

# The Song of Songs

## New King James Version

### CHAPTER 1

1 The song of songs, which *is* Solomon's.

#### The Shulamith

<sup>2</sup> Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth—  
For your love *is* better than wine.

<sup>3</sup> Because of the fragrance of your good ointments,  
Your name *is* ointment poured forth;  
Therefore the virgins love you.

<sup>4</sup> Draw me away!

#### The Daughters of Jerusalem

We will run after you.

#### The Shulamith

The king has brought me into his chambers.

#### The Daughters of Jerusalem

We will be glad and rejoice in you.  
We will remember your love more than wine.

#### The Shulamith

Rightly do they love you.

<sup>5</sup> I *am* dark, but lovely,  
O daughters of Jerusalem,  
Like the tents of Kedar,  
Like the curtains of Solomon.

<sup>6</sup> Do not look upon me, because I *am* dark,  
Because the sun has tanned me.  
My mother's sons were angry with me;  
They made me the keeper of the vineyards,  
*But* my own vineyard I have not kept.

### **(To Her Beloved)**

<sup>7</sup> Tell me, O you whom I love,  
Where you feed *your flock*,  
Where you make *it* rest at noon.  
For why should I be as one who veils herself  
By the flocks of your companions?

### **The Beloved**

<sup>8</sup> If you do not know, O fairest among women,  
Follow in the footsteps of the flock,  
And feed your little goats  
Beside the shepherds' tents.  
<sup>9</sup> I have compared you, my love,  
To my filly among Pharaoh's chariots.  
<sup>10</sup> Your cheeks are lovely with ornaments,  
Your neck with chains *of gold*.

### **The Daughters of Jerusalem**

<sup>11</sup> We will make you ornaments of gold  
With studs of silver.

### **The Shulamith**

<sup>12</sup> While the king *is* at his table,  
My spikenard sends forth its fragrance.  
<sup>13</sup> A bundle of myrrh *is* my beloved to me,  
That lies all night between my breasts.  
<sup>14</sup> My beloved *is* to me a cluster of henna *blooms*  
In the vineyards of En Gedi.

### **The Beloved**

<sup>15</sup> Behold, you *are* fair, my love!  
Behold, you *are* fair!  
You *have* dove's eyes.

### **The Shulamith**

<sup>16</sup> Behold, you *are* handsome, my beloved!  
Yes, pleasant!  
Also our bed *is* green.

<sup>17</sup> The beams of our houses *are* cedar,  
And our rafters of fir.

## CHAPTER 2

<sup>1</sup> I *am* the rose of Sharon,  
And the lily of the valleys.

### **The Beloved**

<sup>2</sup> Like a lily among thorns,  
So is my love among the daughters.

### **The Shulamith**

<sup>3</sup> Like an apple tree among the trees of the woods,  
So *is* my beloved among the sons.  
I sat down in his shade with great delight,  
And his fruit *was* sweet to my taste.

### **The Shulamith to the Daughters of Jerusalem**

<sup>4</sup> He brought me to the banqueting house,  
And his banner over me *was* love.  
<sup>5</sup> Sustain me with cakes of raisins,  
Refresh me with apples,  
For I *am* lovesick.  
<sup>6</sup> His left hand *is* under my head,  
And his right hand embraces me.  
<sup>7</sup> I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,  
By the gazelles or by the does of the field,  
Do not stir up nor awaken love  
Until it pleases.

### **The Shulamith**

<sup>8</sup> The voice of my beloved!  
Behold, he comes  
Leaping upon the mountains,  
Skipping upon the hills.  
<sup>9</sup> My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag.

Behold, he stands behind our wall;  
He is looking through the windows,  
Gazing through the lattice.

<sup>10</sup> My beloved spoke, and said to me:

"Rise up, my love, my fair one,  
And come away.

<sup>11</sup> For lo, the winter is past,  
The rain is over *and* gone.

<sup>12</sup> The flowers appear on the earth;  
The time of singing has come,  
And the voice of the turtledove  
Is heard in our land.

<sup>13</sup> The fig tree puts forth her green figs,  
And the vines *with* the tender grapes  
Give a *good* smell.

Rise up, my love, my fair one,  
And come away!

<sup>14</sup> "O my dove, in the clefts of the rock,  
In the secret *places* of the cliff,  
Let me see your face,  
Let me hear your voice;  
For your voice *is* sweet,  
And your face *is* lovely."

### **Her Brothers**

<sup>15</sup> Catch us the foxes,  
The little foxes that spoil the vines,  
For our vines *have* tender grapes.

