

The King James Version Composite Bible

By

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The KJV Composite Reflection Bible is intended to make you think more deeply about the text by progressive comparison of literal versions. The mind works differently when understanding one text, when comparing two texts and when looking at more than two. As a result, an overall meaning is obtained, which I call a “composite” understanding. When you have reached this level of understanding, you will want to record your thoughts about what the text now says, what it means to you spiritually and how you plan to apply its meaning to your life. This composite understanding will lead to true meaning for your life. I hope that you will find this work a help in your studies and a blessing in understanding what God would like you to know.

The King James Version

The American Standard Version of 1901

Young's Literal Translation

Song of Solomon

- 1 The song of songs, which [is] Solomon's.
The Song of songs, which is Solomon`s.
The Song of Songs, that [is] Solomon`s.**

- 2 Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love [is] better than wine.
Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; For thy love is better than wine.
Let him kiss me with kisses of his mouth, For better [are] thy loves than wine.**

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

Thine oils have a goodly fragrance; Thy name is [as] oil poured forth; Therefore do the virgins love thee.

For fragrance [are] thy perfumes good. Perfume emptied out -- thy name, Therefore have virgins loved thee!

4 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.

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 make mention of thy love more than of wine: Rightly do they love thee.

Draw me: after thee we run, The king hath brought me into his inner chambers, We do joy and rejoice in thee, We mention thy loves more than wine, Uprightly they have loved thee!

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

I am black, but comely, Oh ye daughters of Jerusalem, As the tents of Kedar, As the curtains of Solomon.

Dark [am] I, and comely, daughters of Jerusalem, As tents of Kedar, as curtains of Solomon.

6 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.

Look not upon me, because I am swarthy, Because the sun hath scorched me. My mother's sons were incensed against me; They made me keeper of the vineyards; [But] mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Fear me not, because I [am] very dark, Because the sun hath scorched me, The sons of my mother were angry with me, They made me keeper of the vineyards, My vineyard -- my own -- I have not kept.

- 7 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?**

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, Where thou feedest [thy flock], Where thou makest [it] to rest at noon: For why should I be as one that is veiled Beside the flocks of thy companions?

Declare to me, thou whom my soul hath loved, Where thou delightest, Where thou liest down at noon, For why am I as one veiled, By the ranks of thy companions?

- 8 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.**

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.

If thou knowest not, O fair among women, Get thee forth by the traces of the flock, And feed thy kids by the shepherds` dwellings!

- 9 I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.**

I have compared thee, O my love, To a steed in Pharaoh`s chariots.

To my joyous one in chariots of Pharaoh, I have compared thee, my friend,

- 10 Thy cheeks are comely with rows [of jewels], thy neck with chains [of gold].**

Thy cheeks are comely with plaits [of hair], Thy neck with strings of jewels.

Comely have been thy cheeks with garlands, Thy neck with chains.

- 11 We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver.**

We will make thee plaits of gold With studs of silver.

Garlands of gold we do make for thee, With studs of silver!

- 12 While the king [sitteth] at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.
While the king sat at his table, My spikenard sent forth its fragrance.
While the king [is] in his circle, My spikenard hath given its fragrance.**
- 13 A bundle of myrrh [is] my wellbeloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.
My beloved is unto me [as] a bundle of myrrh, That lieth betwixt my breasts.
A bundle of myrrh [is] my beloved to me, Between my breasts it lodgeth.**
- 14 My beloved [is] unto me [as] a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi.
My beloved is unto me [as] a cluster of henna-flowers In the vineyards of En-gedi.
A cluster of cypress [is] my beloved to me, In the vineyards of En-Gedi!**
- 15 Behold, thou [art] fair, my love; behold, thou [art] fair; thou [hast] doves' eyes.
Behold, thou art fair, my love; Behold thou art fair; Thine eyes are [as] doves.
Lo, thou [art] fair, my friend, Lo, thou [art] fair, thine eyes [are] doves!**
- 16 Behold, thou [art] fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed [is] green.
Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: Also our couch is green.
Lo, thou [art] fair, my love, yea, pleasant, Yea, our couch [is] green,**
- 17 The beams of our house [are] cedar, [and] our rafters of fir.
The beams of our house are cedars, [And] our rafters are firs.
The beams of our houses [are] cedars, Our rafters [are] firs, I [am] a rose of Sharon, a lily of the valleys!**

