

## Song of Songs – Part 1 (c. 969t – 932t BC)

## Song of Solomon 1–6

1:1 The Song of Songs, which *is* for Solomon.

**Soprano**

- 2 May you kiss me passionately with your lips,  
for your love *is* better than wine.
- 3 As fragrance, your perfumes *are* delightful;  
your name is poured out perfume;  
therefore young women love you.
- 4 Draw me after you, let us run!  
May the king bring me into his chambers!

**Chorus**

Let us be joyful and let us rejoice in you;  
let us extol your love more than wine.

**Soprano**

- Rightly do they love you!
- 5 I *am* black but beautiful, O maidens of Jerusalem,  
like the tents of Kedar, like the curtains of Solomon.
- 6 Do not gaze at me because I am black,  
because the sun has stared *at* me.  
The sons of my mother were angry with me;  
they made me keeper of the vineyards,  
*but* my own “vineyard” I did not keep.
- 7 Tell me, *you* whom my heart loves,  
where do you pasture your flock,  
where do your sheep lie down at the noon?  
For why should I be like one who is veiled  
beside the flocks of your companions?

**Chorus**

- 8 If you do not know, O fairest among women,  
follow the tracks of the flock,  
and pasture your little lambs beside the tents of the shepherds.

**Tenor**

- 9 To a mare among the chariots of Pharaoh,  
I compare you, my beloved.
- 10 Your cheeks are beautiful with ornaments,  
your neck with strings of jewels.
- 11 We will make ornaments of gold for you  
with studs of silver.

**Soprano**

- 12 While the king *was* on his couch,  
my nard gave its fragrance.
- 13 My beloved *is* to me a pouch of myrrh,  
he spends the night between my breasts.
- 14 My beloved *is* to me a cluster of blossoms of henna  
in the vineyards of En Gedi.

**Tenor**

- 15 Look! You *are* beautiful, my beloved.  
Look! You *are* beautiful;  
your eyes *are* doves.

**Soprano**

- 16 Look! You *are* beautiful, my beloved,  
truly pleasant.  
Truly our couch *is* verdant;  
17 the beams of our house *are* cedar;  
our rafter *is* cypress.  
2:1 I *am* a rose of Sharon,  
a lily of the valleys.

**Tenor**

- 2 Like a lily among the thorns,  
so *is* my love among the maidens.

**Soprano**

- 3 As an apple tree among the trees of the forest,  
so *is* my beloved among the young men.  
In his shade I sat down with delight,  
and his fruit *was* sweet to my palate.  
4 He brought me to the house of the wine,  
and his intention *was* love toward me.  
5 Sustain me with the raisins,  
refresh me with the apples,  
for I *am* lovesick.  
6 His left *hand is* under my head,  
and his right *hand* embraces me.  
7 I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem,  
by the gazelles or by the does of the field,  
do not arouse or awaken love until it pleases!  
8 The voice of my beloved!  
Look! Here he comes leaping upon the mountains,  
bounding 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,  
looking through the lattice.  
10 My beloved answered and said to me,

**Tenor**

- “Arise, my beloved! Come, my beauty!  
11 For look! The winter is over;  
the rainy season has turned and gone away.  
12 The blossoms appear in the land;  
the time of singing has arrived;  
the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land.  
13 The fig tree puts forth her figs,  
and the vines *are in* blossom; they give fragrance.  
Arise, my beloved! Come, my beauty!”  
14 My dove, in the clefts of the rock,  
in the secluded place in the mountain,  
Let me see your face,  
let me hear your voice;  
for your voice *is* sweet and your face *is* lovely.  
15 Catch for us the foxes,  
the little foxes destroying vineyards,  
for our vineyards *are in* blossom!

**Soprano**

- 16 My beloved belongs to me and I belong to him;

he pastures his flock among the lilies.

- 17 Until the day breathes and the shadows flee,  
turn, my beloved!  
Be like a gazelle or young stag on the cleft mountains.
- 3:1 On my bed in the night,  
I sought him whom my heart loves.  
I sought him, but I did not find him.
- 2 Now I will arise, and I will go about in the city,  
in the streets and in the squares;  
I will seek him whom my heart loves.  
I sought him, but I did not find him.
- 3 The sentinels who go about in the city found me.  
“Have you seen the one whom my heart loves?”
- 4 Scarcely had I passed by them  
when I found him whom my heart loves.  
I held him and I would not let him go  
until I brought him to the house of my mother,  
into the bedroom chamber of she who conceived me.
- 5 I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem,  
by the gazelles or by the does of the field,  
do not arouse or awaken love until it pleases!

#### Chorus

- 6 What *is* this coming up from the desert  
like a column of smoke,  
perfumed with myrrh and frankincense  
from all the fragrant powders of the merchant?
- 7 Look! *It is* Solomon’s portable couch!  
Sixty mighty men surround it,  
the mighty men of Israel.
- 8 All of them wield swords;  
*they are* trained in warfare,  
each with his sword at his thigh  
*to guard* against terror in the night.
- 9 King Solomon made for himself a sedan chair  
from the wood of Lebanon.
- 10 He made its column of silver, its back of gold, its seat of purple;  
its interior is inlaid *with* leather by the maidens of Jerusalem.
- 11 Come out and look, O maidens of Zion, at King Solomon,  
at the crown with which his mother crowned him  
on the day of his wedding,  
on the day of the joy of his heart!

#### Tenor

- 4:1 Look! You *are* beautiful, my beloved!  
Look! You *are* beautiful!  
Your eyes *are* doves  
from behind your veil.  
Your hair *is* like a flock of goats  
that move down from the mountains of Gilead.
- 2 Your teeth *are* like a flock of shorn ewes  
that came up from the washing,  
all of them bearing twins,  
and there is none bereaved among them.
- 3 Your lips *are* like a thread of crimson,  
and your mouth *is* lovely.  
Your temple *is* like pomegranate  
from behind your veil.

