



# Song of Solomon

## Chapter 1

1 ¶ The <sup>a</sup>song of songs, which *is* Solomon's.

### *The Shulamite*

2 ¶ Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, <sup>b</sup>for your love *is* better than wine.

3 Because of the fragrance of your good ointments your name *is* as ointment poured forth. Therefore, the maidens love you.

4 <sup>c</sup>Take me away *with you*.

### *The Maidens Of Jerusalem*

¶ <sup>d</sup>We will run after you

### *The Shulamite*

¶ The king <sup>e</sup>has brought me into his chambers.

### *The Maidens Of Jerusalem*

¶ We will be glad and rejoice in you. We will remember <sup>f</sup>your love more than wine.

### *The Shulamite*

¶ How right they are to love you.

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

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

### *To Her Beloved*

7 ¶ Tell me, O you whom I love, where you feed *your flock* and where you make *them* rest at midday. Why should I be as a veiled woman beside the flocks of your friends?

### *The Maidens of Jerusalem*

8 ¶ If you do not know, O <sup>g</sup>fairest among women, go your way in the footsteps of the flock and feed your young goats beside the shepherds' tents.

### *The King*

9 ¶ I have compared you, O <sup>h</sup>my love, <sup>i</sup>to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.

10 <sup>j</sup>Your cheeks are lovely with rows *of jewels*, your neck with chains *of gold*.

### *The Maidens of Jerusalem*

11 ¶ We will make you ornaments of gold studded with silver.

### *The Shulamite*

12 ¶ While the king *was* at his table, my perfume sent forth its fragrance.

13 A bag of myrrh *is* my beloved unto me. He will lie all night between my breasts.

14 My beloved *is* unto me *as* a cluster of henna *blooms* in the vineyards of En Gedi.

*The King*

15 ¶<sup>k</sup>Behold, how fair you *are* my love. Behold, how fair you *are*. You *have* the eyes of doves.

*The Shulamite*

16 ¶ Behold, you *are* <sup>h</sup>handsome, my beloved, yes, pleasant; also our bed *is* green.

17 The beams of our house *are* cedar *and* our rafters of fir.

**Chapter 1:** a 1 Kg 4:32 b Ss 4:10 c Hs 11:4 d Ph 3:12-14 e Ps 45:14,15 f Ss 8:11,12 g Ss 5:9 h Ss 2:2,10,13; 4:1,7 i 2 Ch 1:16 j Ez 16:11 k Ss 4:1; 5:12 l Ss 5:10-16

**Chapter 2**

1 ¶ I *am* the rose of Sharon *and* the lily of the valleys.

*The King*

2 ¶ As the lily among thorns, so *is* my love among the maidens.

*The Shulamite*

3 ¶ As the apple tree among the trees of the forest, so *is* my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and <sup>a</sup>his fruit *was* sweet to my taste.

4 He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me *was* love.

5 Sustain me with cakes of raisins. Comfort me with apples, for I *am* faint with love.

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

7 <sup>c</sup>I charge you, O maidens of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and by the does of the field, that you do not arouse or awaken love until it so desires.

*The Shulamite*

8 ¶ The voice of my beloved! Behold, he comes leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

9 <sup>d</sup>My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag. Behold, he stands behind our wall. He looks out through the windows, showing himself through the lattice.

10 ¶ My beloved is about to speak to me. He speaks to me.

*The Beloved*

¶ “Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

11 For behold, the winter is past. The rain is over *and* gone.

12 The flowers appear on the earth. The time of the singing *of* birds 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 grape give a *good* smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

14 O my <sup>e</sup>dove in the clefts of the rock, in the secret *places* of the stairs, let me see your face. <sup>f</sup>Let me hear your voice, for sweet *is* your voice, and your face *is* lovely.”

15 Catch for us the foxes, the <sup>g</sup>little foxes that ruin the vines, for our vines *have* tender grapes.

## Song of Solomon 3,4

International King James Version

### The Shulamite

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

17 <sup>i</sup>Until the day breaks and the shadows flee away, turn my beloved, and be <sup>j</sup>like a gazelle or a young stag upon the mountains of Bether.

Chapter 2: a Rv 22:1,2 b Ss 8:3 c Ss 3:5; 8:4 d Ss 2:17 e Ss 5:2 f Ss 8:13 g Ez 13:4  
h Ss 6:3 i Ss 4:6 j Ss 8:14

## Chapter 3

### The Shulamite

1 ¶ In the <sup>a</sup>nights on my bed I sought him whom my soul loves. I sought him, but I did not find him.