- 1 I [am] the rose of Sharon, [and] the lily of the valleys.
I am a rose of Sharon, A lily of the valleys.
As a lily among the thorns,**
- 2 As the lily among thorns, so [is] my love among the daughters.
As a lily among thorns, So is my love among the daughters.
So [is] my friend among the daughters!**
- 3 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.
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.
As a citron among trees of the forest, So [is] my beloved among the sons, In his shade I
delighted, and sat down, And his fruit [is] sweet to my palate.**
- 4 He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me [was] love.
He brought me to the banqueting-house, And his banner over me was love.
He hath brought me in unto a house of wine, And his banner over me [is] love,**
- 5 Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I [am] sick of love.
Stay ye me with raisins, refresh me with apples; For I am sick from love.
Sustain me with grape-cakes, Support me with citrons, for I [am] sick with love.**
- 6 His left hand [is] under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.
His left hand [is] under my head, And his right hand doth embrace me.
His left hand [is] under my head, And his right doth embrace me.**

- 7 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.**
I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, By the roes, or by the hinds of the field, That ye stir not up, nor awake [my] love, Until he please.
I have adjured you, daughters of Jerusalem, By the roes or by the hinds of the field, Stir not up nor wake the love till she please!
- 8 The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.**
The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh, Leaping upon the mountains, Skipping upon the hills.
The voice of my beloved! lo, this -- he is coming, Leaping on the mountains, skipping on the hills.
- 9 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.**
My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: Behold, he standeth behind our wall; He looketh in at the windows; He glanceth through the lattice.
My beloved [is] like to a roe, Or to a young one of the harts. Lo, this -- he is standing behind our wall, Looking from the windows, Blooming from the lattice.
- 10 My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.**
My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
My beloved hath answered and said to me, `Rise up, my friend, my fair one, and come away,
- 11 For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over [and] gone;**
For, lo, the winter is past; The rain is over and gone;
For lo, the winter hath passed by, The rain hath passed away -- it hath gone.

12 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;

The flowers appear on the earth; The time of the singing [of birds] is come, And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land;

The flowers have appeared in the earth, The time of the singing hath come, And the voice of the turtle was heard in our land,

13 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.

The fig-tree ripeneth her green figs, And the vines are in blossom; They give forth their fragrance. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

The fig-tree hath ripened her green figs, And the sweet-smelling vines have given forth fragrance, Rise, come, my friend, my fair one, yea, come away.

14 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.

O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, In the covert of the steep place, Let me see thy countenance, Let me hear thy voice; For sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

My dove, in clefts of the rock, In a secret place of the ascent, Cause me to see thine appearance, Cause me to hear thy voice, For thy voice [is] sweet, and thy appearance comely.

15 Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines [have] tender grapes. Take us the foxes, the little foxes, That spoil the vineyards; For our vineyards are in blossom.

Seize ye for us foxes, Little foxes -- destroyers of vineyards, Even our sweet-smelling vineyards.

- 16 My beloved [is] mine, and I [am] his: he feedeth among the lilies.
My beloved is mine, and I am his: He feedeth [his flock] among the lilies.
My beloved [is] mine, and I [am] his, Who is delighting among the lilies,**
- 17 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.
Until the day be cool, and the shadows flee away, Turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart Upon the mountains of Bether.
Till the day doth break forth, And the shadows have fled away, Turn, be like, my beloved, To a roe, or to a young one of the harts, On the mountains of separation!**
- 1 By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.
By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.
On my couch by night, I sought him whom my soul hath loved; I sought him, and I found him not!**
- 2 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.
[I said], 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.
-- Pray, let me rise, and go round the city, In the streets and in the broad places, I seek him whom my soul hath loved! -- I sought him, and I found him not.**
- 3 The watchmen that go about the city found me: [to whom I said], Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?
The watchmen that go about the city found me; [To whom I said], Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?
The watchmen have found me, (Who are going round about the city), `Him whom my soul have loved saw ye?`**

- 4 [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.**
It was but a little that I passed from them, When 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.
But a little I passed on from them, Till I found him whom my soul hath loved! I seized him, and let him not go, Till I brought him in unto the house of my mother -- And the chamber of her that conceived me.
- 5 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.**
I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, By the roes, or by the hinds of the field, That ye stir not up, nor awake [my] love, Until he please.
I have adjured you, daughters of Jerusalem, By the roes or by the hinds of the field, Stir not up nor wake the love till she please!
- 6 Who [is] this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?**
Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness Like pillars of smoke, Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, With all powders of the merchant?
Who [is] this coming up from the wilderness, Like palm-trees of smoke, Perfumed [with] myrrh and frankincense, From every powder of the merchant?
- 7 Behold his bed, which [is] Solomon's; threescore valiant men [are] about it, of the valiant of Israel.**
Behold, it is the litter of Solomon; Threescore mighty men are about it, Of the mighty men of Israel.
Lo, his couch, that [is] Solomon`s, Sixty mighty ones [are] around it, Of the mighty of

