

30. Song of Songs - Shir Shirim

(Version 4.2) - 7-26-17

Chapter 1

Song 1:1 The song of songs, which *is* by Shelomoh.

Song 1:2 He kisses me with the kisses of his mouth.
Indeed, your love-makings are better than wine.

Song 1:3 As a fragrance your oils are pleasing.
Your name is *like* fragrant oil.
For this reason virgins have loved you.

Song 1:4 Draw me behind you!
We will run with the king to his inner rooms.
We will be joyful.
And we will rejoice with you.

I will be caused to remember your love-makings
more than wine.
The upright have loved you.

Song 1:5 I myself am dark and lovely,
daughters of Yerushalaim,
like the tents of Kedar,
like the curtains of Shelomoh.

Song 1:6 Do not look at me,
because I myself am tanned,
because the sun has looked upon me.
The sons of my mother scorched me.
They placed me as one keeping
the vineyards themselves NN.
My vineyard, that which was mine,
I have not kept.

Song 1:7 Cause it to be declared to me,
you whom my being has loved,
where you shepherd *your flock*,
where you lie down at noon.
For what *reason* am I as one who is covered
beside the flocks of your companions?

Song 1:8 If it is not known to you,
fairest among women,
go forth for your sake
in the footsteps of the flock.
And pasture your young goats themselves NN
beside the dwellings of the shepherds.

Song 1:9 I have compared you, my lover,
to my filly among Pharaoh's chariots.

Song 1:10 Your cheeks are beautiful
among the ornaments of your neck,
among the strings of beads.

Song 1:11 Ornaments of gold we will make for you
with spots of silver.

Song 1:12 While the king is at his table
my spikenard will give its fragrance.

Song 1:13 A bundle of myrrh is my lover to me.
He lodges over night between my breasts.

Song 1:14 A cluster of the henna
In the vineyards of En Gedi
is my beloved to me.

En Gedi means fountain of the young goat.

Song 1:15 Behold! You are beautiful, my lover!
Behold! You are beautiful!
Your eyes *are like* doves.

Song 1:16 Behold!
You are handsome, my lover!
Indeed *you are* delightful!

Also, Our bed is vibrant with life.
Song 1:17 The beams of our houses are the cedars.
Our rafters are of fir.

Chapter 2

Song 2:1 I myself am *like* a rose of The Sharon,
like a lily of the valleys.

Sharon means a plain, a level place.

Song 2:2 Like a lily among thorns,
according to this is my lover among the daughters.
Song 2:3 Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest,
according to this is my lover among the sons.
In his shadow I have delighted.
And I have sat down.
And his fruit *is* sweet to my palate.

Song 2:4 He has caused me to come
to the house of the wine.
And his banner over me *is* love.

Song 2:5 "Sustain me with raisin cakes!
Refresh me with apples!
Indeed, I myself am love-sick."

Song 2:6 His left hand is beneath my head,
and his right hand embraces me.

Song 2:7 I have caused you yourselves **nx**
to swear, daughters of Yerushalaim,
by the gazelles or by the does of the field.
You are not to cause the love itself **nx**
to be aroused until it desires.

Song 2:8 The voice of my lover!
Behold this!
He is coming!
He is leaping over the mountains!
He is coming close,
upon the hills!
Song 2:9 my lover is compared to a gazelle
or to a young of the deer.

Behold this!
He is standing behind our wall,
He is gazing from the windows,
He is peeking from the lattice.

Song 2:10 My lover responded.
And he said to me,
"Get up, you yourself my love, my beautiful one,
and come, you yourself!
Song 2:11 Indeed behold!
The winter has passed over.
The rain has passed on.
It itself is gone.

Song 2:12 The blossoms have been seen in the land.
The time of the song has arrived.
Even the voice of the turtledove
has been heard in our land.
Song 2:13 The fig tree has ripened her green figs.
And the vines, the blossoms have given a fragrance.
Get up!
Come, my love, my beautiful one!
And come, you yourself,
Song 2:14 my dove, into the clefts of the rock,
into the covering of the steep places!

Cause me to see your appearance *itself* **nx**!
Cause me to hear your voice *itself* **nx**!
Indeed, your voice is sweet,
and your appearance is beautiful!"

