

# THE SONG OF SOLOMON

## Conversational Yahveh Covenant

### 1:1 Solomon's Song of Songs

Bride

<sup>2</sup> *"Please kiss me! Your love is better than wine.*

<sup>3</sup> *Your anointing oils have a pleasing fragrance;  
your name is like purified oil;  
that's why the young women love you.*

<sup>4</sup> *Take me with you; let's hurry off together!  
The king will take me to his rooms.*

**S of S 1:1-4**

Friends

*"We'll celebrate with you and be happy;  
we'll praise your love more than wine.  
they're right in loving you.*

Bride

<sup>5</sup> *"I'm black, but beautiful, young women of Jerusalem,  
like the tents of Kedar, like the curtains of Solomon.*

<sup>6</sup> *Don't stare at me because I'm dark,  
because the sun has darkened my skin.*

*My mother's sons were mad at me;  
they made me take care of vineyards,  
I've neglected my own vineyard.*

<sup>7</sup> *You that I love, tell me  
where you pasture your flock,  
where you have them lie down at noon."*

Groom

<sup>8</sup> *"If you don't know, most beautiful woman,  
follow the flock's tracks,  
and pasture your young goats by the shepherds' tents.*

**S of S 1:5-8**

<sup>9</sup> *"My darling, to me you're like my mare among Pharaoh's chariots.*

<sup>10</sup> *Your cheeks are lovely with earrings,  
and your neck pretty with strings of beads."*

Friends

<sup>11</sup> *"We'll make you gold earrings with silver beads."*

Bride

<sup>12</sup>“While the king was on his couch,  
my perfume floated out its scent.  
<sup>13</sup>My beloved is to me a pouch of myrrh  
that lies all night between my breasts.  
<sup>14</sup>My beloved is to me a cluster of henna blossoms  
in the vineyards of En-gedi.” **S of S 1:9-14**

Groom

<sup>15</sup>“My darling, you’re so beautiful!  
You’re so lovely!  
Your eyes are like doves.”

Bride

<sup>16</sup>“How handsome you are, my beloved, and so pleasant!  
Our couch is luxurious!  
<sup>17</sup>The beams in our houses are cedar;  
our rafters are fir.” **S of S 1:15-17**

<sup>2:1</sup>“I’m a rose of Sharon, a lily of the valley.”

Groom

<sup>2</sup>“My darling among young women is  
like a lily among thorns.”

Bride

<sup>3</sup>“My beloved among young men is  
like an apricot tree in the forest.  
I took great delight in its shade and sat down,  
and its fruit tasted sweet.  
<sup>4</sup>He has taken me to his banquet hall,  
and love is his banner above me.  
<sup>5</sup>Sustain me with raisin cakes,  
refresh me with apples, because I’m lovesick.  
<sup>6</sup>Let his left hand be under my head,  
and his right hand embrace me.” **S of S 2:1-6**

Groom

<sup>7</sup>“I want you to swear, young women of Jerusalem,  
by the gazelles or hinds in the field,  
that you won’t wake up my love till she’s ready.”

Bride

<sup>8</sup>“Listen! My beloved! Look, he’s coming,  
jumping across the mountains, leaping over the hills!  
<sup>9</sup>My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag.

*It's standing behind our wall;  
looking in the windows;  
staring through the lattice.*

**S of S 2:7-9**

<sup>10</sup>*"My beloved answered me,  
'Get up, my darling, my beautiful one,  
and come along.*

<sup>11</sup>*Winter's over; the rains have come and gone.*

<sup>12</sup>*Flowers are coming out;  
it's time to sing;  
we can hear the turtledove.*

<sup>13</sup>*Fig trees have ripened their figs;  
vines in blossom are giving off their scent.  
Get up, my darling, my beautiful one,  
and come along with me!*

<sup>14</sup>*My dove, in the cleft of the rock,  
in the secret place by the steep path,  
let me see you; let me hear you;  
because your singing is sweet,  
your looks are lovely.'*

**S of S 2:10-14**

<sup>15</sup>*"Catch the foxes for us,  
the little foxes that are ruining the vineyards  
that are in bloom.*

<sup>16</sup>*My beloved's mine, and I'm his;  
he pastures his flock among the lilies.*

