

An Excellent Song Which Was Solomon's

The Argument

In this Song, Solomon by most sweet and comfortable allegories and parables describeth the perfect love of Jesus Christ, the true Solomon and King of peace, and the faithful soul of his Church, which he hath sanctified and appointed to be his spouse, holy, chaste, and without reprehension. So that here is declared the singular love of the bridegroom toward the bride, and his great and excellent benefits wherewith he doeth enrich her of pure bounty and grace without any of her deservings. Also the earnest affection of the Church which is inflamed with the love of Christ, desiring to be more and more joined to him in love, and not to be forsaken for any spot or blemish that is in her.

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Song of Solomon 1

¹ Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine.

² Because of the savor of thy good ointments thy name is as an ointment poured out: therefore the virgins love thee.

³ Draw me: we will run after thee: the King hath brought me into his chambers: we will rejoice and be glad in thee: we will remember thy love more than wine: the righteous do love thee.

⁴ I am black, O daughters of Jerusalem, but comely, as the tents of Kedar, and as the curtains of Solomon.

⁵ Regard ye me not because I am black: for the sun hath looked upon me. The sons of my mother were angry against me: they made me the keeper of ye vines: but I kept not mine own vine.

⁶ Shew me, O thou, whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou liest at noon: for why should I be as she that turneth aside to the flocks of thy companions?

⁷ If thou know not, O thou the fairest among women, get thee forth by the steps of the flock, and feed thy kids by the tents of the shepherds.

⁸ I have compared thee, O my love, to the troupe of horses in the chariots of Pharaoh.

⁹ Thy cheeks are comely with rows of stones, and thy neck with chains.

¹⁰ We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver.

¹¹ While the King was at his repast, my spikenard gave the smell thereof.

¹² My well beloved is as a bundle of myrrh unto me: he shall lie between my breasts.

¹³ My well beloved is as a cluster of camphire unto me in the vines of Engedi.

¹⁴ My love, behold, thou art fair: behold, thou art fair: thine eyes are like the doves.

¹⁵ My well beloved, behold, thou art fair and pleasant: also our bed is green:

¹⁶ The beams of our house are cedars, our rafters are of fir.

Song of Solomon 2

¹ I am the rose of the field, and the lily of the valleys.

² Like a lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

³ Like the apple tree among the trees of the forest, so is my well beloved among the sons of men: under his shadow had I delight, and sat down: and his fruit was sweet unto my mouth.

⁴ He brought me into the wine cellar, and love was his banner over me.

⁵ Stay me with flagons, and comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.

⁶ His left hand is under mine head, and his right hand doeth embrace me.

⁷ I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor waken my love, until she please.

⁸ It is the voice of my well beloved: behold, he cometh leaping by the mountains, and skipping by the hills.

⁹ My well beloved is like a roe, or a young hart: lo, he standeth behind our wall, looking forth of the windows, shewing himself through the grates.

¹⁰ My well beloved spake and said unto me, Arise, my love, my fair one, and come thy way.

¹¹ For behold, winter is past: the rain is changed, and is gone away.

¹² The flowers appear in the earth: the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

¹³ The fig tree hath brought forth her young figs: and the vines with their small grapes have cast a savor: arise my love, my fair one, and come away.

¹⁴ My dove, that art in the holes of ye rock, in the secret places of the stairs, shew me thy sight, let me hear thy voice: for thy voice is sweet, and thy sight comely.

¹⁵ Take us the foxes, the little foxes, which destroy the vines: for our vines have small grapes.

¹⁶ My well beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies,

¹⁷ Until the daybreak, and the shadows flee away: return, my well beloved, and be like a roe, or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

Song of Solomon 3

¹ In my bed by night I sought him that my soul loved: I sought him, but I found him not.

² I will rise therefore now, and go about in the city, by the streets and by the open places, and will seek him that my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

³ The watchmen that went about the city, found me: to whom I said, Have you seen him, whom my soul loveth?

⁴ When I had past a little from them, then I found him whom my soul loved: I took hold on him and left him not, till I had brought him unto my mother's house into the chamber of her that conceived me.

⁵ I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor waken my love until she please.

