

SONG OF SOLOMON (or better) SONG OF SONGS

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A verse can express a spiritual truth even if it is in a story which may not be historical.

There is no "Yahweh" in the right column.

(Because of Microsoft software problems, verses can independently move from where they have been placed. A ` has been placed on each vacant line in order to try to stop the verses from moving so much from where they have been placed.)

1769 King James Version	1769 King James Version
<p>1:1 The song of songs, which is Solomon's. ` `</p> <p>2 Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine.</p> <p>3 Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.</p> <p>4 Draw me, we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love more than wine: the upright love thee.</p> <p>5 I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.</p> <p>6 Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.</p> <p>7 Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at</p>	<p>1:1 The song of songs, <i>which is Solomon's</i>.¹ ` `</p> <p>The woman speaks</p> <p>2 Kiss me with the kisses of your mouth; for your love is better than wine.</p> <p>3 Because of the fragrance of your fine oils, your name is like perfume poured forth, making the virgins love you.</p> <p>4 Call me; we will run after you; the king has brought me into his chambers; we will be glad and rejoice in you; we will remember your love more than wine. The upright love you.</p> <p>5 I am dark, but beautiful, O you daughters of Jerusalem, like the tents of Kedar, like the curtains of Solomon.</p> <p>6 Do not frown at me because I am so dark, because the sun has darkened me. My mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but I have not kept my own vineyard.</p> <p>7 Tell me, you whom my <i>soul</i> (material sense) loves, where you make your flock rest at noon. For why should I be one who searches among the flocks of</p>

<p>noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?</p> <p>8 If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.</p> <p>9 I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.</p> <p>10 Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold.</p> <p>11 We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver.</p> <p>12 While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.</p> <p>13 A bundle of myrrh is my wellbeloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.</p> <p>14 My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi.</p> <p>15 Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes.</p> <p>16 Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed is green.</p> <p>17 The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.</p>	<p>your companions?</p> <p>The man speaks</p> <p>8 If you do not know, you fairest among women, follow the footsteps of the flock, and feed your young goats beside the shepherds' tents.</p> <p>9 I have compared you, my love, to a team of horses pulling Pharaoh's chariots.</p> <p>10 Your cheeks are lovely with rows of jewels, and your neck with chains of gold.</p> <p>11 We will make you borders of gold with studs of silver.</p> <p>The woman speaks</p> <p>12 While the king sits at his table, my perfume sends forth its lovely fragrance.</p> <p>13 My well-beloved shall be to me like a bundle of myrrh; he shall lie all night between my breasts.</p> <p>14 My beloved is to me like a cluster of wild flowers blooming in the vineyards of Engedi.</p> <p>The man speaks</p> <p>15 Behold, you are fair, my love; behold, you are fair; you have doves' eyes.</p> <p>16 Behold, you are fair, my beloved, yes, pleasant; the green grass shall be our bed.</p> <p>17 The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters are of fir.</p>
<p>2:1 I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.</p> <p>2 As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.</p> <p>3 As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.</p> <p>4 He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.</p> <p>5 Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.</p> <p>6 His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.</p> <p>7 I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not</p>	<p>The woman speaks</p> <p>2:1 I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley.</p> <p>2 Like a lily among thorns is my love among the daughters.</p> <p>3 Like an apple tree among the trees of the wood is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.</p> <p>4 He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.</p> <p>5 Refresh me with raisins, comfort me with apples for I am faint with love.</p> <p>6 His left hand is under my head, and his right hand embraces me.</p> <p>7 I order you, daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and by the deer of the field, that you do not disturb nor awake my love, till he pleases.</p>

