solomon.
6 Do not stare at me because I am dark, because
the sun has gazed on me.
My mother's sons were angry with me;
they made me keeper of the vineyards, but
my own vineyard I have not kept.
7 Tell me, you whom my soul loves, where you
pasture your flock, where you make it rest
at noon.
Why should I be like a veiled woman beside
the flocks of your companions?
8 If you do not know, most beautiful among
women, follow the tracks of the flock and

pasture your young goats beside the
shepherds' tents.

9 I compare you, my love, to my mare among
Pharaoh's chariots.
10 Your cheeks are lovely with ornaments, your
neck with strings of beads.
11 We will make you ornaments of gold with
studs of silver.
12 While the king was on his couch, my nard
gave forth its fragrance.
13 My beloved is to me a sachet of myrrh that
rests between my breasts through the
night.
14 My beloved is to me a cluster of henna
blossoms in the vineyards of En-gedi.

15 How beautiful you are, my love!
How beautiful you are!
Your eyes are doves.
16 How handsome you are, my beloved, how
delightful!
Our bed is lush with green.
17 The beams of our houses are cedars;
our rafters are cypresses.

2

1 I am a crocus of Sharon, a lily of the valleys.
2 Like a lily among thorns, so is my love among
the young women.
3 Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest,
so is my beloved among the young men.

I delighted to sit in his shade, and his fruit
was sweet to my taste.
4 He brought me to the house of wine, and his
banner over me was love.
5 Sustain me with raisin cakes;
refresh me with apples, for I am sick with
love.
6 His left hand is under my head, and his right
hand embraces me.
7 I put you under oath, daughters of Jerusalem,
by the gazelles or the does of the field: Do
not stir up or awaken love until it pleases.

8 The voice of my beloved!
Look, here he comes, leaping over the
mountains, bounding over the hills.
9 My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag.
Look, there he stands behind our wall,
gazing through the windows, peering
through the lattice.
10 My beloved spoke and said to me, “Arise, my
love, my beautiful one, and come away.
11 For look, the winter is past;
the rain is over and gone.
12 The flowers appear on the earth;
the time of singing has come, and the voice
of the turtledove is heard in our land.
13 The fig tree ripens its early figs, and the vines
in blossom give forth their fragrance.
Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come
away.

14 My dove in the clefts of the rock, in the shelter
of the cliff, let me see your face;

let me hear your voice.
For your voice is sweet, and your face is
lovely."

15 Catch us the foxes, the little foxes that ruin the
vineyards, for our vineyards are in
blossom.
16 My beloved is mine, and I am his;
he pastures his flock among the lilies.
17 Until the day breathes and the shadows flee,
turn, my beloved;
be like a gazelle or a young stag on the
mountains of Bether.

3

1 On my bed at night I sought the one my soul
loves;
I sought him, but did not find him.
2 "I will rise now and go about the city;
in the streets and squares I will seek the one
my soul loves."
I sought him, but did not find him.
3 The watchmen going about the city found me.
"Have you seen the one my soul loves?"
4 Scarcely had I passed them when I found the
one my soul loves.
I held him and would not let him go until I
brought him to my mother's house, to the
chamber of the one who conceived me.
5 I put you under oath, daughters of Jerusalem,
by the gazelles or the does of the field: Do
not stir up or awaken love until it pleases.

6 Who is this coming up from the wilderness like
columns of smoke, perfumed with myrrh
and frankincense, with all the merchant's
fragrant powders?
7 Look, it is Solomon's litter!
Sixty mighty men surround it, from the
mighty men of Israel.
8 All of them wield swords, trained in war, each
with his sword at his thigh against the
terrors of the night.

9 King Solomon made himself a palanquin of
wood from Lebanon.
10 He made its pillars of silver, its support of
gold, its seat of purple;
its interior was inlaid with love by the
daughters of Jerusalem.
11 Come out, daughters of Zion, and look at King
Solomon with the crown his mother
placed on him on his wedding day, on the
day his heart rejoiced.