### **The Shulamith**

<sup>16</sup> My beloved *is* mine, and I *am* his.  
He feeds *his* flock among the lilies.

### **(To Her Beloved)**

<sup>17</sup> Until the day breaks  
And the shadows flee away,  
Turn, my beloved,  
And be like a gazelle

Or a young stag  
Upon the mountains of Bethel.

## CHAPTER 3

### **The Shulamith**

**3** By night on my bed I sought the one I love;  
I sought him, but I did not find him.  
<sup>2</sup> "I will rise now," *I said*,  
"And go about the city;  
In the streets and in the squares  
I will seek the one I love."  
I sought him, but I did not find him.  
<sup>3</sup> The watchmen who go about the city found me;  
*I said*,  
"Have you seen the one I love?"  
<sup>4</sup> Scarcely had I passed by them,  
When I found the one I love.  
I held him and would not let him go,  
Until I had brought him to the house of my mother,  
And into the chamber of her who conceived me.  
<sup>5</sup> I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,  
By the gazelles or by the does of the field,  
Do not stir up nor awaken love  
Until it pleases.

### **The Shulamith**

<sup>6</sup> Who *is* this coming out of the wilderness  
Like pillars of smoke,  
Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,  
With all the merchant's fragrant powders?  
<sup>7</sup> Behold, it *is* Solomon's couch,  
*With* sixty valiant men around it,  
Of the valiant of Israel.  
<sup>8</sup> They all hold swords,  
*Being* expert in war.  
Every man *has* his sword on his thigh  
Because of fear in the night.

<sup>9</sup> Of the wood of Lebanon  
Solomon the King  
Made himself a palanquin:  
<sup>10</sup> He made its pillars *of silver*,  
Its support *of gold*,  
Its seat *of purple*,  
Its interior paved *with love*  
By the daughters of Jerusalem.  
<sup>11</sup> Go forth, O daughters of Zion,  
And see King Solomon with the crown  
With which his mother crowned him  
On the day of his wedding,  
The day of the gladness of his heart.

## CHAPTER 4

### **The Beloved**

**4** Behold, you *are* fair, my love!  
Behold, you *are* fair!  
You *have* dove's eyes behind your veil.  
Your hair *is* like a flock of goats,  
Going down from Mount Gilead.  
<sup>2</sup> Your teeth *are* like a flock of shorn *sheep*  
Which have come up from the washing,  
Every one of which bears twins,  
And none *is* barren among them.  
<sup>3</sup> Your lips *are* like a strand of scarlet,  
And your mouth is lovely.  
Your temples behind your veil  
*Are* like a piece of pomegranate.  
<sup>4</sup> Your neck *is* like the tower of David,  
Built for an armory,  
On which hang a thousand bucklers,  
All shields of mighty men.  
<sup>5</sup> Your two breasts *are* like two fawns,  
Twins of a gazelle,  
Which feed among the lilies.

<sup>6</sup> Until the day breaks  
And the shadows flee away,  
I will go my way to the mountain of myrrh  
And to the hill of frankincense.  
<sup>7</sup> You *are* all fair, my love,  
And *there is* no spot in you.  
<sup>8</sup> Come with me from Lebanon, *my spouse*,  
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.  
<sup>9</sup> You have ravished my heart,  
My sister, *my spouse*;  
You have ravished my heart  
With one *look* of your eyes,  
With one link of your necklace.  
<sup>10</sup> How fair is your love,  
My sister, *my spouse*!  
How much better than wine is your love,  
And the scent of your perfumes  
Than all spices!  
<sup>11</sup> Your lips, O *my spouse*,  
Drip as the honeycomb;  
Honey and milk *are* under your tongue;  
And the fragrance of your garments  
*Is* like the fragrance of Lebanon.  
<sup>12</sup> A garden enclosed  
*Is* my sister, *my spouse*,  
A spring shut up,  
A fountain sealed.  
<sup>13</sup> Your plants *are* an orchard of pomegranates  
With pleasant fruits,  
Fragrant henna with spikenard,  
<sup>14</sup> Spikenard and saffron,  
Calamus and cinnamon,  
With all trees of frankincense,  
Myrrh and aloes,  
With all the chief spices—  
<sup>15</sup> A fountain of gardens,

A well of living waters,  
And streams from Lebanon.

### **The Shulamith**

<sup>16</sup> Awake, O north *wind*,  
And come, O south!  
Blow upon my garden,  
*That* its spices may flow out.  
Let my beloved come to his garden  
And eat its pleasant fruits.

