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Song of Songs

Introduction

The *Song of Songs* is about courtship, love, and marriage, and tells about the happiness of a man and woman due to their love. The characters in this document are the groom, the bride, and Yerushalem's young women and young men.
The story from the Song of Songs can also be seen as an illustration of God's love for his people, and looking back from the Messianic Update (the New Testament), his love for followers of Yeshua, going even further about Yeshua and his bride, the church.

Main components of this document

The first song *1:1–2:7*
The second song *2:8–3:5*
The third song *3:6–5:1*
The fourth song *5:2–6:3*
The fifth song *6:4–8:4*
The sixth song *8:5-14*

Lighter type marks additions. Underscores join parts of a single source word.
Struck words are untranslated. The ◘ sign marks a verse with no text.
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Readers' Version

1:1 The song to beat all songs by Shelomoh (Solomon).[1]

The bride **The first song**

2 Let him kiss me on the lips,
because your caresses are better than wine.
3 As for the fragrance of your perfumes—they're good.
Your reputation is like fragrant oil
so the eligible young women love you.
4 Take me with you—let's run.
May the king has brought me to his bedroom.
Yerushalem's young women
Let's be happy and celebrate with you.
We will praise your love more than wine.
The bride
It's right that they love you.
5 I am black but lovely, daughters of Yerushalem (Jerusalem),
like the tents in Kedar.
Like Shelomoh's (Solomon's) palace curtains.
6 Don't look at me, that I'm black.
That the sun scorched me.
My brothers were angry with me.
They forced me to look after our vineyards—
but I haven't maintained my own vineyard.
7 Declare to me, you who my heart loves.
Where do you graze?
Where do you make your flocks lie down at noontime?
Why should I be like a woman who covers herself beside your companions' flocks?
The groom
8 If you don't know, most beautiful among women,
follow the footprints of the flock,
and graze your young goats beside the shepherds' tents.
9 I liken you, my darling,
to a mare walking among Par'oh's (Pharaoh's) stallions hitched to chariots.
10 Your cheeks are beautiful with earrings.
Your neck is beautiful with necklaces.
Yerushalem's young women
11 We'll make gold earrings
with silver studs.
The bride
12 While the king was on his couch,
my perfume gave off its fragrance.
13 My dearest is like a perfume sachet
that stays between my breasts.
14 My dearest is like a cluster of henna blossoms to me,
in the Eyn-Gedi vineyards.
The groom
15 Wow, you're beautiful, my darling.
Look at you, beautiful, with your doves' eyes.
The bride
16 Look at you. You're handsome, my dearest, truly pleasant.
Indeed, our couch is comfortable.
17 The beams of our house are cedar.
Our rafters are pine.
2:1 I'm a wildflower of Sharon.
A lily of the valleys.
The groom
2 My darling is among the young women
like a lily among the thorns.
The bride
3 Like an apple tree among the trees in the forest,
so is my dearest among the young men.
In his shadow I greatly delighted, and I sat,
and his fruit is sweet to my taste.
4 He brought me to the house of food and wine
and his desire for me is to show love.
5 Sustain me with raisin cakes.
Refresh me with apples,
because I'm weak with love.
6 His left hand is under my head,
^and his right arm embraces me.
7 Promise me, you young women from Yerushalem (Jerusalem)
by the female gazelles or the does in the countryside,
don't awaken or stir love until it's the right time.
The bride **The second song**
8 Listen, my dearest is coming,
leaping over the mountains,

1 RV 1:1 · Cross-ref. 1Ki 4:32.

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jumping over the hills.
9 My dearest is being like a gazelle or a young stag.
Look, that one is standing behind our wall,
gazing through the windows—
looking through the lattices.
10 My dearest answered and said to me,
"Stand up, my darling, my beauty, and come,
11 because, look, the winter is over.
The rain has passed—
it went away.
12 Blossoms have appeared across the land.
The time of birds tweeting has arrived,
and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land.
13 The fig tree ripens its green figs,
and the grapevines are in blossom.
They give off a scent.
Stand up, my beautiful darling and come.
14 My dove, in the holes in the rocks,
in the hiding places of the cliff,
Show me your appearance,
make me hear your voice,
because your voice is sweet, and you look lovely.
15 Catch the foxes for us—
the little foxes that destroy the vineyards,
and our vineyards are in blossom.
The bride

The woman's dream

16 My dearest belongs to me and I belong to him—
the man grazing among the lilies.
17 Until the daylight arrives and the shadows flee, turn.
My dearest resembles a gazelle or a young stag on the rugged mountains.
3:1 On my bed in the night, I search for the one that my soul loves.
I searched for him, but I didn't find him.
2 I'll get up now and go about in the city—
in the streets and in the town squares.
I will search for the man who my soul loves.
I looked for him, but I didn't find him.
3 The guards going around in the city found me:
"Have you seen the man whom my soul loves?"
4 I'd hardly passed by the guards
when I found him whom my soul loves.
I held him and I wouldn't let him go
until I'd brought him to my mother's house
and to the room of the woman who conceived me.
5 I strongly advise you, young women of Yerushalem (Jerusalem),
by the female gazelles or the does in the countryside,
don't awaken or stir love until it pleases.
The bride

