



Unlocked Literal Bible

Song of Solomon

Copyrights & Licensing

License:

This work is made available under a [Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License](#), which means

You are free:

- Share — copy and redistribute the material in any medium or format
- Adapt — remix, transform, and build upon the material for any purpose, even commercially.

Under the following conditions:

- Attribution — You must attribute the work as follows: “Original work available at <http://unfoldingword.org>.” Attribution statements in derivative works should not in any way suggest that we endorse you or your use of this work.
- ShareAlike — If you remix, transform, or build upon the material, you must distribute your contributions under the same license as the original.

Use of trademarks: **unfoldingWord** is a trademark of Distant Shores Media and may not be included on any derivative works created from this content. Unaltered content from <http://unfoldingword.org> must include the **unfoldingWord** logo when distributed to others. But if you alter the content in any way, you must remove the **unfoldingWord** logo before distributing your work.

This work is still being revised, if you have comments or questions please email them to help@door43.org

Version: 9

Published: 2017-02-17



Checking level checking.png

find out more at <https://unfoldingword.org/quality>

Table of Contents

Copyrights & Licensing	1
Song of Songs	3
Chapter 1	3
Chapter 2	4
Chapter 3	5
Chapter 4	6
Chapter 5	7
Chapter 6	8
Chapter 7	9
Chapter 8	10

Song of Songs

Chapter 1

¹ The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's. The young woman speaking to her lover

² Oh, that you would kiss me with the kisses of your mouth,

for your love is better than wine.

³ Your anointing oils have a delightful fragrance;

your name is like flowing perfume,

so the young women love you.

⁴ Take me with you, and we will run. The woman speaking to herself

The king has brought me into his rooms. The woman speaking to her lover

I am glad; I rejoice about you;

let me celebrate your love; it is better than wine.

It is natural for the other women to adore you. The woman speaking to the other women

⁵ I am dark but lovely,

you daughters of Jerusalem's men—

dark like the tents of Kedar,

lovely like the curtains of Solomon.

⁶ Do not stare at me because I am dark, because the sun has scorched me.

My mother's sons were angry with me; they made me keeper of the vineyards,

but my own vineyard I have not kept. The woman speaking to her lover

⁷ Tell me, you whom I love, where do you feed your flock?

Where do you rest your flock at noon-time?

Why should I be like someone who wanders

beside the flocks of your companions?

Her lover answering her

⁸ If you do not know, most beautiful among women,

follow the tracks of my flock,

and pasture your young goats near the shepherds' tents.

⁹ I compare you, my love,

to a mare among Pharaoh's chariot horses.

¹⁰ Your cheeks are beautiful with ornaments,

your neck with strings of jewels.

¹¹ I will make for you gold ornaments with silver studs. The woman speaking to herself

¹² While the king lay on his couch,

my nard emitted its fragrance.

¹³ My beloved is to me like a bag of myrrh

that spends the night lying between my breasts.

¹⁴ My beloved is to me like a cluster of henna flowers

in the vineyards of En Gedi. Her lover speaking to her

¹⁵ See, you are beautiful, my love;

see, you are beautiful;

your eyes are like doves.

The woman speaking to her lover

¹⁶ See, you are handsome, my beloved, how handsome.

The lush plants serve as our bed.

¹⁷ The beams of our house are cedar tree branches,
and our rafters are fir branches.

Chapter 2

The woman speaking to her lover

¹ I am just a flower in a plain,
just a lily in a valley. The man speaking to her

² As a lily is among thorns,
so are you, my love, among the daughters of my countrymen.

The woman speaking to herself

³ As an apricot tree is among the trees of the forest,
so is my beloved among the young men.

I sit down under his shadow with great delight,
and his fruit is sweet to my taste.

⁴ He brought me to the banqueting hall,
and his banner over me was love. The woman speaking to her lover

⁵ Revive me with raisin cakes and refresh me with apricots,

for I am weak with love. The woman speaking to herself

⁶ His left hand is under my head,
and his right hand embraces me.

The woman speaking to the other women

⁷ I want you to promise, daughters of Jerusalem,

by the gazelles and the does of the fields,
that you will not interrupt our lovemaking

until it is over.

The woman speaking to herself

⁸ There is the sound of my beloved! Oh, here he comes,

leaping over the mountains,
jumping over the hills.