## CHAPTER 5

### **The Beloved**

**5** I have come to 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.

### **(To His Friends)**

Eat, O friends!  
Drink, yes, drink deeply,  
O beloved ones!

### **The Shulamith**

<sup>2</sup> I sleep, but my heart is awake;  
*It is* the voice of my beloved!  
He knocks, *saying*,  
"Open for me, my sister, my love,  
My dove, my perfect one;  
For my head is covered with dew,  
My locks with the drops of the night."  
<sup>3</sup> I have taken off my robe;  
How can I put it on *again*?  
I have washed my feet;  
How can I defile them?  
<sup>4</sup> My beloved put his hand



By the latch *of the door*,  
And my heart yearned for him.  
<sup>5</sup> I arose to open for my beloved,  
And my hands dripped *with myrrh*,  
My fingers with liquid myrrh,  
On the handles of the lock.  
<sup>6</sup> I opened for my beloved,  
But my beloved had turned away *and* was gone.  
My heart leaped up when he spoke.  
I sought him, but I could not find him;  
I called him, but he gave me no answer.  
<sup>7</sup> The watchmen who went about the city found me.  
They struck me, they wounded me;  
The keepers of the walls  
Took my veil away from me.  
<sup>8</sup> I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,  
If you find my beloved,  
That you tell him I *am* lovesick!

### **The Daughters of Jerusalem**

<sup>9</sup> What *is* your beloved  
More than *another* beloved,  
O fairest among women?  
What *is* your beloved  
More than *another* beloved,  
That you so charge us?

### **The Shulamith**

<sup>10</sup> My beloved *is* white and ruddy,  
Chief among ten thousand.  
<sup>11</sup> His head *is like* the finest gold;  
His locks *are* wavy,  
*And* black as a raven.  
<sup>12</sup> His eyes *are* like doves  
By the rivers of waters,  
Washed with milk,  
*And* fitly set.  
<sup>13</sup> His cheeks *are* like a bed of spices,  
Banks of scented herbs.

His lips *are* lilies,  
Dripping liquid myrrh.  
<sup>14</sup> His hands *are* rods of gold  
Set with beryl.  
His body *is* carved ivory  
Inlaid *with* sapphires.  
<sup>15</sup> His legs *are* pillars of marble  
Set on bases of fine gold.  
His countenance *is* like Lebanon,  
Excellent as the cedars.  
<sup>16</sup> His mouth *is* most sweet,  
Yes, he *is* altogether lovely.  
This *is* my beloved,  
And this *is* my friend,  
O daughters of Jerusalem!

## CHAPTER 6

### **The Daughters of Jerusalem**

**6** Where has your beloved gone,  
O fairest among women?  
Where has your beloved turned aside,  
That we may seek him with you?

### **The Shulamith**

<sup>2</sup> My beloved has gone to his garden,  
To the beds of spices,  
To feed *his flock* in the gardens,  
And to gather lilies.  
<sup>3</sup> I *am* my beloved's,  
And my beloved *is* mine.  
He feeds *his flock* among the lilies.

### **The Beloved**

<sup>4</sup> O my love, you *are as* beautiful as Tirzah,  
Lovely as Jerusalem,  
Awesome as *an army* with banners!

<sup>5</sup> Turn your eyes away from me,  
For they have overcome me.  
Your hair *is* like a flock of goats  
Going down from Gilead.  
<sup>6</sup> Your teeth *are* like a flock of sheep  
Which have come up from the washing;  
Every one bears twins,  
And none *is* barren among them.  
<sup>7</sup> Like a piece of pomegranate  
*Are* your temples behind your veil.  
<sup>8</sup> There are sixty queens  
And eighty concubines,  
And virgins without number.  
<sup>9</sup> My dove, my perfect one,  
Is the only one,  
The only one of her mother,  
The favorite of the one who bore her.  
The daughters saw her  
And called her blessed,  
The queens and the concubines,  
And they praised her.  
<sup>10</sup> Who is she who looks forth as the morning,  
Fair as the moon,  
Clear as the sun,  
Awesome as *an army* with banners?

### **The Shulamith**

<sup>11</sup> I went down to the garden of nuts  
To see the verdure of the valley,  
To see whether the vine had budded  
*And* the pomegranates had bloomed.  
<sup>12</sup> Before I was even aware,  
My soul had made me  
As the chariots of my noble people.

### **The Beloved and His Friends**

<sup>13</sup> Return, return, O Shulamite;  
Return, return, that we may look upon you!