Song 2:15 Seize the foxes for us,
the little foxes spoiling the vineyards
even as our vines blossom!

Song 2:16 My beloved is mine.
And I myself am his.
He is the one pasturing his flock among the lilies.

Song 2:17 Until the day breathes
and the shadows have fled,
turn around, my beloved,
and cause yourself to be like a gazelle
or a young of the deer upon the mountains of Bether.
Bether means a section.

Chapter 3

Song 3:1 On my bed at night
I sought he *himself* **nx** whom I loved with my life.
I sought him.
But I did not find him.

Song 3:2 "I will get up now.
And I will go around in the city.
In the streets and in the squares
I will seek he whom I loved *himself* **nx** with my life.
I sought him.
But I did not find him.

Song 3:3 Those watching,
those going around in the city found me,
I said, "Have you seen
he *himself* **nx** whom I loved with my life."

Song 3:4 In a little while
I passed over from beside them,
when I found he *himself* **nx**
whom I loved with my life.
I held onto him.
And I did not release him
until I had caused him to come
to the house of my mother,
even into the room of my conceiving.

Song 3:5 I have caused you *yourselves* **nx**
to swear, daughters of Yerushalaim,
by the gazelles or by the does of the field.
You are not to cause the love *itself* **nx**
to be aroused until it desires.

Song 3:6 Who is this coming from the wilderness
like columns of smoke,
burning incense of myrrh and frankincense
from all the fragrant powders of those trading?

Song 3:7 Behold!
It is the litter which is Shelomoh's.
Sixty mighty ones are all around beside it
from the mighty ones of Yisra'el.
Song 3:8 All of them are holding swords,
skilled in battle.
Each man *has* his sword on his thigh
because of dread at night.

Song 3:9 The King, Shelomoh,
had made himself a carriage
from the trees of The Lebanon.
Song 3:10 Its columns he made of silver,
its bottom of gold,
its seat of purple.
In its midst it was fitted out with love
by the daughters of Yerushalaim.

Song 3:11 Go forth and look, daughters of Tzion,
at King Shelomoh in the crown
with which his mother crowned him
on the day of his marriage,
even on the day of the rejoicing of his heart.

Chapter 4

Song 4:1 Behold! You are beautiful, my love!
Behold! You are beautiful!
Your eyes are *like* doves from behind your veil.
Your hair is like a flock of the goats
skipping down from Mount Gil'ad.
Song 4:2 Your teeth are like a flock of the shorn
which have come up from the washing,
all of whom having been caused to bear twins.
And none is barren among them.

Song 4:3 Your lips are like a thread of the scarlet,
and your mouth is lovely.
Like a slice of pomegranate
are your cheeks behind your veil.
Song 4:4 Your neck is like the tower of David,
having been built as an armory,
a thousand of the shields having been hung upon it,
all the armor of mighty.
Song 4:5 Your two breasts are like two fawns,
twins of a gazelle pasturing among the lilies.

Song 4:6 Until the day breathes
and the shadows have fled
I will move myself to the mountain of the myrrh,
and to the hill of the frankincense.

Song 4:7 All of you is beautiful, my love!
And no blemish is in you.

Song 4:8 Come to me myself nx
from Lebanon, My bride,
to me myself nx from Lebanon.
Observe from the top of Amana,
from the top of Senir and Hermon,

from the dens of lions,
from the mountains of leopards.

Song 4:9 My heart, my sister, my bride,
my heart is as one before your eyes,
as one string from your necklace.

Song 4:10 How excellent *are* your love-makings,
my sister, my bride!
How much better are your love-makings than wine.
And the aroma of your ointments
is better than all the spices!

Song 4:11 Drops of a honeycomb
are your lips, my bride.
Honey and milk are beneath your tongue.
And the aroma of your garments
is like the aroma of Lebanon.

Song 4:12 A garden locked *is* my sister, my bride,
a spring locked, a fountain sealed up.

Song 4:13 Your plants are an orchard,
pomegranates with choice fruits,
henna with spikenard,

Song 4:14 Spikenard and saffron,
calamus and cinnamon
with all the trees of frankincense,
myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices;

Song 4:15 a source of satisfaction,
a well of living waters even flowing from Lebanon.