<p>up, nor awake my love, till he please. 8 The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. 9 My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice. `</p> <p>10 My beloved spake, and said unto 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 the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; 13 The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. `</p> <p>14 O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely. 15 Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes. 16 My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies. 17 Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.</p>	<p>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 looks forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice. `</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The woman continues</p> <p>10 My beloved spoke and said to me, "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 turtle dove is heard in our land. 13 "The fig tree puts forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes have a sweet fragrance. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. 14 "O my dove, who is in the clefts of the rock in a hiding-place, let me see your face. Let me hear your voice, for your voice is sweet and your face is beautiful. 15 "Catch the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes." 16 My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feeds among the lilies. 17 Until the day breaks, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be like a young stag upon the rugged mountains.</p>
<p>3:1 By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. 2 I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. 3 The watchmen that go about the city found me: to whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth? `</p> <p>4 It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her</p>	<p>3:1 By night on my bed I sought him whom my <i>soul</i> (material sense) loves; I sought him, but I did not find him. 2 I will rise now and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my (material sense) <i>soul</i> loves. I sought him, but I did not find him. 3 The watchmen who go about the city found me, and I asked them, Have you seen the one whom my <i>soul</i> (material sense) loves?" `</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The woman continues</p> <p>4 It was only a little while after I passed them, that I found him whom my <i>soul</i> (material sense) loves. I held him, and would not let him go until I had brought him into my mother's house and into the</p>

<p>that conceived me. 5 I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please. 6 Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant? `</p> <p>7 Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel. 8 They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night. 9 King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. 10 He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem. 11 Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.</p>	<p>room of the one who conceived me. 5 I request, you daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and by the deer of the field, that you do not disturb nor awake my love till he pleases. 6 Who is this who comes out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the fragrances of the merchant? 7 Behold Solomon's palanquin (a covered litter); sixty valiant men of Israel surround it. 8 They all hold swords, being expert in war; every man has his sword upon his thigh in case of danger in the night. 9 King Solomon made himself a covered litter of the wood of Lebanon. 10 He made its posts of silver, its floor of gold, its covering of purple; and its interior was lovingly furnished by the daughters of Jerusalem. 11 Go forth, you daughters of Zion,² and behold king Solomon with the crown with which his mother crowned him on the day of his wedding, on the day when his heart was glad. `</p>
<p>`</p> <p>4:1 Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead. `</p> <p>2 Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them. 3 Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks. 4 Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men. 5 Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies. 6 Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense. 7 Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee. 8 Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">The man speaks</p> <p>4:1 Behold, you are fair, my love; behold, you are beautiful; you have doves' eyes behind your veil; your hair is like a flock of goats streaming down Mount Gilead. 2 Your teeth are like a flock of sheep that are evenly shorn, which came up from the washing; every one of which bears twins, and none is barren among them. 3 Your lips are like a thread of scarlet and your speech is sweet; your cheeks are like pieces of pomegranate within your veil. 4 Your neck is like the tower of David built for an armory, on which hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty warriors. 5 Your two breasts are like two young roe deer that are twins, which feed among the lilies. 6 Until the day breaks, and the shadows flee away, I will go to the mountain of myrrh and to the hill of frankincense. 7 You are all fair, my love; there is no spot in you. 8 Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, from the</p>

<p>from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.</p> <p>9 Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.</p> <p>10 How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!</p> <p>11 Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.</p> <p>12 A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.</p> <p>13 Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,</p> <p>14 Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:</p> <p>15 A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.</p> <p>16 Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.</p>	<p>top of Amana, the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.</p> <p>9 You have ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; you have ravished my heart with only one of your eyes, with only one of your neck chains.</p> <p>The man continues</p> <p>10 How fair is your love, my sister, my spouse! How much better your love is than wine, and the smell of your ointments than all spices! =</p> <p>11 Your lips, my spouse, are as sweet as honey; honey and milk are on your tongue; and the scent of your garments is like the scent of Lebanon.</p> <p>12 My sister, my spouse is a garden enclosed, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.</p> <p>13 You are like a priceless orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphor, with spikenard,</p> <p>14 spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all precious spices.</p> <p>15 You are a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.</p> <p>The woman speaks</p> <p>16 Awake, north wind, and come, you south wind; blow upon my garden so that the scent of its spices may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits.</p>
<p>5:1 I am come into 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: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.</p> <p>2 I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, 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.</p> <p>3 I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?</p> <p>4 My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him.</p>	<p>The man speaks</p> <p>5:1 I have come into 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: eat, friends; drink, yes, drink abundantly, my beloved.</p> <p>The woman speaks</p> <p>2 I sleep, but my heart wakes; it is the voice of my beloved who knocks, saying, "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my perfect one. For my head is wet with dew and my hair with the dew drops of the night."</p> <p>3 I have put off my clothing; shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; shall I dirty them?</p> <p>4 My beloved put his hand on the door latch, and my heart was trembling for him.</p>