- 8 They all hold swords, [being] expert in war: every man [hath] his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.**
They all handle the sword, [and] are expert in war: Every man hath his sword upon his thigh, Because of fear in the night.
All of them holding sword, taught of battle, Each his sword by his thigh, for fear at night.
- 9 King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.**
King Solomon made himself a palanquin Of the wood of Lebanon.
A palanquin king Solomon made for himself, Of the wood of Lebanon,
- 10 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.**
He made the pillars thereof of silver, The bottom thereof of gold, the seat of it of purple, The midst thereof being paved with love, From the daughters of Jerusalem.
Its pillars he made of silver, Its bottom of gold, its seat of purple, Its midst lined [with] love, By the daughters of Jerusalem.
- 11 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.**
Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon, With the crown wherewith his mother hath crowned him In the day of his espousals, And in the day of the gladness of his heart.
Go forth, and look, ye daughters of Zion, On king Solomon, with the crown, With which his mother crowned him, In the day of his espousals, And in the day of the joy of his heart!
- 1 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.**
Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; Thine eyes are [as] doves behind thy veil. Thy hair is as a flock of goats, That lie along the side of mount Gilead.
Lo, thou [art] fair, my friend, lo, thou [art] fair, Thine eyes [are] doves behind thy veil, Thy hair as a row of the goats That have shone from mount Gilead,

- 2 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.
Thy teeth are like a flock [of ewes] that are [newly] shorn, Which are come up from the washing, Whereof every one hath twins, And none is bereaved among them.
Thy teeth as a row of the shorn ones That have come up from the washing, For all of them are forming twins, And a bereaved one is not among them.**
- 3 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.
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, And thy mouth is comely. Thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate Behind thy veil.
As a thread of scarlet [are] thy lips, And thy speech [is] comely, As the work of the pomegranate [is] thy temple behind thy veil,**
- 4 Thy neck [is] like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.
Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, Whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, All the shields of the mighty men.
As the tower of David [is] thy neck, built for an armoury, The chief of the shields are hung on it, All shields of the mighty.**
- 5 Thy two breasts [are] like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.
Thy two breasts are like two fawns That are twins of a roe, Which feed among the lilies.
Thy two breasts [are] as two fawns, Twins of a roe, that are feeding among lilies.**
- 6 Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.
Until the day be cool, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, And to the hill of frankincense.
Till the day doth break forth, And the shadows have fled away, I will get me unto the mountain of myrrh, And unto the hill of frankincense.**

- 7** Thou [art] all fair, my love; [there is] no spot in thee.
Thou art all fair, my love; And there is no spot in thee.
Thou [art] all fair, my friend, And a blemish there is not in thee. Come from Lebanon, O spouse,
- 8** 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.
Come with me from Lebanon, [my] bride, With me from Lebanon: Look from the top of Amana, From the top of Senir and Hermon, From the lions` dens, From the mountains of the leopards.
Come from Lebanon, come thou in. Look from the top of Amana, From the top of Shenir and Hermon, From the habitations of lions, From the mountains of leopards.
- 9** 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.
Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, [my] bride; Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, With one chain of thy neck.
Thou hast emboldened me, my sister-spouse, Emboldened me with one of thine eyes, With one chain of thy neck.
- 10** 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!
How fair is thy love, my sister, [my] bride! How much better is thy love than wine! And the fragrance of thine oils than all manner of spices!
How wonderful have been thy loves, my sister-spouse, How much better have been thy loves than wine, And the fragrance of thy perfumes than all spices.

- 11 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.
Thy lips, O [my] bride, drop [as] the honeycomb: Honey and milk are under thy tongue; And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.
Thy lips drop honey, O spouse, Honey and milk [are] under thy tongue, And the fragrance of thy garments [is] as the fragrance of Lebanon.**
- 12 A garden inclosed [is] my sister, [my] spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
A garden shut up is my sister, [my] bride; A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
A garden shut up [is] my sister-spouse, A spring shut up -- a fountain sealed.**
- 13 Thy plants [are] an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,
Thy shoots are an orchard of pomegranates, with precious fruits; Henna with spikenard plants,
Thy shoots a paradise of pomegranates, With precious fruits,**
- 14 Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:
Spikenard and saffron, Calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; Myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices.
Cypresses with nard -- nard and saffron, Cane and cinnamon, With all trees of frankincense, Myrrh and aloes, with all chief spices.**
- 15 A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.
[Thou art] a fountain of gardens, A well of living waters, And flowing streams from
A fount of gardens, a well of living waters, And flowings from Lebanon!**

