

<sup>4</sup>Daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you:  
Do not arouse or awaken love  
until it so desires.

*Friends*

<sup>5</sup>Who is this coming up from the desert  
leaning on her lover?

*Beloved*

Under the apple tree I roused you;  
there your mother conceived you,  
there she who was in labor gave  
you birth.

<sup>6</sup>Place me like a seal over your heart,  
like a seal over your arm;  
for love is as strong as death,  
its jealousy<sup>a</sup> unyielding as the  
grave.<sup>b</sup>

It burns like blazing fire,  
like a mighty flame.<sup>c</sup>

<sup>7</sup>Many waters cannot quench love;  
rivers cannot wash it away.

If one were to give  
all the wealth of his house for love,  
it<sup>d</sup> would be utterly scorned.

*Friends*

<sup>8</sup>We have a young sister,  
and her breasts are not yet grown.  
What shall we do for our sister  
for the day she is spoken for?

<sup>9</sup>If she is a wall,

we will build towers of silver on  
her.

If she is a door,  
we will enclose her with panels of  
cedar.

*Beloved*

<sup>10</sup>I am a wall,  
and my breasts are like towers.  
Thus I have become in his eyes  
like one bringing contentment.

<sup>11</sup>Solomon had a vineyard in Baal  
Hamon;

he let out his vineyard to tenants.  
Each was to bring for its fruit  
a thousand shekels of silver.

<sup>12</sup>But my own vineyard is mine to give;  
the thousand shekels<sup>e</sup> are for you, O  
Solomon,  
and two hundred<sup>f</sup> are for those who  
tend its fruit.

*Lover*

<sup>13</sup>You who dwell in the gardens  
with friends in attendance,  
let me hear your voice!

*Beloved*

<sup>14</sup>Come away, my lover,  
and be like a gazelle  
or like a young stag  
on the spice-laden mountains.

## SONG OF SOLOMON - Outlined As a Drama

### Title 1:1

#### Scene I The Courtship, 1:2 - 3:5

- A. The Shulammitte to Herself, 1:2-4a
- B. The Daughters of Jerusalem to the King, 1:4b
- C. The Shulammitte, 1:5-7
- D. The Daughters of Jerusalem, 1:8
- E. Solomon to the Shulammitte, 1:9-10
- F. Daughters of Jerusalem to the Shulammitte, 1:11
- G. The Shulammitte, 1:12-14
- H. Solomon to the Shulammitte, 1:15
- I. The Shulammitte to Solomon, 1:16-2:1
- J. Solomon to the Shulammitte, 2:2
- K. The Shulammitte to Solomon, 2:3-6
- L. Solomon to the Daughters of Jerusalem, 2:7
- M. The Shulammitte to Herself, 2:8-13
- N. Solomon to the Shulammitte, 2:14
- O. A chorus, 2:15

#### Scene II The Shulammitte Dreams In Her Home

- A. The Shulammitte to Herself, 2:16-3:4
- B. Husband to Daughters of Jerusalem, 3:5

#### Scene III The Procession for the Marriage, 3:6-11

#### Scene IV The Consummation of the Marriage 4:1-5:1

- A. Solomon to his Bride, 4:1-15
- B. The Bride to Solomon, 4:16
- C. Solomon to his Bride, 5:1a
- D. God to the Couple, 5:1b

<sup>a</sup>6 Or ardor    <sup>b</sup>6 Hebrew Sheol    <sup>c</sup>6 Or / like the very flame of the LORD    <sup>d</sup>7 Or he  
<sup>e</sup>12 That is, about 25 pounds (about 11.5 kilograms)    <sup>f</sup>12 That is, about 5 pounds (about 2.3 kilograms)

## Scene V The Honeymoon is Over, 5:2-6:13

- A. Wife to Daughters of Jerusalem;  
the Wife Rebuffs the Husband, 5:2-8
- B. Daughters of Jerusalem to the Wife;  
a Reminder about her Husband, 5:9
- C. Wife to the Daughters of Jerusalem;  
She Remembers How fine He Is, 5:10-16
- D. Daughters of Jerusalem to Wife, 6:1
- E. Wife to Daughters of Jerusalem, 6:2-3
- F. Husband to Wife, 6:4-10
- G. Wife to Herself, 6:11-12
- H. Daughters of Jerusalem to Wife, 6:13a
- I. King to Daughters of Jerusalem, 6:13b