2 I will rise now and go about the city in the streets. In the squares I will seek him whom my soul loves. I sought him, but I did not find him.

3 <sup>b</sup>The watchmen who go about the city found me. *I asked them*, “Have you seen him whom my soul loves?”

4 It was but a brief time when I passed from them that I found him whom my soul loves. I held him and would not let him go until I had brought him into my <sup>c</sup>mother’s house, and into the chamber of her who conceived me.

5 <sup>d</sup>I charge you, O you maidens of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and by the does of the field, that you do not stir up, nor awaken love until it pleases.

### The Shulamite

6 ¶ <sup>e</sup>Who *is* this who comes out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?

7 Behold, it is the *traveling* couch of Solomon. Sixty mighty men *are* around it, of the mighty men of Israel.

8 They all hold swords, *being* experts in war. Every man *has* his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.

9 ¶ King Solomon made himself a carriage of the wood of Lebanon.

10 He made its pillars *of* silver, its bottom *of* gold, the covering of it *of* purple, *with* its interior lovingly fitted out by the maidens of Jerusalem.

11 ¶ Go forth, O you maidens of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown with which his mother crowned him in the day of his wedding, in the day of the gladness of his heart.

Chapter 3: a Is 26:9 b Ss 5:7 c Ss 8:2 d Ss 2:7; 8:4 e Ss 8:5

## Chapter 4

### The King

1 ¶ Behold, <sup>a</sup>you *are* fair, my love. Behold, you *are* fair. You *have* the eyes of doves behind your veil. Your hair *is* as a <sup>b</sup>flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead.

2 <sup>c</sup>Your teeth *are* like a flock *of* shorn *sheep* that came up from the washing, every one bearing twins, and none *is* barren among them.

3 Your lips *are* like a ribbon of scarlet, and your speech *is* lovely. <sup>d</sup>Your temples *are* like a piece of a pomegranate behind your veil.

**Song of Solomon 5**  
*International King James Version*

4 <sup>e</sup>Your neck *is* like the tower of David built <sup>f</sup>for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

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

*The Shulamite*

6 ¶ <sup>h</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.

*The King*

7 ¶ <sup>i</sup>You *are* all fair, my love. *There is* no spot in you.

8 Come with me from Lebanon, *my* bride, come with me from Lebanon. Look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and <sup>j</sup>Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

9 You have ravished my heart, my sister, *my* bride. You have ravished my heart with one of your eyes, with one chain of your neck.

10 How fair is your love, my sister, *my* bride! How <sup>k</sup>much better is your love than wine, and the smell of your ointments than all spices!

11 Your lips, O *my* bride, drop *as* the honeycomb. <sup>l</sup>Honey and milk *are* under your tongue, and the smell of your garments *is* <sup>m</sup>like the fragrance of Lebanon.

12 A garden enclosed *is* my sister, *my* bride, a spring shut up *and* a fountain sealed.

13 Your plants *are* an orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits, henna *blooms* with spikenard,

14 spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon with all trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes with all the chief spices.

15 *You are* a garden spring, a well of <sup>n</sup>living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

*The Shulamite*

16 ¶ Awake, O north *wind*, and come *wind of* the south. Blow upon my garden *so that* its spices may flow out. <sup>o</sup>Let my beloved come into his garden and eat its pleasant <sup>p</sup>fruits.

**Chapter 4:** a Ss 1:15; 5:12 b Ss 6:5 c Ss 6:6 d Ss 6:7 e Ss 7:4 f Ne 3:19 g Ss 7:3 h Ss 2:17 i Ep 5:27 j Dt 3:9 k Ss 1:2,4 l Pv 24:13,14 m Hs 14:6,7 n Zc 14:8 o Ss 5:1 p Ss 7:13

**Chapter 5**

*The King*

1 ¶ I <sup>a</sup>have come into my garden, my <sup>b</sup>sister, *my* bride. I have gathered my myrrh with my spice. <sup>c</sup>I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey. I have drunk my wine with my milk.

*To the Friends*

¶ Eat, O <sup>d</sup>friends. Drink. Yes, drink abundantly, O lovers.