- 16 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. 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 precious fruits. Awake, O north wind, and come, O south, Cause my garden to breathe forth, its spices let flow, Let my beloved come to his garden, And eat its pleasant fruits!**
- 1 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. I am come into my garden, my sister, [my] bride: 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. I have come in to my garden, my sister-spouse, I have plucked my myrrh with my spice, I have eaten my comb with my honey, I have drunk my wine with my milk. Eat, O friends, drink, Yea, drink abundantly, O beloved ones!**
- 2 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. I was asleep, but my heart waked: 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, My locks with the drops of the night. I am sleeping, but my heart waketh: The sound of my beloved knocking! `Open to me, my sister, my friend, My dove, my perfect one, For my head is filled [with] dew, My locks [with] drops of the night.`**
- 3 I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them? I have put off my garment; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them? I have put off my coat, how do I put it on? I have washed my feet, how do I defile them?**

- 4 My beloved put in his hand by the hole [of the door], and my bowels were moved for him.
My beloved put in his hand by the hole [of the door], And my heart was moved for him.
My beloved sent his hand from the net-work, And my bowels were moved for him.**
- 5 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.
I rose up to open to my beloved; And my hands droppeth with myrrh, And my fingers with liquid myrrh, Upon the handles of the bolt.
I rose to open to my beloved, And my hands dropped myrrh, Yea, my fingers flowing myrrh, On the handles of the lock.**
- 6 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.
I opened to my beloved; But my beloved had withdrawn himself, [and] was gone. My soul had failed me when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.
I opened to my beloved, But my beloved withdrew -- he passed on, My soul went forth when he spake, I sought him, and found him not. I called him, and he answered me not.**
- 7 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.
The watchmen that go about the city found me, They smote me, they wounded me; The keepers of the walls took away my mantle from me.
The watchmen who go round about the city, Found me, smote me, wounded me, Keepers of the walls lifted up my veil from off me.**

- 8 I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I [am] sick of love.
I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, If ye find my beloved, That ye tell him, that I am sick from love.
I have adjured you, daughters of Jerusalem, If ye find my beloved -- What do ye tell him? that I [am] sick with love!**
- 9 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?
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 adjure us?
What [is] thy beloved above [any] beloved, O fair among women? What [is] thy beloved above [any] beloved, That thus thou hast adjured us?**
- 10 My beloved [is] white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.
My beloved is white and ruddy, The chiefest among ten thousand.
My beloved [is] clear and ruddy, Conspicuous above a myriad!**
- 11 His head [is as] the most fine gold, his locks [are] bushy, [and] black as a raven.
His head is [as] the most fine gold; His locks are bushy, [and] black as a raven.
His head [is] pure gold -- fine gold, His locks flowing, dark as a raven,**
- 12 His eyes [are] as [the eyes] of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, [and] fitly set.
His eyes are like doves beside the water-brooks, Washed with milk, [and] fitly set.
His eyes as doves by streams of water, Washing in milk, sitting in fulness.**

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

His cheeks are as a bed of spices, [As] banks of sweet herbs: His lips are [as] lilies, dropping liquid myrrh.

His cheeks as a bed of the spice, towers of perfumes, His lips [are] lilies, dropping flowing myrrh,

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

His hands are [as] rings of gold set with beryl: His body is [as] ivory work overlaid [with] sapphires.

His hands rings of gold, set with beryl, His heart bright ivory, covered with sapphires,

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

His legs are [as] pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: His aspect is like Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

His limbs pillars of marble, Founded on sockets of fine gold, His appearance as Lebanon, choice as the cedars.

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

His mouth is most sweet; Yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

His mouth is sweetness -- and all of him desirable, This [is] my beloved, and this my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem!

