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SONGS



*Amplified Translation Classic Edition*  
*English Standard Version*  
*The Passion Translation*

# Song of Songs

*Amplified Translation, Classic English Standard Version (ESV) The Passion Translation (TPT)  
Edition (AMPC)*

## Chapter 1

1 The song of songs [the most excellent of them all] which is Solomon's. 1 The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's. 1 The most amazing song of all, by King Solomon.

### **The Bride Confesses Her Love The Shulamite**

#### **She**

2 Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth! [she cries. Then, realizing that Solomon has arrived and has heard her speech, she turns to him and adds] For your love is better than wine! 2 Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth! For your love is better than wine; 3 your anointing oils are fragrant; your name is oil poured out; therefore virgins love you. 2 Let him smother me with kisses—his Spirit-kiss divine. So kind are your caresses, I drink them in like the sweetest wine! 3 Your presence releases a

3 [And she continues] The odor of your ointments is fragrant; your name is like perfume poured out. Therefore do the maidens love you. 3 The king has brought me into his chambers. 4 Draw me after you; let us run. 3 Your presence releases a fragrance so pleasing— over and over poured out. For your lovely name is “Flowing Oil.”

#### **Others**

We will exult and rejoice in you; 4 Draw me into your heart. No wonder the brides-to-be adore you.

4 Draw me! We will run after you! The king brings me into his apartments! We will be glad and rejoice in you! We will recall [when we were favored with] your love, more fragrant than wine. The upright [are not offended at your choice, but sincerely] love you.

rejoice in you! We will recall

[when we were favored with]

your love, more fragrant than

wine. The upright [are not

offended at your choice, but

sincerely] love you.

we will extol your love more than wine; rightly do they love you.

**She**

5 I am very dark, but lovely,

O daughters of Jerusalem,

like the tents of Kedar,

like the curtains of Solomon.

6 Do not gaze at me because I am

dark, because the sun has looked

upon me.

My mother's sons were angry

with me; they made me keeper of

the vineyards,

but my own vineyard I have not

kept!

7 Tell me, you whom my soul

loves, where you pasture your

flock, where you make it lie

down at noon; for why should I

be like one who veils herself

beside the flocks of your

companions?

We will run away together into the king's cloud-filled chamber.

### **The Chorus of Friends**

We will remember your love,

rejoicing and delighting in you,

celebrating your every kiss as

better than wine.

No wonder righteousness adores

you!

5 I am so black; but [you are]

lovely and pleasant [the ladies

assured her]. O you daughters of

Jerusalem, [I am as dark] as the

tents of [the Bedouin tribe]

Kedar, like the [beautiful]

curtains of Solomon!

dark, because the sun has looked

upon me.

My mother's sons were angry

with me; they made me keeper of

the vineyards,

but my own vineyard I have not

kept!

7 Tell me, you whom my soul

loves, where you pasture your

flock, where you make it lie

down at noon; for why should I

be like one who veils herself

beside the flocks of your

companions?

### **The Shulamite**

5 Jerusalem maidens, in this

twilight darkness

I know I am so unworthy—so in

need.

### **The Shepherd-King**

Yet you are so lovely!

### **The Shulamite**

I feel as dark and dry as the desert

tents of the wandering nomads.

The Shepherd-King

Yet you are so lovely—

vineyards; but my own vineyard [my complexion] I have not kept.

**Solomon and His Bride Delight in Each Other**

like the fine linen tapestry hanging in the Holy Place.

**He**

7 [Addressing her shepherd, she said] Tell me, O you whom my soul loves, where you pasture your flock, where you make it lie down at noon. For why should I [as I think of you] be as a veiled one straying beside the flocks of your companions?

8 If you do not know, O most beautiful among women, follow in the tracks of the flock, and pasture your young goats beside the shepherds' tents.  
9 I compare you, my love, to a mare among Pharaoh's chariots.

**The Shulamite to Her Friends**  
6 Please don't stare in scorn because of my dark and sinful ways.  
My angry brothers quarreled with me and appointed me guardian of their ministry vineyards,

8 If you do not know [where your lover is], O you fairest among women, run along, follow the tracks of the flock, and [amuse yourself by] pasturing your kids beside the shepherds' tents.

10 Your cheeks are lovely with ornaments,  
your neck with strings of jewels.

yet I've not tended my vineyard within.  
7 Won't you tell me, lover of my soul, where do you feed your flock?  
Where do you lead your beloved ones

**Others**

9 O my love [he said as he saw her], you remind me of my [favorite] mare in the chariot spans of Pharaoh.

11 We will make for you ornaments of gold, studded with silver.  
12 While the king was on his couch, my nard gave forth its

to rest in the heat of the day?  
Why should I be like a veiled woman  
as I wander among the flocks of your shepherds?

fragrance.

**The Shepherd-King**

10 Your cheeks are comely with ornaments, your neck with strings of jewels.

11 We will make for you chains and ornaments of gold, studded with silver.

12 While the king sits at his table [she said], my spikenard [my absent lover] sends forth [his] fragrance [over me].

13 My beloved [shepherd] is to me like a [scent] bag of myrrh that lies in my bosom.

14 My beloved [shepherd] is to me a cluster of henna flowers in the vineyards of En-gedi [famed for its fragrant shrubs].

15 Behold, you are beautiful, my love! Behold, you are beautiful! You have doves' eyes.

13 My beloved is to me a sachet of myrrh that lies between my breasts.

14 My beloved is to me a cluster of henna blossoms in the vineyards of Engedi.

### He

15 Behold, you are beautiful, my love; behold, you are beautiful; your eyes are doves.

### She

16 Behold, you are beautiful, my beloved, truly delightful.

Our couch is green;

17 the beams of our house are cedar; our rafters are pine.

### Footnotes

Song of Solomon 1:2

*The translators have added speaker identifications based on the gender and number of the Hebrew words*

8 Listen, my radiant one— if you ever lose sight of me, just follow in my footsteps where I lead my lovers.

Come with your burdens and cares.

Come to the place near the sanctuary of my shepherds.

9 My dearest one, let me tell you how I see you— you are so thrilling to me.

To gaze upon you is like looking at one of Pharaoh's finest horses

— a strong, regal steed pulling his royal chariot.

10 Your tender cheeks are beautiful —

your earrings and gem-laden necklaces set them ablaze.

11 We will enhance your beauty, with golden ornaments studded with silver.

## Song of Solomon 1:11

16 [She cried] Behold, you are beautiful, my beloved [shepherd], yes, delightful! Our arbor and couch are green and leafy.

