English: Unlocked Literal Bible for Song of songs

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Notes: English ULB Translation Notes

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## Song of songs

1

1The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.

2Oh, that he would kiss me with the kisses of his mouth,for your love is better than wine.3Your anointing oils have a pleasing fragrance;your name is like flowing perfume,so the young women love you.4Take me with you, and we will run.The king has brought me into his rooms.

We are glad; We rejoice about you;let us praise your love; it is better than wine.It is right for the other women to love you.

5I am dark but lovely,you daughters of Jerusalem—dark like the tents of Kedar,lovely like the curtains of Solomon.6Do not stare at me because I am dark,because the sun has scorched me.My mother's sons were angry with me;they made me keeper of the vineyards,but my own vineyard I have not kept.

7Tell me, you whom my soul loves,where do you feed your flock?Where do you rest your flock at noontime?Why should I be like someone who wandersbeside the flocks of your companions?

8If you do not know, most beautiful among women,follow the tracks of my flock,and pasture your young goats near the shepherds' tents.9I compare you, my love,to a mare among Pharaoh's chariot horses.10Your cheeks are beautiful with ornaments,your neck with strings of jewels.11We will make for you gold ornamentswith silver studs.

12While the king lay on his couch,my nard emitted its fragrance.13My beloved is to me like a bag of myrrhthat spends the night lying between my breasts.14My beloved is to me like a cluster of henna flowersin the vineyards of En Gedi.

15Listen, you are beautiful, my love;listen, you are beautiful;your eyes are doves.

16Listen, you are handsome, my beloved, how handsome.The lush plants are our bed.17The beams of our house are cedars;our rafters are firs.

2

1I am a meadow flower of Sharon,a lily of the valleys.

2As a lily among thorns,so is my love among the young women.

3As an apricot tree among the trees of the forest,so is my beloved among the young men.I sit down under his shadow with great delight,and his fruit is sweet to my taste.4He brought me to the house of wine,and his banner over me was love.5Revive me with raisin cakes and refresh me with apricots,for I am weak with love.6His left hand is under my head,and his right hand embraces me.7I want you to swear, daughters of Jerusalem,by the gazelles and the does of the fields,that you will not awaken or arouse loveuntil she pleases.

8There is the sound of my beloved! Listen, here he comes,leaping over the mountains,jumping over the hills.9My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag;look, he is standing behind our wall,gazing through the window,peering through the lattice.

10My beloved spoke to me and said,"Arise, my love;My beautiful one, come away with me.11Look, the winter is past;the rain is over and gone.12The flowers have appeared in the land;the time for pruning and the singing of birds has come,and the sound of the doves is heard in our land.13The fig tree ripens her green figs,and the vines are in blossom;they give off their fragrance.Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come away.14My dove, in the clefts of the rock,in the secret clefts of the mountain crags,let me see your face.Let me hear your voice,for your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely."

15Catch the foxes for us, the little foxes that spoil vineyards,for our vineyard is in blossom.16My beloved is mine, and I am his;he grazes among the lilies with pleasure.17Go away, my beloved,before the day breathes and the shadows flee away.Go away; be like a gazelle or a young stagon the rugged mountains.

3

1At night on my bedI was longing for him whom my soul loves;I looked for him, but I could not find him.2I said to myself, "I will get up and go through the city,through the streets and squares;I will search for him whom my soul loves."I searched for him, but I did not find him.3The watchmen found meas they were making their rounds in the city.I asked them, "Have you seen him whom my soul loves?"4It was only a little while after I had passed themthat I found him whom my soul loves.I held on to him and would not let him gountil I had brought him into my mother's house,into the bedroom of the one who had conceived me.

5I want you to swear, daughters of Jerusalem,by the gazelles and the does of the fields,that you will not awaken or arouse loveuntil she pleases.

6What is that coming up from the wildernesslike a column of smoke,perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,with all the powders sold by merchants?7Look, it is the bed of Solomon;sixty warriors surround it—the mighty men of Israel.8All of them are skilled with a swordand are experienced in warfare.Every man has his sword at his side,armed against the terrors of the night.9King Solomon made himself a sedan chairof the wood from Lebanon.10Its posts were made of silver;the back was made of gold, and the seat of purple cloth.Its interior was decorated with loveby the daughters of Jerusalem.

11Go out, daughters of Zion,and gaze on King Solomon,bearing the crown with which his mother crowned himon his wedding day,on the day of the joy of his heart.