## Scene VI The Marriage Deepens, 7:1-8:4

- A. Husband to Wife, 7:1-9a
- B. Wife to Husband, 7:9b-10
- C. Wife to Husband (in the morning), 7:11-8:3
- D. Husband to Daughters of Jerusalem, 8:4

## Scene VII The Maturity of Love, 8:5-14

- A. The Question, 8:5a
- B. Solomon's Reminiscence, 8:5b
- C. The Wife to her Husband, 8:6-7
- D. The Brothers of the Shulammitte, 8:8-9
- E. The Wife to Everyone, 8:10-12
- F. The Husband to his Wife, 8:13
- G. The Wife to her Husband, 8:14

<sup>8</sup>Sixty queens there may be,  
and eighty concubines,  
and virgins beyond number;  
<sup>9</sup>but my dove, my perfect one, is  
unique,  
the only daughter of her mother,  
the favorite of the one who bore  
her.

The maidens saw her and called her  
blessed;  
the queens and concubines praised  
her.

<sup>10</sup>Who is this that appears like the  
dawn,  
fair as the moon, bright as the sun,  
majestic as the stars in procession?

<sup>11</sup>I went down to the grove of nut trees  
to look at the new growth in the  
valley,  
to see if the vines had budded  
or the pomegranates were in bloom.

<sup>12</sup>Before I realized it,  
my desire set me among the royal  
chariots of my people.<sup>a</sup>

*Friends*

<sup>13</sup>Come back, come back, O Shulammitte;  
come back, come back, that we may  
gaze on you!

*Lover*

Why would you gaze on the  
Shulammitte  
as on the dance of Mahanaim?

**7** How beautiful your sandaled feet,  
O prince's daughter!

Your graceful legs are like jewels,  
the work of a craftsman's hands.

<sup>2</sup>Your navel is a rounded goblet  
that never lacks blended wine.  
Your waist is a mound of wheat  
encircled by lilies.

<sup>3</sup>Your breasts are like two fawns,  
twins of a gazelle.

<sup>4</sup>Your neck is like an ivory tower.  
Your eyes are the pools of Heshbon  
by the gate of Bath Rabbim.

Your nose is like the tower of  
Lebanon

looking toward Damascus.

<sup>5</sup>Your head crowns you like Mount  
Carmel.

Your hair is like royal tapestry;  
the king is held captive by its  
tresses.

<sup>6</sup>How beautiful you are and how  
pleasing,

O love, with your delights!

<sup>7</sup>Your stature is like that of the palm,  
and your breasts like clusters of  
fruit.

<sup>8</sup>I said, "I will climb the palm tree;  
I will take hold of its fruit."  
May your breasts be like the clusters  
of the vine,  
the fragrance of your breath like  
apples,

<sup>9</sup> and your mouth like the best wine.

*Beloved*

May the wine go straight to my lover,  
flowing gently over lips and teeth.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>10</sup>I belong to my lover,  
and his desire is for me.

<sup>11</sup>Come, my lover, let us go to the  
countryside,  
let us spend the night in the  
villages.<sup>c</sup>

<sup>12</sup>Let us go early to the vineyards  
to see if the vines have budded,  
if their blossoms have opened,  
and if the pomegranates are in  
bloom—  
there I will give you my love.

<sup>13</sup>The mandrakes send out their  
fragrance,  
and at our door is every delicacy,  
both new and old,  
that I have stored up for you, my  
lover.

**8** If only you were to me like a  
brother,  
who was nursed at my mother's  
breasts!

Then, if I found you outside,  
I would kiss you,  
and no one would despise me.

<sup>2</sup>I would lead you  
and bring you to my mother's  
house—  
she who has taught me.

I would give you spiced wine to drink,  
the nectar of my pomegranates.

<sup>3</sup>His left arm is under my head  
and his right arm embraces me.

