

THE SONG OF SOLOMON

SONG OF SOLOMON 1

The bride expresses her love for her beloved;

[The translator has added headings to show who is speaking to make the drama more understandable.]

CHAPTER 1

1 The song of songs, which *is* Solomon's.

The Bride speaks:

2 Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, because your love *is* better than wine.

3 As to the smell of your perfumed ointments, *it is* good; your name *is as* perfumed ointment poured out; therefore the virgins love you.

4 Draw me; we will run after you; the king brought me into his apartments; we will spin around in emotion and rejoice in you; we will remember your overflowing love more than wine; the upright love you.

5 *I am* black and beautiful, Oh you daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.

6 Do not see me because I am black, because the sun has tanned me; my mother's children burned against me; they put me the guard of the vineyards; I have not guarded my own vineyard.

7 Cause it to stand out boldly to me, you whom my soul loves, where you shepherd, where you cause *them* to lie down at noon; why should I be covered⁷ by the flocks of your companions?

⁷ 1:7 covered, *atah*, to be wrapped in clothing, to be covered. In all 13 other places this verb appears, its meaning is clearly to be covered, not to turn aside, or to faint. Her meaning apparently is the following: Why should I be covered with a veil, walking along

the groom describes her beauty;

The Groom speaks:

8 If you do not know, Oh beautiful among women, go your way out at the heels of the flock, and shepherd your kids beside the shepherds' tabernacles.

9 I have compared you to the mares of Pharaoh's chariots, Oh my love.

10 Your cheeks *are* pleasant with garlands, your neck with strings of pearls.

11 We will make for you garlands of gold with studs of silver.

The Bride speaks:

12 While the king *is* at his divan, my spikenard gives its smell.

13 My beloved is a bag of myrrh to me; he shall lie all night between my breasts.

14 A vine, a covering, *is* my beloved to me, as the vineyards of Engedi.

The Groom speaks:

15 Behold, you *are* beautiful, my lady friend; behold, you are beautiful; your eyes *are* the eyes of a dove.

The Bride speaks:

16 Behold, you *are* beautiful, my beloved, yes, delightful; also our canopied couch *is* green.

17 The beams of our house *are* cedar, and our carved ceiling of cypress.

with the flocks of others, as a woman not belonging to any husband? She is asking Solomon to claim her as his own, and not let her wander around as a woman not belonging to the one she loves.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2 CHAPTER 2

The Groom speaks:

1 I *am* the meadow saffron¹
of Sharon, the lily of the valleys.

2 As a lily among thorns, so
is my lady friend among the daugh-
ters.

The Bride speaks:

3 As the apple tree among
the trees of the wood, so *is* my
beloved among the sons; his shade
is delightful, and I sat down, and
his fruit was sweet to my taste.

4 He brought me to the ban-
queting house, and his banner over
me *was* love.

5 Hold me up with cakes of
raisins; refresh me with apples, be-
cause I *am* love-worn.

6 His left hand *is* under my
head, and his right hand embraces
me.

7 I place you under oath, Oh
you daughters of Jerusalem, by the
gazelles and by the does of the field,
that you do not awake, do not
awake, my love, until he desires.

8 The voice of my beloved!
Behold this! He comes leaping
upon the mountains, closing in upon
the hills.

9 My beloved is like a ga-
zelle or a young male deer. Behold
this! He stands behind our wall, he
gazes out of the windows, shining
through the lattice.

10 My beloved answered,
and said to me, Rise up, my lady
friend, my beautiful one, and walk
away.

¹ 2:1 meadow saffron, *chabatstseleth*, a
blooming plant from a bulb as a lilly or cro-
cus. Used only here and in Isa 35:1.

The bride expresses her love as the rising of spring

11 Because lo, the winter has
crossed over; the rain changed; it
walked on;

12 The flowers are seen on the
earth; the time of the singing of *the*
birds has touched us, and the voice
of the dove is attentively heard in
our land;

13 The fig tree sends her sap
into her unripe figs, and the vines'
blossoms give *their* smell. Rise,
walk away my lady friend, my
beautiful one; walk to me.

