

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 thy love is better than wine.
- ³ Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.
- ⁴ Draw me, we will run *after* thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love *more* than wine: the upright love thee.
- ⁵ I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.
- ⁶ Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine *own* vineyard have I not kept.
- ⁷ Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?
- ⁸ If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.
- ⁹ I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.
- ¹⁰ Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold.
- ¹¹ We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver.
- ¹² While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.
- ¹³ A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.
- ¹⁴ My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi.
- ¹⁵ Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes.
- ¹⁶ Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed is green.
- ¹⁷ The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.

Song of Solomon 2

- ¹ I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.
- ² As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.
- ³ As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat *down under* his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
- ⁴ He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.
- ⁵ Stay me with flavons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.
- ⁶ His left hand is *under* my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.
- ⁷ I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.
- ⁸ The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
- ⁹ My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth *behind* our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.
- ¹⁰ My beloved spake, and said unto 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 putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
- ¹⁴ O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.
- ¹⁵ **Take us the foxes, the *little* foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.**
- ¹⁶ My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies.
- ¹⁷ Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of **Bether**.

Song of Solomon 3

- ¹ By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.
- ² I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.
- ³ The watchmen that go about the city found me: to whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?
- ⁴ It was but a *little* that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.
- ⁵ I charge you, O ye daughters of **Jerusalem**, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.
- ⁶ Who is this that cometh *out* of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with *all* powders of the merchant?
- ⁷ Behold his bed, which is **Solomon's**; threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of **Israel**.
- ⁸ They *all* hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.
- ⁹ King **Solomon** made himself a chariot of the wood of **Lebanon**.
- ¹⁰ He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of **Jerusalem**.
- ¹¹ Go forth, O 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.

Song of Solomon 4

- ¹ Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead.
- ² Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came *up* from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.
- ³ Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is *comely*: thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.
- ⁴ Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, *all shields of mighty men*.
- ⁵ Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.
- ⁶ Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to 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 Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.
- ⁹ 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.
- ¹⁰ How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! how *much* better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than *all spices*!
- ¹¹ Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are *under* thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell 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 pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,
- ¹⁴ Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with *all trees* of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with *all the chief spices*:
- ¹⁵ A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.
- ¹⁶ Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

Song of Solomon 5

- ¹ I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink *abundantly*, O beloved.
- ² I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.
- ³ I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?
- ⁴ My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him.
- ⁵ I rose up to open to my beloved; and my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.
- ⁶ I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had *withdrawn* himself, and was gone: my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.
- ⁷ The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.
- ⁸ I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love.
- ⁹ What is thy beloved *more* than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? what is thy beloved *more* than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?
- ¹⁰ My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.
- ¹¹ His head is as the *most fine* gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven.
- ¹² His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.
- ¹³ His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers: his lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.
- ¹⁴ His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl: his belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.
- ¹⁵ His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.
- ¹⁶ His mouth is *most sweet*: yea, he is *altogether lovely*. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

Song of Solomon 6

- ¹ Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned *aside*? that we may seek him with thee.
- ² My beloved is gone *down* into his garden, to the beds of spices, 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 Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, *comely* as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.
- ⁵ Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have *overcome* me: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.
- ⁶ Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go *up* from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them.
- ⁷ As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.
- ⁸ There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number.
- ⁹ My dove, my undefiled 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 blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.
- ¹⁰ Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?
- ¹¹ I went *down* into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished and the pomegranates budded.
- ¹² Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib.
- ¹³ Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies.

Song of Solomon 7

- ¹ How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman.
- ² Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies.
- ³ Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.
- ⁴ Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh *toward* Damascus.
- ⁵ Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king is held in the galleries.
- ⁶ How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!
- ⁷ This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes.
- ⁸ I said, I will go *up* to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples;
- ⁹ And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved, that goeth *down* sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.
- ¹⁰ I am my beloved's, and his desire is *toward* me.
- ¹¹ Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages.
- ¹² Let us get *up early* to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves.
- ¹³ The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are *all* manner of pleasant fruits, *new* and *old*, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

Song of Solomon 8

- ¹ O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised.
- ² I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate.
- ³ His left hand should be *under* my head, and his right hand should embrace me.
- ⁴ I charge you, O daughters of **Jerusalem**, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, until he please.
- ⁵ Who is this that cometh *up* from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee *up under* the apple tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth that bare thee.
- ⁶ **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**: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a *most vehement flame*.
- ⁷ *Many waters cannot quench love*, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give *all* the substance of his house for love, it would *utterly* be contemned.
- ⁸ We have a *little* sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be *spoken for*?
- ⁹ If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.
- ¹⁰ I am a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.
- ¹¹ **Solomon** had a vineyard at **Baalhamon**; he let out the vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.
- ¹² My vineyard, which is mine, is *before* me: thou, O **Solomon**, must have a thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.
- ¹³ Thou that dweldest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear it.
- ¹⁴ Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.