- 1 Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee.**
Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? Whither hath thy beloved turned him, That we may seek him with thee?
Whither hath thy beloved gone, O fair among women? Whither hath thy beloved turned, And we seek him with thee?
- 2 My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.**
My beloved is gone down to his garden, To the beds of spices, To feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.
My beloved went down to his garden, To the beds of the spice, To delight himself in the gardens, and to gather lilies.
- 3 I [am] my beloved's, and my beloved [is] mine: he feedeth among the lilies.**
I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine; He feedeth [his flock] among the lilies,
I [am] my beloved's, and my beloved [is] mine, Who is delighting himself among the lilies.
- 4 Thou [art] beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as [an army] with banners.**
Thou art fair, O my love, as Tirzah, Comely as Jerusalem, Terrible as an army with banners.
Fair [art] thou, my friend, as Tirzah, Comely as Jerusalem, Awe-inspiring as bannered hosts.
- 5 Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair [is] as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.**
Turn away thine eyes from me, For they have overcome me. Thy hair is as a flock of goats, That lie along the side of Gilead.
Turn round thine eyes from before me, Because they have made me proud. Thy hair [is] as a row of the goats, That have shone from Gilead,

- 6 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.
Thy teeth are like a flock of ewes, Which are come up from the washing; Whereof every one hath twins, And none is bereaved among them.
Thy teeth as a row of the lambs, That have come up from the washing, Because all of them are forming twins, And a bereaved one is not among them.**
- 7 As a piece of a pomegranate [are] thy temples within thy locks.
Thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate Behind thy veil.
As the work of the pomegranate [is] thy temple behind thy veil.**
- 8 There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number.
There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, And virgins without number.
Sixty are queens, and eighty concubines, And virgins without number.**
- 9 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.
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 called her blessed; [Yea], the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.
One is my dove, my perfect one, One she [is] of her mother, The choice one she [is] of her that bare her, Daughters saw, and pronounce her happy, Queens and concubines, and they praise her.**
- 10 Who [is] she [that] looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, [and] terrible as [an army] with banners?
Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, Fair as the moon, Clear as the sun, Terrible as an army with banners?
`Who [is] this that is looking forth as morning, Fair as the moon -- clear as the sun, Awe-inspiring as bannered hosts?`**

11 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.

I went down into the garden of nuts, To see the green plants of the valley, To see whether the vine budded, [And] the pomegranates were in flower.

Unto a garden of nuts I went down, To look on the buds of the valley, To see whither the vine had flourished, The pomegranates had blossomed --

12 Or ever I was aware, my soul made me [like] the chariots of Amminadib.

Before I was aware, my soul set me [Among] the chariots of my princely people.

I knew not my soul, It made me -- chariots of my people Nadib.

13 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.

Return, return, O Shulammite; Return, return, that we may look upon thee. Why will ye look upon the Shulammite, As upon the dance of Mahanaim?

Return, return, O Shulammith! Return, return, and we look upon thee. What do ye see in Shulammith?

1 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.

How beautiful are thy feet in sandals, O prince`s daughter! Thy rounded thighs are like jewels, The work of the hands of a skilful workman.

As the chorus of `Mahanaim.` How beautiful were thy feet with sandals, O daughter of Nadib. The turnings of thy sides [are] as ornaments, Work of the hands of an artificer.

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

Thy body is [like] a round goblet, [Wherein] no mingled wine is wanting: Thy waist is [like] a heap of wheat Set about with lilies.

Thy waist [is] a basin of roundness, It lacketh not the mixture, Thy body a heap of wheat, fenced with lilies,

- 3 Thy two breasts [are] like two young roes [that are] twins.
Thy two breasts are like two fawns That are twins of a roe.
Thy two breasts as two young ones, twins of a roe,**
- 4 Thy neck [is] as a tower of ivory; thine eyes [like] the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim: thy nose [is] as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.
Thy neck is like the tower of ivory; Thine eyes [as] the pools in Heshbon, By the gate of Bath-rabbim; Thy nose is like the tower of Lebanon Which looketh toward Damascus.
Thy neck as a tower of the ivory, Thine eyes pools in Heshbon, near the gate of Bath-Rabbim, Thy face as a tower of Lebanon looking to Damascus,**
- 5 Thine head upon thee [is] like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king [is] held in the galleries.
Thy head upon thee is like Carmel, And the hair of thy head like purple; The king is held captive in the tresses [thereof].
Thy head upon thee as Carmel, And the locks of thy head as purple, The king is bound with the flowings!**
- 6 How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!
How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!
How fair and how pleasant hast thou been, O love, in delights.**
- 7 This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters [of grapes].
This thy stature is like to a palm-tree, And thy breasts to its clusters.
This thy stature hath been like to a palm, And thy breasts to clusters.**