⁹ My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag;

look, he is standing behind our wall,
gazing through the window,
peering through the lattice.

¹⁰ My beloved spoke to me and said,
"Arise, my love;

My beautiful one, come away with me.

¹¹ Look, the winter is past;
the rain is over and gone.

¹² The flowers have appeared in the land;

the time for pruning and the singing of birds has come,

and the sound of the doves is heard in our land.

¹³ The fig tree ripens her green figs,
and the vines are in blossom;
they give off their fragrance.

Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come away.

¹⁴ My dove, in the clefts of the rock,
in the secret clefts of the mountain crags,

let me see your face.

Let me hear your voice,
for your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely."

The woman speaking to herself

¹⁵ Catch the jackals for us, the little jackals

that spoil vineyards,
for our vineyard is in blossom.

¹⁶ My beloved is mine, and I am his;
he grazes among the lilies with pleasure.
The woman speaking to her lover

¹⁷ Go away, my beloved,
before the soft winds of dawn blow and
the shadows flee away.

Go away; be like a gazelle or a young
stag
on the rugged mountains.

Chapter 3

The woman speaking to herself

¹ At night on my bed
I was longing for the one I love;
I looked for him, but I could not find
him.

² I said to myself, "I will get up and go
through the city,
through the streets and squares;
I will search for my beloved."

I searched for him, but I did not find
him.

³ The watchmen found me as they were
making their rounds in the city.

I asked them, "Have you seen my
beloved?"

⁴ It was only a little while after I had
passed them
that I found the one whom my soul
loves.

I held him and would not let him go

until I had brought him into my
mother's house,

into the bedroom of the one who had
conceived me.

The woman speaking to the other women
⁵ I want you to swear, daughters of
Jerusalem's men,

by the gazelles and the does of the fields,
that you will not interrupt our lovemak-
ing

until it is over.

The young woman speaking to herself

⁶ What is that coming up from the
wilderness

like a column of smoke,

perfumed with myrrh and frankin-
cense,

with all the powders sold by merchants?

⁷ Look, it is the bed of Solomon;
sixty warriors surround it,
sixty soldiers of Israel.

⁸ They are expert with the sword and
are skilled in warfare.

Every man has his sword at his side,
armed against the terrors of the night.

⁹ King Solomon made himself a sedan
chair

of the wood from Lebanon.

¹⁰ Its posts were made of silver;
the back was made of gold, and the seat
of purple cloth.

Its interior was decorated with love

by the daughters of Jerusalem's men.
The young woman speaking to the women
of Jerusalem

¹¹ Go out, daughters of Zion's men, and
gaze on King Solomon,

bearing the crown with which his
mother crowned him
on his wedding day,
on that happy day of his life.

Chapter 4

The woman's lover speaking to her

¹ Oh, you are beautiful, my love; you
are beautiful.

Your eyes are doves behind your veil.

Your hair is like a flock of goats
going down from Mount Gilead.

² Your teeth are like a flock of newly
shorn ewes,

coming up from the washing place.
Each one has a twin,

and none among them is bereaved.

³ Your lips are like a thread of scarlet;
your mouth is lovely.

Your cheeks are like pomegranate
halves

behind your veil.

⁴ Your neck is like the tower of David
built in rows of stone,

with a thousand shields hanging on it,
all the shields of soldiers.

⁵ Your two breasts are like two fawns,
twins of a gazelle,
grazing among the lilies.

⁶ Until the dawn arrives and the shad-
ows flee away,

I will go to the mountain of myrrh
and to the hill of frankincense.

⁷ You are beautiful in every way, my
love

and there is no blemish in you.

⁸ Come with me from Lebanon, my
bride.

Come with me from Lebanon;

come from the top of Amana,

from the top of Senir and Hermon,

from lions' dens,

from mountain dens of leopards.

⁹ You have stolen my heart, my sister,
my bride;

you have stolen my heart,

with just one look at me,

with just one jewel of your necklace.

¹⁰ How beautiful is your love, my sister,
my bride!

How much better is your love than wine,
and the fragrance of your perfume than
any spice.

¹¹ Your lips, my bride, drip honey;

honey and milk are under your tongue;

the fragrance of your garments is like
the fragrance of Lebanon.

