

The song of songs, which [is] Solomon's. Chap. 1, Verse 1, [SON].

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love [is] better than wine. Chap. 1, Verse 2, [SON].

Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name [is as] ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee. Chap. 1, Verse 3, [SON].

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. Chap. 1, Verse 4, [SON].

I [am] black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Chap. 1, Verse 5, [SON].

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. Chap. 1, Verse 6, [SON].

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest [thy flock] to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions? Chap. 1, Verse 7, [SON].

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. Chap. 1, Verse 8, [SON].

I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots. Chap. 1, Verse 9, [SON].

Thy cheeks are comely with rows [of jewels], thy neck with chains [of gold]. Chap. 1, Verse 10, [SON].

We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver. Chap. 1, Verse 11, [SON].

While the king [sitteth] at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof. Chap. 1, Verse 12, [SON].

A bundle of myrrh [is] my wellbeloved unto me; he shall

lie all night betwixt my breasts. Chap. 1, Verse 13,
[SON].

My beloved [is] unto me [as] a cluster of camphire in the
vineyards of En-gedi. Chap. 1, Verse 14, [SON].

Behold, thou [art] fair, my love; behold, thou [art] fair;
thou [hast] doves' eyes. Chap. 1, Verse 15, [SON].

Behold, thou [art] fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also
our bed [is] green. Chap. 1, Verse 16, [SON].

The beams of our house [are] cedar, [and] our rafters of
fir. Chap. 1, Verse 17, [SON].

I [am] the rose of Sharon, [and] the lily of the valleys.
Chap. 2, Verse 1, [SON].

As the lily among thorns, so [is] my love among the
daughters. Chap. 2, Verse 2, [SON].

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.
Chap. 2, Verse 3, [SON].

He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over
me [was] love. Chap. 2, Verse 4, [SON].

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I [am]
sick of love. Chap. 2, Verse 5, [SON].

His left hand [is] under my head, and his right hand doth
embrace me. Chap. 2, Verse 6, [SON].

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. Chap. 2, Verse 7, [SON].

The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon
the mountains, skipping upon the hills. Chap. 2, Verse 8,
[SON].

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. Chap. 2, Verse 9,
[SON].

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. Chap. 2, Verse 10, [SON].

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over [and] gone; Chap. 2, Verse 11, [SON].

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; Chap. 2, Verse 12, [SON].

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. Chap. 2, Verse 13, [SON].

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. Chap. 2, Verse 14, [SON].

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines [have] tender grapes. Chap. 2, Verse 15, [SON].

My beloved [is] mine, and I [am] his: he feedeth among the lilies. Chap. 2, Verse 16, [SON].

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. Chap. 2, Verse 17, [SON].

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. Chap. 3, Verse 1, [SON].

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. Chap. 3, Verse 2, [SON].

The watchmen that go about the city found me: [to whom I said], Saw ye him whom my soul loveth? Chap. 3, Verse 3, [SON].

[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 that conceived me. Chap. 3, Verse

4, [SON].

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. Chap. 3, Verse 5, [SON].

Who [is] this that cometh out of the wilderness like
pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
with all powders of the merchant? Chap. 3, Verse 6, [SON].

Behold his bed, which [is] Solomon's; threescore valiant
men [are] about it, of the valiant of Israel. Chap. 3,
Verse 7, [SON].

They all hold swords, [being] expert in war: every man
[hath] his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the
night. Chap. 3, Verse 8, [SON].

King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of
Lebanon. Chap. 3, Verse 9, [SON].

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. Chap. 3, Verse 10, [SON].

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. Chap. 3, Verse 11, [SON].

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. Chap. 4,
Verse 1, [SON].

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. Chap. 4,
Verse 2, [SON].

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. Chap. 4, Verse 3, [SON].

Thy neck [is] like the tower of David builded for an
armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all

shields of mighty men. Chap. 4, Verse 4, [SON].

Thy two breasts [are] like two young roes that are twins,
which feed among the lilies. Chap. 4, Verse 5, [SON].

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get
me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of
frankincense. Chap. 4, Verse 6, [SON].

Thou [art] all fair, my love; [there is] no spot in thee.
Chap. 4, Verse 7, [SON].

Come with me from Lebanon, [my] spouse, with me 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. Chap. 4, Verse 8, [SON].

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. Chap. 4, Verse 9, [SON].

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! Chap. 4, Verse 10, [SON].

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. Chap. 4, Verse
11, [SON].

A garden enclosed [is] my sister, [my] spouse; a spring
shut up, a fountain sealed. Chap. 4, Verse 12, [SON].

Thy plants [are] an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant
fruits; camphire, with spikenard, Chap. 4, Verse 13,
[SON].

Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all
trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief
spices: Chap. 4, Verse 14, [SON].

