



Unlocked Dynamic Bible

Song of Solomon

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SONG OF SONGS

Chapter 1

¹ This is King Solomon's most beautiful song. The young woman speaking to herself

² I wish he would kiss me on my lips,
The woman speaks to her lover

because your love for me is more
delightful than wine.

³ The fragrance of the perfume on your
skin is very sweet.

And your honor is very great and is
spreading,

like the fragrance of the special oil
that you have put on your skin.

That is why the other young women are
attracted to you.

⁴ Take me quickly;

take me to your home. The woman
speaking to herself

He is like a king to me;

he has brought me into his bedroom.
The woman speaking to her lover

I am very happy about you;

my love for you is better than wine.

It is not surprising that the other young
women adore you. The woman speaking
to the other women

⁵ You women of Jerusalem,

I am dark but beautiful;

my dark skin is like the tents in Kedar,

or like the beautiful curtains in
Solomon's palace.

⁶ But do not stare at me because the sun
has made my skin dark.

my brothers were angry with me,

so they forced me to work out in the
sunshine in the vineyards,

so I was not able to take good care
of my body. The woman speaking to her
lover

⁷ You whom I love, where will you take
your flock of sheep today?

Where will you allow them to rest at
noontime?

I want to know because it is not right
for me to wander around like a prostitute

looking for you among the flocks that
belong to your friends. Her lover answer-
ing her

⁸ You who are the most beautiful of all
the women,

if you search for me and do not know
where I will take my sheep,

follow the tracks of the sheep.

Then allow your young goats to graze
near the shepherds' tents.

⁹ You are beautiful, my darling, like one
of the young female horses

that pull the chariots belonging to the
king of Egypt.

¹⁰ Your earrings are decorations for your
cheeks,

and there are strings of beads around
your neck.

¹¹ I will make for you some gold earrings

that are decorated with silver. The
woman speaking to herself

¹² While the king was on his couch,

the smell of my perfume spread
around the room.

¹³ The man who loves me stays between
my breasts during the night like a bag of
perfume tied around my neck.

¹⁴ He is like a bunch of flowers from the vineyards at En Gedi. Her lover speaking to her

¹⁵ You whom I love, you are beautiful;
you are very beautiful!

Your eyes are as delightful as doves.
The woman speaking to her lover

¹⁶ You who love me, you are very delightful,

you are wonderful!

This green grass in the countryside will be like a couch where we can lie down.

¹⁷ Branches of cedar trees will shade us;
the fir branches overhead are like a roof for us.

Chapter 2

The woman speaking to her lover

¹ I am like an insignificant flower in the plains,

like an insignificant lily growing in a valley. The man speaking to her

² Among all the other young women,
you, the one whom I love, are like a lily growing among thorns! The woman speaking to herself

³ Among all the other men, this man is the one who loves me; he is like a tree that grows in the forest.

Under his shade I am safe from the sun.

When he is close to me, it is like eating sweet fruit.

⁴ He led me to the room where I feasted on his love,

where he made love to me as if he were covering me with his love. The woman speaking to her lover

⁵ Refresh me and strengthen me with your lovemaking.

It is like eating raisins and other fruit,
because I want you to love me even more. The woman speaking to herself

⁶ I hope he puts his left arm under my head

and holds me close with his right arm.
The woman speaking to the other women

⁷ You young women of Jerusalem,

I want you to take an oath, while the does and gazelles are listening, that you will not

cause us to desire love

until the right time comes. The woman speaking to herself

⁸ I hear the voice of the man who loves me.

It is as though he is leaping over the mountains

and skipping over the hills

⁹ like a deer or a gazelle.

Now he is standing outside the wall of our house,

looking in the window,

and peering through the lattice.

¹⁰ He spoke to me and said,

"You whom I love, get up;

my beautiful one, come with me!

¹¹ Look, the winter has ended;

the rain has stopped.

¹² The flowers are blooming throughout the country.

It is now time to sing;

we hear the pigeons cooing.

¹³ There are young figs on the fig trees,
and there are blossoms on the
grapevines
and their fragrance fills the air.
You whom I love, get up;
my beautiful one, come with me!

¹⁴ You are like a dove hiding in the rocky
cliff.
Show me your face,
and allow me to hear your voice,
because your voice is sounds sweet,
and your face is lovely.” The woman
speaking to the man

¹⁵ There are other men who ruin women
as wild dogs ruin vineyards;
do not allow those men to attack me.

¹⁶ This man whom I love—I belong to
him, and he belongs to me.