4

1Oh, you are beautiful, my love; you are beautiful.Your eyes are doves behind your veil.Your hair is like a flock of goatsgoing down from Mount Gilead.2Your teeth are like a flock of newly shorn ewes,coming up from the washing place.Each one has a twin,and none among them is bereaved.3Your lips are like a thread of scarlet;your mouth is lovely.Your cheeks are like pomegranate halvesbehind your veil.4Your neck is like the tower of David built in rows of stone,with a thousand shields hanging on it,all the shields of soldiers.5Your two breasts are like two fawns,twins of a gazelle,grazing among the lilies.

6Before the day breathes and the shadows flee away,I will go to the mountain of myrrhand to the hill of frankincense.7You are beautiful in every way, my loveand there is no blemish in you.

8Come with me from Lebanon, my bride.Come with me from Lebanon;come from the top of Amana,from the top of Senir and Hermon,from lions' dens,from mountain dens of leopards.9You have stolen my heart, my sister, my bride;you have stolen my heart,with just one look at me,with just one jewel of your necklace.10How beautiful is your love, my sister, my bride!How much better is your love than wine,and the fragrance of your perfume than any spice.11Your lips, my bride, drip honey;honey and milk are under your tongue;the fragrance of your garmentsis like the fragrance of Lebanon.

12My sister, my bride is a garden locked up,a garden locked up, a spring that is sealed.13Your branches are a grove of pomegranate trees with fine fruits,and of henna and nard plants,14nard and saffron,calamus and cinnamon with all trees of frankincense,myrrh and aloes with all the finest spices.15You are a garden spring,a well of fresh water,streams flowing down from Lebanon.

16Awake, north wind; come, south wind;blow on my gardenso that its spices may give off their fragrance.May my beloved come into his gardenand eat some of its fine fruit.

5

1I have 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, friends;drink and be drunk with love.

2I was asleep, but my heart was awake.There is the sound of my beloved knocking and saying,"Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my perfect one,for my head is wet with dew,my hair with the night's dampness."3I have taken off my robe; must I put it on again?I have washed my feet; must I get them dirty?4My beloved put in his hand through the opening of the door latch,and my heart was stirred up for him.5I got up to open the door for my beloved;my hands were dripping with myrrh,my fingers with moist myrrh,on the door handle.6I opened the door for my beloved,but my beloved had turned and gone.My heart sank when he spoke. [1](#footnote-target-1)I looked for him, but I did not find him;I called him, but he did not answer me.7The watchmen found meas they were making their rounds in the city.They struck me and wounded me;the guards on the walls took my cloak away from me.8I want you to swear, daughters of Jerusalem,that if you find my beloved—What will you make known to him?—that I am weak with love.

9How is your beloved better than another beloved man,most beautiful among women?Why is your beloved better than another beloved,that you ask us to take an oath like this?

10My beloved is radiant and ruddy,outstanding among ten thousand.11His head is the purest gold;his hair is curly and as black as a raven.12His eyes are like doves beside streams of water,bathed in milk, mounted like jewels.13His cheeks are like beds of spices,yielding aromatic scents. [2](#footnote-target-2)His lips are lilies, dripping with myrrh.14His arms are rounded gold set with jewels;his abdomen is ivory covered with sapphires.15His legs are pillars of marble, set on bases of pure gold;his appearance is like Lebanon, choice as the cedars.16His mouth is most sweet;he is completely lovely.This is my beloved, and this is my friend,daughters of Jerusalem.

[1](#footnote-caller-1)The ancient Greek and Latin translations and other ancient translations of the Hebrew copies reads he turned away . [2](#footnote-caller-2)The Hebrew text: yielding aromatic scents. This phrase may possibly be read as: garden beds made of balsam .

6

1Where has your beloved gone,most beautiful among women?In what direction has your beloved gone,so that we may seek him with you?

2My beloved has gone down to his garden,to the beds of spices,to graze in the garden and to gather lilies.3I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine;he grazes among the lilies with pleasure.

4You are as beautiful as Tirzah, my love,as lovely as Jerusalem,as awe-inspiring as an army with its banners.5Turn your eyes away from me,for they overwhelm me.Your hair is like a flock of goatsgoing down from the slopes of Gilead.6Your teeth are like a flock of ewescoming up from the washing place.Each one has a twin,and none among them is bereaved.7Your cheeks are like pomegranate halvesbehind your veil.

8There are sixty queens, eighty concubines,and young women without number.9My dove, my perfect one, is the only one;she is the only daughter of her mother;she is the pure child of the woman who bore her.The young women saw her and called her blessed;the queens and the concubines saw her also, and they praised her:

10"Who is this who appears like the dawn,as beautiful as the moon,as pure as the sun,as awe-inspiring as an army with its banners?"

