

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

## Song of Solomon 1–6

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 Bethel.”
- 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.

**Chorus**

Eat, friends;  
Drink and imbibe deeply, O lovers.”

**Soprano**

2 “I was asleep but my heart was awake.  
A voice! My beloved was knocking:

**Tenor**

‘Open to me, my sister, my darling,  
My dove, my perfect one!  
For my head is drenched with dew,  
My locks with the damp of the night.’

**Soprano**

3 “I have taken off my dress,  
How can I put it on *again*?  
I have washed my feet,  
How can I dirty them *again*?  
4 “My beloved extended his hand through the opening,  
And my feelings were aroused for him.  
5 “I arose to open to my beloved;  
And my hands dripped with myrrh,  
And my fingers with liquid myrrh,  
On the handles of the bolt.  
6 “I opened to my beloved,  
But my beloved had turned away *and* had gone!  
My heart went out *to him* as he spoke.  
I searched for him but I did not find him;  
I called him but he did not answer me.  
7 “The watchmen who make the rounds in the city found me,  
They struck me *and* wounded me;  
The guardsmen of the walls took away my shawl from me.  
8 “I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,  
If you find my beloved,  
As to what you will tell him:  
For I am lovesick.”

**Chorus**

9 “What kind of beloved is your beloved,  
O most beautiful among women?  
What kind of beloved is your beloved,  
That thus you adjure us?”

**Soprano**

10 “My beloved is dazzling and ruddy,  
Outstanding among ten thousand.  
11 “His head is *like* gold, pure gold;

His locks are *like* clusters of dates  
*And* black as a raven.

- 12 “His eyes are like doves  
 Beside streams of water,  
 Bathed in milk,  
*And* reposed in *their* setting.
- 13 “His cheeks are like a bed of balsam,  
 Banks of sweet-scented herbs;  
 His lips are lilies  
 Dripping with liquid myrrh.
- 14 “His hands are rods of gold  
 Set with beryl;  
 His abdomen is carved ivory  
 Inlaid with sapphires.
- 15 “His legs are pillars of alabaster  
 Set on pedestals of pure gold;  
 His appearance is like Lebanon  
 Choice as the cedars.
- 16 “His mouth is *full of* sweetness.  
 And he is wholly desirable.  
 This is my beloved and this is my friend,  
 O daughters 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 beds of balsam,  
 To pasture *his flock* in the gardens  
 And gather lilies.
- 3 “I am my beloved’s and my beloved is mine,  
 He who pastures *his flock* among the lilies.”

#### Tenor

- 4 “You are as beautiful as Tirzah, my darling,  
 As lovely as Jerusalem,  
 As awesome as an army with banners.
- 5 “Turn your eyes away from me,  
 For they have confused me;  
 Your hair is like a flock of goats  
 That have descended from Gilead.
- 6 “Your teeth are like a flock of ewes  
 Which have come up from *their* washing,  
 All of which bear twins,  
 And not one among them has lost her young.
- 7 “Your temples are like a slice of a pomegranate  
 Behind your veil.
- 8 “There are sixty queens and eighty concubines,  
 And maidens without number;
- 9 *But* my dove, my perfect one, is unique:  
 She is her mother’s only *daughter*;  
 She is the pure *child* of the one who bore her.  
 The maidens saw her and called her blessed,  
 The queens and the concubines *also*, and they praised her, *saying*,

- 10 'Who is this that grows like the dawn,  
As beautiful as the full moon,  
As pure as the sun,  
As awesome as an army with banners?'
- 11 "I went down to the orchard of nut trees  
To see the blossoms of the valley,  
To see whether the vine had budded  
Or the pomegranates had bloomed.
- 12 "Before I was aware, my soul set me  
Over the chariots of my noble people."
- 13 "Come back, come back, O Shulammite;  
Come back, come back, that we may gaze at you!"  
"Why should you gaze at the Shulammite,  
As at the dance of the two companies?"

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