17 The beams of our house are cedars, and our rafters and panels are cypresses or pines.

**Footnotes**

Song of Solomon 1:7

*Does my spirit crave the Divine Shepherd, even in the presence of the best that the world can offer me?*

*The Hebrew for you is feminine singular*

**The Shulamite**

12 As the king surrounded me at his table,  
the sweet fragrance of spikenard awakened the night.

13 A sachet of myrrh is my lover,  
like a tied-up bundle of myrrh resting over my heart.

14 He is like a bouquet of henna blossoms—  
henna plucked near the vines at the fountain of the Lamb.

I will hold him and never let him part.

**The Shepherd-King**

15 My darling,  
you are so lovely!  
You are beauty itself to me.  
Your passionate eyes are like gentle doves.

**The Shulamite**

16 My beloved one,  
both handsome and winsome,

you are pleasing beyond words.  
 Our resting place is anointed and  
 flourishing,  
 like a green forest meadow  
 bathed in light.  
 17 Rafters of cedar branches are  
 over our heads  
 and balconies of pleasant-  
 smelling pines.

## CHAPTER 2

1 [She said] I am only a little rose  
 or autumn crocus of the plain of  
 Sharon, or a [humble] lily of the  
 valleys [that grows in deep and  
 difficult places].

2 But Solomon replied, Like the  
 lily among thorns, so are you, my  
 love, among the daughters.

3 Like an apple tree among the  
 trees of the wood, so is my

1 I am a rose of Sharon,  
 a lily of the valleys.

**He**  
 2 As a lily among brambles,  
 so is my love among the young  
 women.

**She**  
 3 As an apple tree among the  
 trees of the forest,

you remain as pure as a lily,

1 I am truly his rose,  
 the very theme of his song.  
 I'm overshadowed by his love,  
 like a lily growing in the valley!

### **The Shepherd-King**

2 Yes, you are my darling  
 companion.

You stand out from all the rest.

For though the thorns surround  
 you,  
 you remain as pure as a lily,

beloved [shepherd] among the sons [cried the girl]! Under his shadow I delighted to sit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.	so is my beloved among the young men. With great delight I sat in his shadow, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.	more than all others.  <b>The Shulamite</b> 3 My beloved is to me the most fragrant apple tree— he stands above the sons of men. Sitting under his grace-shadow, I blossom in his shade, enjoying the sweet taste of his pleasant, delicious fruit, resting with delight where his glory never fades.
4 He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love [for love waved as a protecting and comforting banner over my head when I was near him].	4 He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love. 5 Sustain me with raisins; refresh me with apples, for I am sick with love.	4 Suddenly, he transported me into his house of wine— he looked upon me with his unrelenting love divine. 5 Revive me with your raisin cakes. Refresh me again with your apples. Help me and hold me, for I am lovesick!
5 Sustain me with raisins, refresh me with apples, for I am sick with love.	6 His left hand is under my head, and his right hand embraces me! 7 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles or the does of the field, that you not stir up or awaken love until it pleases.	6 [I can feel] his left hand under my head and his right hand embraces me!  7 [He said] I charge you, O you daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles or by the hinds of the field [which are free to follow their own instincts] that you not
	<b>The Bride Adores Her Beloved</b> 8 The voice of my beloved! Behold, he comes,	I am longing for more— yet how could I take more? 6 His left hand cradles my head



	AMPC	ESV	TPT
	try to stir up or awaken [my] love until it pleases.	leaping over the mountains, bounding over the hills.	while his right hand holds me close.
		9 My beloved is like a gazelle	I am at rest in this love.
8 [Vividly she pictured it] The voice of my beloved [shepherd]!	or a young stag. Behold, there he stands		<b>The Shepherd-King</b>
Behold, he comes, leaping upon the mountains, bounding over the hills.	behind our wall, gazing through the windows, looking through the lattice.		7 Promise me, Jerusalem maidens, by the gentle gazelles and delicate deer,
	10 My beloved speaks and says		
9 My beloved is like a gazelle or a young hart. Behold, he stands behind the wall of our house, he looks in through the windows, he glances through the lattice.	to me: "Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come away,		that you'll not disturb my love until she is ready to arise.
	11 for behold, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone.		<b>The Shulamite</b>
	12 The flowers appear on the earth, the time of singing has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land.		8 Listen! I hear my lover's voice. I know it's him coming to me—
10 My beloved speaks and says to me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.	13 The fig tree ripens its figs, and the vines are in blossom; they give forth fragrance.		leaping with joy over mountains, skipping in love over the hills that separate us, to come to me.
11 For, behold, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone.	Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come away.		9 Let me describe him: he is graceful as a gazelle, swift as a wild stag.
12 The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing [of birds] has come, and the voice of	14 O my dove, in the clefts of the rock, in the crannies of the cliff, let me see your face,		Now he comes closer, even to the places where I hide. He gazes into my soul,

the turtledove is heard in our land.

13 The fig tree puts forth and ripens her green figs, and the vines are in blossom and give forth their fragrance. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

14 [So I went with him, and when we were climbing the rocky steps up the hillside, my beloved shepherd said to me] O my dove, [while you are here] in the seclusion of the clefts in the solid rock, in the sheltered and secret place of the cliff, let me see your face, let me hear your voice; for your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely.

15 [My heart was touched and I fervently sang to him my desire] Take for us the foxes, the little

let me hear your voice, for your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely.

15 Catch the foxes for us, the little foxes that spoil the vineyards, for our vineyards are in blossom.”

16 My beloved is mine, and I am his;

he grazes among the lilies.

17 Until the day breathes and the shadows flee, turn, my beloved, be like a gazelle or a young stag on cleft mountains.

#### Footnotes

Song of Solomon 2:1

*Probably a bulb, such as a crocus, asphodel, or narcissus*

Song of Solomon 2:4

peering through the portal as he blossoms within my heart.

#### The Shepherd-King

10 The one I love calls to me: Arise, my dearest. Hurry, my darling. Come away with me!

I have come as you have asked to draw you to my heart and lead you out.

For now is the time, my beautiful one.

11 The season has changed, the bondage of your barren winter has ended, and the season of hiding is over and gone.

The rains have soaked the earth and left it bright with blossoming flowers.

12 The season for singing and pruning the vines has arrived.

I hear the cooing of doves in our land,

	AMPC	ESV	TPT
foxes that spoil the vineyards [of our love], for our vineyards are in blossom.	<i>Hebrew the house of wine</i> Song of Solomon 2:7 <i>That is, I put you on oath; so throughout the Song</i>		filling the air with songs to awaken you and guide you forth.
16 [She said distinctly] My beloved is mine and I am his! He pastures his flocks among the lilies.	Song of Solomon 2:12 <i>Or pruning</i> Song of Solomon 2:15 <i>Or jackals</i> Song of Solomon 2:16		13 Can you not discern this new day of destiny breaking forth around you? The early signs of my purposes and plans are bursting forth.
17 [Then, longingly addressing her absent shepherd, she cried] Until the day breaks and the shadows flee away, return hastily, O my beloved, and be like a gazelle or a young hart as you cover the mountains [which separate us].	<i>Or he pastures his flock</i> Song of Solomon 2:17 <i>Or mountains of Bether</i>		The budding vines of new life are now blooming everywhere. The fragrance of their flowers whispers, “There is change in the air.” Arise, my love, my beautiful companion, and run with me to the higher place. For now is the time to arise and come away with me.
<b>Footnotes</b> Song of Solomon 2:6 <i>Do I have a constant sense of my Shepherd’s presence, regardless of my surroundings?</i> Song of Solomon 2:13			14 For you are my dove, hidden in the split-open rock. It was I who took you and hid you up high in the secret stairway of the sky.

