

The Song of Solomon

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1 The Song of Songs, which is by Solomon. 2 [[M.]] O that he would kiss me with one of the kisses of his mouth! For thy love is better than wine. 3 Because of the savor of thy precious perfumes, (Thy name is like fragrant oil poured forth,) Therefore do the virgins love thee. 4 Draw me after thee; let us run! The king hath led me to his chambers! We will be glad and rejoice in thee; We will praise thy love more than wine. Justly do they love thee! 5 I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. 6 Gaze not upon me because I am black, Because the sun hath looked upon me! My mother's sons were angry with me; They made me keeper of the vineyards; My vineyard, my own, have I not kept. 7 Tell me, thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest thy flock, Where thou leadest it to rest at noon; For why should I be like a veiled one by the flocks of thy companions? 8 [[Lad.]] If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, Trace thou thy way by the tracks of the flock, And feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents! 9 [[Lov.]] To the horses in the chariots of Pharaoh Do I compare thee, my love! 10 Comely are thy cheeks with rows of jewels, Thy neck with strings of pearls. 11 Golden chains will we make for thee, With studs of silver. 12 [[M.]] While the king reclineth at his table, My spikenard sendeth forth its fragrance. 13 A bunch of myrrh is my beloved to me; He shall abide between my breasts. 14 My beloved is to me a cluster of henna-flowers From the gardens of Engedi. 15 [[Lov.]] Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair! Thine eyes are doves. 16 [[M.]] Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, lovely; And green is our bed. 17 The cedars are the beams of our house, And its roof the cypresses.

2 I am a rose of Sharon, A lily of the valleys. 2 [[Lov.]] As the lily among thorns, So is my love among the daughters. 3 [[M.]] As the apple-tree among the trees of the forest, So is my beloved among the sons. In his shadow I love to sit down, And his fruit is sweet to my taste. 4 He hath brought me to his banqueting-house, And his banner over me is love. Strengthen me with raisins, 5 Refresh me with apples! For I am sick with love. 6 His left hand is under my head, And his right hand embraceth me! 7 [[Lov.]] I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, By the gazelles, and by the hinds of the field, That ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till she please! 8 [[M.]] The voice of my beloved! Behold, he cometh, Leaping upon the mountains, Bounding upon the hills. 9 Like a gazelle is my beloved, Or a young hind. Behold, he standeth behind our wall; He is looking through the windows; He glanceth through the lattice. 10 My beloved speaketh, and saith to me, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away! 11 For, lo, the winter is past, The rain is over and gone; 12 The flowers appear on the earth; The time of the singing of birds is come, And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; 13 The fig-tree is spicing its green fruit; The vines in blossom give forth fragrance. Arise, my

love, my fair one, and come away! ¹⁴ O my dove, that art in the recesses of the rock, In the hiding-places of the steep craggy mountain, Let me see thy face, Let me hear thy voice! For sweet is thy voice, And thy face lovely.” ¹⁵ Take ye for us the foxes, The little foxes that spoil the vines; For our vines are now in blossom. ¹⁶ My beloved is mine, and I am his; He feedeth among the lilies. ¹⁷ When the day breathes, and the shadows flee away, Come again, my beloved, like a gazelle, or a young hind, Upon the craggy mountains.

3[[M.]] Upon my bed, in the night, I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but found him not. ² I will arise now [[said I]], and go about the city; In the streets and the broad ways will I seek him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but found him not. ³ The watchmen who go about the city found me; “Have you seen [[said I]] him whom my soul loveth?” ⁴ I had but just passed them, When I found him whom my soul loveth; I held him, and would not let him go, Till I had brought him into my mother’s house, Into the apartment of her that bore me. ⁵ [[Lov.]] I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem! By the gazelles, and by the hinds of the field, That ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till she please. ⁶ Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, Like pillars of smoke, Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, With all the powders of the merchant? ⁷ Behold, the carriage of Solomon! Threescore valiant men are around it, Of the valiant men of Israel. ⁸ They all wear swords, Being skilled in war. Every one hath his sword girt upon his thigh, On account of danger in the night. ⁹ King Solomon made for himself a carriage Of the wood of Lebanon. ¹⁰ The pillars thereof he made of silver, The railing of gold, The seat of purple, Its interior curiously wrought by a lovely one of the daughters of Jerusalem. ¹¹ Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion! And behold King Solomon In the crown with which his mother crowned him, In the day of his espousals, In the day of the gladness of his heart.

4[[Lov.]] Behold, thou art fair, my love! behold, thou art fair! Thine eyes are doves behind thy veil; Thy locks are like a flock of goats Which lie down on mount Gilead; ² Thy teeth are like a flock of shorn sheep, Which come up from the washing-place, Of which every one beareth twins, And none is barren among them; ³ Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, And thy mouth comely; Thy cheeks are like a divided pomegranate behind thy veil; ⁴ Thy neck is like the tower of David, Built for an armory, In which there hang a thousand bucklers, All shields of mighty men; ⁵ Thy two breasts are like two young twin gazelles, That feed among the lilies. ⁶ When the day breathes, and the shadows flee away, I will betake me to the mountain of myrrh And the hill of frankincense. ⁷ Thou art all fair, my love; There is no spot in thee! ⁸ Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, With me from Lebanon! Look from the top of Amana, From the top of Senir and Hermon, From the dens of the lions, From the mountains of the leopards. ⁹ Thou hast taken captive my heart, my sister, my spouse; Thou hast taken captive my heart with one of thine eyes, With one chain of thy neck. ¹⁰ How sweet is thy love, my sister,

my spouse! How much more precious thy caresses than wine, And the fragrance of thy perfumes than all spices! ¹¹ Thy lips, O my spouse! drop the honeycomb; Honey and milk are under thy tongue, And the fragrance of thy garments is as the fragrance of Lebanon. ¹² A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; A spring shut up, a fountain sealed; ¹³ Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with choicest fruits, Henna and spikenard, ¹⁴ Spikenard and saffron, Sweet cane and cinnamon, With all trees of frankincense; Myrrh and aloes, With all the chief spices; ¹⁵ A fountain of the gardens, A well of living water, A stream that floweth from Lebanon! ¹⁶ [[M.]] Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south! Blow upon my garden, That its spices may flow out! May my beloved come to his garden, And eat his pleasant fruits.

