

# SONG OF SONGS

## CHAPTER 1

The Song of songs, which is Solomon's. <sup>2</sup>Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy breasts are better than wine. <sup>3</sup>And the savour of thine ointments is beyond all spices: thy name is ointment poured forth, therefore do the young maidens love thee. <sup>4</sup>They have drawn thee: we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chamber: let us rejoice and be glad in thee; we will love thy breasts more than wine: righteousness loveth thee. <sup>5</sup>I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. <sup>6</sup>Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked unfavourably upon me: my mother's sons strove with me; they made me the keeper in the vineyards; mine own vineyard have I not kept. <sup>7</sup>Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou tendest thy flock, where thou makest them to rest at noon, lest I become as one that is veiled by the flocks of thy companions. <sup>8</sup>If thou know not thyself, O thou fair one among women, go thou forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents. <sup>9</sup>I have compared thee, my companion, to my horses in Pharaoh's chariots. <sup>10</sup>How are thy cheeks comely as *those* of a dove, thy neck as chains! <sup>11</sup>We will make thee figures of gold with studs of silver. <sup>12</sup>While the king was at his table, my spikenard gave forth the smell thereof. <sup>13</sup>A bundle of myrrh is my kinsman unto me; he shall lie betwixt my breasts. <sup>14</sup>My kinsman is unto me as a cluster of camphor in the vineyards of En-gedi. <sup>15</sup>Behold, thou art fair, my companion; behold, thou art fair; thine eyes are doves. <sup>16</sup>Behold, thou art fair, my kinsman, yea, comely, overshadowing our bed. <sup>17</sup>The beams of our house are cedars, our ceilings of cypress.

## CHAPTER 2

I am a flower of the plain, a lily of the valleys. <sup>2</sup>As a lily among thorns, so is my companion among the daughters. <sup>3</sup>As the apple among the trees of the wood, so is my kinsman among the sons. I desired his shadow, and sat down, and his fruit was sweet in my throat. <sup>4</sup>Bring me into the wine house; set love before me. <sup>5</sup>Strengthen me with perfumes, stay me with apples: for I am wounded with love. <sup>6</sup>His left hand shall be under my head, and his right hand shall embrace me. <sup>7</sup>I have charged you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the powers and by the virtues of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.

<sup>8</sup>The voice of my kinsman! behold, he cometh leaping over the mountains, skipping over the hills. <sup>9</sup>My kinsman is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he is behind our wall, looking through the windows, peeping through the lattices. <sup>10</sup>My kinsman answereth, and saith unto me, Rise up, come, my

companion, my fair one, my dove. <sup>11</sup>For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is gone, it is departed. <sup>12</sup>The flowers are seen in the land; the time of pruning is come; the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land. <sup>13</sup>The fig tree hath put forth her young figs, the vines put forth the tender grape, they give a *good* smell: arise, come *away*, my companion, my fair one, my dove; yea, come *away*. <sup>14</sup>O my dove, *that art* in the shelter of the rock, nigh unto the wall: shew me thy countenance, and make me to hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely. <sup>15</sup>Take us the little foxes that spoil the vines: for our vines put forth tender grapes. <sup>16</sup>My kinsman is mine, and I am his: he feedeth his flock among the lilies. <sup>17</sup>Until the day break, and the shadows depart, turn, my kinsman; be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of the ravines.

### CHAPTER 3

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not; I called him, but he hearkened not unto me. <sup>2</sup>I will rise now, and go about the city, in the market places, and in the streets, and I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. <sup>3</sup>The watchmen that go their rounds in the city found me. I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth? <sup>4</sup>*It was* as but a little after I parted from him that I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and did not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me. <sup>5</sup>I have charged you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the powers and by the virtues of the field, that ye rouse not up, nor awake *my* love, till he please.

<sup>6</sup>Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powers of the perfumer? <sup>7</sup>Behold Solomon's bed; threescore mighty men of the mighty ones of Israel are about it. <sup>8</sup>They all hold a sword, being expert in war: every man *hath* his sword upon his thigh because of fear by night. <sup>9</sup>King Solomon made himself a litter of the woods of Lebanon. <sup>10</sup>He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering thereof scarlet, in the midst thereof a pavement of love, for the daughters of Jerusalem. <sup>11</sup>Go forth, ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

### CHAPTER 4

Behold, thou art fair, my companion; behold, thou art fair; thine eyes are doves, beside thy veil: thy hair is as flocks of goats, that appeared from Gilead. <sup>2</sup>Thy teeth are like flocks of sheep *that are even* shorn, which went up

from the washing; all of them bearing twins, and there is not a barren one among them. <sup>3</sup>Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy cheek is like the rind of a pomegranate without thy veil. <sup>4</sup>Thy neck is like the tower of David, which was builded for an armoury: a thousand bucklers do hang thereon, and all darts of mighty men. <sup>5</sup>Thy two breasts are like two twin roes, which feed among the lilies. <sup>6</sup>Until the day break, and the shadows depart, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense. <sup>7</sup>Thou art all fair, my companion, and there is no spot in thee. <sup>8</sup>Come from Lebanon, my bride, come from Lebanon: thou shalt come and pass from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountain of the leopards. <sup>9</sup>Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck. <sup>10</sup>How comely are thy breasts, my sister, my spouse! how much more comely are they than wine, and the smell of thy garments than all spices! <sup>11</sup>Thy lips drop honeycomb, my spouse: honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon. <sup>12</sup>A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a garden inclosed, a fountain sealed. <sup>13</sup>Thy shoots are a garden of pomegranates, with the fruit of choice berries; camphire, with spikenard, <sup>14</sup>spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all woods of Lebanon; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices: <sup>15</sup>a fountain of a garden, and a well of water springing and gurgling from Lebanon.