4

1 How beautiful you are, my love!
How beautiful you are!
Your eyes are doves behind your veil.
Your hair is like a flock of goats streaming
down Mount Gilead.
2 Your teeth are like a flock of shorn sheep
coming up from the washing, all bearing
twins, with none bereaved among them.
3 Your lips are like a scarlet thread, and your
speech is lovely.

Your temples are like a slice of pomegranate
behind your veil.
4 Your neck is like the tower of David, built for
an armory;
a thousand shields hang upon it, all shields
of mighty men.
5 Your two breasts are like two fawns, twins of a
gazelle, grazing among the lilies.
6 Until the day breathes and the shadows flee, I
will go to the mountain of myrrh and to
the hill of frankincense.
7 You are altogether beautiful, my love;
there is no blemish in you.

8 Come with me from Lebanon, my bride, with
me from Lebanon.
Look from the summit of Amana, from the
summit of Senir and Hermon, from the
lions' dens, from the mountains of
leopards.
9 You have captured my heart, my sister, my
bride;
you have captured my heart with one
glance of your eyes, with one jewel of
your necklace.
10 How beautiful is your love, my sister, my
bride!
How much better your love is than wine,
and the fragrance of your oils than all
spices!
11 Your lips drip honey from the comb, my bride;
honey and milk are under your tongue.
The fragrance of your garments is like the
fragrance of Lebanon.

12 A locked garden is my sister, my bride, a
locked spring, a sealed fountain.
13 Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates
with choice fruits, henna with nard,
14 nard and saffron, aromatic cane and
cinnamon, with every kind of
frankincense tree, myrrh and aloes, with
all the finest spices.
15 A fountain for gardens, a well of living water,
and streams flowing from Lebanon.
16 Awake, north wind, and come, south wind!
Blow on my garden;
let its spices flow forth.
Let my beloved come into his garden and
eat its choice fruits.

5

1 I have come into my garden, my sister, my
bride.
I have gathered my myrrh with my spices;
I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;
I have drunk my wine with my milk.
Eat, friends;
drink and be intoxicated, beloved ones!

2 I was sleeping, but my heart was awake.
The sound of my beloved knocking!
“Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove,
my perfect one, for my head is wet with
dew, my locks with the drops of the night.”
3 I have taken off my tunic;
how can I put it on again?
I have washed my feet;

how can I soil them?
4 My beloved put his hand through the opening,
and yearning stirred within me for him.
5 I rose to open to my beloved;
my hands dripped with myrrh, my fingers
with liquid myrrh on the handles of the
bolt.
6 I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had
withdrawn and gone.
My soul fainted when he spoke.
I sought him but did not find him;
I called him, but he did not answer me.
7 The watchmen making their rounds in the city
found me;
they struck me and wounded me.
The watchmen of the walls took my mantle
from me.
8 I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem: if you
find my beloved, what will you tell him?
That I am sick with love.
9 What makes your beloved more than another
beloved, most beautiful among women?
What makes your beloved more than
another beloved, that you adjure us this
way?
10 My beloved is radiant and ruddy,
distinguished among ten thousand.
11 His head is gold, pure gold;
his locks are wavy, black as a raven.
12 His eyes are like doves beside streams of
water, washed in milk, resting in their
settings.

13 His cheeks are like a bed of spices, banks of
perfume.
His lips are lilies dripping liquid myrrh.
14 His hands are rods of gold set with beryl;
his belly is a panel of ivory overlaid with
sapphires.
15 His legs are pillars of marble set on bases of
pure gold.
His appearance is like Lebanon, choice as
the cedars.
16 His palate is sweetness, and all of him is
desirable.
This is my beloved, and this is my friend,
daughters of Jerusalem.

6

1 Where has your beloved gone, most beautiful
among women?
Where has your beloved turned, that we
may seek him with you?
2 My beloved has gone down to his garden, to
the beds of spices, to pasture in the
gardens and gather lilies.
3 I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine;
he pastures among the lilies.