⁶ Who is she that cometh up out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke perfumed with myrrh and incense, and with all the spices of the merchant?

⁷ Behold his bed, which is Solomon's: threescore strong men are round about it, of the valiant men of Israel.

⁸ They all handle the sword, and are expert in war, everyone hath his sword upon his thigh for the fear by night.

⁹ King Solomon made himself a palace of the trees of Lebanon.

¹⁰ He made the pillars thereof of silver, and the pavement thereof of gold, the hangings thereof of purple, whose midst was paved with the love of the daughters of Jerusalem.

¹¹ Come forth, ye daughters of Zion, and behold the King Solomon with the crown, wherewith his mother crowned him in ye day of his marriage, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

Song of Solomon 4

¹ Behold, thou art fair, my love: behold, thou art fair: thine eyes are like the doves: among thy locks thine hair is like the flock of goats, which look down from the mountain of Gilead.

² Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep in good order, which go up from the washing: which everyone brings out twins, and none is barren among them.

³ Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy talk is comely: thy temples are within thy locks as a piece of a pomegranate.

⁴ Thy neck is as the tower of David built for defense: a thousand shields hang therein, and all the targets of the strong men.

⁵ Thy two breasts are as two young roes that are twins, feeding among the lilies.

⁶ Until the day break, and the shadows fly away, I will go into the mountain of myrrh and to the mountain of incense.

⁷ Thou art all fair, my love, and there is no spot in thee.

⁸ Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, even with me from Lebanon, and look from the top of Amanah, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the dens of the lions, and from the mountains of the leopards.

⁹ My sister, my spouse, thou hast wounded mine heart: thou hast wounded mine heart with one of thine eyes, and with a chain of thy neck.

¹⁰ My sister, my spouse, how fair is thy love? how much better is thy love than wine? and the savor of thine ointments than all spices?

¹¹ Thy lips, my spouse, drop as honeycombs: honey and milk are under thy tongue, and the savor of thy garments is as the savor of Lebanon.

¹² My sister my spouse is as a garden enclosed, as a spring shut up, and a fountain sealed up.

¹³ Thy plants are as an orchard of pomegranates with sweet fruits, as camphire, spikenard,

¹⁴ Even spikenard, and saffron, calamus, and cinnamon with all the trees of incense, myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices.

¹⁵ O fountain of the gardens, O well of living waters, and the springs of Lebanon.

¹⁶ Arise, O North, and come O South, and blow on my garden that the spices thereof may flow out: let my well beloved come to his garden, and eat his pleasant fruit.

Song of Solomon 5

¹ I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I gathered my myrrh with my spice: I ate mine honeycomb with mine honey, I drank my wine with my milk: eat, O friends, drink, and make you merry, O well beloved.

² I sleep, but mine heart waketh, it is the voice of my well beloved that knocketh, saying, Open unto me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for mine head is full of dew, and my locks with the 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?

⁴ My well beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and mine heart was affectioned toward him.

⁵ I rose up to open to my well beloved, and mine hands did drop down myrrh, and my fingers pure myrrh upon the handles of the bar.

⁶ I opened to my well beloved: but my well beloved was gone, and past: mine heart was gone when he did speak: I sought him, but I could not find him: I called him, but he answered me not.

⁷ The watchmen that went about the city, found me: they smote me and wounded me: the watchmen of the walls took away my veil from me.

⁸ I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my well beloved, that you tell him that I am sick of love.

⁹ O the fairest among women, what is thy well beloved more than other well beloved? what is thy well beloved more than another lover, that thou doest so charge us?

¹⁰ My well beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest of ten thousand.

¹¹ His head is as fine gold, his locks curled, and black as a raven.

¹² His eyes are like doves upon the rivers of waters, which are washed with milk, and remain by the full vessels.

¹³ His cheeks are as a bed of spices, and as sweet flowers, and his lips like lilies dropping down pure myrrh.

¹⁴ His hands as rings of gold set with the chrysolite, his belly like white ivory covered with sapphires.

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

¹⁶ His mouth is as sweet things, and he is wholly delectable: this is my well beloved, and this is my lover, O daughters of Jerusalem.

¹⁷ O the fairest among women, whither is thy well beloved gone? whither is thy well beloved turned aside, that we may seek him with thee?