The third song

6 Who's that coming up from the wilderness like columns of smoke—
fragrant smoke of myrrh and frankincense from all the merchant's powders?
7 Look, it's his chair carried on poles.
It belongs to Shelomoh (Solomon) and sixty Israeli warriors surround it.
8 Each of them is studied in war and holding a sword.
Each one has his sword at his thigh against the dangers in the nights.
9 King Shelomoh had a chair carried on poles made for himself
from the trees from Levanon.
10 Its posts were made of silver, its back, gold, and its seat, purple cloth.
Its interior was decorated with love by Yerushalem's (Jerusalem's) young women.
11 Go out and look, young women of Tsiyon (Zion), at King Shelomoh.
Look at the crown his mother crowned him with
on the day of his wedding—
on the day that his heart was filled with happiness.
The groom
4:1 Wow, you're beautiful, my darling.
Look, at you, so beautiful.
Your eyes are doves from behind your veil.
Your hair is like a flock of goats that hop down from the slopes of Gilead.
2 Your teeth are like a flock of shorn sheep that have come up from the washing,
all of which have identical pairs and none of them have been lost.

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3 Your lips are like a scarlet thread and your mouth is lovely.
Your cheeks are like a slice of pomegranate from behind your veil.
4 Your neck is like the tower of David that's built of layers—
a thousand shields hanging on it—all the shields of the warriors.
5 Your two breasts are like two fawns—
twins of a gazelle grazing among the lilies.
6 Until the daylight arrives and the shadows flee,
I myself will go to the mountain of myrrh
and to the hill of frankincense.
7 All of you is beautiful, my darling,
and you don't have any flaws.
8 Come with me from Levanon, my bride.
Descend from the top of Amanah,
from the top of Senir and Hermon,
from the hiding places of lions,
from the mountains of leopards.
9 You have enchanted my heart, my girlfriend, my bride.
You've enchanted my heart with one look from your eyes—
with one jewel from your necklace.
10 How your love is beautiful, my girlfriend, my bride.
How your love is better than wine
and the smell of your oils is nicer than all spices.
11 Your lips drip with nectar, my bride.
Honey and milk are under your tongue,
and your clothes smell nice like Levanon's forests.
12 My girlfriend, my bride, is a locked garden,
a locked spring, a sealed fountain.
13 Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranate trees with delicious fruits,
and henna and nard spice plants,
14 nard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees used for incense,
myrrh and aloes, with all the best spices,
15 a fountain of gardens,
a well of living waters,
and streams flowing down from Levanon.
The bride
16 Wake up, north wind, and come, south wind.
Blow on my garden and let its spices flow.
Let my dearest come to his garden and eat its delicious fruit.
The groom
5:1 I have come to my garden, my girlfriend, my bride.
I've plucked my myrrh with my spice.
I've eaten my honeycomb with my honey.
I've drunk my wine with my milk.
Yerushalem's young women
Eat, friends,
drink, and drink freely, dear ones.

The fourth song

The bride
2 I'm asleep, but my heart is awake.
A sound—my dearest is knocking.
The groom
"Open to me, my girlfriend, my darling, my dove, my perfect one,
because my head is full of dew—
my hair is wet with the night dampness."
The bride
3 "I've already undressed—do I have to get dressed again?
I've washed my feet—won't I get them dirty now?"
4 My dearest stretched out his hand through the hole
and my stomach tightened when I saw him.
5 I got myself up to open to my dearest and my hands dripped with myrrh.
My fingers dripped with flowing myrrh on the arm of the bolt.
6 I opened the door to my dearest,
but my dearest had turned and gone.
My stomach sunk because he'd left.
I searched for him, but I couldn't find him.
I called him, but he didn't answer me.
7 The guards going about in the city found me.
They beat me and wounded me.
The guards of the walls took my shawl off me.
8 I adjure you, young women of Yerushalem (Jerusalem):
if you find my dearest, what will you tell him?
Tell him that I'm sick with love.

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Yerushalem's young women
9 Most beautiful among women, how is your dearest better than another darling?
What is your dearest more than another, that you adjure us like that?
The bride
10 My dearest is dazzling and red—
→he would stand out among ten thousand.
11 His head is gold, refined gold.
His hair is wavy, and black like the raven.
12 His eyes are like doves beside streams of water,
bathing in milk, sitting beside the pools.
13 His cheeks are like a bed of spices—like towers where aromatic herbs are hung.
His lips are lilies—dripping with flowing myrrh.
14 His arms are rods of gold mounted with topaz stones.
His belly is a plate of ivory covered with sapphires.
15 His thighs are pillars of alabaster set on bases of refined gold.
His appearance is like Levanon—as attractive as the cedar trees.
16 His mouth is most sweet,
and all of him is most desirable.
This is my dearest, and this is my friend,
young women of Yerushalem (Jerusalem).
Yerushalem's young women
6:1 Where did he go, your dearest, most beautiful woman among women?
Where did he turn, your dearest—let us join you in looking for him.
The bride
2 My dearest went down to his garden, to the beds of spices,
→in order to graze in the gardens and in order to gather lilies.
3 I belong to my dearest, and my dearest belongs to me.
He grazes among the lilies.
The groom

