

The Composite Reflection Bible

The 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 over-all 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. 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.

Gary D. Rose June, 2010 Dade City, FL.

The World English Bible
American Standard Version of 1901
Young's Literal Translation

Song of Solomon

- 1** The Song of songs, which is Solomon`s. Beloved
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 your 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** Your oils have a pleasing fragrance. Your name is oil poured forth, Therefore the virgins love you.
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!

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 4** Take me away with you. Let us hurry. The king has brought me into his chambers. Friends We will be glad and rejoice in you. We will praise your love more than wine! Beloved They are right to love you.

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 dark, but lovely, You daughters of Jerusalem, Like Kedar's tents, Like Solomon's curtains. 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** Don't 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. I haven't kept my own vineyard. 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, you whom my soul loves, Where you graze your flock, Where you rest them at noon; For why should I be as one who is veiled Beside the flocks of your companions? Lover 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 you don't know, most beautiful among women, Follow the tracks of the sheep. Graze your young goats 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!

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 9** I have compared you, my love, To a steed 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** Your cheeks are beautiful with earrings, Your neck with strings of jewels.
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 you earrings of gold, With studs of silver. Beloved
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 sat at his table, My perfume spread its fragrance.
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** My beloved is to me a sachet of myrrh, That lies between 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 to me a cluster of henna blossoms From the vineyards of En Gedi. Lover
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, you are beautiful, my love. Behold, you are beautiful. Your eyes are doves. Beloved
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!

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 16** Behold, you are beautiful, my beloved, yes, pleasant; And our couch is verdant. Lover
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 cedars. Our rafters are firs. Beloved
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 a rose of Sharon, A lily of the valleys.
I am a rose of Sharon, A lily of the valleys.
As a lily among the thorns,
- 2** As a lily among thorns, So is my love among the daughters. Beloved
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, 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 banquet hall. His banner over me is 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,

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 5** Strengthen me with raisins, Refresh me with apples; For I am faint with 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. His right hand embraces 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 adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem, By the roes, or by the hinds of the field, That you not stir up,
nor awaken love, Until it so desires.
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 comes, Leaping on the mountains, Skipping on 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 stands behind our wall! He looks in at the
windows. He glances 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 spoke, and said to me, Rise up, my love, my beautiful 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,

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 11** For, behold, 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 has come, And the voice of the turtle-dove 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 ripens her green figs. The vines are in blossom; They give forth their fragrance. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, And come away. Lover
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** My dove in the clefts of the rock, In the hiding places of the mountainside, Let me see your face.
Let me hear your voice; For your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely.
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** Catch for us the foxes, The little foxes that spoil the vineyards; For our vineyards are in blossom.
Beloved
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.

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 16** My beloved is mine, and I am his. He browses 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 is cool, and the shadows flee away, Turn, my beloved, And be like a roe or a young hart on 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 loves. I sought him, but I didn't find him.
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 get up now, and go about the city; In the streets and in the squares I will seek him whom my soul loves. I sought him, but I didn't find him.
[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 who go about the city found me; "Have you seen him whom my soul loves?"
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?`

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 4** I had scarcely passed from them, When I found him whom my soul loves. I held him, and would not let him go, Until I had brought him into my mother's house, Into the chamber of her who 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 adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem, By the roes, or by the hinds of the field, That you not stir up, nor awaken love, Until it so desires.
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 who comes up from the wilderness like pillars of smoke, Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, With all spices 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, it is Solomon's carriage! Sixty mighty men are around it, Of the mighty men 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 Israel,
- 8** They all handle the sword, and are expert in war. Every man has his sword on 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.

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 9** King Solomon made himself a carriage 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, Its bottom of gold, its seat of purple, Its midst being paved with love,
 From 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, you daughters of Zion, and see king Solomon, With the crown with which his mother has crowned him, In the day of his weddings, In the day of the gladness of his heart. Lover
 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, you are beautiful, my love. Behold, you are beautiful. Your eyes are doves behind your veil.
 Your hair is as a flock of goats, That descend 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** Your teeth are like a newly shorn flock, Which have come up from the washing, Where every one of them has twins. None is bereaved 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.

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 3** Your lips are like scarlet thread. Your mouth is lovely. Your temples are like a piece of a pomegranate behind your veil.
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** Your neck is like David's tower built for an armory, Whereon there hang a thousand shields, All the shields of the mighty men.
Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armory, 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** Your two breasts are like two fawns That are twins of a roe, 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 is cool, and the shadows flee away, I will go to the mountain of myrrh, 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** You are all beautiful, my love. There is no spot in you.
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,

Literal Spiritual Practical Meaning

- 8** 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 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** You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride. You have ravished my heart with one of your eyes, With one chain of your 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 beautiful is your love, my sister, my bride! How much better is your love than wine! The fragrance of your perfumes than all manner of 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** Your lips, my bride, drip like the honeycomb. Honey and milk are under your tongue. The smell of your 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 locked up garden is my sister, my bride; A locked up spring, A sealed fountain. 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.

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 13** Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates, with precious fruits: Henna with spikenard plants,
 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 every kind of incense tree; Myrrh and aloes,
 with all the best 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, Flowing streams from Lebanon. Beloved
 [Thou art] a fountain of gardens, A well of living waters, And flowing streams from Lebanon.
 A fount of gardens, a well of living waters, And flowings from Lebanon!
- 16** Awake, north wind; and come, you south; Blow on my garden, that its spices may flow out. Let my
 beloved come into his garden, And taste his precious fruits. Lover
 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 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. Friends Eat, friends!
 Drink, yes, drink abundantly, beloved. 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!