*Do I take time to meet my Good Shepherd each day, letting Him tell me of His love, and cheering His heart with my interest in Him?*

Song of Solomon 2:14

*Do I realize that my voice lifted in praise and song is sweet to Him, or do I withhold it?*

Song of Solomon 2:15

*What is my greatest concern, the thing about which most of all I want Christ's help? When He asks to hear my voice, what do I tell Him?*

Let me see your radiant face and hear your sweet voice.

How beautiful your eyes of worship

and lovely your voice in prayer.

15 You must catch the troubling foxes,

those sly little foxes that hinder our relationship.

For they raid our budding vineyard of love

to ruin what I've planted within you.

Will you catch them and remove them for me?

We will do it together.

### **The Shulamite**

16 I know my lover is mine and I have everything in you,

for we delight ourselves in each other.

17 But until the day springs to life

and the shifting shadows of fear  
 disappear,  
 turn around, my lover, and  
 ascend  
 to the holy mountains of  
 separation without me.  
 Until the new day fully dawns,  
 run on ahead like the graceful  
 gazelle  
 and skip like the young stag  
 over the mountains of separation.  
 Go on ahead to the mountain of  
 spices—  
 I'll come away another time.

### CHAPTER 3

<p>1 In the night I dreamed that I        sought the one whom I love. [She        said] I looked for him but could        not find him.</p>	<p>1 On my bed by night        I sought him whom my soul        loves; I sought him, but found        him not.</p> <p>2 I will rise 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        found him not.</p>	<p>1 Night after night I'm tossing        and turning on my bed of travail.        Why did I let him go from me?        How my heart now aches for        him,        but he is nowhere to be found!</p> <p>2 So I must rise in search of him,        looking throughout the city,        seeking until I find him.</p>
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whom my soul loves. I sought him, but I could not find him.	3 The watchmen found me as they went about in the city.		Even if I have to roam through every street,
		“Have you seen him whom my soul loves?”	nothing will keep me from my search.
3 The watchmen who go about the city found me, to whom I said, Have you seen him whom my soul loves?	4 Scarcely had I passed 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, and into the chamber of her who conceived me.		Where is he—my soul's true love? He is nowhere to be found.
4 I had gone but a little way past 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, and into the chamber of her who conceived me.		3 Then I encountered the overseers as they encircled the city.	3 Then I encountered the overseers as they encircled the city.
			So I asked them, “Have you found him—
	5 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles or the does of the field, that you not stir up or awaken love until it pleases.		my heart's true love?”
5 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles or by the hinds of the field that you stir not up nor awaken love until it pleases.			4 Just as I moved past them, I encountered him. I found the one I adore! I caught him and fastened myself to him,
	<b>Solomon Arrives for the Wedding</b>		refusing to be feeble in my heart again.
	6 What is that coming up from the wilderness like columns of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the fragrant powders of a merchant?		Now I'll bring him back to the temple within
6 Who or what is this [she asked] that comes gliding out of the wilderness like stately pillars of			where I was given new birth— into my innermost parts, the place of my conceiving.

smoke perfumed with myrrh, frankincense, and all the fragrant powders of the merchant?

7 [Someone answered] Behold, it is the traveling litter (the bridal car) of Solomon. Sixty mighty men are around it, of the mighty men of Israel.

8 They all handle the sword and are expert in war; every man has his sword upon his thigh, that fear be not excited in the night.

9 King Solomon made himself a car or a palanquin from the [cedar] wood of Lebanon.

10 He made its posts of silver, its back of gold, its seat of purple, the inside of it lovingly and intricately wrought in needlework by the daughters of Jerusalem.

7 Behold, it is the litter of Solomon! Around it are sixty mighty men, some of the mighty

men of Israel,

8 all of them wearing swords and expert in war,

each with his sword at his thigh, against terror by night.

9 King Solomon made himself a carriage from the wood of Lebanon.

10 He made its posts of silver, its back of gold, its seat of purple; its interior was inlaid with love by the daughters of Jerusalem.

11 Go out, O daughters of Zion, and look upon King Solomon, with the crown with which his mother crowned him on the day of his wedding, on the day of the gladness of his heart.

#### Footnotes

Song of Solomon 3:7

#### The Shepherd-King

5 Promise me, O Jerusalem maidens,

by the gentle gazelles and delicate deer,

that you'll not disturb my love until she is ready to arise.

#### The Voice of the Lord

6 Who is this one ascending from the wilderness

in the pillar of the glory cloud?

He is fragrant with the anointing oils

of myrrh and frankincense —

more fragrant than all the spices of the merchant.

7 Look! It is the king's marriage carriage—

the love seat surrounded by sixty champions, the mightiest of Israel's host,

are like pillars of protection.

8 They stand ready with swords

<p>11 Go forth, O you daughters of Zion, and gaze upon King Solomon wearing the crown with which his mother [Bathsheba] crowned him on the day of his wedding, on the day of his gladness of heart.</p>	<p><i>That is, the couch on which servants carry a king</i>  <i>Song of Solomon 3:9</i>  <i>Or sedan chair</i></p>	<p>to defend the king and his fiancée from every terror of the night.</p> <p>9 The king made this mercy seat for himself out of the finest wood that will not decay.</p> <p>10 Pillars of smoke, like silver mist—  a canopy of golden glory dwells above it.</p> <p>The place where they sit together is sprinkled with crimson.</p> <p>Love and mercy cover this carriage,  blanketing his tabernacle throne.</p> <p>The king himself has made it for those who will become his bride.</p> <p>11 Rise up, Zion maidens, brides-to-be!</p> <p>Come and feast your eyes on this king  as he passes in procession on his way to his wedding.</p>
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This is the day filled with  
overwhelming joy—  
the day of his great gladness.

## CHAPTER 4

### Solomon Admires His Bride's Beauty

### The Bridegroom-King

#### Beauty

#### He

1 How fair you are, my love [he said], how very fair! Your eyes behind your veil [remind me] of those of a dove; your hair [makes me think of the black, wavy fleece] of a flock of [the Arabian] goats which one sees trailing down Mount Gilead [beyond the Jordan on the frontiers of the desert].

