

The Song of Solomon

¹ Let him kisse me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy loue is better then wine. ² Because of the sauour of thy good ointments thy name is as an ointment powred out: therefore the virgins loue thee. ³ Drawe me: we will runne after thee: the King hath brought me into his chabers: we will reioyce and be glad in thee: we will remember thy loue more then wine: the righteous do loue thee. ⁴ I am blacke, O daughters of Ierusalem, but comely, as the tentes of Kedar, and as the curtaines of Salomon. ⁵ Regard ye me not because I am blacke: for the sunne hath looked vpon mee. The sonnes of my mother were angry against mee: they made me the keeper of ye vines: but I kept not mine owne vine. ⁶ Shewe me, O thou, whome my soule loueth, where thou feedest, where thou liest at noone: for why should I be as she that turneth aside to the flockes of thy companions? ⁷ If thou knowe not, O thou the fairest among women, get thee foorth by the steps of the flocke, and feede thy kiddes by the tents of the shepherds. ⁸ I haue compared thee, O my loue, to the troupe of horses in the charets of Pharaoh. ⁹ Thy cheekes are comely with rowes of stones, and thy necke with chaines. ¹⁰ We will make thee borders of golde with studdes of siluer. ¹¹ Whiles the King was at his repast, my spikenard gaue the smell thereof. ¹² My welbeloued is as a bundle of myrrhe vnto me: he

shall lie betweene my breasts. ¹³ My welbeloued is as a cluster of camphire vnto me in the vines of Engedi. ¹⁴ My loue, beholde, thou art faire: beholde, thou art faire: thine eyes are like the doues. ¹⁵ My welbeloued, beholde, thou art faire and pleasant: also our bed is greene: ¹⁶ The beames of our house are cedars, our rafters are of firre.

2

¹ I am the rose of the field, and the lillie of the valleys. ² Like a lillie among the thornes, so is my loue among the daughters. ³ Like the apple tree among the trees of the forest, so is my welbeloued among the sonnes of men: vnder his shadow had I delite, and sate downe: and his fruite was sweete vnto my mouth. ⁴ Hee brought mee into the wine cellar, and loue was his banner ouer me. ⁵ Stay me with flagons, and comfort me with apples: for I am sicke of loue. ⁶ His left hande is vnder mine head, and his right hand doeth imbrace me. ⁷ I charge you, O daughters of Ierusalem, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye stirre not vp, nor waken my loue, vntill she please. ⁸ It is the voyce of my welbeloued: beholde, hee commeth leaping by the mountaines, and skipping by the hilles. ⁹ My welbeloued is like a roe, or a yong hart: loe, he standeth behinde our wall, looking forth of the windowes, shewing him selfe through the grates. ¹⁰ My welbeloued spake and said vnto me, Arise, my loue, my faire one, and come thy way. ¹¹ For beholde, winter is past:

the raine is changed, and is gone away. ¹² The flowers appeare in the earth: the time of the singing of birdes is come, and the voyce of the turtle is heard in our land. ¹³ The figtree hath brought foorth her yong figges: and the vines with their small grapes haue cast a sauour: arise my loue, my faire one, and come away. ¹⁴ My doue, that art in the holes of ye rocke, in the secret places of the staires, shewe mee thy sight, let mee heare thy voyce: for thy voyce is sweete, and thy sight comely. ¹⁵ Take vs the foxes, the little foxes, which destroy the vines: for our vines haue small grapes. ¹⁶ My welbeloued is mine, and I am his: hee feedeth among the lilies, ¹⁷ Vntil the day breake, and the shadowes flee away: returne, my welbeloued, and be like a roe, or a yong hart vpon the mountaines of Bether.

3

¹ In my bed by night I sought him that my soule loued: I sought him, but I found him not. ² I will rise therefore nowe, and goe about in the citie, by the streetes and by the open places, and wil seeke him that my soule loueth: I sought him, but I found him not. ³ The watchmen that went about the citie, found mee: to whome I said, Haue you seene him, whome my soule loueth? ⁴ When I had past a litle from them, then I found him whom my soule loued: I tooke holde on him and left him not, till I had brought him vnto my mothers house into the chamber of her that conceiued me. ⁵ I charge you, O daughters of Ierusalem, by the roes and by the hinds of the

fielde, that ye stirre not vp, nor waken my loue vntill she please. ⁶ Who is shee that commeth vp out of the wildernes like pillars of smoke perfumed with myrrhe and incense, and with all the spices of the marchant? ⁷ Beholde his bed, which is Salomons: threescore strong men are round about it, of the valiant men of Israel. ⁸ They all handle the sworde, and are expert in warre, euery one hath his sword vpon his thigh for the feare by night. ⁹ King Salomon made himselfe a palace of the trees of Lebanon. ¹⁰ Hee made the pillars thereof of siluer, and the pauement thereof of gold, the hangings thereof of purple, whose middes was paued with the loue of the daughters of Ierusalem. ¹¹ Come forth, ye daughters of Zion, and behold the King Salomon with the crowne, wherewith his mother crowned him in ye day of his mariage, and in the day of the gladnes of his heart.