*The Shulamite*

2 ¶ I sleep, but my heart is awake. *It is* the voice of <sup>e</sup>my beloved who knocks, *saying*, “Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled. For my head is filled with dew *and* my locks with the drops of the night.”

3 I have put off my coat. How will I put it on *again*? I have washed my feet. How will I make them dirty *again*?

**Song of Solomon 6**  
*International King James Version*

4 My beloved put his hand in the latch opening, and my heart yearned for him.

5 I rose up to open to my beloved, and my hands dripped *with* myrrh, and my fingers *with* sweet smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock.

6 I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had withdrawn himself *and* was gone. My soul failed when he turned away. ¶ I sought him, but I could not find him. I called him, but he gave me no answer.

7 <sup>g</sup>The watchmen who went about the city found me. They struck me. They wounded me. The keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.

8 I charge you, O maidens of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved tell him that I *am* lovesick.

*The Maidens of Jerusalem*

9 ¶ What *is* your beloved more than *another* beloved, O you <sup>h</sup>fairest among women? What *is* your beloved more than *another* beloved, that you so charge us?

*The Shulamite*

10 ¶ My beloved *is* radiant and ruddy, the chief among ten thousand.

11 His head *is as* the purest gold. His locks *are* bushy *and* black as a raven.

12 <sup>i</sup>His eyes *are as the eyes* of doves by the water streams, washed with milk *and* reposed in *their* setting.

13 His cheeks *are* as a bed of spices, *as* sweet flowers. His lips *are like* lilies, dripping sweet smelling myrrh.

14 His hands *are as* gold rings set with the beryl. His stomach *is as* bright ivory overlaid *with* sapphires.

15 His legs *are as* pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold. His countenance *is as* Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

16 His speech *is* most sweet. Yes, he *is* altogether lovely. This *is* my beloved, and this *is* my friend, O maidens of Jerusalem.

**Chapter 5:** a Ss 4:16 b Ss 4:9 c Ss 4:11 d Lk 15:7,10 e Rv 3:20 f Ss 3:1 g Ss 3:3 h Ss 1:8; 6:1 i Ss 1:15; 4:1

**Chapter 6**

*The Maidens of Jerusalem*

1 ¶ Where has your beloved gone, O you <sup>a</sup>fairest among women? Where has your beloved turned aside so that we may seek him with you?

*The Shulamite*

2 ¶ My beloved is gone down into his <sup>b</sup>garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies.

3 <sup>c</sup>I *am* my beloved's, and my beloved *is* mine. He feeds among the lilies.

*The King*

4 ¶ You *are* beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, lovely as Jerusalem, awesome as *an* army with banners.

5 Turn away your eyes from me, for they have confused me. Your hair *is* <sup>d</sup>as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.

- 6 <sup>e</sup>Your teeth *are* as a flock of sheep that go up from washing, all of which bear twins, and not one among them has lost her young.
- 7 <sup>f</sup>As a piece of a pomegranate *are* your temples behind your veil.
- 8 There are sixty queens and eighty concubines, and <sup>g</sup>maidens without number.
- 9 My dove, my <sup>h</sup>perfect one is *but* one. She *is* the *only* one of her mother. She is the pure *child* of the one who bore her. The maidens saw her and blessed her. The queens and the concubines, they also praised her, *saying*,

*Friends*

- 10 ¶ Who is this who grows like the dawn, *and is* as beautiful as the full moon, as pure as the sun, as <sup>i</sup>awesome as an army with banners?

*The Shulamite*

- 11 ¶ I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, *and* <sup>j</sup>to see whether the vine flourished *and* the pomegranates budded.
- 12 Before I was aware, my desire set me *among* the chariots of my noble people.

*The Maidens of Jerusalem*

- 13 ¶ Return, return, O Shulamite. Return, return, so that we may look upon you.

*The Shulamite*

- ¶ Why should you gaze at the Shulamite, as at the dance of the two companies?