2 Your teeth are like a flock of shorn ewes which have come up from the washing, of which all are in pairs, and none is missing among them.

1 Behold, you are beautiful, my love,  
behold, you are beautiful!

Your eyes are doves  
behind your veil.

Your hair is like a flock of goats  
leaping down the slopes of  
Gilead.

2 Your teeth are like a flock of  
shorn ewes  
that have come up from the

washing,  
all of which bear twins,  
and not one among them has  
lost its young.

3 Your lips are like a scarlet  
thread,

1 Listen, my dearest darling,  
you are so beautiful—you are  
beauty itself to me!

Your eyes are  
like gentle doves behind your  
veil.

What devotion I see each time I  
gaze upon you.

You are like a sacrifice ready to  
be offered.

2 When I look at you,  
I see how you have taken my  
fruit and tasted my word.

Your life has become clean and  
pure,

like a lamb washed and newly  
shorn.

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3 Your lips are like a thread of scarlet, and your mouth is lovely. Your cheeks are like halves of a pomegranate behind your veil.	and your mouth is lovely. Your cheeks are like halves of a pomegranate behind your veil.	You now show grace and balance with truth on display.
4 Your neck is like the tower of David, built for an arsenal, whereon hang a thousand bucklers, all of them shields of warriors.	4 Your neck is like the tower of David, built in rows of stone; on it hang a thousand shields, all of them shields of warriors.	3 Your lips are as lovely as Rahab's scarlet ribbon, speaking mercy, speaking grace. The words of your mouth are as refreshing as an oasis. What pleasure you bring to me! I see your blushing cheeks
5 Your two breasts are like two fawns, like twins of a gazelle that feed among the lilies.	5 Your two breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle, that graze among the lilies.	opened like the halves of a pomegranate, showing through your veil of tender meekness.
6 Until the day breaks and the shadows flee away, [in my thoughts] I will get to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense [to him whom my soul adores].	6 Until the day breathes and the shadows flee, I will go away to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense.	4 When I look at you, I see your inner strength, so stately and strong. You are as secure as David's fortress.
7 [He exclaimed] O my love, how beautiful you are! There is no flaw in you!	7 You are altogether beautiful, my love; there is no flaw in you.	Your virtues and grace cause a thousand famous soldiers to surrender to your beauty.
	8 Come with me from Lebanon, my bride; come with me from Lebanon. Depart from the peak of Amana,	5 Your pure faith and love rest over your heart as you nurture those who are yet infants.

	from the peak of Senir and	
8 Come away with me from	Hermon,	<b>The Shulamite</b>
Lebanon, my [promised] bride,	from the dens of lions,	6 I've made up my mind.
come with me from Lebanon.	from the mountains of leopards.	Until the darkness disappears
Depart from the top of Amana,		and the dawn has fully come,
from the peak of Senir and	9 You have captivated my heart,	in spite of shadows and fears,
Hermon, from the lions' dens,	my sister, my bride;	I will go to the mountaintop with
from the mountains of the	you have captivated my heart	you—
leopards.	with one glance of your eyes,	the mountain of suffering love
	with one jewel of your	and the hill of burning incense.
9 You have ravished my heart	necklace.	Yes, I will be your bride.
and given me courage, my sister,	10 How beautiful is your love,	
my [promised] bride; you have	my sister, my bride!	<b>The Bridegroom-King</b>
ravished my heart and given me	How much better is your love	7 Every part of you is so
courage with one look from your	than wine,	beautiful, my darling.
eyes, with one jewel of your	and the fragrance of your oils	Perfect is your beauty, without
necklace.	than any spice!	flaw within.
	11 Your lips drip nectar, my	8 Now you are ready, my bride,
10 How beautiful is your love,	bride;	to come with me as we climb the
my sister, my [promised] bride!	honey and milk are under your	highest peaks together.
How much better is your love	tongue;	Come with me through the
than wine! And the fragrance of	the fragrance of your garments	archway of trust.
your ointments than all spices!	is like the fragrance of Lebanon.	We will look down
	12 A garden locked is my sister,	from the crest of the glistening
	my bride,	mounts

<p>11 Your lips, O my [promised] bride, drop honey as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under your tongue. And the odor of your garments is like the odor of Lebanon.</p> <p>12 A garden enclosed and barred is my sister, my [promised] bride—a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.</p> <p>13 Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates or a paradise with precious fruits, henna with spikenard plants,</p> <p>14 Spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices.</p> <p>15 You are a fountain [springing up] in a garden, a well of living</p>	<p>a spring locked, a fountain sealed.</p> <p>13 Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates with all choicest fruits, henna with nard,</p> <p>14 nard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes, with all choice spices—</p> <p>15 a garden fountain, a well of living water, and flowing streams from Lebanon.</p> <p>16 Awake, O north wind, and come, O south wind! Blow upon my garden, let its spices flow.</p> <p><b>Together in the Garden of Love She</b></p>	<p>and from the summit of our sublime sanctuary,</p> <p>from the lion's den and the leopard's lair.</p> <p>9 For you reach into my heart. With one flash of your eyes I am undone by your love, my beloved, my equal, my bride. You leave me breathless—I am overcome by merely a glance from your worshiping eyes, for you have stolen my heart. I am held hostage by your love and by the graces of righteousness shining upon you.</p> <p>10 How satisfying to me, my equal, my bride. Your love is my finest wine—intoxicating and thrilling. And your sweet, perfumed praises—so exotic, so pleasing.</p> <p>11 Your loving words are like the honeycomb to me;</p>
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waters, and flowing streams from  
Lebanon.

16 [You have called me a garden,

she said] Oh, I pray that the

[cold] north wind and the [soft]

south wind may blow upon my

garden, that its spices may flow

out [in abundance for you in

whom my soul delights]. Let my

beloved come into his garden and

eat its choicest fruits.

### Footnotes

Song of Solomon 4:8

*Do I heed Christ when He bids*

*me to come away from the lions'*

*den of temptation and dwell with*

*Him?*

Song of Solomon 4:16

*Am I willing to have the north*

*wind of adversity blow upon me,*

*if it will better fit me for Christ's*

*presence and companionship?*

Let my beloved come to his  
garden,

and eat its choicest fruits.

### Footnotes

Song of Solomon 4:4

*The meaning of the Hebrew word*

*is uncertain*

Song of Solomon 4:8

*Or Look*

your tongue releases milk and  
honey,

for I find the promised land  
flowing within you.

The fragrance of your  
worshiping love

surrounds you with scented robes  
of white.

12 My darling bride, my private  
paradise,

fastened to my heart.

A secret spring that no one else  
can have are you—

my bubbling fountain hidden  
from public view.

What a perfect partner to me now  
that I have you.

13-14 Your inward life is now  
sprouting, bringing forth fruit.