Song 4:16 Awaken, north *wind!*
And come, south *wind!*
Blow *in* my garden!
Let its spices flow.
Let my lover come to his garden
and let him eat its choice fruits.

Chapter 5

Song 5:1 I have come to my garden,
My sister, my 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, friends!
Drink and be intoxicated, lovers!

Song 5:2 I myself was sleeping.
But my heart was awakening to a voice.
My lover is knocking.
"Open for me, my sister, my lover,
my dove, my perfect one!
My head is drenched with dew,
my locks with the drops of the night."

Song 5:3 "I have taken off my robe *itself* nx.
How can I put it on?
I have washed my feet *themselves* nx.
How can I soil them?

Song 5:4 My lover extended his hand for the hole.
Then my emotions surged concerning him.

Song 5:5 I got up to open for my lover.
And my hands dripped myrrh,
even my fingers with flowing myrrh,

on the handles of the lock.

Song 5:6 I opened, I myself, for my lover.
But my lover had withdrawn.
He had gone.
My life went out at his speaking.
I sought him.
But I could not find him.
I called to him.
But he did not respond.

Song 5:7 Those watching,
those going around the city, found me.
They struck me.
They wounded me.
The keepers of the walls lifted my veil itself **nx**
from upon me.

Song 5:8 I have caused you yourselves **nx** to swear,
daughters of Yerushalaim.
If you find my lover himself **nx**
what will you tell him?
I myself am love-sick!

Song 5:9 How is your lover compared to *another* lover,
you who are the most beautiful among women?
How is your lover *better than another* lover
so that you have caused us to swear?

Song 5:10 My lover is dazzling and ruddy,
being distinguished from ten thousand.
Song 5:11 His head is as pure gold, fine gold.
His locks are wavy, as black as a raven.
Song 5:12 His eyes are like doves
beside streams of waters, washed with milk,
and set in settings.
Song 5:13 His cheeks are like a bed of spices,
a tower of sweetness.
His lips are *like* lilies, dripping flowing myrrh.
Song 5:14 His hands are rods of gold filled with beryl.
His belly is *like* bright ivory covered with sapphires.
Song 5:15 His legs are *like* columns of marble
being founded upon sockets of pure gold.
His appearance is like Lebanon,
choice like the cedars.
Song 5:16 His mouth is sweet.
And all of him is desirable.
This is my lover.
Even this is my companion,
daughters of Yerushalaim!

Chapter 6

Song 6:1 "Where has your lover gone,
you who are the most beautiful among women?
Where has your lover turned aside?
Even we will seek him with you."

Song 6:2 My beloved has gone down to his garden,
to the beds of the spices,
for the sake of feeding his flock in the gardens
and for the sake of gathering lilies.

Song 6:3 I myself am my lover's.
And my lover is mine,
the one pasturing *his flock* among the lilies.

Song 6:4 Beautiful *is my love herself* **nx**,
like Tirtzah, lovely as Yerushalaim,
awesome like banners!"

Tirtzah means delightsomeness.

Song 6:5 "Cause your eyes to turn from opposite me.
They overwhelm me.

Your hair is like a flock of the goats
that have skipped down from The Gil'ad.

Song 6:6 Your teeth are like a flock of sheep
that have come up from the washing,
all of them bearing twins.
And none among them is barren.

Song 6:7 Like a slice of pomegranate
are your cheeks behind your veil.

Song 6:8 They are like sixty queens,
and eighty concubines,
and virgins without number.

Song 6:9 Unique is My dove, my perfect one.
She is the one.

She is choice to her mother,
to the one giving birth to her.
The *other* daughters saw her
and they called her blessed;
queens and concubines, and they praised her.

Song 6:10 Who is this,
the one looking down like the morning,
beautiful as the moon, pure as the sun,
awesome as banners?

Song 6:11 I went down to the garden of nuts
to look at the new growth of the wadi,
to see whether the vine had budded,
the pomegranates had bloomed.

Song 6:12 I did not know my life.
It had been established
like the chariots of Amminadab.

Amminadab means my noble people.
There is considerable debate concerning the actual meaning
of this verse, as well as the following one. What's given is
only an educated guess as to its real meaning.

**Note: Chapter 7 begins with the next verse (v.13) in the
Hebrew text.**

Chapter 7

Song 6:13 (H 7.1) Return, return, Shulamite!
Return, return, and we will gaze at you!