The Bride is still quoting what her
Groom said to her:

14 Oh my dove, in the clefts
of the lofty rock, in the secret
places of the stairs, let me see your
appearance, let me attentively hear
your voice, because your voice is
pleasant, and your appearance be-
coming.

15 Seize for us the foxes, the
little foxes that destroy the vine-
yards, and our vineyards are blos-
soming.

The Bride speaks her own words:

16 My beloved *is* mine, and I
am his; he shepherds among the lil-
ies.

17 Until the breeze of the day
and the shadows flee away, turn *to*
me; my beloved, you be like a ga-
zelle, also a young male deer upon
the mountains of Bether.

CHAPTER 3

The Bride speaks:

1 I sought him whom my soul loves upon my bed by night; I sought him, and I did not find him.

2 I will rise now, and go around the city in the streets, and I will seek him whom my soul loves in the broad ways; I sought him, and I did not find him.

3 The watchmen found me going around the city: Have you seen him whom my soul loves?

4 Shortly I crossed on from them, until I found him whom my soul loves; I held him, and would not slack off until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the apartment of her who conceived me.

5 I place you under oath, Oh you daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and by the does of the field, that you do not awake, do not awake my love, until he please.

6 Who *is* this who ascends out of the wilderness like columns of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?

7 Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; sixty mighty *men are* about it, of the mighty of Israel.

8 They all seize swords, taught in war; every man, his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night.

9 King Solomon made himself a palanquin⁹ of the wood of Lebanon.

⁹ **3:9 palanquin**, *appiryown*, an east Asian covered litter, carried on poles by four men with Solomon seated in it. This is the only place in the Bible this word appears.

10 He made its posts of silver, its railings of gold, its seat of purple, its midst being tassellated with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.

11 Go out, and see, Oh you daughters of Zion, King Solomon with the crown his mother crowned him in the day of his wedding, and in the day of the rejoicing of his heart.

CHAPTER 4

The Groom speaks:

1 Behold, you *are* beautiful, my love; behold, you *are* beautiful; your eyes *are* doves' eyes within your veil; your hair *is* as a flock of goats, that sits down in mount Gilead.

2 Your teeth are like a flock shorn, which ascends out of the bathing place, every one bearing twins, and there is not one barren among them.

3 Your lips *are* like a thread of crimson, and your mouth is beautiful; your temples are like a piece of pomegranate within your veil.

4 Your neck *is* like the tower of David, built as a tower, upon which there hang a thousand shields, all shields of the mighty.

5 Your two breasts *are* like two fawns, twins gazelles which feed among the lilies.

6 Until the day breathes and the shadows flee away, I will cause myself to walk to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense. Ps 45:8. Mt 2:11

7 You are all beautiful, my lady friend; *there is* no stain in you.

SONG OF SOLOMON 5 *Solomon describes her beauty; the bride longs to be with him*

8 With me from Lebanon, my bride, with me from Lebanon, come; be on the go to spy out the head of Amana, from the head of Shenir and Hermon, from the home of lions, from the mountains of the leopards.

9 You have taken away my heart, my sister, my bride; you have taken away my heart with one of your eyes, with one necklace of your neck.

10 How beautiful is your love, my sister, bride! How much better is your love than wine! And the smell of your ointments than all spices!

11 Your lips distill as a honeycomb, Oh my bride; honey and milk *are* under your tongue, and the smell of your garments *is* like the smell of Lebanon.

12 My sister bride *is* a garden enclosed! A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.¹²

13 Your plants *are* a park of pomegranates, with eminent fruits; a covering with spikenard,

14 Spikenard and crocus, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; drops of myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices;

15 A fountain for gardens, a well of living waters, and streams out of Lebanon.

The Bride speaks:

16 Awake, Oh north, and come, south; blow upon my garden, *that* its spices may flow out. Let my love come into his garden, and eat his eminent fruits.