What a beautiful paradise  
unfolds within you.

When I'm near you, I smell  
aromas of the finest spice,

for many clusters of my exquisite  
fruit

now grow within your inner  
garden.

Here are the nine:

pomegranates of passion,

henna from heaven,

spikenard so sweet,

saffron shining,

fragrant calamus from the cross,

sacred cinnamon,

branches of scented woods,

myrrh, like tears from a tree,

and aloe as eagles ascending.

15 You are a fountain of gardens.

A well of living water springs up

from within you,

like a mountain brook flowing

into my heart!

### **The Shulamite Bride**

16 Awake, O north wind!

Awake, O south wind!

Breathe on my garden with your

Spirit-Wind.

Stir up the sweet spice of your

life within me.

Spare nothing as you make me  
your fruitful garden.

Hold nothing back until I release  
your fragrance.

Come walk with me as you  
walked

with Adam in your paradise  
garden.

Come taste the fruits of your life  
in me.

## CHAPTER 5

### He

I I have come into my garden,  
my sister, my [promised] bride; I  
have gathered my myrrh with my  
balsam and spice [from your  
sweet words I have gathered the  
richest perfumes and spices]. I  
have eaten my honeycomb with  
my honey; I have drunk my wine  
with my milk. Eat, O friends  
[feast on, O revelers of the  
palace; you can never make my

I I came to my garden, my sister,  
my bride,  
I gathered my myrrh with my  
spice,  
I ate my honeycomb with my  
honey,  
I drank my wine with my milk.

**Others**  
Eat, friends, drink,  
and be drunk with love!

### The Bridegroom-King

I I have gathered from your  
heart,  
my equal, my bride,  
I have gathered from my garden  
all my sacred spices—even my  
myrrh.  
I have tasted and enjoyed my  
wine within you.  
I have tasted with pleasure my  
pure milk, my honeycomb,  
which you yield to me.

lover disloyal to me]! Drink, yes, drink abundantly of love, O precious one [for now I know you are mine, irrevocably mine! With his confident words still thrilling her heart, through the lattice she saw her shepherd turn away and disappear into the night].	<b>The Bride Searches for Her Beloved</b> <b>She</b> 2 I slept, but my heart was awake. A sound! My beloved is knocking. “Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my perfect one, for my head is wet with dew, my locks with the drops of the night.” 3 I had put off my garment; how could I put it on? I had bathed my feet; how could I soil them? 4 My beloved put his hand to the latch, and my heart was thrilled within me. 5 I arose to open to my beloved, and my hands dripped with myrrh, my fingers with liquid myrrh, on the handles of the bolt.	I delight in gathering my sacred spice, all the fruits of my life I have gathered from within you, my paradise garden. Come, all my friends— feast upon my bride, all you revelers of my palace. Feast on her, my lovers! Drink and drink, and drink again, until you can take no more. Drink the wine of her love. Take all you desire, you priests. My life within her will become your feast. <b>The Shulamite Bride</b> 2 After this I let my devotion slumber, but my heart for him stayed awake. I had a dream. I dreamed of my beloved— he was coming to me in the darkness of night.
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<p>put it on? I had washed my feet— how could I [again] soil them?</p> <p>4 My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my heart was moved for him.</p> <p>5 I rose up to open for my beloved, and my hands dripped with myrrh, and my fingers with liquid [sweet-scented] myrrh, [which he had left] upon the handles of the bolt.</p> <p>6 I opened for my beloved, but my beloved had turned away and withdrawn himself, and was gone! My soul went forth [to him] when he spoke, but it failed me [and now he was gone]! I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.</p>	<p>6 I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had turned and gone.</p> <p>My soul failed me when he spoke.</p> <p>I sought him, but found him not; I called him, but he gave no answer.</p> <p>7 The watchmen found me as they went about in the city; they beat me, they bruised me, they took away my veil, those watchmen of the walls.</p> <p>8 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him I am sick with love.</p> <p><b>Others</b></p> <p>9 What is your beloved more than another beloved, O most beautiful among women?</p>	<p>The melody of the man I love awakened me.</p> <p>I heard his knock at my heart's door as he pleaded with me: The Bridegroom-King Arise, my love.</p> <p>Open your heart, my darling, deeper still to me.</p> <p>Will you receive me this dark night? There is no one else but you, my friend, my equal.</p> <p>I need you this night to arise and come be with me.</p> <p>You are my pure, loyal dove, a perfect partner for me.</p> <p>My flawless one, will you arise? For my heaviness and tears are more than I can bear.</p> <p>I have spent myself for you throughout the dark night.</p> <p>The Sleeping Bride</p> <p>3 I have already laid aside my own garments for you.</p>
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7 The watchmen who go about the city found me. They struck me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took my veil and my mantle from me.

**The Bride Praises Her Beloved**

**She**

8 I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am sick from love [simply sick to be with him].

9 What is your beloved more than another beloved, O you fairest among women [taunted the ladies]? What is your beloved more than another beloved, that you should give us such a charge?

10 [She said] My beloved is fair and ruddy, the chief among ten thousand!

10 My beloved is radiant and ruddy, distinguished among ten thousand.

11 His head is the finest gold; his locks are wavy, black as a raven.

12 His eyes are like doves beside streams of water, bathed in milk, sitting beside a full pool.

13 His cheeks are like beds of spices, mounds of sweet-smelling herbs.

His lips are lilies, dripping liquid myrrh.

14 His arms are rods of gold, set with jewels.

How could I take them up again since I've yielded my righteousness to yours? You have cleansed my life and taken me so far.

Isn't that enough?

4 My beloved reached into me to unlock my heart. The core of my very being trembled at his touch.

How my soul melted when he spoke to me!

5 My spirit arose to open for more of his touch.

As I surrendered to him, I began to sense his fragrance—the fragrance of his suffering love!

It was the sense of myrrh flowing all through me!

6 I opened my soul to my beloved, but suddenly he was gone!

And my heart was torn out in longing for him.

