

**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] Thine ointments have a goodly fragrance; / Thy name is as ointment poured forth; / Therefore do the maidens 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 find thy love more fragrant than wine! / Sincerely 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] Look not upon me, that I am swarthy, / That the sun hath tanned me; / My mother's sons were incensed against me, / They made me 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 veileth herself / Beside 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 steed in Pharaoh's chariots. / [10] Thy cheeks are comely with circlets, / Thy neck with beads. / [11] We will make thee circlets of gold / With studs of silver. / [12] While the king sat at his table, / My spikenard sent forth its fragrance. / [13] My beloved is unto me as a bag of myrrh, / That lieth betwixt my breasts. / [14] My beloved is unto me as a cluster of henna / In the vineyards of En-gedi. / [15] Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; / Thine eyes are as doves. / [16] Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant; / Also our couch is leafy. / [17] The beams of our houses are cedars. / And our panels are cypresses.

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among the sons. / Under its shadow I delighted  
to sit, / And its fruit was sweet to my taste. / [4] He  
hath brought me to the banqueting-house, / And  
his banner over me is love. / [5] ‘Stay ye me with  
dainties, refresh me with apples; / For I am love-  
sick.’ / [6] Let his left hand be under my head, /  
And his right hand embrace me. / [7] ‘I adjure  
you, O daughters of Jerusalem, / By the gazelles,  
and by the hinds of the field, / That ye awaken  
not, nor stir up love, / Until it please.’ / [8] Hark!  
my beloved! behold, he cometh, / Leaping upon  
the mountains, skipping upon the hills. / [9] My  
beloved is like a gazelle or a young hart; / Behold,  
he standeth behind our wall, / He looketh in  
through the windows, / He peereth through  
the lattice. / [10] My beloved spoke, 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 singing 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 in blossom give forth  
their fragrance. / Arise, my love, my fair one,  
and come away. / [14] O my dove, that art in the  
clefts of the rock, in the covert of the cliff, / 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 vineyards; / For our vineyards are  
in blossom.’ / [16] My beloved is mine, and I am  
his, / That feedeth among the lilies. / [17] Until  
the day breathe, and the shadows flee away, /  
Turn, my beloved, and be thou like a gazelle or a  
young hart / Upon the mountains of spices.

**3** 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: / 'Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?' / [4] Scarce had I passed from them, / When 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 adjure you, O daughters of / Jerusalem, / By the gazelles, and by the hinds of the field, / That ye awaken not, nor stir up love, / Until it please.' / [6] Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness / Like pillars of smoke, / Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, / With all powders of the merchant? / [7] Behold, it is the litter of Solomon; / Threescore mighty men are about it, / Of the mighty men of Israel. / [8] They all handle the sword, / And are expert in war; / Every man hath his sword upon his thigh, / Because of dread in the night. / [9] King Solomon made himself a palanquin / Of the wood of Lebanon. / [10] He made the pillars thereof of silver, / The top thereof of gold, / The seat of it of purple, / The inside thereof being inlaid with love, / From the daughters of Jerusalem. / [11] Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, / And gaze upon king Solomon, / Even upon the crown wherewith his mother hath crowned him in the day of his espousals, / And in the day of the gladness of his heart.

**4** Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; / Thine eyes are as doves behind thy veil; / Thy hair is as a flock of goats, / That trail down from mount Gilead. / [2] Thy teeth are like a flock of ewes all shaped alike, / Which are come up from the washing; / Whereof all are paired, / And none faileth among them. / [3] Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, / And thy mouth is comely; / Thy temples are like a pomegranate split open / Behind thy veil. / [4] Thy neck is like the tower of David / Builded with turrets, / Whereon there hang a thousand shields, / All the armour of the mighty men. / [5] Thy two breasts are like two fawns / That are twins of a gazelle, / Which feed among the lilies. / [6] Until the day breathe, / 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; / And there is no spot in thee. / [8] Come with me from Lebanon, my bride, /

With me from Lebanon; / Look from the top of Amana, / From the top of Senir and Hermon, / From the lions' dens, / From the mountains of the leopards. / [9] Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my bride; / Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, / With one bead of thy necklace. / [10] How fair is thy love, my sister, my bride! / How much better is thy love than wine! / And the smell of thine ointments than all manner of spices! / [11] Thy lips, O my bride, drop honey— / Honey and milk are under thy tongue; / And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon. / [12] A garden shut up is my sister, my bride; / A spring shut up, a fountain sealed. / [13] Thy shoots are a park of pomegranates, / With precious fruits; / Henna with spikenard plants, / [14] Spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, / With all trees of frankincense; / Myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices. / [15] Thou art a fountain of gardens, / A well of living waters, / And flowing 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 precious fruits.