<sup>17</sup>*Till the evening breeze comes and shadows recede,  
turn, my beloved, and be like a gazelle  
or a young stag on the mountains."*

**S of S 2:15-17**

Bride

<sup>3:1</sup>*"In bed night after night I sought the one I love;  
I looked for him but didn't find him.*

<sup>2</sup>*I need to get up and look around the city;  
in the streets and squares  
I have to find the one I love.'  
I looked for him, but didn't find him.*

<sup>3</sup>*The watchmen that make their rounds in the city met me; I said,  
'Have you seen the one I love?'*

<sup>4</sup>*I had just left them when I found him.*

*I held onto him and wouldn't let him go,  
till I'd brought him to my mother's house,  
to the room where she conceived me."*

**S of S 3:1-4**

Groom

<sup>5</sup>*"I want you to swear, young women of Jerusalem,  
by the gazelles or hinds in the field,  
that you won't wake up my love till she's ready."*

Friends

<sup>6</sup>*"What's this coming up from the countryside  
like columns of smoke,  
perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,  
with all the merchant's scented powders?  
<sup>7</sup>It's Solomon's portable couch,  
with 60 of Israel's mighty men around it.  
<sup>8</sup>All of them are swordsmen, expert in war;  
each with his sword at his side,  
guarding against the dangers at night.  
<sup>9</sup>King Solomon has made an enclosed portable chair  
from wood in Lebanon.  
<sup>10</sup>He made its posts out of silver,  
its back out of gold,  
its seat out of purple fabric,  
and its interior lovingly fitted out  
by the young women of Jerusalem.  
<sup>11</sup>Go out, young women of Zion,  
and look at King Solomon,  
wearing the crown his mother gave him  
on his wedding day, his happy day."*

**S of S 3:5-11**

Groom

<sup>4:1</sup>*"You are so beautiful, my darling;  
you're so beautiful!  
Your eyes are like doves behind your veil;  
your hair is like a flock of goats  
coming down Mount Gilead.  
<sup>2</sup>Your teeth are like a flock of shorn ewes  
that have come up from their washing,  
that have all had twins  
and none have miscarried.  
<sup>3</sup>Your lips are like a scarlet thread;*

*your mouth is lovely;  
 your cheeks are like the halves of a pomegranate  
 behind your veil.*

<sup>4</sup>*Your neck is like the tower of David,  
 built with rows of stones  
 that have 1,000 shields hanging on them,  
 the round shields of the strong men.* **S of S 4:1-4**

<sup>5</sup>*Your two breasts are like two fawns,  
 twins of a gazelle,  
 that feed among the lilies.*

<sup>6</sup>*Till the evening breeze comes and shadows recede,  
 I'll go my way to the mountain of myrrh  
 and the hill of frankincense.*

<sup>7</sup>*"You're so beautiful, my darling;  
 there's not a blemish on you.*

<sup>8</sup>*Come with me from Lebanon, my bride;  
 leave the summit of Amana,  
 the top of Senir and Hermon,  
 away from the lions' dens,  
 the mountains and their leopards.* **S of S 4:5-8**

<sup>9</sup>*You've made my heart beat faster, **my sister, my bride**;  
 you've made it beat faster  
 with a single glance with your eyes,  
 with one jewel of your necklace.*

<sup>10</sup>*Your love is so sweet, **my sister, my bride**!  
 so much better than wine;  
 the fragrance of your oils  
 is more pleasing than any spice!*

<sup>11</sup>*Your lips, my bride, distil nectar;  
 honey and milk are under your tongue;  
 the fragrance of your clothes is like the fragrance of Lebanon.*

<sup>12</sup>*A garden locked is **my sister, my bride**,  
 a garden locked, a fountain sealed.* **S of S 4:9-12**

<sup>13</sup>*Your sprouts are an orchard of pomegranates  
 with choice fruits, henna with nard,*

<sup>14</sup>*nard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon,  
 with all the trees of frankincense,  
 myrrh and aloes, along with the finest spices.*