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 2** I was asleep, but my heart was awake. It is the voice of my beloved who knocks: Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; For my head is filled with dew, My hair with the dampness 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 taken off my robe. Indeed, must I put it on? I have washed my feet. Indeed, must I soil 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 thrust his hand in through the latch opening. My heart pounded 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 for my beloved. My hands dripped with myrrh, My fingers with liquid myrrh, On 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 left; gone away. My heart went out when he spoke. I looked for him, but I didn't find him. I called him, but he didn't 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.

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 7** The watchmen who go about the city found me. They beat me. They bruised me. The keepers of the walls took my cloak away 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 adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem, If you find my beloved, That you tell him that I am faint with love. Friends
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** How is your beloved better than another beloved, You fairest among women? How is your beloved better than another beloved, That you do so adjure us? Beloved
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 best 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 like the purest gold. His hair is bushy, 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,

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 12** His eyes are like doves beside the water brooks, Washed with milk, mounted like jewels.
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 like a bed of spices with towers of perfumes. His lips are like lilies, dropping liquid 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 like rings of gold set with beryl. His body is like ivory work 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 like pillars of marble set on sockets of fine gold. His appearance is like 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 sweetness; Yes, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, Daughters of Jerusalem. Friends
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!

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 1** Where has your beloved gone, you fairest among women? Where has your beloved turned, that we may seek him with you? Beloved
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 has gone down to 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 browses 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** You are beautiful, my love, as Tirzah, Lovely as Jerusalem, Awesome 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 your eyes from me, For they have overcome me. Your hair is like a flock of goats, That lie along the side of 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,

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 6** Your teeth are like a flock of ewes, Which have come up from the washing; Of which every one has twins; None is bereaved 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** Your temples are like a piece of a pomegranate behind your veil.
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 sixty queens, 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 perfect one, is unique. She is her mother's only daughter. She is the favorite one of her who bore her. The daughters saw her, and called her blessed, 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 who looks forth as the morning, Beautiful as the moon, Clear as the sun, Awesome 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?'

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

11 I went down into the nut tree grove, To see the green plants of the valley, To see whether the vine budded, And the pomegranates were in flower.

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 Without realizing it, My desire set me with my royal people`s chariots. Friends 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, Shulammitte! Return, return, that we may gaze at you. Lover Why do you desire to gaze at the Shulammitte, As at the dance of Mahanaim?

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

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

1 How beautiful are your feet in sandals, prince`s daughter! Your rounded thighs are like jewels, The work of the hands of a skillful 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 skillful 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 Your body is like a round goblet, No mingled wine is wanting. Your waist is like a 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,

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 3** Your two breasts are like two fawns, That are twins of a roe.
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** Your neck is like an ivory tower. Your eyes are like the pools in Heshbon by the gate of Bath-rabbim;
Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon which looks 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** Your head on you is like Carmel, The hair of your head like purple; The king is held captive in its
tresses.
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 beautiful and how pleasant are you, 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, your stature, is like a palm tree, Your breasts like its fruit.
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.

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 8** I said, "I will climb up into the palm-tree. I will take hold of its fruit." Let your breasts be like clusters of the vine, The smell of your breath like apples, Beloved
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** Your mouth like the best wine, That goes down smoothly for my beloved, Gliding through the lips of those who are asleep.
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. 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's go early up to the vineyards. Let's see whether the vine has budded, Its blossom is open, And the pomegranates are in flower. There I will give you my love.
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;

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 13** The mandrakes give forth fragrance. At our doors are all kinds of precious fruits, new and old,
Which I have stored up for you, 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** Oh that you were like my brother, Who sucked the breasts of my mother! If I found you outside, I
would kiss you; Yes, and no one would despise me.
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 you, bringing you into my mother's house, Who would instruct me. I would have you
drink 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 would be under my head. His right hand would 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 adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem, That you not stir up, nor awaken love, Until it so desires.
Friends
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!

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 5** Who is this who comes up from the wilderness, Leaning on her beloved? Under the apple tree I aroused you. There your mother conceived you. There she was in labor and bore you.
 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 on your heart, As a seal on your arm; For love is strong as death. Jealousy is as cruel as Sheol; Its flashes are flashes of fire, A very flame of Yahweh.
 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 can't quench love, Neither can floods drown it. If a man would give all the wealth of his house for love, He would be utterly scorned. Friends
 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. She has no breasts. What shall we do for our sister In the day when she is to 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 on her a turret of silver. If she is a door, We will enclose her with boards of cedar. Beloved
 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.

LiteralSpiritualPracticalMeaning

- 10** I am a wall, and my breasts like towers, Then I was in his eyes like one who found peace.
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 peace.
- 11** Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon. He leased out the vineyard to keepers. Each was to bring a thousand shekels of silver for its fruit.
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 own vineyard is before me. The thousand are for you, Solomon; Two hundred for those who tend its fruit. Lover
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** You who dwell in the gardens, with friends in attendance, Let me hear your voice! Beloved
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** Come away, my beloved! Be like a gazelle or a young stag on 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!