<p>5 I rose up to open to my beloved; and my hands dropped 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 spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer. 7 The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me. 8 I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love. 、 、 9 What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? what is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us? 、 、 10 My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. 11 His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven. 12 His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set. 13 His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers: his lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh. 14 His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl: his belly 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 mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.</p>	<p>5 I rose up to open to my beloved; and my hands dropped 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 left; my <i>soul</i> (material sense) failed listening for his voice. 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 guards on the walls took away my veil from me. 8 I order you, daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am sick with love. 、 <p style="text-align: center;">A commentor speaks</p> 9 What is your beloved more than another beloved, you fairest among women? What is your beloved more than another beloved so that you order others as you do? 、 <p style="text-align: center;">The woman speaks</p> 10 My beloved is bright and handsome, the chief among ten thousand. 11 His head is like the finest gold; his hair is thick and black like a raven. 12 His eyes are like the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk and perfectly set. 13 His cheeks are like a bed of spices, like sweet flowers; his lips like lilies, breathing sweet smelling myrrh. 14 His hands are like gold rings covered with jewels; his belly is like bright ivory overlaid with sapphires. 15 His legs are like pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold; his face is as fine as 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.</p>
<p>、 6:1 Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee. 、 、 2 My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">A commentator speaks</p> <p>6:1 Where has your beloved gone, O you fairest among women? Where has your beloved turned aside? I wish to seek him with you. 、 <p style="text-align: center;">The woman speaks</p> 2 My beloved has gone down into his garden to the</p>

<p>beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.</p> <p>3 I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine: he feedeth among the lilies.</p> <p>4 Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.</p> <p>5 Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.</p> <p>6 Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them.</p> <p>7 As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.</p> <p>8 There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number.</p> <p>9 My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her. The daughters saw her, and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.</p> <p>10 Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?</p> <p>11 I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded.</p> <p>12 Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib.</p> <p>13 Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies.</p>	<p>beds of spices to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies.</p> <p>3 I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine; he feeds among the lilies.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The man speaks</p> <p>4 You are beautiful, my love, as Tirzah, beautiful as Jerusalem, as awesome as an army with banners.</p> <p>5 Turn away your eyes from me, for they have overcome me; your hair is like a flock of goats that appears from Gilead.</p> <p>6 Your teeth are like a flock of sheep which goes up from the washing, everyone with twin lambs; and there is not one barren among them.</p> <p>7 Your temples within your hair are like pieces of pomegranate.</p> <p>8 There are sixty queens, eighty concubines, and virgins without number.</p> <p>9 My dove, my perfect one is but one; she is the only one of her mother; she is the choice one of her who bore her. The daughters saw her and blessed her; yes, the queens and the concubines praised her.</p> <p>10 Who is she that looks forth as the morning, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and as terrifying as an army with banners?</p> <p>11 I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished and the pomegranates budded.</p> <p>12 Before I was aware, my memory took me to the chariots of Amminadab, my own people.</p> <p>13 Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return so that we may look upon you. What do you see in the Shulamite as she dances with the others?</p>
<p>7:1 How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman.</p> <p>2 Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies.</p> <p>3 Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.</p> <p>4 Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh</p>	<p>7:1 How beautiful are your feet in sandals, O prince's daughter! The joints of your thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a skilled workman.</p> <p>2 Your navel is like a round goblet which does not lack liquor; your belly is like a heap of wheat surrounded with lilies.</p> <p>3 Your two breasts are like two young gazelles that are twins.</p> <p>4 Your neck is like a tower of ivory, your eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon by the gate of Bathrabbim. Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon which looks</p>