11I went down into the grove of nut treesto see the young growth in the valley,to see whether the vines had budded,and whether the pomegranates were in bloom.12I did not know when my soul placed meon the chariots of my noble people.

13Turn back, turn back, you Shulammite! [1](#footnote-target-1)Turn back, turn back so that we may gaze on you!

Why do you gaze on the Shulammite,as if on the dance of Mahanaim? [2](#footnote-target-2)

[1](#footnote-caller-1)The meaning of Shulammite is uncertain. It may mean you perfect woman or you woman from Shulam . [2](#footnote-caller-2)The meaning of Mahanaim is uncertain. It may be the name of a place or "two armies." Two of the possible meanings of this last phrase of verse 13 are on the dance of Mahanaim and on the dance between two armies .

7

1How beautiful your feet appear in your sandals, prince's daughter!The curves of your thighs are like jewels,the work of the hands of a master craftsman.2Your navel is like a round bowl;may it never lack mixed wine.Your belly is like a mound of wheatencircled with lilies.3Your two breasts are like two fawns,twins of a gazelle.4Your neck is like a tower of ivory;your eyes are the pools in Heshbonby the gate of Bath Rabbim.Your nose is like the tower in Lebanonthat looks toward Damascus.5Your head is on you like Carmel;the hair on your head is dark purple.The king is held captive by its tresses.6How beautiful and how lovely you are,my love, with delights! [1](#footnote-target-1)7Your height is like that of a date palm tree,and your breasts like clusters of fruit.8I said, "I want to climb that palm tree;I will take hold of its branches."May your breasts be like clusters of the vine,and may the fragrance of your nose be like apricots.9May your mouth be like the best wine,flowing smoothly for my beloved,gliding over the lips of those who sleep. [2](#footnote-target-2)

10I am my beloved's,and he desires me.11Come, my beloved, let us go out into the countryside;let us spend the night in the villages. [3](#footnote-target-3)12Let us rise early to go to the vineyards;let us see whether the vines have budded,whether their blossoms have opened,and whether the pomegranates are in flower.There I will give you my love.13The mandrakes give off their fragrance;at the door where we are staying are all sorts of choice fruits, new and old,that I have stored up for you, my beloved.

[1](#footnote-caller-1)Some other ancient Hebrew copies are translated: How beautiful, you are a beloved one . [2](#footnote-caller-2)Some copies of the ancient Greek translation and other ancient translations of the Hebrew copies have: over my lips and teeth . [3](#footnote-caller-3)The Hebrew could be read as either in the villages or among the henna blossoms .

8

1I wish that you were like my brother,who nursed at my mother's breasts.Then whenever I met you outside, I could kiss you,and no one would despise me.2I would lead you and bring you into my mother's house—she who taught me.I would give you spiced wine to drinkand some of the juice of my pomegranates.3His left hand is under my headand his right hand embraces me.

4I want you to swear, daughters of Jerusalem,that you will not awaken or arouse loveuntil she pleases.

5Who is this who is coming up from the wilderness,leaning on her beloved?

I awakened you under the apricot tree;there your mother conceived you;there she gave birth to you, she delivered you.6Set me as a seal over your heart,like a seal on your arm,for love is as strong as death.Jealousy is as unrelenting as Sheol;its flames burst out; it is a blazing flame,a flame hotter than any other fire.7Surging waters cannot quench love,nor can floods sweep it away.If a man gave all the possessions in his house for love,the offer would be utterly despised.

8We have a little sister,and her breasts have not yet grown.What can we do for our sisteron the day when she will be promised in marriage?9If she is a wall,we will build on her a tower of silver.If she is a door,we will adorn her with boards of cedar.

10I was a wall, and my breasts were now like fortress towers;so I am in his eyes as one who brings peace. [1](#footnote-target-1)11Solomon had a vineyard at Baal Hamon.He gave the vineyard to those who would maintain it.Each one was to bring a thousand shekels of silver for its fruit.12My vineyard, my very own, is before me;the thousand shekels are for you, Solomon,and the two hundred shekels are for those who maintain its fruit.

13You who live in the gardens,my companions are listening for your voice;let me hear it.

14Hurry, my beloved,and be like a gazelle or a young stagon the mountains of spices.

[1](#footnote-caller-1)Some scholars read a play on the Hebrew word for "peace" and translate the Hebrew either: I am in his eyes as one who brings peace or: so I have found favor in his eyes .