- <sup>15</sup>*You're a garden spring,  
a well of fresh water,  
a stream flowing from Lebanon."* S of S 4:13-15
- Bride
- <sup>16</sup>*"Wake up, north wind;  
come, wind from the south;  
make my garden breathe out fragrance;  
let its spices carry abroad;  
let my beloved go to his garden,  
and eat its best produce!"* S of S 4:16
- Groom
- <sup>5:1</sup>*"I've come to my garden, **my sister, my bride**;  
I've gathered my myrrh and spice.  
I've eaten my honey and honeycomb,  
and drunk my wine and milk.  
Eat, friends, and drink;  
drink deeply, lovers."* S of S 5:1
- Bride
- <sup>2</sup>*"I was asleep, but my heart was awake.  
A voice! my beloved is knocking.  
'Open for me, **my sister, my darling**,  
my dove, my perfect one!  
My head is drenched with dew;  
my hair is damp from the night.'*
- <sup>3</sup>*I've taken off my dress;  
how can I put it on again?  
I've washed my feet;  
how can I get them dirty again?*
- <sup>4</sup>*My beloved extended his hand through the opening,  
my feelings were aroused.* S of S 5:2-4
- <sup>5</sup>*I got up to open the door for him;  
my hands dripped with myrrh,  
my fingers with liquid myrrh,  
on the handles of the bolt.*
- <sup>6</sup>*I opened for my beloved,  
but he'd turned away and gone!  
I looked for him but didn't find him;  
I called for him, but he didn't answer.*
- <sup>7</sup>*The watchmen that make their rounds in the city met me;*

*they struck me and hurt me;  
the guardsmen took my shawl.*

<sup>8</sup>*I adjure you, young women of Jerusalem,  
if you find my beloved, tell him I'm lovesick.*" **S of S 5:5-8**

Friends

<sup>9</sup>*"But what kind of beloved is he,  
most beautiful among women?  
What kind of beloved is your beloved,  
that you adjure us that way?"* **S of S 5:9**

Bride

<sup>10</sup>*"My beloved is radiant and healthy,  
outstanding among 10,000.*  
<sup>11</sup>*His head is like gold—pure gold;  
his hair is like clusters of dates,  
and black as a raven.*  
<sup>12</sup>*His eyes are like doves beside streams of water,  
bathed in milk and neatly set.*  
<sup>13</sup>*His cheeks are like a bed of spices,  
banks of sweet-scented herbs;  
his lips are lilies,  
dripping with liquid myrrh.*  
<sup>14</sup>*His hands are rods of gold,  
set with beryl;  
his abdomen is carved ivory  
inlaid with lapis lazuli.*  
<sup>15</sup>*His legs are alabaster pillars  
set on pedestals of pure gold;  
his appearance is like Lebanon,  
as choice as the cedars.*  
<sup>16</sup>*His mouth is full of sweetness;  
he's so desirable.  
That's my beloved, my friend,  
young women of Jerusalem."* **S of S 5:10-16**

Friends

<sup>6:1</sup>*"Where has your beloved gone,  
most beautiful among women?  
Where has he turned  
so we can help you find him?"*

Bride

<sup>2</sup> *“He’s gone down to his garden, to the beds of spices,  
to pasture his flock in the gardens and gather lilies.  
<sup>3</sup> I’m my beloved’s, and my beloved’s mine,  
the one that pastures his flock among the lilies.” S of S 6:1-3*

Groom

<sup>4</sup> *“You’re as beautiful as Tirzah, my darling,  
as lovely as Jerusalem,  
as awesome as an army with standards.  
<sup>5</sup> Turn your eyes away from me;  
they overpower me;  
your hair is like a flock of goats  
coming down from Gilead.  
<sup>6</sup> Your teeth are like a flock of ewes,  
that have come up from their washing,  
that have all had twins  
and none have miscarried.  
<sup>7</sup> Your cheeks are like the halves of a pomegranate  
behind your veil.  
<sup>8</sup> There are 60 queens and 80 concubines,  
and young women without number.  
<sup>9</sup> But my dove, my perfect one, is unique;  
her mother’s only daughter,  
the pure child of the one that bore her. S of S 6:4-9*

<sup>10</sup> *“Who is this that grows like the dawn,  
as beautiful as the full moon,  
as pure as the sun,  
as awesome as an army with standards?*

<sup>11</sup> *I went down to the orchard of nut trees  
to see the blossoms in the valley,  
to see if the grapevines had budded,  
or the pomegranates had bloomed.*

<sup>12</sup> *Before I knew it, my fancy put me  
in a chariot over my noble people.”*

Friends

<sup>13</sup> *“Come back, Shulammitte;  
Come back so we can get a good look at you!*

