

The Song of Songs

New King James Version

CHAPTER 1

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

The Shulamith

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

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

⁴ 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.

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

⁶ 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)

⁷ 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

⁸ 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.
⁹ I have compared you, my love,
To my filly among Pharaoh's chariots.
¹⁰ Your cheeks are lovely with ornaments,
Your neck with chains *of gold*.

The Daughters of Jerusalem

¹¹ We will make you ornaments of gold
With studs of silver.

The Shulamith

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

The Beloved

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

The Shulamith

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

¹⁷ The beams of our houses *are* cedar,
And our rafters of fir.

CHAPTER 2

¹ I *am* the rose of Sharon,
And the lily of the valleys.

The Beloved

² Like a lily among thorns,
So is my love among the daughters.

The Shulamith

³ 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

⁴ He brought me to the banqueting house,
And his banner over me *was* love.
⁵ Sustain me with cakes of raisins,
Refresh me with apples,
For I *am* lovesick.
⁶ His left hand *is* under my head,
And his right hand embraces me.
⁷ 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

⁸ The voice of my beloved!
Behold, he comes
Leaping upon the mountains,
Skipping upon the hills.
⁹ 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.

¹⁰ My beloved spoke, and said to 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 has come,
And the voice of the turtledove
Is heard in our land.

¹³ 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!

¹⁴ "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

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

The Shulamith

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

(To Her Beloved)

¹⁷ 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.
² "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.
³ The watchmen who go about the city found me;
I said,
"Have you seen the one I love?"
⁴ 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.
⁵ 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

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

⁹ Of the wood of Lebanon
Solomon the King
Made himself a palanquin:
¹⁰ He made its pillars *of silver*,
Its support *of gold*,
Its seat *of purple*,
Its interior paved *with love*
By the daughters of Jerusalem.
¹¹ 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.
² 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.
³ Your lips *are* like a strand of scarlet,
And your mouth is lovely.
Your temples behind your veil
Are like a piece of pomegranate.
⁴ Your neck *is* like the tower of David,
Built for an armory,
On which hang a thousand bucklers,
All shields of mighty men.
⁵ Your two breasts *are* like two fawns,
Twins of a gazelle,
Which feed among the lilies.

⁶ 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.
⁷ You *are* all fair, my love,
And *there is* no spot in you.
⁸ 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.
⁹ 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.
¹⁰ 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!
¹¹ 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.
¹² A garden enclosed
Is my sister, *my spouse*,
A spring shut up,
A fountain sealed.
¹³ Your plants *are* an orchard of pomegranates
With pleasant fruits,
Fragrant henna 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.

The Shulamith

¹⁶ 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

² 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."
³ I have taken off my robe;
How can I put it on *again*?
I have washed my feet;
How can I defile them?
⁴ My beloved put his hand

By the latch *of the door*,
And my heart yearned for him.
⁵ I arose to open for my beloved,
And my hands dripped *with myrrh*,
My fingers with liquid myrrh,
On the handles of the lock.
⁶ 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.
⁷ 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.
⁸ I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
If you find my beloved,
That you tell him I *am* lovesick!

The Daughters of Jerusalem

⁹ 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

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

His lips *are* lilies,
Dripping liquid myrrh.
¹⁴ His hands *are* rods of gold
Set with beryl.
His body *is* carved ivory
Inlaid *with* sapphires.
¹⁵ His legs *are* pillars of marble
Set on bases of fine gold.
His countenance *is* like Lebanon,
Excellent as the cedars.
¹⁶ 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

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

The Beloved

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

⁵ Turn your eyes away from me,
For they have overcome me.
Your hair *is* like a flock of goats
Going down from Gilead.
⁶ 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.
⁷ Like a piece of pomegranate
Are your temples behind your veil.
⁸ There are sixty queens
And eighty concubines,
And virgins without number.
⁹ 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.
¹⁰ 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

¹¹ 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.
¹² Before I was even aware,
My soul had made me
As the chariots of my noble people.

The Beloved and His Friends

¹³ 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.
²Your navel *is* a rounded goblet;
It lacks no blended beverage.
Your waist *is* a heap of wheat
Set about with lilies.
³Your two breasts *are* like two fawns,
Twins of a gazelle.
⁴Your 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.
⁵Your head *crowns* you like *Mount Carmel*,
And the hair of your head *is* like purple;
A king *is* held captive by *your* tresses.
⁶How fair and how pleasant you are,
O love, with your delights!
⁷This stature of yours is like a palm tree,
And your breasts *like* its clusters.
⁸I 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,
⁹And 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.

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

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

¹² 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.

¹³ 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

¹Oh, 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.

² 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)

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

A Relative (??)

⁵ 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

⁶ 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.
⁷ 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

⁸ 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?
⁹ 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

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

¹¹ 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)

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

The Beloved

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

The Shulamith

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