- 4 Your neck *is* like the tower of David,  
built in courses;  
a thousand ornaments are hung on it,  
all the shields of the warriors.
- 5 Your two breasts *are* like two fawns,  
twins of a gazelle that feed among the lilies.
- 6 Until the day breathes and the shadows flee,  
I will go to the mountain of the myrrh,  
to the hill of the frankincense.
- 7 You *are* completely beautiful, my beloved!  
You are flawless!
- 8 Come with me from Lebanon, my bride!  
Come with me from Lebanon!  
Look from the top of Amana,  
from the top of Senir and Hermon,  
from the dwelling places of the lions,  
from the mountains of leopard.
- 9 You have stolen (my) heart, my sister bride!  
You have stolen *my* heart with one *glance* from your eyes,  
with one ornament from your necklaces.
- 10 How beautiful is your love, my sister bride!  
How better is your love than wine,  
and the fragrance of your oils than any spice!
- 11 Your lips drip nectar, *my* bride;  
honey and milk *are* under your lips;  
the scent of your garments *is* like the scent of Lebanon.
- 12 A garden locked *is* my sister bride,  
a spring enclosed, a fountain sealed.
- 13 Your shoots *are* an orchard of pomegranates with choice fruit,  
henna with nard;
- 14 nard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon spice with all trees of frankincense,  
myrrh and aloes with all chief spices.
- 15 A garden fountain, a well of living water,  
flowing (streams) from Lebanon.

**Soprano**

- 16 Awake, O north wind! Come, O south wind!  
Blow upon my garden! Let its fragrances waft forth!  
Let my beloved come to his garden,  
let him eat his choice fruit!

**Tenor**

- 5:1 I have come to my garden, my sister 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!

**Chorus**

Eat, O friends! Drink and become drunk *with* love!

**Soprano**

- 2 I *was* asleep but my heart was awake.  
A sound! My beloved knocking!

**Tenor**

“Open to me, my sister, my beloved,  
my dove, my perfect one!  
For my head is full of dew,

my hair drenched from the moist night air.”

### Soprano

- 3 I have taken off my tunic, must I put it on?  
I have bathed my feet, must I soil them?
- 4 My beloved thrust his hand into the opening,  
and my inmost yearned for him.
- 5 I myself arose to open to my beloved;  
my hands dripped with myrrh,  
my fingers with liquid myrrh  
upon the handles of the bolt.
- 6 I opened myself to my beloved,  
but my beloved had turned and gone;  
my heart sank when he turned away.  
I sought him, but I did not find him;  
I called him, but he did not answer me.
- 7 The sentinels making rounds in the city found me;  
they beat me, they wounded me;  
they took my cloak away from me—  
those sentinels on the walls!
- 8 I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem,  
if you find my beloved, what will you tell him?  
*Tell him* that I am lovesick!

### Chorus

- 9 How is your beloved better than another lover,  
O most beautiful among women?  
How is your beloved better than another lover,  
that you adjure us thus?

### Soprano

- 10 My beloved *is* radiant and ruddy,  
distinguished among ten thousand.
- 11 His head *is* gold, refined gold;  
his locks *are* wavy, black as a raven.
- 12 His eyes *are* like doves beside springs of water,  
bathed in milk, set like mounted jewels.
- 13 His cheeks *are* like beds of spice, a tower of fragrances;  
his lips *are* lilies dripping liquid myrrh.
- 14 His arms *are* rods of gold engraved with jewels;  
his belly *is* polished ivory covered with sapphires.
- 15 His legs *are* columns of alabaster, set on bases of gold;  
his appearance *is* like Lebanon, choice as its cedars.
- 16 His mouth *is* sweet,  
and he is altogether desirable.  
This *is* my beloved;  
this *is* my friend, O young women of Jerusalem.

### Chorus

- 6:1 Where has your beloved gone,  
O most beautiful among women?  
Where has your beloved turned  
that we may seek him with you?

### Soprano

- 2 My beloved has gone down to his garden,  
to the garden bed of the spice,  
to pasture his flock and to gather lilies in the garden.

3 I belong to my beloved and he belongs to me;  
he pastures his flock among the lilies.

**Tenor**

4 You *are* beautiful, my beloved, as Tirzah,  
lovely as Jerusalem,  
overwhelming as an army with banners.

5 Turn away your eyes from before me,  
for they overwhelm me.  
Your hair *is* like a flock of the goats  
that moves down from Gilead.

6 Your teeth *are* like a flock of the ewes  
that have come up from the washing,  
all of them bearing twins,  
and there is none bereaved among them.

7 Your cheeks behind your veil  
*are* like halves of a pomegranate.

8 Sixty queens there *are*, eighty concubines,  
and maidens beyond number.

9 My dove, she is the one;  
my perfect, she is the only one;  
she *is* the favorite of her mother who bore her.  
Maidens see her and consider her fortunate;  
queens and concubines praise her:

10 “Who *is* this that looks down like the dawn,  
beautiful as the moon,  
bright as the sun,  
overwhelming as an army with banners?”

11 I went down to the orchard of the walnut trees  
to look at the blossoms of the valley,  
to see *whether* the vines have sprouted,  
*whether* the pomegranates have blossomed.

12 I did not know my heart set me  
*in* a chariot of my princely people.

13 Turn, turn, O Shulammitte!  
Turn, turn so that we may look upon you!  
Why do you look upon the Shulammitte  
as *at* a dance of the two armies?

Scripture quotations are from the [Lexham English Bible](#) (LEB). Copyright 2012 [Logos Bible Software](#). Lexham is a registered trademark of [Logos Bible Software](#).