**5** I am come into my garden, my sister, my bride; / 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; / Hark! my beloved knocketh: / 'Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; / For my head is filled with dew, / 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 heart was moved for him. / [5] I rose up to open to my beloved; / And my hands dropped with myrrh, / And my fingers with flowing myrrh, / Upon the handles of the bar. / [6] I opened to my beloved; / But my beloved had turned away, and was gone. / My soul failed me when he spoke. / I sought him, but I 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 my mantle from me. / [8] 'I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, / If ye find my beloved, / What will ye tell him? / That I am love-sick.' / [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 adjure us?' / [10] 'My beloved is white and ruddy, / Pre-eminent above ten thousand. / [11] His head is as the most fine gold, / His locks are curled, / And black as a raven. / [12] His eyes are like doves / Beside the water-brooks; / Washed with milk, / And fitly set. / [13] His cheeks are as a bed of spices, / As banks of sweet herbs; / His lips are as lilies, / Dropping with flowing myrrh. / [14] His hands are as rods of gold / Set with beryl; / His body is as polished ivory / Overlaid with sapphires. / [15] His legs are as pillars of marble, / Set upon sockets of fine gold; / His aspect is like 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.'

**6** 'Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? / Whither hath thy beloved turned him, / That we may seek him with thee?' / [2] 'My beloved is gone down to 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, / That 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 trail down from Gilead. / [6] Thy teeth are like a flock of ewes, / Which are come up from the washing; / Whereof all are paired, / And none faileth among them. / [7] Thy temples are like a pomegranate split open / Behind thy veil. / [8] There are threescore queens, / And fourscore concubines, / And maidens 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 bore her. / The daughters saw her, and called her happy; / Yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her. / [10] Who is she that looketh forth as the

dawn, / Fair as the moon, / Clear as the sun, /  
Terrible as an army with banners? / [11] I went  
down into the garden of nuts, / To look at the  
green plants of the valley, / To see whether the  
vine budded, / And the pomegranates were in  
flower. / [12] Before I was aware, my soul set me /  
Upon the chariots of my princely people.

**7** Return, return, O Shulammite; / Return,  
return, that we may look upon thee. / What  
will ye see in the Shulammite? / As it were a  
dance of two companies. / [2] How beautiful  
are thy steps in sandals, / O prince's daughter! /  
The roundings of thy thighs are like the links  
of a chain, / The work of the hands of a skilled  
workman. / [3] Thy navel is like a round goblet, /  
Wherein no mingled wine is wanting; / Thy belly  
is like a heap of wheat / Set about with lilies. /  
[4] Thy two breasts are like two fawns / That are  
twins of a gazelle. / [5] Thy neck is as a tower of  
ivory; / Thine eyes as the pools in Heshbon, /  
By the gate of Bath-rabbim; / Thy nose is like  
the tower of Lebanon / Which looketh toward  
Damascus / [6] Thy head upon thee is like  
Carmel, / And the hair of thy head like purple; /  
The king is held captive in the tresses thereof. /  
[7] How fair and how pleasant art thou, / O love,  
for delights! / [8] This thy stature is like to a palm-  
tree, / And thy breasts to clusters of grapes. /  
[9] I said: 'I will climb up into the palm-tree, / I  
will take hold of the branches thereof; / And let  
thy breasts be as clusters of the vine, / And the  
smell of thy countenance like apples; / [10] And  
the roof of thy mouth like the best wine, / That  
glideth down smoothly for my beloved, / Moving  
gently the lips of those that are asleep.' / [11] I am  
my beloved's, / And his desire is toward me. /  
[12] Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the  
field; / Let us lodge in the villages. / [13] Let us  
get up early to the vineyards; / Let us see whether  
the vine hath budded, / Whether the vine-  
blossom be opened, / And the pomegranates  
be in flower; / There will I give thee my love. /  
[14] The mandrakes give forth fragrance, / And  
at our doors are all manner of precious fruits, /  
New and old, / Which I have laid up for thee, O  
my beloved.

**8** Oh that thou wert as my brother, That  
sucked the breasts of my mother! / When I  
should find thee without, I would kiss thee; / Yea,  
and none would despise me. / [2] I would lead  
thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, /  
That thou mightest 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 adjure you, O daughters  
of Jerusalem / Why should ye awaken, or stir  
up love, / Until it please? / [5] Who is this that  
cometh up from the wilderness, / Leaning upon  
her beloved? / Under the apple-tree I awakened  
thee; / There thy mother was in travail with  
thee, / There was she in travail and brought  
thee forth. / [6] Set me as a seal upon thy heart, /  
As a seal upon thine arm; / For love is strong  
as death, / Jealousy is cruel as the grave; / The  
flashes thereof are flashes of fire, / A very flame  
of the LORD. / [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, / He would utterly be condemned / [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 turret of silver; / And if she  
be a door, / We will enclose her with boards of  
cedar. / [10] I am a wall, / And my breasts like the  
towers thereof; / Then was I in his eyes / As one  
that found peace.

[11] Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-  
hamon; / He gave over the vineyard unto  
keepers; / Every one for the fruit thereof /  
Brought in a thousand pieces of silver. / [12] My  
vineyard, which is mine, is before me; / Thou,  
O Solomon, shalt have the thousand, / And  
those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred. /  
[13] Thou that dwellest in the gardens, / The  
companions hearken for thy voice: / 'Cause me  
to hear it.' / [14] Make haste, my beloved, / And  
be thou like to a gazelle or to a young hart / Upon  
the mountains of spices.