<sup>16</sup>Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; and blow through my garden, and let my spices flow out. Let my kinsman come down into his garden, and eat the fruit of his choice berries.

## CHAPTER 5

I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spices; I have eaten my bread with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends, and drink; yea, drink abundantly.

<sup>2</sup>I sleep, but my heart is awake: the voice of my kinsman knocketh at the door, saying,

Open, open to me, my companion, my sister, my dove, my perfect one: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night. <sup>3</sup>I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them? <sup>4</sup>My kinsman put forth his hand by the opening, and my belly was moved for him. <sup>5</sup>I rose up to open to my kinsman; my hands dropped *with* myrrh, my fingers *with* choice myrrh, upon the handles of the lock. <sup>6</sup>I opened to my kinsman; my kinsman was gone: my soul went forth at his speech: I sought him, but found him not; I called him, but he gave me no answer. <sup>7</sup>The watchmen that go their rounds in the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me. <sup>8</sup>I have charged you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the powers and the virtues of

the field: if ye find my kinsman, what are ye to say to him? that I am wounded with love.

<sup>9</sup>What is thy kinsman more than another kinsman, O thou comely among women? what is thy kinsman more than another kinsman, that thou hast so charged us?

<sup>10</sup>My kinsman is white and ruddy, chosen out of myriads. <sup>11</sup>His head is as very fine gold, his locks are flowing, black as a raven. <sup>12</sup>His eyes are as doves by the pools of waters, washed with milk, sitting by the pools. <sup>13</sup>His cheeks are as bowls of spices pouring forth perfumes: his lips are lilies, dropping choice myrrh. <sup>14</sup>His hands are as turned gold set with beryl: his belly is an ivory tablet on a sapphire stone. <sup>15</sup>His legs are pillars of marble, set upon sockets of gold: his form is as Lebanon, choice as the cedars. <sup>16</sup>His throat is most sweet, yea, altogether desirable. This is my kinsman, and this is my companion, O daughters of Jerusalem.

## CHAPTER 6

Whither is my kinsman gone, O thou comely among women? whither hath my kinsman looked aside? and we will seek him with thee. <sup>2</sup>My kinsman is gone down to his garden, to the beds of spice, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies. <sup>3</sup>I am my kinsman's, and my kinsman is mine, who feedeth among the lilies.

<sup>4</sup>Thou art fair, my companion, as pleasure, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as armies set in array. <sup>5</sup>Turn away thine eyes from before me, for they have ravished me: thy hair is as flocks of goats that have appeared from Gilead. <sup>6</sup>Thy teeth are as flocks of shorn sheep, which are gone up from the washing, all of them bearing twins; and there is not one barren among them. <sup>7</sup>Thy lips are as a thread of scarlet, and they speech is comely: as a rind of a pomegranate is thy cheek without thy veil. <sup>8</sup>There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and maidens without number. <sup>9</sup>My dove, my perfect one is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice *one* of her that bare her. The daughters saw her, and the queens shall pronounce her blessed; yea, and the concubines, and they shall praise her. <sup>10</sup>Who is this that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, choice as the sun, terrible as armies set in array?

<sup>11</sup>I went into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine flowered, the pomegranates blossomed: there will I give thee my breasts. <sup>12</sup>My soul knew it not: it made me like the chariots of Amminadib.

## CHAPTER 7

Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, and we will look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite? She cometh as the companies of

armies. <sup>2</sup>Thy steps are beautiful in shoes, O daughter of Nadab: the joints of thy thighs are like chains, the work of the craftsman. <sup>3</sup>Thy navel is as a turned bowl, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies. <sup>4</sup>Thy two breasts are like two roes *that are* twins. <sup>5</sup>Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes are like pools in Heshbon, by the gates of the daughters of many: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus: <sup>6</sup>thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the curls of thy head like scarlet; the king is bound in the galleries. <sup>7</sup>How fair art thou, and how sweet art thou, my love! <sup>8</sup>This is thy stature in thy delights: thou wast made like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters. <sup>9</sup>I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the high boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples; <sup>10</sup>and thy throat like good wine, going well with my kinsman, suiting my lips and teeth.

<sup>11</sup>I am my kinsman's, and his turning is toward me. <sup>12</sup>Come, my kinsman, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages; <sup>13</sup>let us go early into the vineyards; let us see if the vine hath flourished, if the blossoms have appeared, if the pomegranates have blossomed: there will I give thee my breasts. <sup>14</sup>The mandrakes gave a smell, and at our doors are all manner of choice fruits, new and old: O my kinsman, I have kept them for thee.

## CHAPTER 8

O my kinsman, I would that thou wert he that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I found thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, they should not despise me. <sup>2</sup>I would take thee, I would bring thee into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranates. <sup>3</sup>His left hand *should be* under my head, and his right hand should embrace me. <sup>4</sup>I have charged ye, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the virtues of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, until he please.

<sup>5</sup>Who is this that cometh up all white, leaning upon her kinsman? I raised thee up under an appletree; there my mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth that bare thee. <sup>6</sup>Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: her shafts are shafts of fire, even the flames thereof. <sup>7</sup>Much water shall not be able to quench love, and rivers shall not drown it. If a man would give all his substance for love, they would utterly contemn him. <sup>8</sup>Our sister is little, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for? <sup>9</sup>If she be a wall, let us build upon her bulwarks of silver: and if she be a door, let us carve for her panels of cedar. <sup>10</sup>I am a wall, and my breasts like towers: I was in their eyes as one that found peace. <sup>11</sup>Solomon had a vineyard in Baal-hamon; he let out his vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver. <sup>12</sup>My vineyard, even mine, is before me; the thousand are for

Solomon, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred. <sup>13</sup>Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear it. <sup>14</sup>Flee, my kinsman, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.