4 You are beautiful as Tirzah, my love, lovely as
Jerusalem, awe-inspiring as armies with
banners.
5 Turn your eyes away from me, for they
overwhelm me.
Your hair is like a flock of goats streaming
down from Gilead.

6 Your teeth are like a flock of ewes coming up
from washing;
all of them bear twins, and none has lost her
young.
7 Your temples are like a slice of pomegranate
behind your veil.
8 There are sixty queens and eighty concubines,
and young women beyond number.
9 My dove, my perfect one, is unique;
she is her mother's only one, the favorite of
the one who bore her.
The daughters saw her and called her
blessed;
queens and concubines praised her.

10 Who is this who looks forth like the dawn,
beautiful as the moon, bright as the sun,
awe-inspiring as armies with banners?

11 I went down to the nut garden to see the fresh
growth of the valley, to see whether the
vine had budded and the pomegranates
had blossomed.
12 Before I was aware, my soul had set me
among the chariots of my noble people.
13 Return, return, Shulammite!
Return, return, that we may look at you!
What would you see in the Shulammite, as
in the dance of two camps?

7

1 How beautiful are your steps in sandals,
daughter of a nobleman!

The curves of your thighs are like jewels, the
work of a craftsman's hands.
2 Your navel is a round bowl;
may it never lack mixed wine.
Your belly is a mound of wheat encircled by
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 beside the
gate of Bath-rabbim.
Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon
looking toward Damascus.
5 Your head crowns you like Carmel, and the
flowing hair of your head is like purple;
a king is held captive in its tresses.
6 How beautiful and how delightful you are, O
love, with all your pleasures!
7 Your stature is like a palm tree, and your
breasts like its clusters.
8 I said, "I will climb the palm tree;
I will take hold of its branches."
Let your breasts be like clusters of the vine,
and the scent of your breath like apples,
9 and your mouth like fine wine, flowing
smoothly to my beloved, stirring the lips
of sleepers.
10 I am my beloved's, and his desire is for me.

11 Come, my beloved, let us go out into the fields;
let us spend the night in the villages.
12 Let us go early to the vineyards and see
whether the vine has budded, whether its

blossoms have opened and the
pomegranates have bloomed.
There I will give you my love.
13 The mandrakes give forth their fragrance, and
at our doors are all kinds of choice fruits,
new and old, which I have stored up for
you, my beloved.

8

1 Oh, that you were like a brother to me who
nursed at my mother's breasts!
If I found you outside, I would kiss you, and
no one would despise me.
2 I would lead you and bring you to the house of
my mother, who taught me.
I would give you spiced wine to drink, the
juice of my pomegranate.
3 His left hand would be under my head, and his
right hand would embrace me.
4 I put you under oath, daughters of Jerusalem:
Why stir up or awaken love before it
pleases?

5 Who is this coming up from the wilderness,
leaning on her beloved?
Under the apple tree I awakened you;
there your mother was in labor with you,
there she who bore you was in labor.
6 Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal
upon your arm, for love is strong as death,
jealousy unyielding as Sheol.
Its flashes are flashes of fire, a flame of the
LORD.

7 Many waters cannot quench love, nor can
rivers sweep it away.
If a man gave all the wealth of his house for
love, he would be utterly scorned.

8 We have a little sister, and she has no breasts.
What shall we do for our sister on the day
she is spoken for?
9 If she is a wall, we will build a battlement of
silver upon her;
if she is a door, we will enclose her with a
plank of cedar.
10 I am a wall, and my breasts are like towers.
Then I was in his eyes like one who finds
peace.

11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon;
he entrusted the vineyard to keepers.
Each was to bring a thousand pieces of
silver for its fruit.
12 My vineyard, my own, is at my disposal.
The thousand are yours, Solomon, and two
hundred for those who tend its fruit.
13 You who dwell in the gardens, companions
listen for your voice;
let me hear it.
14 Flee, my beloved, and be like a gazelle or a
young stag on the mountains of spices.

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