

Song of Solomon

The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's. O that you would kiss me with the
kisses of your mouth! For your love is better than wine, your anointing oils
are fragrant, your name is oil poured out; therefore the maidens love you.
Draw me after you, let us make haste. The king has brought me into his
5 chambers. We will exult and rejoice in you; we will extol your love more
than wine; rightly do they love you. I am very dark, but comely, O
daughters of Jerusalem, like the tents of Kedar, like the curtains of Solomon.
Do not gaze at me because I am swarthy, because the sun has scorched me.
My mother's sons were angry with me, they made me keeper of the
10 vineyards; but, my own vineyard I have not kept! Tell me, you whom my
soul loves, where you pasture your flock, where you make it lie down at
noon; for why should I be like one who wanders beside the flocks of your
companions? If you do not know, O fairest among women, follow in the
tracks of the flock, and pasture your kids beside the shepherds' tents. I
15 compare you, my love, to a mare of Pharaoh's chariots. Your cheeks are
comely with ornaments, your neck with strings of jewels. We will make you
ornaments of gold, studded with silver. While the king was on his couch, my
nard gave forth its fragrance. My beloved is to me a bag of myrrh, that lies
between my breasts. My beloved is to me a cluster of henna blossoms in the
20 vineyards of Enge'di. Behold, you are beautiful, my love; behold, you are

beautiful; your eyes are doves. Behold, you are beautiful, my beloved, truly
lovely. Our couch is green; the beams of our house are cedar, our rafters are
pine. I am a rose of Sharon, a lily of the valleys. As a lily among brambles,
so is my love among maidens. As an apple tree among the trees of the
5 wood, so is my beloved among young men. With great delight I sat in his
shadow, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the
banqueting house, and his banner over me was love. Sustain me with raisins,
refresh me with apples; for I am sick with love. O that his left hand were
under my head, and that his right hand embraced me! I adjure you, O
10 daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles or the hinds of the field, that you
stir not up nor awaken love until it please. The voice of my beloved!
Behold, he comes, leaping upon the mountains, bounding over the hills. My
beloved is like a gazelle, or a young stag. Behold, there he stands behind
our wall, gazing in at the windows, looking through the lattice. My beloved
15 speaks and says to me: "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away; for
lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the
earth, the time of singing has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard
in our land. The fig tree puts forth its figs, and the vines are in blossom;
they give forth fragrance. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. O
20 my dove, in the clefts of the rock, in the covert of the cliff, let me see your

face, let me hear your voice, for your voice is sweet, and your face is
comely. Catch us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vineyards, for our
vineyards are in blossom." My beloved is mine and I am his, he pastures his
flock among the lilies. Until the day breathes and the shadows flee, turn, my
5 beloved, be like a gazelle, or a young stag upon rugged mountains. Upon my
bed by night I sought him whom my soul loves; I sought him, but found
him not; I called him, but he gave no answer. "I will rise now and go about
the city, in the streets and in the squares; I will seek him whom my soul
loves." I sought him, but found him not. The watchmen found me, as they
10 went about in the city. "Have you seen him whom my soul loves?" Scarcely
had I passed them, when I found him whom my soul loves. 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. I adjure you, O daughters of
Jerusalem, by the gazelles or the hinds of the field, that you stir not up nor
15 awaken love until it please. What is that coming up from the wilderness, like
a column of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the
fragrant powders of the merchant? Behold, it is the litter of Solomon! About
it are sixty mighty men of the mighty men of Israel, all girt with swords
and expert in war, each with his sword at his thigh, against alarms by night.
20 King Solomon made himself a palanquin from the wood of Lebanon. He

made its posts of silver, its back of gold, its seat of purple; it was lovingly wrought within by the daughters of Jerusalem. Go forth, O daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon, with the crown with which his mother crowned him on the day of his wedding, on the day of the gladness of his heart. Behold, you are beautiful, my love, behold, you are beautiful! Your eyes are doves behind your veil. Your hair is like a flock of goats, moving down the slopes of Gilead. Your teeth are like a flock of shorn ewes that have come up from the washing, all of which bear twins, and not one among them is bereaved. Your lips are like a scarlet thread, and your mouth is lovely. Your cheeks are like halves of a pomegranate behind your veil. Your neck is like the tower of David, built for an arsenal, whereon hang a thousand bucklers, all of them shields of warriors. Your two breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle, that feed among the lilies. Until the day breathes and the shadows flee, I will hie me to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense. You are all fair, my love; there is no flaw in you. Come with me from Lebanon, my bride; come with me from Lebanon. Depart from the peak of Ama'na, from the peak of Senir and Hermon, from the dens of lions, from the mountains of leopards. You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride, you have ravished my heart with a glance of your eyes, with one jewel of your necklace. How sweet is your love, my sister,

my bride! how much better is your love than wine, and the fragrance of
your oils than any spice! Your lips distil nectar, my bride; honey and milk
are under your tongue; the scent of your garments is like the scent of
Lebanon. A garden locked is my sister, my bride, a garden locked, a
5 fountain sealed. Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates with all choicest
fruits, henna with nard, nard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all
trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes, with all chief spices-- a garden
fountain, a well of living water, and flowing streams from Lebanon. Awake,
O north wind, and come, O south wind! Blow upon my garden, let its
10 fragrance be wafted abroad. Let my beloved come to his garden, and eat its
choicest fruits. I come to my garden, my sister, my bride, I gather my myrrh
with my spice, I eat my honeycomb with my honey, I drink my wine with
my milk. Eat, O friends, and drink: drink deeply, O lovers! I slept, but my
heart was awake. Hark! my beloved is knocking. "Open to me, my sister, my
15 love, my dove, my perfect one; for my head is wet with dew, my locks with
the drops of the night." I had put off my garment, how could I put it on? I
had bathed my feet, how could I soil them? My beloved put his hand to the
latch, and my heart was thrilled within me. I arose to open to my beloved,
and my hands dripped with myrrh, my fingers with liquid myrrh, upon the
20 handles of the bolt. I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had turned and