¹² 4:12 These words indicate a virgin.

CHAPTER 5

The Groom speaks:

1 I have come into my garden, my sister bride; I have plucked my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk; eat, Oh friends; drink, and drink to satisfaction, Oh beloved.

The Bride speaks:

2 I sleep, and my heart awakes; *it is* the voice of my beloved who presses severely: Open to me, my sister, my lady friend, my dove, my complete one, for my head is filled with dew, my locks with the drops of the night.

3 I have put off my covering; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I soil them?

4 My beloved put in his hand by the hole, and my insides screamed for him.

5 I rose up to open to my beloved, and my hands distilled myrrh, and my fingers crossed over myrrh upon the palms of the lock.

6 I opened to my beloved, and my beloved had departed, crossing on; my soul went out when he spoke; I searched for him, and I could not find him; I called out to him, and he did not answer me.

7 The watchmen who went around the city found me; they struck me; they wounded me; they lifted my veil from me, the watchmen of the walls.

8 I put you under oath, Oh daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you cause it to stand out boldly to him that I *am* lovelorn.

The bride describes the beauty of her beloved, and he, hers

SONG OF SOLOMON 6

Daughters of Jerusalem answer the Bride.

9 What *is* your beloved more than another beloved, Oh you most beautiful among women? What *is* your beloved more than another beloved, that you put us under oath?

The Bride answers.

10 My beloved is dazzling bright and flushed with blood, the flag above the myriads.

11 His head *is as* pure gold; his locks *are* bushy, black as a raven.

12 His eyes *are as the eyes* of doves upon the channels of waters, washed with milk, set in sockets.

13 His cheeks *are as* a row of spices, towers of perfume; his lips *as lilies*, distilling, covered with myrrh.

14 His hands *with* gold rings filled with topaz; his abdomen *is as* glossy ivory veiled with sapphires.

15 His legs *are as* columns of marble, set upon bases of pure gold; his appearance *is as* Lebanon, as the choice cedars.

16 The taste of his mouth *is* sweet, and he is altogether lovely. This *is* my beloved, and this *is* my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

CHAPTER 6

The Daughters of Jerusalem speak.

1 To where has your beloved walked, Oh you most beautiful among women? To where has your beloved faced about, that we may search for him with you?

The Bride answers the Daughters of Jerusalem.

2 My beloved has gone down into his garden, to the rows of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

3 I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine; he feeds among the lilies.

The Groom speaks.

4 You *are* Beautiful as Tirzah, Oh my lady friend, suitable as Jerusalem, fearful as flags *over an army*.

5 Turn away your eyes from me, for they have overcome me; your hair *is as* a flock of goats lying down in Gilead.

6 Your teeth *are as* a flock of ewes which go up from the bathing place, every one with twins, and there is not one barren among them.

7 Your temples within your veils *are as* a piece of a pomegranate.

8 They *are* sixty queens, and eighty concubines, and virgins without number.

9 She *is* one, my dove, my complete one; she *is the only* one of her mother; she is the clean one of her who bore her. The daughters saw her, and declared her righteously happy; the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.

10 Who *is* she who leans out peering as the dawn, beautiful as the moon, clean as the sun, fearful as flags *of an army*?

The Bride speaks.

11 I descended into the garden of nuts to see the tender greenness of the stream, to see the buds

SONG OF SOLOMON 7 *The groom describes her beauty; she asks to be alone with him*

of the vine, the blossoms of the pomegranates.

12 I did not know my soul! He put me in the chariots of the generous of my people.

The Daughters of Jerusalem speak.

13 Return, return, Oh Shulamite; return, return, that we may gaze in contemplation upon you. At what will you gaze in contemplation of the Shulamite? As it were the dance of two armies. Gen 32:2

CHAPTER 7

The Groom speaks.