<sup>a</sup>12 Or among the chariots of Amminadab; or among the chariots of the people of the prince

<sup>b</sup>9 Septuagint, Aquila, Vulgate and Syriac; Hebrew lips of sleepers <sup>c</sup>11 Or henna bushes

I have eaten my honeycomb and my honey;  
I have drunk my wine and my milk.

*Friends*

Eat, O friends, and drink;  
drink your fill, O lovers.

*Beloved*

<sup>2</sup>I slept but my heart was awake.

Listen! My lover is knocking:  
"Open to me, my sister, my darling,  
my dove, my flawless one.  
My head is drenched with dew,  
my hair with the dampness of the night."

<sup>3</sup>I have taken off my robe—  
must I put it on again?  
I have washed my feet—  
must I soil them again?

<sup>4</sup>My lover thrust his hand through the latch-opening;  
my heart began to pound for him.

<sup>5</sup>I arose to open for my lover,  
and my hands dripped with myrrh,  
my fingers with flowing myrrh,  
on the handles of the lock.

<sup>6</sup>I opened for my lover,  
but my lover had left; he was gone.  
My heart had gone out to him when he spoke.

I looked for him but did not find him.  
I called him but he did not answer.

<sup>7</sup>The watchmen found me  
as they made their rounds in the city.

They beat me, they bruised me;  
they took away my cloak,  
those watchmen of the walls!

<sup>8</sup>O daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you—  
if you find my lover,  
what will you tell him?  
Tell him I am faint with love.

*Friends*

<sup>9</sup>How is your beloved better than others,  
most beautiful of women?  
How is your beloved better than others,  
that you charge us so?

*Beloved*

<sup>10</sup>My lover is radiant and ruddy,

outstanding among ten thousand.

<sup>11</sup>His head is purest gold;  
his hair is wavy  
and black as a raven.

<sup>12</sup>His eyes are like doves  
by the water streams,  
washed in milk,  
mounted like jewels.

<sup>13</sup>His cheeks are like beds of spice  
yielding perfume.  
His lips are like lilies  
dripping with myrrh.

<sup>14</sup>His arms are rods of gold  
set with chrysolite.  
His body is like polished ivory  
decorated with sapphires.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>15</sup>His legs are pillars of marble  
set on bases of pure gold.  
His appearance is like Lebanon,  
choice as its cedars.

<sup>16</sup>His mouth is sweetness itself;  
he is altogether lovely.  
This is my lover, this my friend,  
O daughters of Jerusalem.

*Friends*

<sup>6</sup> Where has your lover gone,  
most beautiful of women?  
Which way did your lover turn,  
that we may look for him with you?

*Beloved*

<sup>2</sup>My lover has gone down to his garden,  
to the beds of spices,  
to browse in the gardens  
and to gather lilies.

<sup>3</sup>I am my lover's and my lover is mine;  
he browses among the lilies.

*Lover*

<sup>4</sup>You are beautiful, my darling, as Tirzah,  
lovely as Jerusalem,  
majestic as troops with banners.

<sup>5</sup>Turn your eyes from me;  
they overwhelm me.  
Your hair is like a flock of goats  
descending from Gilead.

<sup>6</sup>Your teeth are like a flock of sheep  
coming up from the washing.  
Each has its twin,  
not one of them is alone.

<sup>7</sup>Your temples behind your veil  
are like the halves of a pomegranate.

# Song of Songs

## 1 Solomon's Song of Songs.

*Beloved<sup>a</sup>*

<sup>2</sup>Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth—  
for your love is more delightful than wine.

<sup>3</sup>Pleasing is the fragrance of your perfumes;  
your name is like perfume poured out.

No wonder the maidens love you!  
<sup>4</sup>Take me away with you—let us hurry!  
The king has brought me into his chambers.

*Friends*

We rejoice and delight in you<sup>b</sup>;  
we will praise your love more than wine.

*Beloved*

How right they are to adore you!  
<sup>5</sup>Dark am I, yet lovely,  
O daughters of Jerusalem,  
dark like the tents of Kedar,  
like the tent curtains of Solomon.<sup>c</sup>

<sup>6</sup>Do not stare at me because I am dark,  
because I am darkened by the sun.  
My mother's sons were angry with me  
and made me take care of the vineyards;

my own vineyard I have neglected.  
<sup>7</sup>Tell me, you whom I love, where you graze your flock  
and where you rest your sheep at midday.