The fifth song

4 You are beautiful, my darling, like Tirtsah,
lovely like Yerushalem (Jerusalem),
awe-inspiring like armies marching with banners.
5 Turn your eyes away from me, because they excite me.
Your hair is like a flock of goats that hop down from Mt. Gilead.
6 Your teeth are like a flock of ewes that have come up from the washing,
all of which have twin lambs and none of them have died.
7 Your cheeks are like a slice of a pomegranate from behind your veil.
8 He has sixty queens, and eighty concubines,
and young women without number.
9 She's special, my dove, my perfect one.
She's special to her mother—perfect to the woman who bore her.
The young women saw her and called her blessed.
The queens and the concubines praised her:
10 "Who is that, the woman who looks down like the dawn,
beautiful like the moon,
pure like the sun,
awe-inspiring like armies marching with banners?"
11 I went down to the nut tree garden to look at the green shoots of the valley
to see if the grapevine had budded?
Had the pomegranates bloomed?
12 Before I realised it,
my desire had put me among my people's chariots, a leading citizen.
Yerushalem's young women
13 Return, return, woman from Shulam.
Return, return and let us look at you.
The bride
Why do you look at the Shulamit
like the dance of two armies?
The groom
7:1 Your feet are so beautiful in sandals, daughter of a noble.
The curves of your thighs are like ornaments—the work of a craftsman's hands.
2 Your navel is like a round bowl
that never lacks spiced wine.
Your belly is like a pile of threshed wheat
encircled with lily flowers.
3 Your two breasts are like two fawns—

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a gazelle's twins.
4 Your neck is like a tower of ivory.
Your eyes are pools in Heshbon
by the gate of Bat Rabbim.
Your nose is like the tower of Levanon,
looking to the face of Damesek (Damascus).
5 Your head crowns you like Mt. Karmel,
and the loose hair of your head is like purple robes—
a king is held captive in their tresses.
6 You're so beautiful and so lovely—
you're love with added delights!
7 You're tall like a palm tree,
and your breasts like its clusters of dates.
8 I said, "I'll go up the palm tree.
I'll grab hold of its stalks of fruit."
And, please, let your breasts be like the clusters on the grapevine,
and let the fragrance of your nose be like apples,
9 and let your mouth be like the best wine
going down smoothly for my dearest—
gliding over the lips of those who sleep.
The bride
10 I belong to my dearest
and his longing is for me.
11 Come, my dearest, let's go out to the countryside.
Let's spend the night in the villages.
12 Let's go early to the vineyards.
We'll see if the grapevine has budded,
if the blossoms have opened,
and if the pomegranates have bloomed.
There I'll give my love to you.
13 The mandrakes give off a scent,
and over our doors are all kinds of choice dried fruits—
new ones and also old ones.
My dearest, I've stored these up for you.
8:1 Who will give you to me like a brother,
who nursed at my mother's breasts?
If I found you outside, I would kiss you.
Yes, they wouldn't despise me.
2 I would lead you.
I would bring you to my mother's house—she who taught me.
I would have you drink some spiced wine,
and some of my pomegranate juice.
3 His left hand is under my head
and his right hand embraces me.
4 I adjure you, young women of Yerushalem (Jerusalem),
don't awaken and stir up love until it desires.
Yerushalem's young women

The sixth song

5 Who is that coming up from the wilderness,
leaning against her dearest?
The bride
Under the apple tree I awakened you.
Your mother was in labour with you there.
There she was in labour—she gave birth to you.
6 Place me like the seal on your heart,
like the seal on your arm,
because live is strong like death.
Zeal is unyielding like the grave.
Its flashes are flashes of fire—Yah's flame.
7 Many waters aren't able to quench this love
and rivers can't drown it.
If a man would give all the family's wealth in exchange for love,
he'd be utterly despised.
Bride's older brothers
8 We have a young sister—
small and without her breasts developed.
What will we do for our sister
on the day when she is spoken for?
9 If she's a wall,[2] we'll build a silver turret on her.
And if she is a door, we'll protect her with cedar planks.
The bride
10 I was a wall and my breasts were like towers.
Then, in his eyes, I was like a person who finds peace.
11 There was a vineyard for Shelomoh (Solomon) at Ba'al-Hamon.

2 RV 8:9 · Note Some consider these analogies to refer to her (still young) flat chest, others to a wall/door protecting her virginity.

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He gave the vineyard to keepers.
Each person brought a thousand silver coins
in exchange for its fruit.
12 My own vineyard is right in front of me.
Those thousand coins belong to you, Shelomoh,
and the two hundred belong to the people
who are keepers of its fruit.

The groom
13 You, the one residing in the gardens:
my companions are listening intently for your voice—
let me hear it.
The bride
14 Flee, my dearest, and be like a gazelle
or a young stag on the mountains of spices.

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