

Webster's (Modified), Darby's Translation (Modified) and Young's (Modified) for Analytical Study

- 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 savor of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.
Thine ointments savour sweetly; Thy name is an ointment 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 remember thy love more than wine. They love thee uprightly.
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, 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 my own vineyard have I not kept.
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 keeper of the vineyards; 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, 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 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 knowest not, O thou fairest among women, go forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds tents.
If thou know not, thou fairest among women, Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, And feed thy kids beside the shepherds` booths.
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 compare thee, 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 bead-rows, Thy neck with ornamental chains.
Comely have been thy cheeks with garlands, Thy neck with chains.
- 11 We will make for thee borders of gold with studs of silver.
We will make thee bead-rows 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 its smell.
While the king is at his table, My spikenard sendeth forth its fragrance.
While the king [is] in his circle, My spikenard hath given its fragrance.
- 13 A bundle of myrrh is my well beloved to me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.
A bundle of myrrh is my beloved unto me; He shall pass the night between my breasts.
A bundle of myrrh [is] my beloved to me, Between my breasts it lodgeth.
- 14 My beloved is to me as a cluster of camphor in the vineyards of En-gedi.
My beloved is unto me a cluster of henna-flowers In the vineyards of Engedi.
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 doves.
Lo, thou [art] fair, my friend, Lo, thou [art] fair, thine eyes [are] doves!
- 16 Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yes, pleasant: also our bed is green.
Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant; Also our bed 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 houses are cedars, Our rafters are cypresses.
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 narcissus 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 the 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: In his shadow have I rapture and sit down; And his fruit is 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 hath brought me to the house of wine, And his banner over me is 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 with love.
 Sustain ye me with raisin-cakes, Refresh me with apples; For I am sick of 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, nor awake my love, till he please.
 I charge you, daughters of Jerusalem, By the gazelles, or by the hinds of the field, That ye stir not up, nor awake [my] love, till 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, showing himself through the lattice.
 My beloved is like a gazelle or a young hart. Behold, he standeth behind our wall, He looketh in through the windows, Glancing 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 spoke, and said to me, Rise, 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 behold, the winter is past, The rain is over, it is 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 singing 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 melloweth her winter figs, And the vines in bloom 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.
 My dove, in the clefts of the rock, In the covert of the precipice, 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 for 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 bloom.
 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 shall 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 dawn, and the shadows flee away. Turn, my beloved: be thou like a gazelle 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.
 On my bed, in the nights, 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 will rise now, and go about the city; In the streets and in the broadways Will I 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: -- Have ye seen 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.
-- Scarcely had 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 charge you, daughters of Jerusalem, By the gazelles, or by the hinds of the field, That ye stir not up, nor awake [my] love, till 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, [she] 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; sixty valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel.
Behold his couch, Solomon's own: Threescore mighty men are about it, Of the mighty of Israel.
Lo, his couch, that [is] Solomon's, Sixty mighty ones [are] around it, Of the mighty of Israel,
- 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 hold the sword, Experts in war; Each hath his sword upon his thigh Because of alarm in the nights.
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 its pillars of silver, the bottom of it of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst of it being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.
 Its pillars he made of silver, Its support of gold, Its seat of purple; The midst thereof was paved [with] love By 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 with which his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.
 Go forth, 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, and look, ye daughters of Zion, On king Solomon, with the crown, With which his mother crowned him, In the day of his espousals, An 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 doves behind thy veil; Thy hair is as a flock of goats, On the slopes 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; all of which bear twins, and none is barren among them.
 Thy teeth are like a flock of shorn sheep, Which go up from the washing; Which have all borne twins, And none is barren 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 pomegranate within thy locks.
 Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, And thy speech is comely; As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples 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 built for an armory, on which hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.
 Thy neck is like the tower of David, Built for an armoury: A thousand bucklers hang thereon, All shields of 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, twins of a gazelle, 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 shall break, and the shadows flee away, I will repair to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.
 Until the day dawn, 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] spouse, With me from Lebanon, -- Come, look from the top of Amanah, 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 thy eyes, with one chain of thy neck.
 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 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 thy ointments than all spices!
 How fair is thy love, my sister, [my] spouse! How much better is thy love than wine! And the fragrance of thine ointments than all 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 spices.
- 11 Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honey-comb; honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon
 Thy lips, [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 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 enclosed is my sister, [my] spouse; 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; camphor, with spikenard,
 Thy shoots are a paradise 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.
 A fountain in the gardens, A well of living waters, Which stream from Lebanon.
 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 its spices may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

Awake, north wind, and come, [thou] south; Blow upon my garden, [that] the spices thereof may flow forth. Let my beloved come into his garden, And eat its 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 have come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh, with my spice; I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yes, drink abundantly, O beloved.

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, beloved ones!