4

¹ Behold, thou art faire, my loue: behold, thou art faire: thine eyes are like the doues: among thy lockes thine heare is like the flocke of goates, which looke downe from the mountaine of Gilead. ² Thy teeth are like a flocke of sheepe in good order, which go vp from the washing: which euery one bring out twinnes, and none is barren among them. ³ Thy lippes are like a threede of scarlet, and thy talke is comely: thy temples are within thy lockes as a piece of a pomegranate. ⁴ Thy necke is as the tower of Dauid builte for defence: a thousand shieldes

hang therein, and all the targates of the strong men. ⁵ Thy two breastes are as two young roes that are twinnes, feeding among the lilies. ⁶ Vntill the day breake, and the shadowes flie away, I wil go into the mountaine of myrrhe and to the mountaine of incense. ⁷ Thou art all faire, my loue, and there is no spot in thee. ⁸ Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, euen with me from Lebanon, and looke from the toppe of Amanah, from the toppe of Shenir and Hermon, from the dennes of the lyons, and from the mountaines of the leopards. ⁹ My sister, my spouse, thou hast wounded mine heart: thou hast wounded mine heart with one of thine eyes, and with a chaine of thy necke. ¹⁰ My sister, my spouse, how faire is thy loue? howe much better is thy loue then wine? and the sauour of thine oyntments then all spices? ¹¹ Thy lippes, my spouse, droppe as honie combes: honie and milke are vnder thy tongue, and the sauoure of thy garments is as the sauoure of Lebanon. ¹² My sister my spouse is as a garden inclosed, as a spring shut vp, and a fountaine sealed vp. ¹³ Thy plantes are as an orchard of pomegranates with sweete fruites, as camphire, spikenarde, ¹⁴ Euen spikenarde, and saffran, calamus, and cynamon with all the trees of incense, myrrhe and aloes, with all the chiefe spices. ¹⁵ O fountaine of the gardens, O well of liuing waters, and the springs of Lebanon. ¹⁶ Arise, O North, and come O South, and blowe on my garden that the spices thereof may flow out: let my welbeloued come to his

garden, and eate his pleasant fruite.

5

¹ I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I gathered my myrrhe with my spice: I ate mine hony combe with mine hony, I dranke my wine with my milke: eate, O friends, drinke, and make you merie, O welbeloued. ² I sleepe, but mine heart waketh, it is the voyce of my welbeloued that knocketh, saying, Open vnto mee, my sister, my loue, my doue, my vndefiled: for mine head is full of dewe, and my lockes with the droppes of the night. ³ I haue put off my coate, howe shall I put it on? I haue washed my feete, howe shall I defile them? ⁴ My welbeloued put in his hand by the hole of the doore, and mine heart was affectioned toward him. ⁵ I rose vp to open to my welbeloued, and mine hands did drop downe myrrhe, and my fingers pure myrrhe vpon the handels of the barre. ⁶ I opened to my welbeloued: but my welbeloued was gone, and past: mine heart was gone when hee did speake: I sought him, but I coulde not finde him: I called him, but hee answered mee not. ⁷ The watchmen that went about the citie, founde me: they smote me and wounded me: the watchmen of the walles tooke away my vaile from me. ⁸ I charge you, O daughters of Ierusalem, if you finde my welbeloued, that you tell him that I am sicke of loue. ⁹ O the fairest among women, what is thy welbeloued more then other welbeloued? what is thy welbeloued more then another louer, that thou doest so charge vs? ¹⁰ My welbeloued

is white and ruddie, the chieftest of ten thousand. ¹¹ His head is as fine golde, his lockes curled, and blacke as a rauen. ¹² His eyes are like doues vpon the riuers of waters, which are washt with milke, and remaine by the full vessels. ¹³ His cheekes are as a bedde of spices, and as sweete flowres, and his lippes like lilies dropping downe pure myrrhe. ¹⁴ His hands as rings of gold set with the chrysolite, his belly like white yuorie couered with saphirs. ¹⁵ His legges are as pillars of marble, set vpon sockets of fine golde: his countenance as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. ¹⁶ His mouth is as sweete thinges, and hee is wholly delectable: this is my welbeloued, and this is my louer, O daughters of Ierusalem. ¹⁷ O the fairest among women, whither is thy welbeloued gone? whither is thy welbeloued turned aside, that we may seeke him with thee?