He takes great pleasure in kissing my
lips,
as sheep love to graze in pastures. The
woman speaking to her lover

¹⁷ You whom I love, you must go away
before dawn, when the darkness disap-
pears.

Go away quickly, like a gazelle or like
a young deer running on the high hills.

Chapter 3

The woman speaking to herself

¹ During the entire night while I lay on
my bed,

I was longing to see the one I love
with all my heart.

I wanted him to come,

but he did not.

² So I said to myself,

“I will get up now and walk around the
city,
through the streets and plazas,
to search for the one whom I love with
all my heart.”

So I got up and went out to look for him,
but I could not find him.

³ The city watchmen saw me
while they were patrolling in the city.

I asked them,
“Have you seen the one whom I love
with all my heart?”

⁴ As soon as I walked past them,
I found the one whom I love with all
my heart.

I clung to him and would not let him go
until I brought him to my mother’s
house,

to the room where my mother had
conceived me. The woman speaking to
the other women

⁵ You women of Jerusalem,
solemnly promise me, while the
does and gazelles are listening, that you
will not

disturb us while we are making love
until we are ready to stop. The young
woman speaking to herself

⁶ What is that I see coming from the
wilderness,

something that is stirring up dust like
a column of smoke

like smoke from burning myrrh and in-
cense

made from spices imported by mer-
chants?

⁷ It is Solomon's litter carried by servants and

surrounded by sixty bodyguards
chosen from the strongest soldiers in Israel.

⁸ They all have swords
and they all are trained to use them.

Each one has his sword strapped to his side

and is prepared for dangers that can happen during the night or day.

⁹ King Solomon commanded his servants to make that litter for him;

it was made with wood from Lebanon.

¹⁰ The canopy that covered it was held up by silver posts,

and the back of the litter was embroidered with gold.

The seat was covered with purple cloth
lovingly made by the women of Jerusalem.

¹¹ You women of Jerusalem,

come and look at King Solomon

wearing the headdress that his mother put on his head

on the day when he was married,
the happiest day of his life.

Chapter 4

The woman's lover speaking to her

¹ My darling, you are beautiful,
you are very beautiful!

Underneath your veil, your eyes are as gentle as doves.

Your long black hair moves from side to side like a flock of black goats

moving down the slopes of Mount Gilead.

² Your teeth are very white,

as white as sheep whose wool people have just cut,

as white as sheep that people have just washed in a stream.

You have all of your teeth on both sides;
none of them is missing.

³ Your lips are like a scarlet ribbon,
and your mouth is lovely.

Beneath your veil,

your cheeks are round and rosy like the halves of a pomegranate.

⁴ Your long neck is beautiful, like the tower of King David

that was built using layers of stone.

The ornaments on the necklaces around your neck are like a thousand shields hanging on the walls of a tower;

each one belongs to a warrior.

⁵ Your breasts are as delicate as two young twin deer

eating grass among lilies.

⁶ Until dawn tomorrow morning,

when the nighttime shadows disappear,

I will lie close to your breasts,

because they are like two hills that smell like sweet spices.

⁷ My darling, you are completely beautiful;

your body is perfectly formed!

⁸ My darling, it is as though you were in Lebanon

far away, where I cannot reach you.

Come back to me.

It is as though you were on the top of Mount Hermon

or the nearby peaks, where I cannot go to you.

Come from the mountains, where the lions have their dens

and where the leopards live on the mountains.

⁹ You who are most dear to me, when I see you,

you force me to love you

when I see you look at me, when I see a little of the jewelry that you wear around your neck.

¹⁰ My bride, your love for me is delightful!

It more delightful than wine!

The fragrance of your perfume

is more pleasing than any spice!

¹¹ When you kiss me, it is better than when I eat honey.

Your kisses are as sweet as milk mixed with honey.

The aroma of your clothes

is like the aroma of cedar trees in Lebanon.

¹² You who are most dear to me, you are like a garden that the owner keeps locked

in order that other men cannot enter it;

you are like a spring that is covered

in order that others may not drink from it.

¹³ You are like an orchard of pomegranate trees

full of delicious fruit,

and plenty of plants that produce henna and nard spices,

¹⁴ saffron and calamus and cinnamon and many other kinds of incense,

myrrh and aloes

and many other fine spices.

¹⁵ You are like a fountain in a garden,

like a spring of clear water

that flows down from the mountains of Lebanon. The young woman speaking to her lover

¹⁶ I want the north wind and the south wind to come,

and blow on my garden,

in order that the fragrance of the spices will spread through the air.

Similarly, I want the one who loves me to come and enjoy being close to me

like someone comes into a garden and enjoys eating the fruit that grows there.