gone. My soul failed me when he spoke. I sought him, but found him not; I
called him, but he gave no answer. The watchmen found me, as they went
about in the city; they beat me, they wounded me, they took away my
mantle, those watchmen of the walls. I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
5 if you find my beloved, that you tell him I am sick with love. What is your
beloved more than another beloved, O fairest among women? What is your
beloved more than another beloved, that you thus adjure us? My beloved is
all radiant and ruddy, distinguished among ten thousand. His head is the
finest gold; his locks are wavy, black as a raven. His eyes are like doves
10 beside springs of water, bathed in milk, fitly set. His cheeks are like beds of
spices, yielding fragrance. His lips are lilies, distilling liquid myrrh. His arms
are rounded gold, set with jewels. His body is ivory work, encrusted with
sapphires. His legs are alabaster columns, set upon bases of gold. His
appearance is like Lebanon, choice as the cedars. His speech is most sweet,
15 and he is altogether desirable. This is my beloved and this is my friend, O
daughters of Jerusalem. Whither has your beloved gone, O fairest among
women? Whither has your beloved turned, that we may seek him with you?
My beloved has gone down to his garden, to the beds of spices, to pasture
his flock in the gardens, and to gather lilies. I am my beloved's and my
20 beloved is mine; he pastures his flock among the lilies. You are beautiful as

Tirzah, my love, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners. Turn
away your eyes from me, for they disturb me--Your hair is like a flock of
goats, moving down the slopes of Gilead. Your teeth are like a flock of
ewes, that have come up from the washing, all of them bear twins, not one
5 among them is bereaved. Your cheeks are like halves of a pomegranate
behind your veil. There are sixty queens and eighty concubines, and maidens
without number. My dove, my perfect one, is only one, the darling of her
mother, flawless to her that bore her. The maidens saw her and called her
happy; the queens and concubines also, and they praised her. "Who is this
10 that looks forth like the dawn, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as
an army with banners?" I went down to the nut orchard, to look at the
blossoms of the valley, to see whether the vines had budded, whether the
pomegranates were in bloom. Before I was aware, my fancy set me in a
chariot beside my prince. Return, return, O Shu'ammite, return, return, that
15 we may look upon you. Why should you look upon the Shu'ammite, as
upon a dance before two armies? How graceful are your feet in sandals, O
queenly maiden! Your rounded thighs are like jewels, the work of a master
hand. Your navel is a rounded bowl that never lacks mixed wine. Your belly
is a heap of wheat, encircled with lilies. Your two breasts are like two
20 fawns, twins of a gazelle. Your neck is like an ivory tower. Your eyes are

pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rab'bim. Your nose is like a tower of
Lebanon, overlooking Damascus. Your head crowns you like Carmel, and
your flowing locks are like purple; a king is held captive in the tresses. How
fair and pleasant you are, O loved one, delectable maiden! You are stately as
5 a palm tree, and your breasts are like its clusters. I say I will climb the
palm tree and lay hold of its branches. Oh, may your breasts be like clusters
of the vine, and the scent of your breath like apples, and your kisses like
the best wine that goes down smoothly, gliding over lips and teeth. I am my
beloved's, and his desire is for me. Come, my beloved, let us go forth into
10 the fields, and lodge in the villages; let us go out early to the vineyards, and
see whether the vines have budded, whether the grape blossoms have opened
and the pomegranates are in bloom. There I will give you my love. The
mandrakes give forth fragrance, and over our doors are all choice fruits, new
as well as old, which I have laid up for you, O my beloved. O that you
15 were like a brother to me, that nursed at my mother's breast! If I met you
outside, I would kiss you, and none would despise me. I would lead you and
bring you into the house of my mother, and into the chamber of her that
conceived me. I would give you spiced wine to drink, the juice of my
pomegranates. O that his left hand were under my head, and that his right
20 hand embraced me! I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that you stir not

up nor awaken love until it please. Who is that coming up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? Under the apple tree I awakened you. There your mother was in travail with you, there she who bore you was in travail. Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm; for love

5 is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave. Its flashes are flashes of fire, a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it. If a man offered for love all the wealth of his house, it would be utterly scorned. We have a little sister, and she has no breasts. What shall we do for our sister, on the day when she is spoken for? If she

10 is a wall, we will build upon her a battlement of silver; but if she is a door, we will enclose her with boards of cedar. I was a wall, and my breasts were like towers; then I was in his eyes as one who brings peace. Solomon had a vineyard at Ba'al-ha'mon; he let out the vineyard to keepers; each one was to bring for its fruit a thousand pieces of silver. My vineyard,

15 my very own, is for myself; you, O Solomon, may have the thousand, and the keepers of the fruit two hundred. O you who dwell in the gardens, my companions are listening for your voice; let me hear it. Make haste, my beloved, and be like a gazelle or a young stag upon the mountains of spices.*

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