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 slept, but my heart was awake. The voice of my beloved! he knocketh: Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, mine undefiled; For my head 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 tunic, how should I put it on? I have washed my feet, how should I pollute 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 bowels yearned 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 dropped with myrrh, And my fingers with liquid myrrh, Upon the handles of the lock.

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 spoke: 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; he was gone: My soul went forth when he spoke. I sought him, but I found him not; 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 vail from me.
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 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 with love.
I charge you, daughters of Jerusalem, If ye find my beloved, ... What will ye tell him? -- That I am sick of 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, Thou fairest among women? What is thy beloved more than [another] beloved, That thou dost so charge 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 chief 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 finest gold; His locks are flowing, black as the 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 by the water-brooks, Washed with milk, 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, raised beds of sweet plants; His lips 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 gold rings, set with the chrysolite; His belly is bright ivory, 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, pillars of marble, set upon bases of fine gold: His bearing as 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: yes, 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, yea, 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, Thou fairest among women? Whither is thy beloved turned aside? And we will 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 into 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, my love, as Tirzah, Comely as Jerusalem, Terrible as troops with banners:
Fair [art] thou, my friend, as Tirzah, Comely as Jerusalem, Awe-inspiring as bannered hosts.
- 5** Turn away thy 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 overcome me. Thy hair is as a flock of goats On the slopes 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, of which every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them.
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep Which go up from the washing; Which have all borne twins, And none is barren 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 pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.
As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples Behind thy veil.
As the work of the pomegranate [is] thy temple behind thy veil.
- 8** There are sixty queens, and eighty 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 bore her. The daughters saw her, and blessed her; yes, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.
My dove, mine undefiled, is but one; She is the only one of her mother, She is the choice one of her that bore her. The daughters saw her, and they called her blessed; 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 bore 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 dawn, Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, Terrible as troops 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 verdure of the valley, To see whether the vine budded, Whether the pomegranates blossomed.
 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 ere I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib.
 Before I was aware, My soul set me upon the chariots of my willing people.
 I knew not my soul, It made me -- chariots of my people Nadib.
- 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 skillful workman.
 How beautiful are thy footsteps in sandals, O prince`s daughter! The roundings of thy thighs are like jewels, The work of the hands of an artist.
 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 a heap of wheat set about with lilies.
 Thy navel is a round goblet, [which] wanteth not mixed wine; Thy belly 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, twins of a gazelle;
 Thy two breasts as two young ones, twins of a roe,
- 4 Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thy eyes like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh towards Damascus.
 Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; Thine eyes, [like] the pools in Heshbon, By the gate of Bath-rabbim; Thy nose 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 Thy head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thy head like purple; the king is held in the galleries.
 Thy head upon thee is like Carmel, And the locks of thy head like purple; The king is fettered by [thy] ringlets!
 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, [my] love, in 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 grape 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 its boughs: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose lil apples;
 I said, I will go up to the palm-tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof; And thy breasts shall indeed be like clusters of the vine, And the fragrance of thy nose 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 the roof of thy mouth like the best wine, ... That goeth down smoothly for my beloved, And stealeth over the lips of them 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 towards 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 fields; 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 flourisheth, whether the tender grape appeareth, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves.
 We will go up early to the vineyards, We will see if the vine hath budded, [If] the blossom is opening, And the pomegranates are in bloom: There will I give thee my loves.
 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 yield fragrance; And at our gates are all choice fruits, new and old: I have laid them up for thee, 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 was nourished at the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yes, I should not be despised.
 Oh that thou wert as my brother, That sucked the breasts of my mother! Should I find thee without, I would kiss thee; And they would not 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, bring thee into my mother`s house; Thou wouldest 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 would be under my head, And his right hand 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, nor awake my love, until he please.
I charge you, daughters of Jerusalem, ... Why should ye stir up, why awake [my] love, till 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 bore thee.
Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, Leaning upon her beloved? I awoke thee under the apple-tree: There thy mother brought thee forth; There she brought thee forth [that] bore thee.
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 thy heart, as a seal upon thy arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals of it 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, Flames of Jah.
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 do the floods drown it: Even if a man gave all the substance of his house for love, It 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 is a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she is 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 enclose 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 favor.
I am a wall, and my breasts like towers; Then was I in his eyes as one that findeth peace.
I [am] a wall, and my breasts as towers, Then I have been in his eyes as one finding peace.
- 11** Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon; he let out the vineyard to keepers; every one for the fruit of it 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 silver-pieces.
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 of it two hundred.
My vineyard, which is mine, is before me: The thousand [silver-pieces] be to thee, Solomon; And to the keepers of its fruit, 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 to thy voice: Let me 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 a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of spices.
Haste, my beloved, And be thou like a gazelle or a young hart Upon the mountains of spices.
Or to a young one of the harts on mountains of spices!