AMPC	ESV	TPT
11 His head is [as precious as] the finest gold; his locks are curly and bushy and black as a raven.	His body is polished ivory, bedecked with sapphires.	I sought his presence, his fragrance,
12 His eyes are like doves beside the water brooks, bathed in milk and fitly set.	15 His legs are alabaster columns, set on bases of gold.	but could not find him anywhere. I called out for him, yet he did not answer me.
13 His cheeks are like a bed of spices or balsam, like banks of sweet herbs yielding fragrance. His lips are like bloodred anemones or lilies distilling liquid [sweet-scented] myrrh.	His appearance is like Lebanon, choice as the cedars.	I will arise and search for him until I find him.
14 His hands are like rods of gold set with [nails of] beryl or topaz. His body is a figure of bright ivory overlaid with [veins of] sapphires.	16 His mouth is most sweet, and he is altogether desirable. This is my beloved and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.	7 As I walked throughout the city in search of him, the overseers stopped me as they made their rounds. They beat me and bruised me until I could take no more. They wounded me deeply and removed my covering from me.
15 His legs are like strong and steady pillars of marble set upon bases of fine gold. His appearance is like Lebanon,	<b>Footnotes</b> Song of Solomon 5:12 <i>The meaning of the Hebrew is uncertain</i> Song of Solomon 5:14 <i>The meaning of the Hebrew word is uncertain</i> Song of Solomon 5:14 <i>Hebrew lapis lazuli</i> Song of Solomon 5:16 <i>Hebrew palate</i>	8 Nevertheless, make me this promise, you brides-to-be: if you find my beloved one, please tell him I endured all travails for him. I've been pierced through by love, and I will not be turned aside!

excellent, stately, and majestic as  
the cedars.

16 His voice and speech are  
exceedingly sweet; yes, he is  
altogether lovely [the whole of  
him delights and is precious].  
This is my beloved, and this is  
my friend, O daughters of  
Jerusalem!

#### Footnotes

Song of Solomon 5:3

*In my weariness from earthly  
cares, do I hesitate to answer  
when the Divine Shepherd  
knocks at my door, and so turn  
Him from me?*

Song of Solomon 5:16

*Is my Savior unquestionably the  
One altogether lovely, the One  
above all others most precious to  
me? Can I tell how and why  
Christ is more to me than any*

#### Jerusalem Maidens, Brides-to- Be

9 What love is this?

How could you continue to care  
so deeply for him?

Isn't there another who could  
steal away your heart?

We see now your beauty, more  
beautiful than all the others.

What makes your beloved better  
than any other?

What is it about him

that makes you ask us to promise  
you this?

#### The Shulamite Bride

10 He alone is my beloved.

He shines in dazzling splendor  
yet is still so approachable—

without equal as he stands above  
all others,

outstanding among ten thousand!

11 The way he leads me is divine.

His leadership—so pure and  
dignified

*human being or than all earthly  
possessions?*

as he wears his crown of gold.  
 Upon this crown are letters of  
 black written  
 on a background of glory.  
 12 He sees everything with pure  
 understanding.  
 How beautiful his insights—  
 without distortion.  
 His eyes rest upon the fullness of  
 the river of revelation,  
 flowing so clean and pure.  
 13 Looking at his gentle face, I  
 see such fullness of emotion.  
 Like a lovely garden where  
 fragrant spices grow —  
 what a man!  
 No one speaks words so anointed  
 as this one —  
 words that both pierce and heal,  
 words like lilies dripping with  
 myrrh.  
 14 See how his hands hold  
 unlimited power!  
 But he never uses it in anger,

for he is always holy, displaying  
his glory.

His innermost place is a work of  
art—

so beautiful and bright.

How magnificent and noble is  
this one—

covered in majesty!

15 He's steadfast in all he does.

His ways are the ways of  
righteousness,

based on truth and holiness.

None can rival him,

but all will be amazed by him.

16 Most sweet are his kisses,  
even his whispers of love.

He is delightful in every way

and perfect from every  
viewpoint.

If you ask me why I love him so,

O brides-to-be,

it's because there is none like  
him to me.

Everything about him fills me  
with holy desire!

And now he is my beloved—my friend forever.

## CHAPTER 6

### Others

1 Where has your beloved gone, O you fairest among women? [Again the ladies showed their interest in the remarkable person whom the Shulammitte had championed with such unstinted praise; they too wanted to know him, they insisted.] Where is your beloved hiding himself? For we would seek him with you.

2 [She replied] My beloved has gone down to his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies.

3 I am my beloved's [garden] and my beloved is mine! He feeds among the lilies [which grow there].

1 Where has your beloved gone, O most beautiful among women? Where has your beloved turned, that we may seek him with you?

### Together in the Garden of

#### Love

#### She

2 My beloved has gone down to his garden to the beds of spices, to graze in the gardens and to gather lilies.

3 I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine;

he grazes among the lilies.

### Solomon and His Bride Delight

#### in Each Other

### Brides-to-Be

1 O rarest of beauty, where then has your lover gone? We long to see him too. Where may we find him? We will follow you as you seek after him.

### The Shulamite Bride

2 My lover has gone down into his garden of delight, to the flowerbeds of spices to feast with those pure in heart.

3 I am fully devoted to my beloved,

and my beloved is fully devoted to me.

### The Bridegroom-King

4 O my beloved, you are lovely. When I see you in your beauty,

	AMPC	ESV	TPT
		<b>He</b>	I see a radiant city where we will
4 [He said] You are as beautiful	4 You are beautiful as Tirzah, my		dwell as one.
as Tirzah [capital of the northern	love,		More pleasing than any pleasure,
kingdom's first king], my love,	lovely as Jerusalem,		more delightful than any delight,
and as comely as Jerusalem, [but	awesome as an army with		you have ravished my heart,
you are] as terrible as a bannered	banners.		stealing away my strength to
host!	5 Turn away your eyes from me,		resist you.
	for they overwhelm me—		Even hosts of angels stand in awe
5 Turn away your [flashing] eyes	Your hair is like a flock of goats		of you.
from me, for they have overcome	leaping down the slopes of		5 Turn your eyes from me; I can't
me! Your hair is like a flock of	Gilead.		take it anymore!
goats trailing down from Mount	6 Your teeth are like a flock of		I can't resist the passion of these
Gilead.	ewes		eyes that I adore.
	that have come up from the		Overpowered by a glance, my
6 Your teeth are like a flock of	washing;		ravished heart—undone.
ewes coming from their washing,	all of them bear twins;		Held captive by your love, I am
of which all are in pairs, and not	not one among them has lost its		truly overcome!
one of them is missing.	young.		For your undying devotion to me
	7 Your cheeks are like halves of		is the most yielded sacrifice.
7 Your cheeks are like halves of	a pomegranate		6 The shining of your spirit
a pomegranate behind your veil.	behind your veil.		shows how you have taken my
	8 There are sixty queens and		truth
8 There are sixty queens and	eighty concubines,		to become balanced and
eighty concubines, and virgins	and virgins without number.		complete.
without number;			7 Your beautiful blushing cheeks



9 But my dove, my undefiled and perfect one, stands alone [above them all]; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her who bore her. The daughters saw her and called her blessed and happy, yes, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.

10 [The ladies asked] Who is this that looks forth like the dawn, fair as the moon, clear and pure as the sun, and terrible as a bannered host?

11 [The Shulamite replied] I went down into the nut orchard [one day] to look at the green plants of the valley, to see whether the grapevine had budded and the pomegranates were in flower.

9 My dove, my perfect one, is the only one, the only one of her mother, pure to her who bore her. The young women saw her and called her blessed; the queens and concubines also, and they praised her.