- 8** 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;
 I said, I will climb up into the palm-tree, I will take hold of the branches thereof: Let thy breasts be as clusters of the vine, And the smell of thy breath like apples,
 I said, `Let me go up on the palm, Let me lay hold on its boughs, Yea, let thy breasts be, I pray thee, as clusters of the vine, And the fragrance of thy face as citrons,
- 9** 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.
 And thy mouth like the best wine, That goeth down smoothly for my beloved, Gliding through the lips of those that are asleep.
 And thy palate as the good wine --` Flowing to my beloved in uprightness, Strengthening the lips of the aged!
- 10** I [am] my beloved's, and his desire [is] toward me.
 I am my beloved's; And his desire is toward me.
 I [am] my beloved's, and on me [is] his desire.
- 11** Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages.
 Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; Let us lodge in the villages.
 Come, my beloved, we go forth to the field,
- 12** 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.
 Let us get up early to the vineyards; Let us see whether the vine hath budded, [And] its blossom is open, [And] the pomegranates are in flower: There will I give thee my love.
 We lodge in the villages, we go early to the vineyards, We see if the vine hath flourished, The sweet smelling-flower hath opened. The pomegranates have blossomed, There do I give to thee my loves;

13 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.

The mandrakes give forth fragrance; And at our doors are all manner of precious fruits, new and old, Which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

The mandrakes have given fragrance, And at our openings all pleasant things, New, yea, old, my beloved, I laid up for thee!

1 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.

Oh that thou wert as my brother, That sucked the breasts of my mother! [When] I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; Yea, and none would despise me.

Who doth make thee as a brother to me, Sucking the breasts of my mother? I find thee without, I kiss thee, Yea, they do not despise me,

2 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.

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.

I lead thee, I bring thee in unto my mother's house, She doth teach me, I cause thee to drink of the perfumed wine, Of the juice of my pomegranate,

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

His left hand [should be] under my head, And his right hand should embrace me.

His left hand [is] under my head, And his right doth embrace me.

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

I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, That ye stir not up, nor awake [my] love, Until he please.

I have adjured you, daughters of Jerusalem, How ye stir up, And how ye wake the love till she please!

5 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.

Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, Leaning upon her beloved? Under the apple-tree I awakened thee: There thy mother was in travail with thee, There was she in travail that brought thee forth.

Who [is] this coming from the wilderness, Hasting herself for her beloved? Under the citron-tree I have waked thee, There did thy mother pledge thee, There she gave a pledge [that] bare thee.

6 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.

Set me as a seal upon thy heart, As a seal upon thine arm: For love is strong as death; Jealousy is cruel as Sheol; The flashes thereof are flashes of fire, A very flame of Jehovah. Set me as a seal on thy heart, as a seal on thine arm, For strong as death is love, Sharp as Sheol is jealousy, Its burnings [are] burnings of fire, a flame of Jah!

7 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.

Many waters cannot quench love, Neither can floods drown it: If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, He would utterly be contemned.

Many waters are not able to quench the love, And floods do not wash it away. If one give all the wealth of his house for love, Treading down -- they tread upon it.

8 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?

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?

We have a little sister, and breasts she hath not, What do we do for our sister, In the day that it is told of her?

- 9** If she [be] a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she [be] a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.
 If she be a wall, We will build upon her a turret of silver: And if she be a door, We will inclose her with boards of cedar.
 If she is a wall, we build by her a palace of silver. And if she is a door, We fashion by her board-work of cedar.
- 10** I [am] a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour. I am a wall, and my breasts like the towers [thereof] Then was I in his eyes as one that found peace.
 I [am] a wall, and my breasts as towers, Then I have been in his eyes as one finding
- 11** Solomon had a vineyard at Baalhamon; he let out the vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand [pieces] of silver.
 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.
 Solomon hath a vineyard in Baal-Hamon, He hath given the vineyard to keepers, Each bringeth for its fruit a thousand silverlings;
- 12** My vineyard, which [is] mine, [is] before me: thou, O Solomon, [must have] a thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.
 My vineyard, which is mine, is before me: Thou, O Solomon, shalt have the thousand, And those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.
 My vineyard -- my own -- is before me, The thousand [is] for thee, O Solomon. And the two hundred for those keeping its fruit. O dweller in gardens!
- 13** Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice: cause me to hear [it].
 Thou that dwellest in the gardens, The companions hearken for thy voice: Cause me to hear it.
 The companions are attending to thy voice, Cause me to hear. Flee, my beloved, and be like to a roe,

14 Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.

Make haste, my beloved, And be thou like to a roe or to a young hart Upon the mountains of spices.

Or to a young one of the harts on mountains of spices!