Why do you gaze at Shulamite,
as at the dancing of two camps?

Song 7:1 (H 7.2) How beautiful are your feet in sandals,
daughter of magnificence!

The curves of your thighs are like jewels,
the work of the hands of a craftsman.

Song 7:2 (H 7.3) Your navel is a goblet.
May it not lack the blended wine.

Your belly is *like* a heap of wheat encircled with lilies.

Song 7:3 (H 7.4) Your two breasts are like two fawns,
twins of a gazelle.

Song 7:4 (H 7.5) Your neck is like a tower of the ivory,
your eyes *like* the pools at Heshbon
beside the gate of Bat Rabbim.
Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon
looking toward Damascus.

Heshbon means contrivance.
Bat Rabbim means daughter of abundance.

Song 7:5 (H 7.6) Your head above you is like Carmel,
and the hair of your head like purple.
The king is held captive by the ringlets.

Song 7:6 (H 7.7) How beautiful
and how pleasing you have been to love
with your delights!

Song 7:7 (H 7.8) This stature of yours
is compared to a palm tree, and your breasts to clusters.
Song 7:8 (H 7.9) I said, "I will ascend onto the palm tree.
I will take hold of its points."
And now your breasts are like clusters of the vine.
And the aroma of your nose *is* like apples.
Song 7:9 (H 7.10) And your palate *is* like the best wine,
going to my lover as smoothness,
moving slowly, slumbering lips.

Song 7:10 (H 7.11) I myself am my lover's!
And his desire is upon me.

Song 7:11 (H 7.12) Come, my lover!
We will go forth to the field.
We will stay overnight in the villages.
Song 7:12 (H 7.13) We will rise up early
to *go to* the vineyards.
We will see if the vine has budded,
if the grape blossoms have opened,
if the pomegranates have bloomed.
There I will give to you
my love-makings *themselves* **nx**.

Song 7:13 (H 7.14) The mandrakes have given
their fragrance.
And beside our gates are all the choice fruits,
new as well as old.
My lover, I have reserved *them* for you!

Chapter 8

Song 8:1 Who will give him as a brother to me,
sucking at my mother's breasts?

I will find you outside.
I will kiss you also.
I will not be condemned.
Song 8:2 I will lead you.
I will cause you to come to the house of my mother,
She will teach me.

I will cause you to drink the spiced wine,
from the juice of my pomegranate.

Song 8:3 His left hand is beneath my head
and his right hand embraces me.

Song 8:4 I have caused you to swear,
daughters of Yerushalaim.
Do not arouse or awaken love until it desires.

Song 8:5 Who is this coming up from the wilderness,
leaning herself upon her lover?

Beneath the apple tree I awakened you.
There she brought you forth.
There your mother was in labor with you.
There she gave birth to you.

Song 8:6 Place me as a seal over your heart,
as a seal upon your arm!"

Indeed, love is as strong as death,
jealousy as cruel as She'ol.
Its coals are coals of fire, a blazing flame!

Song 8:7 Many waters are not able to extinguish
the love *itself* **nx**.
Even floods can not overwhelm it.
If a man gives all the wealth *itself* **nx** of his household
on account of love it will be utterly despised.

Song 8:8 We have a little sister.
And she has no breasts.
What can we do for our sister
in the day when she is spoken for?

Song 8:9 If she was a wall
we would build upon her an enclosure of silver.
And if she were a door
we would bind upon her boards of cedar.

Song 8:10 I myself am a wall.
And my breasts *are* like towers.
Then I existed in his eyes as one finding shalom.

Song 8:11 Shelomoh had a vineyard in Ba'al Hamon.
He gave the vineyard *itself* **nx** to keepers.
Each one was caused to bring on account of its fruit
a thousand pieces of silver.

Song 8:12 The vineyard which is mine is before my face.
To you, Shelomoh, belongs a thousand,
and two hundred to those who keep its fruit *itself* **nx**.

Song 8:13 Those sitting in the gardens,
the companions are listening attentively for your voice.
Cause me to hear it!

Song 8:14 Hurry, my lover.
And you yourself, be like a gazelle
or a young of the deer upon the mountains of spices.