

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

Song of Solomon 1–6

1:1 Solomon's Most Excellent Love Song.

Soprano

- 2 Oh, how I wish you would kiss me passionately!
For your lovemaking is more delightful than wine.
- 3 The fragrance of your colognes is delightful;
your name is like the finest perfume.
No wonder the young women adore you!
- 4 Draw me after you; let us hurry!
May the king bring me into his bedroom chambers!

Chorus

We will rejoice and delight in you;
we will praise your love more than wine.

Soprano

- How rightly the young women adore you!
- 5 I am dark but lovely, O maidens of Jerusalem,
dark like the tents of Qedar,
lovely like the tent curtains of Salmah.
- 6 Do not stare at me because I am dark,
for the sun has burned my skin.
My brothers were angry with me;
they made me the keeper of the vineyards.
Alas, my own vineyard I could not keep!
- 7 Tell me, O you whom my heart loves,
where do you pasture your sheep?
Where do you rest your sheep during the midday heat?
Tell me lest I wander around
beside the flocks of your companions!

Chorus

- 8 If you do not know, O most beautiful of women,
simply follow the tracks of [the] flock,
and pasture your little lambs
beside the tents of the shepherds.

Tenor

- 9 O my beloved, you are like a mare
among Pharaoh's stallions.
- 10 Your cheeks are beautiful with ornaments;
your neck is lovely with strings of jewels.
- 11 We will make for you gold ornaments
studded with silver.

Soprano

- 12 While the king was at his banqueting table,
my nard gave forth its fragrance.
- 13 My beloved is like a fragrant pouch of myrrh
spending the night between my breasts.
- 14 My beloved is like a cluster of henna blossoms
in the vineyards of En-Gedi.

Tenor

- 15 Oh, how beautiful you are, my beloved!
Oh, how beautiful you are!

Your eyes are like doves!

Soprano

- 16 Oh, how handsome you are, my lover!
Oh, how delightful you are!
The lush foliage is our canopied bed;
- 17 the cedars are the beams of our bedroom chamber;
the pines are the rafters of our bedroom.
- 2:1 I am a meadow flower from Sharon,
a lily from 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.
I delight to sit in his shade,
and his fruit is sweet to my taste.
- 4 He brought me into the banquet hall,
and he looked at me lovingly.
- 5 Sustain me with raisin cakes,
refresh me with apples,
for I am faint with love.
- 6 His left hand caresses my head,
and his right hand stimulates me.
- 7 I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem,
by the gazelles and by the young does of the open fields:
Do not awaken or arouse love until it pleases!
- 8 Listen! My lover is approaching!
Look! Here he comes,
leaping over the mountains,
bounding over the hills!
- 9 My lover is like a gazelle or a young stag.
Look! There he stands behind our wall,
gazing through the window,
peering through the lattice.
- 10 My lover spoke to me, saying:

Tenor

- “Arise, my darling; My beautiful one, come away with me!
- 11 Look! The winter has passed,
the winter rains are over and gone.
- 12 The pomegranates have appeared in the land,
the time for pruning and singing has come;
the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land.
- 13 The fig tree has budded,
the vines have blossomed and give off their fragrance.
Arise, come away my darling;
my beautiful one, come away with me!”
- 14 O my dove, in the clefts of the rock,
in the hiding places of the mountain crags,
let me see your face,
let me hear your voice;
for your voice is sweet,
and your face is lovely.
- 15 Catch the foxes for us,

the little foxes,
that ruin the vineyards—
for our vineyard is in bloom.

Soprano

- 16 My lover is mine and I am his;
he grazes among the lilies.
- 17 Until the dawn arrives and the shadows flee,
turn, my beloved—
be like a gazelle or a young stag
on the mountain gorges.
- 3:1 All night long on my bed
I longed for my lover.
I longed for him but he never appeared.
- 2 “I will arise and look all around throughout the town,
and throughout the streets and squares;
I will search for my beloved.”
I searched for him but I did not find him.
- 3 The night watchmen found me—the ones who guard the city walls.
“Have you seen my beloved?”
- 4 Scarcely had I passed them by
when I found my beloved!
I held onto him tightly and would not let him go
until I brought him to my mother’s house,
to the bedroom chamber of the one who conceived me.
- 5 I admonish you, O maidens of Jerusalem,
by the gazelles and by the young does of the open fields:
“Do not awake or arouse love until it pleases!”

Chorus

- 6 Who is this coming up from the desert
like a column of smoke,
like a fragrant billow of myrrh and frankincense,
every kind of fragrant powder of the traveling merchants?
- 7 Look! It is Solomon’s portable couch!
It is surrounded by sixty warriors,
some of Israel’s mightiest warriors.
- 8 All of them are skilled with a sword,
well-trained in the art of warfare.
Each has his sword at his side,
to guard against the terrors of the night.
- 9 King Solomon made a sedan chair for himself
of wood imported from Lebanon.
- 10 Its posts were made of silver;
its back was made of gold.
Its seat was upholstered with purple wool;
its interior was inlaid with leather by the maidens of Jerusalem.
- 11 Come out, O maidens of Zion,
and gaze upon King Solomon!
He is wearing the crown with which his mother crowned him
on his wedding day,
on the most joyous day of his life!