Chapter 5

The woman's lover speaking to her

¹ You who are most dear to me,

I have come to be next to you.

It will be as though I am gathering myrrh with my other spices,

eating my honey and honeycomb,

and drinking my wine and my milk.

The woman's lover speaking to her

Friends, enjoy making love;

fully enjoy all that you do with each other. The young woman speaking to herself

² I was asleep, and I had a dream.

In it I heard my lover knocking at the door.

He said, "You who are dearer to me than my sister, my darling, my dear friend, my perfect one, my dove,

open the door for me!

My hair is wet from the dew,

from the mist that has fallen during the night."

³ But I had already taken off my robe;

I did not want to put it on again to open the door.

I had already washed my feet;

I did not want them to get dirty again.

⁴ The one who loves me put his hand through the opening in the door,

and I was thrilled in my inner being that he was there.

⁵ I got up to open the door for him,

but first I put a lot of myrrh on my hands.

It was dripping from my fingers

while I unlatched the bolt.

⁶ I opened the door for the man who loves me,

but he left.

He had turned away and was gone!

I was very disappointed.

I searched for him, but I could not find him;

I called him, but he did not answer.

⁷ The city watchmen saw me while they were walking around the city.

They beat me and wounded me

because they thought I was a prostitute;

those men who were guarding the city walls took my robe. The young woman speaking to the women of the city

⁸ You young women of Jerusalem,

I want you to take an oath

that if you see the man who loves me,

you will tell him that I want him so much that I feel sick. The women of the city speaking to the young woman

⁹ You who are the fairest among women,

why do you think that the one who loves you is better than other men?

In what way is he better than other men?

Why do you want us to swear that we will tell him that? The young woman speaking to the women of the city

¹⁰ It is because the man who loves me is handsome and healthy,

outstanding among other men.

¹¹ His head is beautiful, like purest gold;

his hair is wavy

and as black as a raven.

¹² His eyes as gentle as doves

along the streams;

the white parts of his eyes are as white as milk,

with what resembles jewels inlaid in them.

¹³ His cheeks are like a garden full of spice trees

that produce sweet-smelling perfume.

His lips are like lilies

that have myrrh dripping from them.

¹⁴ His arms are like gold rods that have rounded ends,

and that are decorated with precious stones.

His body is like ivory

that is decorated with sapphires.

¹⁵ His legs are like marble columns

that are set in bases made of pure gold.

He is majestic, like the mountains of Lebanon,

like delightful cedar trees.

¹⁶ His kisses are very sweet;

he is completely attractive.

You young women of Jerusalem,

this is why the man who loves me is better than all other men.

Chapter 6

The women of Jerusalem speaking to the young woman

¹ You who are the most beautiful of the women,

where has the one who loves you gone?

If you tell us which direction he went,

we will go with you to search for him.

The young woman speaking to herself

² The one who loves me has come to me, I, who am like his garden,

He has come to enjoy my charms,

to enjoy cuddling embracing me

and kissing my lips, which are like lilies.

³ I belong to the one who loves me, and the one who loves me belongs to me.

He has pleasure in kissing my lips,

like sheep enjoy grazing. The woman's lover speaking to her

⁴ My darling, you are beautiful,

as Tirzah the capital city of Israel and Jerusalem the capital city of Judah are beautiful;

you make me tremble, just as if I had seen a great army approach.

⁵ Stop looking at me like that,

because your eyes excite me very much.

Your long black hair moves from side to side like a flock of black goats

moving down the slopes of Mount Gilead.

⁶ Your teeth are very white

like a flock of sheep whose wool has just been shorn

and have come up from being washed in a stream.

You have all of your teeth on both sides; none of them is missing.

⁷ Beneath your veil,

your cheeks are like the halves of a pomegranate. The woman's lover speaking to himself

⁸ Even if a king had 60 queens and 80 concubines

and more young women than anyone can count,

⁹ none of them would be like my dove, who is perfect,

you who are your mother's only daughter,

whom your mother considers to be very precious.

Other young women who see you say that you are fortunate,

and the queens and concubines recognize that you are very beautiful. What the queens and the concubines said

¹⁰ Who is this who looks like the dawn,

who is as beautiful to look at as the moon,

who is an endless mystery? The woman's lover speaking to himself

¹¹ I went down to some walnut trees

to look at the new plants that were growing in the valley.

I wanted to see if the grapevines had budded

and if the pomegranate trees were blooming.

¹² I was as happy as if

I were riding in a chariot belonging to a prince. The woman's lover speaking to her

¹³ You who are the perfect one,

come back to us, in order that I may see you! The young woman speaking to her lover

Why do you want to look at me, the one who is perfect,

dancing between two rows of dancers?