1 How beautiful are your strokes with sandals, Oh daughter of *the* generous! The joints of your thighs are like knobs of a necklace, the work of the hands of a skilled workman.

2 Your navel is like a round cup, not lacking mixed wine; your belly *is like* an heap of wheat set about with lilies.

3 Your two breasts are like two fawns, twin gazelles.

4 Your neck *is* as a tower of ivory; your eyes *like* the reservoirs in Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim; your nose *is* as the tower of Lebanon leaning out to peer, facing Damascus.

5 Your head upon you *is* like Carmel, and the hair of your head like purple; the king is held in the curls.

6 How beautiful and how pleasant you are, Oh love, for feminine luxury!

7 This your height is like a palm tree, and your breasts *like* clusters of grapes.

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8 I said, I will ascend the palm tree, I will take hold of its branches; and also your breasts shall be as clusters of grapes of the vine, and the smell of your nose like apples;

9 And the taste of your mouth *is* like the best wine, walking to my beloved in uprightness, causing the lips to glide smoothly as those who sleep.

The Bride speaks.

10 I *am* my beloved's, and his desire *is* toward me.

11 Walk, my beloved, let us go out into the field; let us lodge in the villages.

12 Let us start early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine buds, *if* the tender blossoms have opened, the blossoms of the pomegranates; there I will give my loves to you.

13 The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates *are* every eminent *fruit*, new and old, which I have hid for you, Oh my beloved.

CHAPTER 8

The Bride speaks.

1 Who gives you as my brother, who sucked the breasts of my mother? I find you outside, I kiss you; also, I am not despised.

2 I lead you; I bring you into my mother's house; she teaches me; I cause you to drink of spiced wine of the fresh juice of my pomegranate.

3 His left hand *is* under my head, and his right hand embraces me.

4 I place you under oath, Oh daughters of Jerusalem: When will you awake, when will you awake love? When he pleases.⁴

The Daughters of Jerusalem speak.

5 Who *is* this who ascends out of the desert, leaning upon her beloved?

The Bride speaks.

Under the apple tree I awoke you; there your mother writhed in pain; there she writhed in pain who bore you.

6 Put me as a signet ring upon your heart, as a signet ring upon your arm, because: love *is* forceful as death; jealousy *is* cruel as the world of the dead; its live coals are live coals of fire, the flame of *the* fire of Jehovah.

⁴ 8:4 The subject of this verse is: When does love awake in the heart of the Groom for the Bride. The answer is: When he wills. The Groom is Christ. The Bride is those He saves. The teaching here is what is taught in the New Covenant: You cannot come to Christ, you cannot receive the love of Christ, until the Father draws you, Jn 6:44. It is not in the human to will or to run after Christ, but of God who gives mercy, Rom 9:16. The Song of Solomon depicts (1) the love of man and woman, (2) the love of God and Israel, (3) the love of Christ and His church.

7 Many waters are not able to extinguish love; the rivers cannot flush it *away*; if a man would give all the wealth of his house for love, being despised, it would be despised.

The Daughters of Jerusalem speak.

8 To us *is* a little sister, and to her *are* no breasts; what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?

9 If she *were* a walled fortress, we would build upon her a fortress of silver; and if she *were* a door, we would enclose her with polished boards of cedar.

The Bride speaks.

10 I *am* a wall, and my breasts like towers; then I was in his eyes as one who found peace.

11 A vineyard existed to Solomon at Baalhamon; he gave out the vineyard unto guards; every man was to bring for its fruit a thousand pieces of silver.

12 My vineyard, which *is* mine, *is* before my face; a thousand *are* yours, Oh Solomon, and two hundred *are* those who guard its fruit.

13 You who dwell in the gardens, the companions who prick up their ears to your voice; cause me to attentively hear *it*.

14 Run quickly, my beloved, and be like a gazelle or a young stag upon the mountains of spices.

SONG OF SOLOMON