A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and
streams from Lebanon. Chap. 4, Verse 15, [SON].

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.

Chap. 4, Verse 16, [SON].

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. Chap. 5, Verse 1, [SON].

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. Chap. 5, Verse 2, [SON].

I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them? Chap. 5, Verse 3, [SON].

My beloved put in his hand by the hole [of the door], and my bowels were moved for him. Chap. 5, Verse 4, [SON].

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. Chap. 5, Verse 5, [SON].

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. Chap. 5, Verse 6, [SON].

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. Chap. 5, Verse 7, [SON].

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I [am] sick of love. Chap. 5, Verse 8, [SON].

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? Chap. 5, Verse 9, [SON].

My beloved [is] white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. Chap. 5, Verse 10, [SON].

His head [is as] the most fine gold, his locks [are]

bushy, [and] black as a raven. Chap. 5, Verse 11, [SON].

His eyes [are] as [the eyes] of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, [and] fitly set. Chap. 5, Verse 12, [SON].

His cheeks [are] as a bed of spices, [as] sweet flowers: his lips [like] lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh. Chap. 5, Verse 13, [SON].

His hands [are as] gold rings set with the beryl: his belly [is as] bright ivory overlaid [with] sapphires. Chap. 5, Verse 14, [SON].

His legs [are as] pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance [is] as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. Chap. 5, Verse 15, [SON].

His mouth [is] most sweet: yea, he [is] altogether lovely. This [is] my beloved, and this [is] my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem. Chap. 5, Verse 16, [SON].

Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee. Chap. 6, Verse 1, [SON].

My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies. Chap. 6, Verse 2, [SON].

I [am] my beloved's, and my beloved [is] mine: he feedeth among the lilies. Chap. 6, Verse 3, [SON].

Thou [art] beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as [an army] with banners. Chap. 6, Verse 4, [SON].

Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair [is] as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead. Chap. 6, Verse 5, [SON].

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. Chap. 6, Verse 6, [SON].

As a piece of a pomegranate [are] thy temples within thy locks. Chap. 6, Verse 7, [SON].

There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number. Chap. 6, Verse 8, [SON].

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. Chap. 6, Verse 9, [SON].

Who [is] she [that] looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, [and] terrible as [an army] with banners? Chap. 6, Verse 10, [SON].

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. Chap. 6, Verse 11, [SON].

Or ever I was aware, my soul made me [like] the chariots of Ammi-nadib. Chap. 6, Verse 12, [SON].

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. Chap. 6, Verse 13, [SON].

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. Chap. 7, Verse 1, [SON].

Thy navel [is like] a round goblet, [which] wanteth not liquor: thy belly [is like] an heap of wheat set about with lilies. Chap. 7, Verse 2, [SON].

Thy two breasts [are] like two young roes [that are] twins. Chap. 7, Verse 3, [SON].

Thy neck [is] as a tower of ivory; thine eyes [like] the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim: thy nose [is] as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus. Chap. 7, Verse 4, [SON].

Thine head upon thee [is] like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king [is] held in the galleries. Chap. 7, Verse 5, [SON].

How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!

Chap. 7, Verse 6, [SON].

This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters [of grapes]. Chap. 7, Verse 7, [SON].

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; Chap. 7, Verse 8, [SON].

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. Chap. 7, Verse 9, [SON].

I [am] my beloved's, and his desire [is] toward me. Chap. 7, Verse 10, [SON].

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages. Chap. 7, Verse 11, [SON].

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. Chap. 7, Verse 12, [SON].

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. Chap. 7, Verse 13, [SON].

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. Chap. 8, Verse 1, [SON].

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. Chap. 8, Verse 2, [SON].

His left hand [should be] under my head, and his right hand should embrace me. Chap. 8, Verse 3, [SON].

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake [my] love, until he please. Chap. 8, Verse 4, [SON].

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. Chap. 8, Verse 5, [SON].

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon 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. Chap. 8, Verse 6, [SON].

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. Chap. 8,
Verse 7, [SON].

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? Chap. 8, Verse 8, [SON].

If she [be] a wall, we will build upon her a palace of
silver: and if she [be] a door, we will enclose her with
boards of cedar. Chap. 8, Verse 9, [SON].

I [am] a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in
his eyes as one that found favour. Chap. 8, Verse 10,
[SON].

Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon; he let out the
vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was
to bring a thousand [pieces] of silver. Chap. 8, Verse 11,
[SON].

My vineyard, which [is] mine, [is] before me: thou, O
Solomon, [must have] a thousand, and those that keep the
fruit thereof two hundred. Chap. 8, Verse 12, [SON].

Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken
to thy voice: cause me to hear [it]. Chap. 8, Verse 13,
[SON].

Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a
young hart upon the mountains of spices. Chap. 8, Verse
14, [SON].