¹² My sister, my bride is a garden locked
up,

a garden locked up, a spring that is
sealed.

¹³ Your branches are a grove of
pomegranate trees with choice fruits,

and of henna and nard plants,

¹⁴ Spikenard and saffron,

calamus and cinnamon with all kinds
of spices,

myrrh and aloes with all the finest
spices.

¹⁵ You are a garden spring,
a well of fresh water,
streams flowing down from Lebanon.

The young woman speaking to her lover

¹⁶ Awake, north wind; come, south
wind;

blow on my garden so that its spices
may give off their fragrance.

May my beloved come into his garden
and eat some of its choice fruit.

Chapter 5

The woman's lover speaking to her

¹ I have 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.
The friends speaking to the lovers

Eat, friends;

drink and be drunk with love.

The young woman speaking to herself

² I was asleep, but my heart was awake
in a dream.

There is the sound of my beloved knock-
ing and saying,

"Open to me, my sister, my love, my
dove, my undefiled one,

for my head is wet with dew,

my hair with the night's dampness."

³ "I have taken off my robe; must I put
it on again?

I have washed my feet; must I get them
dirty?"

⁴ My beloved put in his hand through
the opening of the door latch,

and my heart was stirred up for him.

⁵ I got up to open the door for my
beloved;

my hands were dripping with myrrh,

my fingers with moist myrrh,

on the door handle.

⁶ I opened the door for my beloved,

but my beloved had turned and gone.

My heart sank; I became despondent.

I looked for him, but I did not find him;

I called him, but he did not answer me.

⁷ The watchmen who went about the
city found me;

they struck me and wounded me;

the guards on the walls took away my
cloak from me. The young woman speak-
ing to the women of the city

⁸ I want you to promise, daughters of
Jerusalem,

that if you find my beloved,

tell him I am sick because of my love
for him.

The women of the city speaking to the
young woman

⁹ How is your beloved better than an-
other beloved man,

you who are beautiful among women?

Why is your beloved better than another
beloved,

that you ask us to take an oath like this?

The young woman speaking to the women of the city

¹⁰ My beloved is radiant and ruddy,
outstanding among ten thousand.

¹¹ His head is the purest gold;
his hair is curly and as black as a raven.

¹² His eyes are like doves beside streams
of water,

washed in milk, mounted like jewels.

¹³ His cheeks are like beds of spices,
yielding aromatic scents.

His lips are lilies, dripping myrrh.

¹⁴ His arms are rounded gold set with
jewels;

his abdomen is ivory covered with sap-
phires.

¹⁵ His legs are pillars of marble, set on
bases of pure gold;

his appearance is like Lebanon, choice
as the cedars.

¹⁶ His mouth is most sweet;

he is completely lovely.

This is my beloved, and this is my friend,
daughters of Jerusalem.

Chapter 6

The women of Jerusalem speaking to the
young woman

¹ Where has your beloved gone,
most beautiful among women?

In what direction has your beloved
gone,

so that we may seek him with you?

The young woman speaking to herself

² My beloved has gone down to his gar-
den,

to the beds of spices,

to graze in the garden and to gather
lilies.

³ I am my beloved's, and my beloved is
mine;

he grazes among the lilies with pleasure.

The woman's lover speaking to her

⁴ You are as beautiful as Tirzah, my love,
as lovely as Jerusalem,

as awe-inspiring as an army with its
banners.

⁵ Turn your eyes away from me,
for they overwhelm me.

Your hair is like a flock of goats
going down from the slopes of Mount
Gilead.

⁶ Your teeth are like a flock of ewes
coming up from the washing place.

Each one has a twin,

and none among them is bereaved.

⁷ Your cheeks are like pomegranate
halves

behind your veil. The woman's lover
speaking to himself

⁸ There are sixty queens, eighty concu-
bines,

and young women without number.

⁹ My dove, my undefiled, is the only one;
she is the special daughter of her
mother;

she is the favorite one of the woman
who bore her.

The daughters of my countrymen saw
her and called her blessed;

the queens and the concubines saw her also, and they praised her:

What the queens and the concubines said

¹⁰ "Who is this who appears like the dawn,

as beautiful as the moon,

as bright as the sun,

as awe-inspiring as an army with its banners?"