Why should I be like a veiled woman  
beside the flocks of your friends?

*Lover*

<sup>8</sup>If you do not know, most beautiful of women,  
follow the tracks of the sheep  
and graze your young goats  
by the tents of the shepherds.  
<sup>9</sup>I liken you, my darling, to a mare  
harnessed to one of the chariots of Pharaoh.

<sup>10</sup>Your cheeks are beautiful with earrings,  
your neck with strings of jewels.  
<sup>11</sup>We will make you earrings of gold,  
studded with silver.

*Beloved*

<sup>12</sup>While the king was at his table,  
my perfume spread its fragrance.  
<sup>13</sup>My lover is to me a sachet of myrrh  
resting between my breasts.  
<sup>14</sup>My lover is to me a cluster of henna blossoms  
from the vineyards of En Gedi.

*Lover*

<sup>15</sup>How beautiful you are, my darling!  
Oh, how beautiful!  
Your eyes are doves.

*Beloved*

<sup>16</sup>How handsome you are, my lover!  
Oh, how charming!  
And our bed is verdant.

*Lover*

<sup>17</sup>The beams of our house are cedars;  
our rafters are firs.

<sup>a</sup>14 Or lapis lazuli

<sup>a</sup>Primarily on the basis of the gender of the Hebrew pronouns used, male and female speakers are indicated in the margins by the captions *Lover* and *Beloved* respectively. The words of others are marked *Friends*. In some instances the divisions and their captions are debatable.

<sup>b</sup>4 The Hebrew is masculine singular. <sup>c</sup>5 Or *Salma*

Beloved<sup>a</sup>

**2** I am a rose<sup>b</sup> of Sharon,  
a lily of the valleys.

Lover

<sup>2</sup>Like a lily among thorns  
is my darling among the maidens.

Beloved

<sup>3</sup>Like an apple tree among the trees of  
the forest

is my lover among the young men.

I delight to sit in his shade,  
and his fruit is sweet to my taste.

<sup>4</sup>He has taken me to the banquet hall,  
and his banner over me is love.

<sup>5</sup>Strengthen me with raisins,  
refresh me with apples,  
for I am faint with love.

<sup>6</sup>His left arm is under my head,  
and his right arm embraces me.

<sup>7</sup>Daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you  
by the gazelles and by the does of  
the field:

Do not arouse or awaken love  
until it so desires.

<sup>8</sup>Listen! My lover!

Look! Here he comes,  
leaping across the mountains,  
bounding over the hills.

<sup>9</sup>My lover is like a gazelle or a young  
stag.

Look! There he stands behind our  
wall,

gazing through the windows,  
peering through the lattice.

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

"Arise, my darling,  
my beautiful one, and come with  
me.

<sup>11</sup>See! The winter is past;  
the rains are over and gone.

<sup>12</sup>Flowers appear on the earth;  
the season of singing has come,  
the cooing of doves  
is heard in our land.

<sup>13</sup>The fig tree forms its early fruit;  
the blossoming vines spread their  
fragrance.

Arise, come, my darling;  
my beautiful one, come with me."

Lover

<sup>14</sup>My dove in the clefts of the rock,

in the hiding places on the  
mountainside,  
show me your face,  
let me hear your voice;  
for your voice is sweet,  
and your face is lovely.  
<sup>15</sup>Catch for us the foxes,  
the little foxes  
that ruin the vineyards,  
our vineyards that are in bloom.

Beloved

<sup>16</sup>My lover is mine and I am his;  
he browses among the lilies.

<sup>17</sup>Until the day breaks  
and the shadows flee,  
turn, my lover,  
and be like a gazelle  
or like a young stag  
on the rugged hills.<sup>c</sup>

**3** All night long on my bed  
I looked for the one my heart loves;  
I looked for him but did not find  
him.

<sup>2</sup>I will get up now and go about the  
city,  
through its streets and squares;  
I will search for the one my heart  
loves.  
So I looked for him but did not find  
him.