5[[Lov.]] I am come to my garden, my sister, my spouse! I gather my myrrh with my balsam, I eat my honeycomb with my honey, I drink my wine with my milk. Eat, O friends! Drink, yea, drink abundantly, my loved companions! ² [[M.]] I slept, but my heart was awake; It was the voice of my beloved, who was knocking: "Open to me, my sister, my love, My dove, my perfect one! For my head is filled with dew, And my locks with the drops of the night." ³ "I have taken off my vest [[said I]]; How shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; How shall I soil them?" ⁴ My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, And my heart was moved for him. ⁵ I rose up to open to my beloved, And my hands dropped with myrrh, And my fingers with self-flowing myrrh, upon the handles of the bolt. ⁶ I opened to my beloved; But my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone. I was not in my senses while he spake with me! I sought him, but could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer. ⁷ The watchmen that go about the city found me; They smote me, they wounded me; The keepers of the walls took away from me my veil. ⁸ I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem! If ye should find my beloved,—What will ye tell him? That I am sick with love. ⁹ [[Lad.]] What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women! What is thy beloved more than another beloved, That thus thou dost charge us? ¹⁰ [[M.]] My beloved is white and ruddy, The chief among ten thousand. ¹¹ His head is as the most fine gold; His locks waving palm-branches, Black as a raven; ¹² His eyes are doves by streams of water, Washed with milk, dwelling in fulness; ¹³ His cheeks are like a bed of balsam, Like beds of spices; His lips are lilies Dropping self-flowing myrrh; ¹⁴ His hands are gold rings set with chrysolite; His body is wrought-work of ivory, overlaid with sapphires; ¹⁵ His legs are marble pillars, resting on pedestals of fine gold; His aspect is like Lebanon, Majestic like the cedars; ¹⁶ His mouth is sweetness; His whole being, loveliness. This is my beloved, This my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem!

6[[Lad.]] Whither is thy beloved gone, thou fairest among women? Whither hath thy beloved betaken himself? That we may seek him with thee. ² [[M.]] My beloved is gone down to his garden, To the beds of balsam, To

feed in the gardens, And to gather lilies. ³ I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine; He feedeth among the lilies. ⁴ Beautiful art thou, my love, as Tirzah, Lovely as Jerusalem; But terrible as an army with banners. ⁵ Turn away thine eyes from me! They overpower me! Thy locks are like a flock of goats, Which lie down upon Gilead. ⁶ Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep, Which come up from the washing-place, Of which every one hath twins, And none is barren among them. ⁷ As a divided pomegranate Are thy cheeks behind thy veil. ⁸ Threescore are the queens, and fourscore the concubines, And the maidens without number. ⁹ But my dove, my undefiled, is the one; She is the incomparable one of her mother, The darling of her that bore her. The daughters saw her, and blessed her; The queens and concubines, and they praised her. ¹⁰ [[Lov.]] Who is this that looketh forth like the morning, Fair as the moon, bright as the sun, And terrible as an army with banners? ¹¹ [[M.]] I went down into the garden of nuts, To see the green plants of the valley, To see whether the vine blossomed, And the pomegranates budded. ¹² Or ever I was aware, My soul had made me like the chariots of the prince's train. ¹³ [[Lad.]] Return, return, O Shulamite! Return, return, that we may look upon thee! [[M.]] Why should ye look upon the Shulamite, As upon a dance of the hosts?

⁷[[Lov.]] How beautiful are thy feet in sandals, O prince's daughter! The roundings of thy hips are like neck ornaments, The work of the hands of the artificer; ² Thy navel is like a round goblet, that wanteth not the spiced wine; Thy belly like a heap of wheat, inclosed with lilies; ³ Thy two breasts are like two young twin gazelles; ⁴ Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; Thine eyes are like the pools at Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim; Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus; ⁵ Thy head upon thee is like Carmel, And the hair of thy head like purple; The king is captivated by thy locks. ⁶ How fair, how pleasant art thou, love, in delights! ⁷ This thy stature is like the palm-tree, And thy breasts like clusters of dates. ⁸ I will go up, say I to myself, upon the palm-tree; I will take hold of its boughs, And thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, And the fragrance of thy nose like apples, ⁹ And thy mouth like the best wine— [[M.]] — that goeth down smoothly for my beloved, Flowing over the lips of them that sleep. ¹⁰ I am my beloved's, And his desire is toward me. ¹¹ Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the country; Let us lodge in the villages! ¹² Then will we go early to the vineyards, To see whether the vine putteth forth, Whether its blossom openeth, And the pomegranates bud forth; There will I give thee my love! ¹³ The love-apples give forth fragrance; And at our doors are all kinds of precious fruits, new and old: I have kept them for thee, my beloved!

⁸⁰ that thou wert as my brother, That sucked the breast of my mother! When I found thee abroad, I might kiss thee; And for it no one would deride me. ² I will lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, that thou mayst teach me; I will give thee spiced wine to drink, and the juice of my