**Chapter 6:** a Ss 1:8; 5:9 b Ss 4:16; 5:1 c Ss 2:16; 7:10 d Ss 4:1 e Ss 4:2 f Ss 4:3 g Ss 1:3 h Ss 2:14; 5:2 i Ss 6:4 j Ss 7:12

**Chapter 7**

*The Maidens of Jerusalem*

- 1 ¶ How beautiful are your feet with shoes, O <sup>a</sup>prince's maiden! The joints of your thighs *are* like jewels, the work of the hands of a skillful craftsman.
- 2 Your navel *is like* a round goblet *that* never lacks mixed wine. Your waist *is like* a mound of wheat encircled with lilies.
- 3 <sup>b</sup>Your two breasts *are* like two young gazelles *that are* twins.
- 4 <sup>c</sup>Your neck *is* as a tower of ivory *and* your eyes *like* the pools in Heshbon by the gate of Bath Rabbim. Your nose *is* as the tower of Lebanon that looks toward Damascus.
- 5 Your head upon you *is* like Carmel, and the hair of your head like purple. *The king is captivated by your tresses.*

*The King*

- 6 ¶ How fair and how pleasant you are, O love, with your delights!
- 7 This your stature is like a palm tree, and your breasts *like* its clusters.
- 8 I said, "I will go up to the palm tree. I will take hold of its branches." Let now your breasts be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of your nose like apples,
- 9 and the roof of your mouth like the best wine for my beloved.

*The Shulamite*

¶ *May the wine* go straight to my beloved, flowing gently over lips and teeth.

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

11 Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field. Let us lodge in the villages.

12 Let us get up early to the vineyards. Let us <sup>f</sup>see if the vine has budded, *whether* the tender grape appears, *and* the pomegranates bud forth. There I will give you my love.

13 The <sup>g</sup>mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates *are* all manner of <sup>h</sup>pleasant *fruits*, new and old, *that* I have laid up for you, O my beloved.

**Chapter 7:** a Ps 45:13 b Ss 4:5 c Ss 4:4 d Ss 2:16; 6:3 e Ps 45:11 f Ss 6:11 g Gn 30:14 h Mt 13:52

**Chapter 8**

1 ¶ O that you *were* as my brother who nursed at the breasts of my mother! *Then if* I would find you outside, I would kiss you. Yes, I would not be despised.

2 I would lead you *and* bring you into my <sup>a</sup>mother's house, *who* would instruct me. I would cause you to drink of <sup>b</sup>spiced wine from the juice of my pomegranate.

3 <sup>c</sup>His left hand *would be* under my head and his right hand would embrace me.

4 <sup>d</sup>I charge you, O maidens of Jerusalem, that you do not stir up, nor awaken love until it pleases.

*Friends*

5 ¶ <sup>e</sup>Who *is* this who comes up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?

*The Shulamite*

¶ Under the apple tree I awakened you. There your mother brought you forth. There she brought you forth *who* bore you.

6 ¶ <sup>f</sup>Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm. For love *is as* strong as death. <sup>g</sup>Jealousy *is as* cruel as the grave. Its flames *are* flames of fire, *a* most vehement flame of the LORD.

7 Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. <sup>h</sup>If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be scorned.

*Brothers of the Shulamite*

8 ¶ <sup>i</sup>We have a little sister, and she has no breasts. What will we do for our sister in the day when she will be spoken for?

9 If she *is* a wall, we will build upon her towers of silver. And if she *is* a door, we will enclose her with boards of cedar.

*The Shulamite*

10 ¶ I *am* a wall, and my breasts like towers; then I was in his eyes as one who found favor.

11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baal Hamon. <sup>j</sup>He leased the vineyard to keepers; everyone for its fruit was to bring a thousand *pieces* of silver.

**Song of Solomon 8**  
*International King James Version*

12 My own vineyard *is* before me. You, O Solomon, *must have* a thousand, and those who keep its fruit two hundred.

*The Beloved*

13 ¶ You who dwell in the gardens, the friends hearken to your voice.  
<sup>k</sup>Let me hear *it*.

*The Shulamite*

14 <sup>l</sup>Make haste, my beloved, and be <sup>m</sup>like a gazelle or a young stag upon the mountains of spices.

Chapter 8: a Ss 3:4 b Pv 9:2 c Ss 2:6 d Ss 2:7; 3:5 e Ss 3:6 f Jr 22:24 g Pv 6:34,35 h Pv 6:35 i Ez 23:33 j Mt 21:33 k Ss 2:14 l Rv 22:17,20 m Ss 2:7,9,17

**INTERNATIONAL WHATSAPP LIBRARY**  
**≈ Bible Material For Bible Teaching ≈**  
**Free Books Formatted For Smartphones**  
**[www.roger-e-dickson.org](http://www.roger-e-dickson.org)**