Song of Solomon 6

¹ My well beloved is gone down into his garden to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

² I am my well beloveds, and my well beloved is mine, who feedeth among the lilies.

³ Thou art beautiful, my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.

⁴ Turn away thine eyes from me: for they overcome me: thine hair is like a flock of goats, which look down from Gilead.

⁵ Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep, which go up from the washing, which every one bring out twins, and none is barren among them.

⁶ Thy temples are within thy locks as a piece of a pomegranate.

⁷ There are threescore Queens and fourscore concubines and of the damsels without number.

⁸ But my dove is alone, and my undefiled, she is the only daughter of her mother, and she is dear to her that bare her: the daughters have seen her and counted her blessed: even the Queens and the concubines, and they have praised her.

⁹ Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, pure as the sun, terrible as an army with banners!

¹⁰ I went down to the garden of nuts, to see the fruits of the valley, to see if the vine budded, and if the pomegranates flourished.

¹¹ I knew nothing, my soul set me as the chariots of my noble people.

¹² Return, return, O Shulamite, return: return that we may behold thee. What shall you see in the Shulamite, but as the company of an army?

Song of Solomon 7

¹ How beautiful are thy goings with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs are like jewels: the work of the hand of a cunning workman.

² Thy navel is as a round cup that wanteth not liquor: thy belly is as an heap of wheat compassed about with lilies.

³ Thy two breasts are as two young roes that are twins.

⁴ Thy neck is like a tower of ivory: thine eyes are like the fish pools in Heshbon by the gate of Bath-rabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon, that looketh toward Damascus.

⁵ Thine head upon thee is as scarlet, and the bush of thine head like purple: the King is tied in the rafters.

⁶ How fair art thou, and how pleasant art thou, O my love, in pleasures!

⁷ This thy stature is like a palm tree, and thy breasts like clusters.

⁸ I said, I will go up into the palm tree, I will take hold of her boughs: thy breasts shall now be like the clusters of the vine: and the savor of thy nose like apples,

⁹ And the roof of thy mouth like good wine, which goeth straight to my well beloved, and causeth the lips of the ancient to speak.

¹⁰ I am my well beloveds, and his desire is toward me.

¹¹ Come, my well beloved, let us go forth into the field: let us remain in the villages.

¹² Let us get up early to the vines, let us see if the vine flourish, whether it hath budded the small grape, or whether the pomegranates flourish: there will I give thee my love.

¹³ The mandrakes have given a smell, and in our gates are all sweet things, new and old: my well beloved, I have kept them for thee.

Song of Solomon 8

¹ Oh that thou werest as my brother that sucked the breasts of my mother: I would find thee without, I would kiss thee, then they should not despise thee.

² I will lead thee and bring thee into my mother's house: there thou shalt teach me: and I will cause thee to drink spiced wine, and new wine of the pomegranate.

³ His left hand shall be under mine head, and his right hand shall embrace me.

⁴ I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that you stir not up, nor waken my love, until she please.

⁵ (Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness, leaning upon her well beloved?) I raised thee up under an apple tree: there thy mother conceived thee: there she conceived that bare thee.

⁶ Set me as a seal on thine heart, and as a signet upon thine arm: for love is strong as death: jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are fiery coals, and a vehement flame.

⁷ Much water can not quench love, neither can the floods drown it: If a man should give all the substance of his house for love, they would greatly contemn it.

⁸ We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister when she shall be spoken for?

⁹ If she be a wall, we will build upon her a silver palace: and if she be a door, we will keep her in with boards of cedar.

¹⁰ I am a wall, and my breasts are as towers: then was I in his eyes as one that findeth peace.

¹¹ Solomon had a vine in Baal-hamon: he gave the vineyard unto keepers: every one bringeth for ye fruit thereof a thousand pieces of silver.

¹² But my vineyard which is mine, is before me: to thee, O Solomon appertaineth a thousand pieces of silver, and two hundred to them that keep the fruit thereof.

¹³ O thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken unto thy voice: cause me to hear it.

¹⁴ O my well beloved, flee away, and be like unto the roe, or to the young hart upon ye mountains of spices.