<sup>14</sup> *“Why should you gaze at the Shulammitte,*



*as at the jostling between two armies?”*

**S of S 6:10-14**

Groom

**7:1** *“Your feet are so graceful in sandals,  
prince’s daughter!  
The curves of your hips are like jewels,  
the work of an artist’s hand.*

**2** *Your navel is like a round goblet  
that’s always full of mixed wine;  
your stomach is like a pile of wheat  
encircled by lilies.*

**3** *Your two breasts are like two fawns,  
twins of a gazelle.*

**4** *Your neck is like an ivory tower;  
your eyes are like the pools of Heshbon  
by the gate of Bath-rabbim;  
your nose is like the tower of Lebanon,  
that overlooks Damascus.*

**S of S 7:1-4**

**5** *Your head crowns you like Carmel,  
and the flowing locks of your hair are like purple threads;  
the king is captivated by your tresses.*

**6** *How beautiful and delightful you are,  
my love, with all your charms!*

**7** *You’re stately like a date palm;  
your breasts are like its clusters.*

**8** *I said, ‘I’ll climb the palm tree  
and take hold of its fruit.’*

*May your breasts be like clusters on a vine;  
your breath is fragrant like apples;*

**9** *Your mouth is like the best wine!”*

**S of S 7:5-9a**

Bride

*“It goes down smoothly for my beloved,  
and flows gently through the lips of people getting sleepy.*

**10** *“I’m my beloved’s,  
and his desire is for me.*

**11** *Come on, my beloved, let’s go out in the country,  
and spend the night in the villages.*

**12** *Let’s get up early and visit the vineyards  
to see if the vines have budded,*

*if their blossoms are opening,  
if the pomegranates have bloomed.  
Then I'll give you my love.*

<sup>13</sup>*The mandrakes have given off their fragrance;  
above our doors are choice fruits, new and old,  
that I've saved up for you, my beloved.* **S of S 7:9b-13**

<sup>8:1</sup>*"Oh that you were my brother,  
who nursed at my mother's breasts.  
If I found you outdoors, I'd kiss you;  
and nobody would despise me.  
<sup>2</sup>I'd take you into my mother's house,  
who used to instruct me;  
I'd give you wine spiced from my pomegranates.  
<sup>3</sup>Let his left hand be under my head,  
and his right hand embrace me."*

Groom

<sup>4</sup>*"I want you to swear, young women of Jerusalem;  
that you won't wake up my beloved till she's ready."*

Friends

<sup>5</sup>*"Who's that coming up from the countryside,  
leaning on her beloved?"* **S of S 8:1-5a**

Groom

*"Under the apple tree I woke you up;  
that's where your mother was in labor with you,  
and gave birth.*

<sup>6</sup>*Put me like a seal over your heart,  
like a seal on your arm.  
Love is as strong as death;  
jealousy is as cruel as Sheol;  
It flashes fire,  
a very vehement flame.*

<sup>7</sup>*Flood water can't quench love;  
a river won't drown it;  
If a man would offer all the wealth in his house for love,  
it would be utterly scorned."* **S of S 8:5b-7**

Friends

<sup>8</sup>*"We have a little sister,  
and she doesn't have breasts;  
what will we do for her*

*when she's spoken for?*

<sup>9</sup>*If she's a wall,*

*we'll build a silver battlement on her;*

*but if she's a door,*

*we'll barricade her in with cedar boards."* S of S 8:8-9

Bride

<sup>10</sup>*"I was a wall, and my breasts became like towers;*

*then I was in his eyes like a person that brings peace.*

<sup>11</sup>*Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon;*

*he entrusted it to caretakers;*

*each one was to bring 25 lbs <sup>1,000 shekels</sup> of silver for its fruit.*

<sup>12</sup>*My own vineyard is at my disposal;*

*the 25 lbs <sup>1,000 shekels</sup> of silver are for you, Solomon,*

*and 5 lbs <sup>200 shekels</sup> are for the ones that take care of its fruit."*

Groom

<sup>13</sup>*"You that sit in the gardens,*

*my companions are listening for your voice—*

*let me hear it!"*

Bride

<sup>14</sup>*"Hurry, my beloved;*

*be like a gazelle or young stag*

*on the mountains of spices."*

S of S 8:10-14