Tenor

- 4:1 Oh, you are beautiful, my darling!
Oh, you are beautiful!
Your eyes behind your veil are like doves.
Your hair is like a flock of female goats

- descending from Mount Gilead.
- 2 Your teeth are like a flock of newly-shorn sheep
coming up from the washing place;
each of them has a twin,
and not one of them is missing.
- 3 Your lips are like a scarlet thread;
your mouth is lovely.
Your forehead behind your veil
is like a slice of pomegranate.
- 4 Your neck is like the tower of David
built with courses of stones;
one thousand shields are hung on it—
all shields of valiant warriors.
- 5 Your two breasts are like two fawns,
twins of the gazelle
grazing among the lilies.
- 6 Until the dawn arrives
and the shadows flee,
I will go up to the mountain of myrrh,
and to the hill of frankincense.
- 7 You are altogether beautiful, my darling!
There is no blemish in you!
- 8 Come with me from Lebanon, my bride,
come with me from Lebanon.
Descend from the crest of Amana,
from the top of Senir, the summit of Hermon,
from the lions' dens
and the mountain haunts of the leopards.
- 9 You have stolen my heart, my sister, my bride!
You have stolen my heart with one glance of your eyes,
with one jewel of your necklace.
- 10 How delightful is your love, my sister, my bride!
How much better is your love than wine;
the fragrance of your perfume is better than any spice!
- 11 Your lips drip sweetness like the honeycomb, my bride,
honey and milk are under your tongue.
The fragrance of your garments is like the fragrance of Lebanon.
- 12 You are a locked garden, my sister, my bride;
you are an enclosed spring, a sealed-up fountain.
- 13 Your shoots are a royal garden full of pomegranates
with choice fruits:
henna with nard,
- 14 nard and saffron;
calamus and cinnamon with every kind of spice,
myrrh and aloes with all the finest spices.
- 15 You are a garden spring,
a well of fresh water flowing down from Lebanon.

Soprano

- 16 Awake, O north wind; come, O south wind!
Blow on my garden so that its fragrant spices may send out their sweet smell.
May my beloved come into his garden
and eat its delightful fruit!

Tenor

- 5:1 I have entered my garden, O my sister, my bride;
I have gathered my myrrh with my balsam spice.
I have eaten my honeycomb and my honey;

I have drunk my wine and my milk!

Chorus

Eat, friends, and drink!
Drink freely, O lovers!

Soprano

2 I was asleep, but my mind was dreaming.
Listen! My lover is knocking at the door!

Tenor

“Open for me, my sister, my darling,
my dove, my flawless one!
My head is drenched with dew,
my hair with the dampness of the night.”

Soprano

3 “I have already taken off my robe—must I put it on again?
I have already washed my feet—must I soil them again?”
4 My lover thrust his hand through the hole,
and my feelings were stirred for him.
5 I arose to open for my beloved;
my hands dripped with myrrh—
my fingers flowed with myrrh on the handles of the lock.
6 I opened for my beloved,
but my lover had already turned and gone away.
I fell into despair when he departed.
I looked for him but did not find him;
I called him but he did not answer me.
7 The watchmen found me as they made their rounds in the city.
They beat me, they bruised me;
they took away my cloak, those watchmen on the walls!
8 O maidens of Jerusalem, I command you—
If you find my beloved, what will you tell him?
Tell him that I am lovesick!

Chorus

9 Why is your beloved better than others,
O most beautiful of women?
Why is your beloved better than others,
that you would command us in this manner?

Soprano

10 My beloved is dazzling and ruddy;
he stands out in comparison to all other men.
11 His head is like the most pure gold.
His hair is curly—black like a raven.
12 His eyes are like doves by streams of water,
washed in milk, mounted like jewels.
13 His cheeks are like garden beds full of balsam trees yielding perfume.
His lips are like lilies dripping with drops of myrrh.
14 His arms are like rods of gold set with chrysolite.
His abdomen is like polished ivory inlaid with sapphires.
15 His legs are like pillars of marble set on bases of pure gold.
His appearance is like Lebanon, choice as its cedars.
16 His mouth is very sweet;
he is totally desirable.
This is my beloved!

This is my companion, O maidens of Jerusalem!

Chorus

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

Soprano

2 My beloved has gone down to his garden,
to the flowerbeds of balsam spices,
to graze in the gardens,
and to gather lilies.
3 I am my lover's and my lover is mine;
he grazes among the lilies.

Tenor

4 My darling, you are as beautiful as Tirzah,
as lovely as Jerusalem,
as awe-inspiring as bannered armies!
5 Turn your eyes away from me—
they overwhelm me!
Your hair is like a flock of goats
descending from Mount Gilead.
6 Your teeth are like a flock of sheep
coming up from the washing;
each has its twin;
not one of them is missing.
7 Like a slice of pomegranate
is your forehead behind your veil.
8 There may be sixty queens,
and eighty concubines,
and young women without number.
9 But she is unique!
My dove, my perfect one!
She is the special daughter of her mother,
she is the favorite of the one who bore her.
The maidens saw her and complimented her;
the queens and concubines praised her:
10 "Who is this who appears like the dawn?
Beautiful as the moon, bright as the sun,
awe-inspiring as the stars in procession?"
11 I went down to the orchard of walnut trees,
to look for the blossoms of the valley,
to see if the vines had budded
or if the pomegranates were in bloom.
12 I was beside myself with joy!
There please give me your myrrh,
O daughter of my princely people.
13 Turn, turn, O Perfect One!
Turn, turn, that I may stare at you!
Why do you gaze upon the Perfect One
like the dance of the Mahanaim?