10 “Who is this who looks down like the dawn, beautiful as the moon, bright as the sun, awesome as an army with banners?”

**She**  
11 I went down to the nut orchard to look at the blossoms of the valley, to see whether the vines had budded, whether the pomegranates were in bloom.

reveal how real your passion is for me, even hidden behind your veil of humility.

8 I could have chosen any from among the vast multitude of royal ones who follow me.

9 But unique is my beloved dove—unrivaled in beauty, without equal, beyond compare, the perfect one, the favorite one.

Others see your beauty and sing of your joy.

Brides and queens chant your praise:

“How blessed is she!”

10 Look at you now—  
arising as the dayspring of the dawn,  
fair as the shining moon,  
bright and brilliant as the sun in all its strength—  
astonishing to behold as a majestic army  
waving banners of victory.

12 Before I was aware [of what was happening], my desire [to roam about] had brought me into the area of the princes of my people [the king's retinue].

12 Before I was aware, my desire set me among the chariots of my kinsman, a prince.

#### Others

13 [I began to flee, but they called to me] Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon you! [I replied]

13 Return, return, O Shulamite, return, return, that we may look upon you.

#### He

What is there for you to see in the [poor little] Shulamite? [And they answered] As upon a dance before two armies or a dance of Mahanaim.

Why should you look upon the Shulamite, as upon a dance before two armies?

#### Footnotes

Song of Solomon 6:2

*Or to pasture his flock; also verse 3*

Song of Solomon 6:12

*Or chariots of Ammi-Nadib*

Song of Solomon 6:13

*Ch 7:1 in Hebrew*

Song of Solomon 6:13

#### The Shulamite Bride

11 I decided to go down to the valley streams where the orchards of the king grow and mature.

I longed to know if hearts were opening.

Are the budding vines blooming with new growth?

Has their springtime of passionate love arrived?

12 Then suddenly my longings transported me.

My divine desire brought me next to my beloved prince, sitting with him in his royal chariot.

We were lifted up together!

#### Zion Maidens, Brides-to-Be

13 Come back! Return to us, O maiden of his majesty.

Dance for us as we gaze upon your beauty.

*Or dance of Mahanaim***The Shulamite Bride**

Why would you seek a mere  
Shulamite like me?

Why would you want to see my  
dance of love?

**The Bridegroom-King**

Because you dance so gracefully,  
as though you danced with  
angels!

**CHAPTER 7**

<p>1 [Then her companions began noticing and commenting on the attractiveness of her person] How beautiful are your feet in sandals, O queenly maiden! Your rounded limbs are like jeweled chains, the work of a master hand.</p> <p>2 Your body is like a round goblet in which no mixed wine is wanting. Your abdomen is like a</p>	<p>1 How beautiful are your feet in sandals, O noble daughter! Your rounded thighs are like jewels, the work of a master hand.</p> <p>2 Your navel is a rounded bowl that never lacks mixed wine. Your belly is a heap of wheat, encircled with lilies.</p> <p>3 Your two breasts are like two fawns,</p>	<p>1 How beautiful on the mountains are the sandaled feet of this one bringing such good news. You are truly royalty! The way you walk so gracefully in my ways displays such dignity. You are truly the poetry of God—his very handiwork.</p> <p>2-3 Out of your innermost being</p>
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	AMPC	ESV	TPT
heap of wheat set about with lilies.	twins of a gazelle.		is flowing the fullness of my Spirit—
	4 Your neck is like an ivory tower.		never failing to satisfy.
3 Your two breasts are like two fawns, the twins of a gazelle.	Your eyes are pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim.		Within your womb there is a birthing of harvest wheat;
	Your nose is like a tower of Lebanon,		they are the sons and daughters nurtured by the purity you impart.
4 Your neck is like a tower of ivory, your eyes like the pools of Heshbon by the gate of Bath-rabbim. Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon which looks toward Damascus.	5 Your head crowns you like Carmel, and your flowing locks are like purple;		How gracious you have become! 4 Your life stands tall as a tower, like a shining light on a hill.
	a king is held captive in the tresses.		Your revelation eyes are pure, like pools of refreshing — sparkling light for a multitude.
5 Your head crowns you like Mount Carmel, and the hair of your head like purple. [Then seeing the king watching the girl in absorbed admiration, the speaker added] The king is held captive by its tresses.	6 How beautiful and pleasant you are, O loved one, with all your delights!		Such discernment surrounds you, protecting you from the enemy's advance. 5 Redeeming love crowns you as royalty.
	7 Your stature is like a palm tree, and your breasts are like its clusters.		Your thoughts are full of life, wisdom, and virtue.
6 [The king came forward, saying] How fair and how pleasant you are, O love, with your delights!	8 I say I will climb the palm tree and lay hold of its fruit.		Even a king is held captive by your beauty. 6 How delicious is your fair beauty;

<p>7 Your stature is like that of a palm tree, and your bosom like its clusters [of dates, declared the king].</p> <p>8 I resolve that I will climb the palm tree; I will grasp its branches. Let your breasts be like clusters of the grapevine, and the scent of your breath like apples,</p> <p>9 And your kisses like the best wine—[then the Shulamite interrupted] that goes down smoothly and sweetly for my beloved [shepherd, kisses] gliding over his lips while he sleeps!</p> <p>10 [She proudly said] I am my beloved's, and his desire is toward me!</p>	<p>Oh may your breasts be like clusters of the vine, and the scent of your breath like apples,</p> <p>9 and your mouth like the best wine.</p> <p><b>She</b> It goes down smoothly for my beloved, gliding over lips and teeth.</p> <p>10 I am my beloved's, and his desire is for me.</p> <p><b>The Bride Gives Her Love</b></p> <p>11 Come, my beloved, let us go out into the fields and lodge in the villages;</p> <p>12 let us go out early to the vineyards and see whether the vines have budded, whether the grape blossoms have opened</p>	<p>it cannot be described as I count the delights you bring to me.</p> <p>Love has become the greatest.</p> <p>7 You stand in victory above the rest, stately and secure as you share with me your vineyard of love.</p> <p>8 Now I decree, I will ascend my palm tree. I will take hold of you with my power, possessing every part of my fruitful bride. Your love I will drink as wine, and your words will be mine.</p> <p>9 For your kisses of love are exhilarating, more than any delight I've known before. Your kisses of love awaken even the lips of sleeping ones.</p>
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11 [She said] Come, my beloved! and the pomegranates are in bloom. There I will give you my love.

12 Let us go out early to the vineyards and see whether the vines have budded, whether the grape blossoms have opened, and whether the pomegranates are in bloom. There I will give you my love.

13 The mandrakes give forth fragrance, and over our doors are all manner of choice fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for you, O my beloved.

