

Song of Songs – Part 1 (c. 969t – 932t BC)**Song of Solomon 1:1–5:1**

1:1 The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.

Soprano

- 2 “May he kiss me with the kisses of his mouth!
For your love is better than wine.
- 3 “Your oils have a pleasing fragrance,
Your name is *like* purified oil;
Therefore the maidens love you.
- 4 “Draw me after you *and* let us run *together*!
The king has brought me into his chambers.”

Chorus

“We will rejoice in you and be glad;
We will extol your love more than wine.

Soprano

- Rightly do they love you.”
- 5 “I am black but lovely,
O daughters of Jerusalem,
Like the tents of Kedar,
Like the curtains of Solomon.
- 6 “Do not stare at me because I am swarthy,
For the sun has burned me.
My mother's sons were angry with me;
They made me caretaker of the vineyards,
But I have not taken care of my own vineyard.
- 7 “Tell me, O you whom my soul loves,
Where do you pasture *your* flock,
Where do you make *it* lie down at noon?
For why should I be like one who veils herself
Beside the flocks of your companions?”

Chorus

- 8 “If you yourself do not know,
Most beautiful among women,
Go forth on the trail of the flock
And pasture your young goats
By the tents of the shepherds.

Tenor

- 9 “To me, my darling, you are like
My mare among the chariots of Pharaoh.
- 10 “Your cheeks are lovely with ornaments,
Your neck with strings of beads.”
- 11 “We will make for you ornaments of gold
With beads of silver.”

Soprano

- 12 “While the king was at his table,
My perfume gave forth its fragrance.
- 13 “My beloved is to me a pouch of myrrh
Which lies all night between my breasts.
- 14 “My beloved is to me a cluster of henna blossoms
In the vineyards of Engedi.”

Tenor

- 15 “How beautiful you are, my darling,
How beautiful you are!
Your eyes are *like* doves.”

Soprano

- 16 “How handsome you are, my beloved,
And so pleasant!
Indeed, our couch is luxuriant!
- 17 “The beams of our houses are cedars,
Our rafters, cypresses.
- 2:1 “I am the rose of Sharon,
The lily of the valleys.”

Tenor

- 2 “Like a lily among the thorns,
So is my darling among the maidens.”

Soprano

- 3 “Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest,
So is my beloved among the young men.
In his shade I took great delight and sat down,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
- 4 “He has brought me to *his* banquet hall,
And his banner over me is love.
- 5 “Sustain me with raisin cakes,
Refresh me with apples,
Because I am lovesick.
- 6 “Let his left hand be under my head
And his right hand embrace me.”
- 7 “I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
By the gazelles or by the hinds of the field,
That you do not arouse or awaken *my* love
Until she pleases.”
- 8 “Listen! My beloved!
Behold, he is coming,
Climbing on the mountains,
Leaping on the hills!
- 9 “My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag.
Behold, he is standing behind our wall,
He is looking through the windows,

He is peering through the lattice.

10 “My beloved responded and said to me,

Tenor

‘Arise, my darling, my beautiful one,
And come along.

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

12 ‘The flowers have *already* appeared in the land;
The time has arrived for pruning *the vines*,
And the voice of the turtledove has been heard in our land.

13 ‘The fig tree has ripened its figs,
And the vines in blossom have given forth *their* fragrance.
Arise, my darling, my beautiful one,
And come along!’”

14 “O my dove, in the clefts of the rock,
In the secret place of the steep pathway,
Let me see your form,
Let me hear your voice;
For your voice is sweet,
And your form is lovely.”

15 “Catch the foxes for us,
The little foxes that are ruining the vineyards,
While our vineyards are in blossom.”

Soprano

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

17 “Until the cool of the day when the shadows flee away,
Turn, my beloved, and be like a gazelle
Or a young stag on the mountains of Bether.”

3:1 “On my bed night after night I sought him
Whom my soul loves;
I sought him but did not find him.

2 ‘I must arise now and go about the city;
In the streets and in the squares
I must seek him whom my soul loves.’
I sought him but did not find him.

3 “The watchmen who make the rounds in the city found me,
And I said, ‘Have you seen him whom my soul loves?’

4 “Scarcely had I left them
When I found him whom my soul loves;
I held on to him and would not let him go
Until I had brought him to my mother’s house,
And into the room of her who conceived me.”

5 “I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
By the gazelles or by the hinds of the field,
That you will not arouse or awaken *my* love
Until she pleases.”

Chorus

- 6 “What is this coming up from the wilderness
Like columns of smoke,
Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
With all scented powders of the merchant?
- 7 “Behold, it is the *traveling* couch of Solomon;
Sixty mighty men around it,
Of the mighty men of Israel.
- 8 “All of them are wielders of the sword,
Expert in war;
Each man has his sword at his side,
Guarding against the terrors of the night.
- 9 “King Solomon has made for himself a sedan chair
From the timber of Lebanon.
- 10 “He made its posts of silver,
Its back of gold
And its seat of purple fabric,
With its interior lovingly fitted out
By the daughters of Jerusalem.
- 11 “Go forth, O daughters of Zion,
And gaze on King Solomon with the crown
With which his mother has crowned him
On the day of his wedding,
And on the day of his gladness of heart.”

Tenor

- 4:1 “How beautiful you are, my darling,
How beautiful you are!
Your eyes are *like* doves behind your veil;
Your hair is like a flock of goats
That have descended from Mount Gilead.
- 2 “Your teeth are like a flock of *newly* shorn ewes
Which have come up from *their* washing,
All of which bear twins,
And not one among them has lost her young.
- 3 “Your lips are like a scarlet thread,
And your mouth is lovely.
Your temples are like a slice of a pomegranate
Behind your veil.
- 4 “Your neck is like the tower of David,
Built with rows of stones
On which are hung a thousand shields,
All the round shields of the mighty men.
- 5 “Your two breasts are like two fawns,
Twins of a gazelle
Which feed among the lilies.
- 6 “Until the cool of the day
When the shadows flee away,
I will go my way to the mountain of myrrh

And to the hill of frankincense.

- 7 “You are altogether beautiful, my darling,
And there is no blemish in you.
- 8 “*Come* with me from Lebanon, *my* bride,
May you come with me from Lebanon.
Journey down from the summit of Amana,
From the summit of Senir and Hermon,
From the dens of lions,
From the mountains of leopards.
- 9 “You have made my heart beat faster, my sister, *my* bride;
You have made my heart beat faster with a single *glance* of your eyes,
With a single strand 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 oils
Than all *kinds* of spices!
- 11 “Your lips, *my* bride, drip honey;
Honey and milk are under your tongue,
And the fragrance of your garments is like the fragrance of Lebanon.
- 12 “A garden locked is my sister, *my* bride,
A rock garden locked, a spring sealed up.
- 13 “Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates
With choice fruits, henna with nard plants,
- 14 Nard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon,
With all the trees of frankincense,
Myrrh and aloes, along with all the finest spices.
- 15 “*You are* a garden spring,
A well of fresh water,
And streams *flowing* from Lebanon.”

Soprano

- 16 “Awake, O north *wind*,
And come, *wind of* the south;
Make my garden breathe out *fragrance*,
Let its spices be wafted abroad.
May my beloved come into his garden
And eat its choice fruits!”

Tenor

- 5:1 “I have come into my garden, my sister, *my* bride;
I have gathered my myrrh along with my balsam.
I have eaten my honeycomb and my honey;
I have drunk my wine and my milk.