<p>toward Damascus. 5 Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king is held in the galleries. 6 How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights! 7 This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes. 8 I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples; 9 And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak. 、 、 10 I am my beloved's, and 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 see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves. 13 The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.</p>	<p>toward Damascus. 5 Your head crowns you like Mount Carmel, and the hair of your head is like royal purple; the king is held captive by it. 6 How fair and how pleasant you are, my love, for delights! 7 You are tall and graceful as a palm tree, and your breasts like clusters of grapes. 8 I said, "I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of its boughs." Also, your breasts are as clusters of grapes, and the scent of your nose like apples. 9 And the roof of your mouth is like the best wine, my beloved, that goes down sweetly, causing the lips of those who are asleep to speak. 、 、 <p style="text-align: center;">The woman speaks</p> 10 I am my beloved's, and 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 see if the vines flourish, whether the tender grapes appear, and the pomegranates bud forth. There I will give you my love. 13 The mandrakes give off a pleasant scent, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits new and old, which I have saved for you, my beloved.</p>
<p>8:1 O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised. 2 I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate. 3 His left hand should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me. 4 I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, until he please. 、 、 5 Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth that bare thee. 6 Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon</p>	<p>8:1 O that you were as my brother, who suckled the breasts of my mother! When I would find you out in a field, I would kiss you with no shame. = 2 I would lead you, and bring you into my mother's house who taught me; I would cause you to drink spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate. 3 His left hand should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me. = 4 I ask you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that you do not stir, nor awake my love, until he pleases. 、 、 <p style="text-align: center;">The man speaks</p> 5 Who is this who comes up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I waked you under the apple tree; there your mother brought you forth; there she who bore you brought you forth. 6 Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon</p>

<p>thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.</p> <p>7 Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.</p> <p>8 We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?</p> <p>9 If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.</p> <p>10 I am a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.</p> <p>11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baalhamon; he let out the vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.</p> <p>12 My vineyard, which is mine, is before me: thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.</p> <p>13 Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear it.</p> <p>14 Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.</p>	<p>your arm; for love is as strong as death; jealousy is as cruel as the grave. It burns like fire, which has a raging flame.</p> <p>7 Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it. If a man offered all the substance of his house for love, it would be rejected and scorned.</p> <p>8 We have a little sister, and she has no breasts; what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?</p> <p>9 If she were a wall, we would build upon her a palace of silver; and if she were a door, we would enclose her with boards of cedar.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The woman speaks</p> <p>10 I found favor in the sight of my beloved.</p> <p>11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baalhamon; he let out the vineyard to keepers; every one for its fruit was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.</p> <p>12 But my own vineyard, which is mine, is before me; you, Solomon, must have a thousand, and those who keep its fruit two hundred.</p> <p>13 You who dwell in the gardens, my companions and I are listening for your voice; let me to hear it!</p> <p>14 Make haste, my beloved, and be like a gazelle or a young stag upon the mountains of spices.</p>
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¹ 1:1 This slightly erotic love poetry is all about the romantic relationship of a man and a woman, and contains no reference to God or Yahweh. This is one of the most secular books in the Hebrew Bible (the Old Testament). This book was included in the Old Testament because the Jews were willing to read the book metaphorically as Yahweh's love for Israel and for the people of Israel, and subsequently Christians were willing to read the book metaphorically as God's love for Christ.

3:11 The hill on which the temple stood in Jerusalem was often referred to as Mount Zion in the Old Testament (O.T.) The people of the O.T. occasionally referred to Zion as an idealized Jerusalem in which all its inhabitants lived righteously according to O. T. standards. The phrase, "daughters of Zion" may be spiritually interpreted as, for example, "those who are spiritually minded."