The woman's lover speaking to himself

¹¹ I went down into the grove of nut trees

to see the young growth in the valley,

to see whether the vines had budded,

and whether the pomegranates were in bloom.

¹² I was so happy that I felt

I was riding in the chariot of a prince.

The woman's lover speaking to her

¹³ Turn back, turn back, you perfect woman;

turn back, turn back so that I may gaze on you. The young woman speaking to her lover

Why do you gaze on me, the perfect woman,

as if I were dancing between two rows of dancers?

Chapter 7

The woman's lover speaking to her

¹ How beautiful your feet appear in your sandals, prince's daughter!

The curves of your thighs are like jewels,

the work of the hands of a master craftsman.

² Your navel is like a round bowl;

may it never lack mixed wine.

Your belly is like a mound of wheat encircled with lilies.

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

⁴ Your neck is like a tower of ivory; your eyes like the pools in Heshbon

by the gate of Bath Rabbim.

Your nose is like the tower in Lebanon that looks toward Damascus.

⁵ Your head on you is like Carmel; the hair on your head is dark purple.

The king is held captive by its tresses.

⁶ How beautiful and lovely you are, beloved one, with your delights!

⁷ Your height is like that of a date palm tree,

and your breasts like clusters of fruit.

⁸ I thought, "I want to climb that palm tree;

I will take hold of its branches."

May your breasts be like clusters of grapes,

and may the fragrance of your nose be like apricots.

⁹ May your mouth be like the best wine, flowing smoothly to my beloved,

gliding over our lips and teeth.

The young woman speaking to her lover

¹⁰ I am my beloved's,
and he desires me.

¹¹ Come, my beloved, let us go out into
the countryside;

let us spend the night in the villages.

¹² Let us rise early to go to the vineyards;
let us see whether the vines have bud-
ded,

whether their blossoms have opened,
and whether the pomegranates are in
flower.

There I will give you my love.

¹³ The mandrakes give off their fra-
grance;

at the door where we are staying are all
sorts of choice fruits, new and old,

that I have stored up for you, my
beloved.

Chapter 8

The young woman speaking to her lover

¹ I wish that you were like my brother,
who nursed at my mother's breasts.

Then whenever I met you outside, I
could kiss you,

and no one would despise me.

² I would lead you and bring you into
my mother's house,

and you would teach me.

I would give you spiced wine to drink

and some of the juice of my
pomegranates. The young woman speak-
ing to herself

³ His left hand is under my head
and his right hand embraces me.

The woman speaking to the other women

⁴ I want you to swear, daughters of
Jerusalem's men,

that you will not interrupt our lovemak-
ing

until it is over.

The women of Jerusalem speaking

⁵ Who is this who is coming up from the
wilderness,

leaning on her beloved?

The young woman speaking to her lover

I awakened you under the apricot tree;

there your mother conceived you;

there she gave birth to you, she deliv-
ered you.

⁶ Set me as a seal over your heart,

like a seal on your arm,

for love is as strong as death.

Passionate devotion is as unrelenting
as Sheol;

its flames burst out; it is a blazing flame,
a flame hotter than any other fire.

⁷ Surging waters cannot quench love,

nor can floods sweep it away.

If a man gave all the possessions in his
house for love,

the offer would utterly be despised.

The young woman's brothers speaking
among themselves

⁸ We have a little sister,

and her breasts have not yet grown.

What can we do for our sister

on the day when she will be promised
in marriage?

⁹ If she is a wall,
we will build on her a tower of silver.
If she is a door,
we will adorn her with boards of cedar.

The young woman speaking to herself

¹⁰ I was a wall, but my breasts are now
like fortress towers;

so I am completely mature in his eyes.
The young woman speaking to herself

¹¹ Solomon had a vineyard at Baal Ha-
mon.

He leased the vineyard to those who
would maintain it.

Each one was to bring a thousand
shekels of silver for its fruit.

¹² My vineyard is my very own;

the thousand shekels belong to you, my
dear Solomon,

and the two hundred shekels are for
those who maintain it for its fruit.

The woman's lover speaking to her

¹³ You who live in the gardens,

my companions are listening for your
voice;

let me be the one to hear it as well.

The young woman speaking to her lover

¹⁴ Hurry, my beloved,

and be like a gazelle or a young stag
on the mountains of spices.