## The Shulamith

What would you see in the Shulamith—  
As it were, the dance of the two camps?

## CHAPTER 7

### The Beloved

**7** How beautiful are your feet in sandals,  
O prince's daughter!  
The curves of your thighs *are* like jewels,  
The work of the hands of a skillful workman.  
<sup>2</sup>Your navel *is* a rounded goblet;  
It lacks no blended beverage.  
Your waist *is* a heap of wheat  
Set about with lilies.  
<sup>3</sup>Your two breasts *are* like two fawns,  
Twins of a gazelle.  
<sup>4</sup>Your neck *is* like an ivory tower,  
Your eyes *like* the pools in Heshbon  
By the gate of Bath Rabbim.  
Your nose *is* like the tower of Lebanon  
Which looks toward Damascus.  
<sup>5</sup>Your head *crowns* you like *Mount Carmel*,  
And the hair of your head *is* like purple;  
A king *is* held captive by *your* tresses.  
<sup>6</sup>How fair and how pleasant you are,  
O love, with your delights!  
<sup>7</sup>This stature of yours is like a palm tree,  
And your breasts *like* its clusters.  
<sup>8</sup>I said, "I will go up to the palm tree,  
I will take hold of its branches."  
Let now your breasts be like clusters of the vine,  
The fragrance of your breath like apples,  
<sup>9</sup>And the roof of your mouth like the best wine.

## The Shulamith

*The wine goes down* smoothly for my beloved,  
Moving gently the lips of sleepers.

<sup>10</sup> I *am* my beloved's,  
And his desire *is* toward me.

<sup>11</sup> Come, my beloved,  
Let us go forth to the field;  
Let us lodge in the villages.

<sup>12</sup> Let us get up early to the vineyards;  
Let us see if the vine has budded,  
*Whether* the grape blossoms are open,  
*And* the pomegranates are in bloom.  
There I will give you my love.

<sup>13</sup> The mandrakes give off a fragrance,  
And at our gates *are* pleasant *fruits*,  
All manner, new and old,  
Which I have laid up for you, my beloved.

## CHAPTER 8

<sup>1</sup>Oh, that you were like my brother,  
Who nursed at my mother's breasts!  
*If* I should find you outside,  
I would kiss you;  
I would not be despised.

<sup>2</sup> I would lead you *and* bring you  
Into the house of my mother,  
She *who* used to instruct me.  
I would cause you to drink of spiced wine,  
Of the juice of my pomegranate.

### (To the Daughters of Jerusalem)

<sup>3</sup> His left hand *is* under my head,  
And his right hand embraces me.  
<sup>4</sup> I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,  
Do not stir up nor awaken love  
Until it pleases.

## **A Relative (??)**

<sup>5</sup> Who *is* this coming up from the wilderness,  
Leaning upon her beloved?  
I awakened you under the apple tree.  
There your mother brought you forth;  
There she *who* bore you brought *you* forth.

## **The Shulamith to Her Beloved**

<sup>6</sup> Set me as a seal upon your heart,  
As a seal upon your arm;  
For love *is as* strong as death,  
Jealousy *as* cruel as the grave;  
Its flames *are* flames of fire,  
A most vehement flame.  
<sup>7</sup> Many waters cannot quench love,  
Nor can the floods drown it.  
If a man would give for love  
All the wealth of his house,  
It would be utterly despised.

## **The Shulamith's Brothers**

<sup>8</sup> We have a little sister,  
And she has no breasts.  
What shall we do for our sister  
In the day when she is spoken for?  
<sup>9</sup> If she *is* a wall,  
We will build upon her  
A battlement of silver;  
And if she *is* a door,  
We will enclose her  
With boards of cedar.

## **The Shulamith**

<sup>10</sup> I *am* a wall,  
And my breasts like towers;  
Then I became in his eyes  
As one who found peace.

<sup>11</sup> Solomon had a vineyard at Baal Hamon;  
He leased the vineyard to keepers;  
Everyone was to bring for its fruit  
A thousand silver *coins*.

**(To Solomon)**

<sup>12</sup> My own vineyard *is* before me.  
You, O Solomon, *may have* a thousand,  
And those who tend its fruit two hundred.

**The Beloved**

<sup>13</sup> You who dwell in the gardens,  
The companions listen for your voice—  
Let me hear it!

**The Shulamith**

<sup>14</sup> Make haste, my beloved,  
And be like a gazelle  
Or a young stag  
On the mountains of spices.