<sup>3</sup>The watchmen found me  
as they made their rounds in the  
city.

"Have you seen the one my heart  
loves?"

<sup>4</sup>Scarcely had I passed them  
when I found the one my heart  
loves.

I held him and would not let him go  
till I had brought him to my  
mother's house,  
to the room of the one who  
conceived me.

<sup>5</sup>Daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you  
by the gazelles and by the does of  
the field:

Do not arouse or awaken love  
until it so desires.

<sup>6</sup>Who is this coming up from the desert  
like a column of smoke,  
perfumed with myrrh and incense  
made from all the spices of the  
merchant?

<sup>7</sup>Look! It is Solomon's carriage,  
escorted by sixty warriors,  
the noblest of Israel,  
<sup>8</sup>all of them wearing the sword,  
all experienced in battle,  
each with his sword at his side,  
prepared for the terrors of the night.

<sup>9</sup>King Solomon made for himself the  
carriage;

he made it of wood from Lebanon.

<sup>10</sup>Its posts he made of silver,  
its base of gold.

Its seat was upholstered with purple,  
its interior lovingly inlaid  
by<sup>a</sup> the daughters of Jerusalem.

<sup>11</sup>Come out, you daughters of Zion,  
and look at King Solomon wearing  
the crown,  
the crown with which his mother  
crowned him  
on the day of his wedding,  
the day his heart rejoiced.

Lover

**4** How beautiful you are, my darling!  
Oh, how beautiful!

Your eyes behind your veil are  
doves.

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

<sup>2</sup>Your teeth are like a flock of sheep  
just shorn,  
coming up from the washing.

Each has its twin;  
not one of them is alone.

<sup>3</sup>Your lips are like a scarlet ribbon;  
your mouth is lovely.

Your temples behind your veil  
are like the halves of a pomegranate.

<sup>4</sup>Your neck is like the tower of David,  
built with elegance<sup>b</sup>;  
on it hang a thousand shields,  
all of them shields of warriors.

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

<sup>6</sup>Until the day breaks  
and the shadows flee,  
I will go to the mountain of myrrh  
and to the hill of incense.

<sup>7</sup>All beautiful you are, my darling;  
there is no flaw in you.

<sup>8</sup>Come with me from Lebanon, my  
bride,

come with me from Lebanon.  
Descend from the crest of Amana,  
from the top of Senir, the summit of  
Hermon,  
from the lions' dens  
and the mountain haunts of the  
leopards.

<sup>9</sup>You have stolen my heart, my sister,  
my bride;

you have stolen my heart  
with one glance of your eyes,  
with one jewel of your necklace.

<sup>10</sup>How delightful is your love, my sister,  
my bride!

How much more pleasing is your  
love than wine,  
and the fragrance of your perfume  
than any spice!

<sup>11</sup>Your lips drop sweetness as the  
honeycomb, my bride;  
milk and honey are under your  
tongue.

The fragrance of your garments is  
like that of Lebanon.

<sup>12</sup>You are a garden locked up, my sister,  
my bride;  
you are a spring enclosed, a sealed  
fountain.

<sup>13</sup>Your plants are an orchard of  
pomegranates

with choice fruits,  
with henna and nard,

<sup>14</sup>nard and saffron,  
calamus and cinnamon,  
with every kind of incense tree,  
with myrrh and aloes  
and all the finest spices.

<sup>15</sup>You are<sup>c</sup> a garden fountain,  
a well of flowing water  
streaming down from Lebanon.

Beloved

<sup>16</sup>Awake, north wind,  
and come, south wind!

Blow on my garden,  
that its fragrance may spread  
abroad.

Let my lover come into his garden  
and taste its choice fruits.

Lover

**5** I have come into my garden, my  
sister, my bride;  
I have gathered my myrrh with my  
spice.

<sup>a1</sup> Or Lover

<sup>b1</sup> Possibly a member of the crocus family

<sup>c17</sup> Or the hills of Bether

<sup>a10</sup> Or its inlaid interior a gift of love / from

<sup>c15</sup> Or I am (spoken by the Beloved)

<sup>b4</sup> The meaning of the Hebrew for this word is uncertain.