Chapter 7

The woman's lover speaking to her

¹ You, the daughter of a prince,

have lovely feet in your sandals.

Your curved hips are like jewels

that have been made by a skilled craftsman.

² Your navel is like a round bowl

that I hope will always be full of wine mixed with spices.

Your waist is like a pile of wheat

with lilies growing around it.

³ Your breasts are as delicate as two young twin deer.

⁴ Your neck is like a tower made of ivory.

Your eyes sparkle the pools in the city of Heshbon,

near the Bath Rabbim Gate.

Your nose is long, like the tower in Lebanon

that faces Damascus.

⁵ Your head is majestic like Mount Carmel.

Your long hair is shiny and black;

it is as though I, your king, am captured by your tresses.

⁶ You whom I love, you who have many charming features that attract me,

you are very beautiful and pleasant.

⁷ You are stately like a palm tree,

and your breasts are like grape clusters.

⁸ I said to myself, "I will climb that palm tree

and take hold of those clusters of dates."

I want your breasts to be also like clusters of grapes that I can feel;

I want your breath to be like the sweet fragrance of apricots.

⁹ I want your kisses to be like very good wine.

When I kiss you, the woman who loves me,

I want it to be as if it was wine flowing over our mouths and teeth. The young woman speaking to her lover

¹⁰ I belong to the man who loves me,

and he desires me.

¹¹ You who love me, let us go to the countryside,

and sleep in a village somewhere.

¹² And let us go early to the vineyards
to see if the grapevines have budded
and if there are blossoms on them
that have opened,
and see if the pomegranate trees are
blooming,
and there I will allow you to make
love to me.

¹³ The mandrake plants are producing
a fragrant odor,
and we are surrounded by delightful
pleasures,
new ones and old ones,
pleasures that I have been saving to
give to you, the man who loves me.

Chapter 8

The young woman speaking to her lover

¹ I wish that everyone knew that we
love each other, just as they all know that
I have a brother,
my own brother, who nursed at my
mother's breasts.
Then whenever I met you outside, I
could kiss you,
and no one would criticize me.

² No one would object if I led you to our
mother's house,
to where our mother, who taught me
so many things, lives.
I would like to take you to our mother's
house so I could make love to you there.
That would be as delightful as juice
squeezed from pomegranates, as wine
mixed with spices. The young woman
speaking to herself

³ Oh yes! He will put his left arm under
my head,

and he will hold me close with his
right arm. The woman speaking to the
other women

⁴ I want you to promise me, you women
of Jerusalem,

that you will not disturb us while we
are making love

until we are ready to stop." The
women of Jerusalem speaking

⁵ Who is that woman who is coming up
from the wilderness,

the woman who is leaning on the man
who loves her? The young woman speak-
ing to her lover

I woke you up when you were under
the apricot tree

at the place where your mother con-
ceived you,

the place where she gave birth to you.

⁶ Keep me close to you,

like a seal on your heart,

or like a bracelet on your arm.

Our love for each other is as powerful
as death;

it is as strong as the grave.

It is as though our love for each other
bursts into flames

and burns like a hot fire.

⁷ Nothing can stop us from loving each
other,

not even a flood.

If a man tried to cause a woman to
love him by saying he would give her ev-
erything that is in his house,

she would refuse. The young woman's
brothers speaking among themselves

⁸ We have a younger sister,
and her breasts are not large yet.

So this is what we should do for her on
the day that we promise some young man
that he can marry her:

⁹ If her chest is as flat as a wall,
we will decorate it by putting silver
jewels that are like towers on her.

If she is as flat as a door,

we will decorate her with bits of cedar
wood. The young woman speaking to her-
self

¹⁰ My chest was previously flat like a
wall,

but now my breasts are big like tow-
ers.

So I am delightful to my beloved. The
young woman speaking to himself

¹¹ King Solomon had a vineyard at Baal
Hamon,

and he rented it to people for them to
farm it.

He required each one to pay him one
thousand pieces of silver each year for the
grapes that they harvested.

¹² But my body is like my own vineyard,
and you, my lover whom I call
“Solomon,” I am giving it to you.

You do not need to pay me a thousand
pieces of silver to enjoy my body,

but I will give two hundred pieces of
silver to those who take care of me. The
woman’s lover speaking to her

¹³ You are staying in the gardens,
my friends are listening to your voice;
so allow me to hear it, too! The young
woman speaking to her lover

¹⁴ You who love me, come to me quickly;
run to me like a gazelle or young deer,
because I am as delightful as hills of
spices.