6

¹ My welbeloued is gone downe into his garden to the beds of spices, to feede in the gardens, and to gather lilies. ² I am my welbeloueds, and my welbeloued is mine, who feedeth among the lilies. ³ Thou art beautifull, my loue, as Tirzah, comely as Ierusalem, terrible as an army with baners. ⁴ Turne away thine eyes from me: for they ouercome mee: thine heare is like a flocke of goates, which looke downe from Gilead. ⁵ Thy teeth are like a flocke of sheepe, which goe vp from the washing, which euery one bring out twinnes, and none is barren among them. ⁶ Thy temples are within thy lockes as a piece of a

pomegranate. ⁷ There are threescore Queenes and fourescore concubines and of the damsels without nober. ⁸ But my doue is alone, and my vndefiled, she is the onely daughter of her mother, and shee is deare to her that bare her: the daughters haue seene her and counted her blessed: euen the Queenes and the concubines, and they haue praised her. ⁹ Who is shee that looketh foorth as the morning, fayre as the moone, pure as the sunne, terrible as an armie with banners! ¹⁰ I went downe to the garden of nuttes, to see the frutes of the valley, to see if the vine budded, and if the pomegranates flourished. ¹¹ I knewe nothing, my soule set me as the charets of my noble people. ¹² Returne, returne, O Shulamite, returne: returne that we may behold thee. What shall you see in the Shulamite, but as the company of an armie?

7

¹ Howe beautifull are thy goings with shooes, O princes daughter! the ioynts of thy thighs are like iewels: the worke of the hande of a cunning workeman. ² Thy nauel is as a round cuppe that wanteth not licour: thy belly is as an heape of wheat compassed about with lilies. ³ Thy two breastes are as two young roes that are twinnes. ⁴ Thy necke is like a towre of yuorie: thine eyes are like the fishe pooles in Heshbon by the gate of Bath-rabbim: thy nose is as the towre of Lebanon, that looketh toward Damascus. ⁵ Thine head vpon thee is as skarlet, and the bush of thine head like purple: the

King is tyed in the rafters. ⁶ Howe faire art thou, and howe pleasant art thou, O my loue, in pleasures! ⁷ This thy stature is like a palme tree, and thy brestes like clusters. ⁸ I saide, I will goe vp into the palme tree, I will take holde of her boughes: thy breastes shall nowe be like the clusters of the vine: and the sauour of thy nose like apples, ⁹ And the roufe of thy mouth like good wine, which goeth straight to my welbeloued, and causeth the lippes of the ancient to speake. ¹⁰ I am my welbeloueds, and his desire is toward mee. ¹¹ Come, my welbeloued, let vs go foorth into the fiede: let vs remaine in the villages. ¹² Let vs get vp early to the vines, let vs see if the vine florish, whether it hath budded the small grape, or whether the pomegranates florish: there will I giue thee my loue. ¹³ The mandrakes haue giuen a smelll, and in our gates are all sweete things, new and olde: my welbeloued, I haue kept them for thee.

8

¹ Oh that thou werest as my brother that sucked the brestes of my mother: I would finde thee without, I would kisse thee, then they should not despise thee. ² I will leade thee and bring thee into my mothers house: there thou shalt teache me: and I will cause thee to drinke spiced wine, and newe wine of the pomegranate. ³ His left hand shalbe vnder mine head, and his right hand shall embrace me. ⁴ I charge you, O daughters of Ierusalem, that you stir not vp, nor waken my loue, vntil she please. ⁵ (Who is this

that commeth vp out of the wilderness, leaning vpon her welbeloued?) I rayed thee vp vnder an apple tree: there thy mother conceived thee: there she coceiued that bare thee. ⁶ Set mee as a seale on thine heart, and as a signet vpon thine arme: for loue is strong as death: ielousie is cruel as the graue: the coles thereof are fierie coles, and a vehement flame. ⁷ Much water can not quench loue, neither can the floods drowne it: If a man should giue all the substance of his house for loue, they would greatly contemne it. ⁸ Wee haue a litle sister, and she hath no breastes: what shall we do for our sister when she shalbe spoken for? ⁹ If shee be a wall, we will builde vpon her a siluer palace: and if she be a doore, we wil keepe her in with bordes of cedar. ¹⁰ I am a wall, and my breasts are as towres: then was I in his eyes as one that findeth peace. ¹¹ Salomon had a vine in Baal-hamon: hee gaue the vineyarde vnto keepers: euery one bringeth for ye fruite thereof a thousand pieces of siluer. ¹² But my vineyarde which is mine, is before me: to thee, O Salomon appertaineth a thousand pieces of siluer, and two hundreth to them that keepe the fruite thereof. ¹³ O thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken vnto thy voyce: cause me to heare it. ¹⁴ O my welbeloued, flee away, and be like vnto the roe, or to the yong harte vpon ye mountaines of spices.

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