#### Footnotes

13 The mandrakes give forth fragrance, and over our doors are all manner of choice fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for you, O my beloved!

Song of Solomon 7:6

*Or among delights*

Song of Solomon 7:9

*Hebrew palate*

Song of Solomon 7:9

*Septuagint, Syriac, Vulgate;*

*Hebrew causing the lips of*

*sleepers to speak, or gliding over*

*the lips of those who sleep*

Song of Solomon 7:11

*Or among the henna plants*

#### The Shulamite Bride

10 Now I know that I am for my beloved

and all his desires are fulfilled in me.

11 Come away, my lover.

Come with me to the faraway fields.

We will run away together to the forgotten places

and show them redeeming love.

12 Let us arise and run to the vineyards of your people

and see if the budding vines of love are now in full bloom.

We will discover if their passion is awakened.

There I will display my love for you.

13 The love apples are in bloom, sending forth their fragrance of spring.

The rarest of fruits are found at our doors—

the new as well as the old.

I have stored them for you, my  
lover-friend!

## CHAPTER 8

### Longing for Her Beloved

<p>1 [Looking forward to the shepherd's arrival, the eager girl pictures their meeting and says] Oh, that you were like my brother, who nursed from the breasts of my mother! If I should find you without, I would kiss you, yes, and none would despise me [for it].</p> <p>2 I would lead you and bring you into the house of my mother, who would instruct me. I would cause you to drink spiced wine and of the juice of my pomegranates.</p> <p>3 [Then musingly she added] Oh, that his left hand were under my head and that his right hand embraced me!</p>	<p>1 Oh that you were like a brother to me who nursed at my mother's breasts! If I found you outside, I would kiss you, and none would despise me.</p> <p>2 I would lead you and bring you into the house of my mother— she who used to teach me. I would give you spiced wine to drink, the juice of my pomegranate.</p> <p>3 His left hand is under my head, and his right hand embraces me!</p> <p>4 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that you not stir up or awaken love until it pleases.</p>	<p>1 If only I could show everyone this passionate desire I have for you. If only I could express it fully, no matter who was watching me, without shame or embarrassment.</p> <p>2 I long to bring you to my innermost chamber— this holy sanctuary you have formed within me. O that I might carry you within me! I would give you the spiced wine of my love, this full cup of bliss that we share. We would drink our fill until . . .</p> <p>3 His left hand cradles my head while his right hand holds me close.</p>
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4 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that you never [again attempt to] stir up or awaken love until it pleases.

5 Who is this who comes up from the wilderness leaning upon her beloved? [And as they sighted the home of her childhood, the bride said] Under the apple tree I awakened you; there your mother gave you birth, there she was in travail and bore you.

6 Set me like a seal upon your heart, like a seal upon your arm; for love is as strong as death, jealousy is as hard and cruel as Sheol (the place of the dead). Its flashes are flashes of fire, a most vehement flame [the very flame of the Lord]!

7 Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it.

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

Under the apple tree I awakened you. There your mother was in labor with you; there she who bore you was in labor.

6 Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm, for love is strong as death, jealousy is fierce as the grave.

Its flashes are flashes of fire, the very flame of the Lord.

7 Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it.

If a man offered for love all the wealth of his house, he would be utterly despised.

#### **Final Advice**

#### **Others**

8 We have a little sister, and she has no breasts.

We are at rest in this love.

4 Promise me, brides-to-be, by the gentle gazelles and delicate deer,

that you'll not disturb my love until he is ready to arise.

#### **The Bridegroom-King**

5 Who is this one?

She arises out of her desert, clinging to her beloved.

When I awakened you under the apple tree,

as you were feasting upon me,

I awakened your innermost being

with the travail of birth as you longed for more of me.

6 Fasten me upon your heart as a seal of fire forevermore.

This living, consuming flame will seal you as my prisoner of love.

My passion is stronger

than the chains of death and the grave,



If a man would offer all the goods of his house for love, he would be utterly scorned and despised.

8 [Gathered with her family and the wedding guests in her mother's cottage, the bride said to her stepbrothers, When I was a little girl, you said] We have a little sister and she has no breasts. What shall we do for our sister on the day when she is spoken for in marriage?

9 If she is a wall [discreet and womanly], we will build upon her a turret [a dowry] of silver; but if she is a door [bold and flirtatious], we will enclose her with boards of cedar.

10 [Well] I am a wall [with battlements], and my breasts are like the towers of it. Then was I

What shall we do for our sister on the day when she is spoken for?

9 If she is a wall, we will build on her a battlement of silver,

but if she is a door, we will enclose her with boards of cedar.

**She**  
10 I was a wall, and my breasts were like towers; then I was in his eyes as one who finds peace.

11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon; he let out the vineyard to keepers; each one was to bring for its fruit a thousand pieces of silver.

12 My vineyard, my very own, is before me; you, O Solomon, may have the thousand, and the keepers of the fruit two hundred.

all consuming as the very flashes of fire from the burning heart of God.

Place this fierce, unrelenting fire over your entire being.

7 Rivers of pain and persecution will never extinguish this flame. Endless floods will be unable to quench this raging fire that burns within you.

Everything will be consumed. It will stop at nothing as you yield everything to this furious fire

until it won't even seem to you like a sacrifice anymore.

### **The Shulamite Bride**

8-10 My brothers said to me when I was young, "Our sister is so immature.

What will we do to guard her for her wedding day?"

in [the king's] eyes as one [to be respected and to be allowed] to find peace.

11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon; he let out the vineyard to keepers; everyone was to bring him a thousand pieces of silver for its fruit.

12 You, O Solomon, can have your thousand [pieces of silver], and those who tend the fruit of it two hundred; but my vineyard, which is mine [with all its radiant joy], is before me!

13 O you who dwell in the gardens, your companions have been listening to your voice— now cause me to hear it.

14 [Joyfully the radiant bride turned to him, the one altogether lovely, the chief among ten

**He**

13 O you who dwell in the gardens, with companions listening for your voice; let me hear it.

**She**

14 Make haste, my beloved, and be like a gazelle or a young stag on the mountains of spices.

**Footnotes**

Song of Solomon 8:6

*Or ardor*

Song of Solomon 8:6

*Hebrew as Sheol*

Song of Solomon 8:7

*Or it*

Song of Solomon 8:10

*Or brings out*

**The Bridegroom-King**

We will build a tower of redemption to protect her.

Since she is vulnerable, we will enclose her with a wall of cedar boards.

**The Shulamite Bride**

But now I have grown and become a bride,

and my love for him has made me a tower of passion and contentment for my beloved.

I am now a firm wall of protection for others, guarding them from harm.

This is how he sees me—I am the one who brings him bliss, finding favor in his eyes.

11 My bridegroom-king has a vineyard of love

made from a multitude of followers. His caretakers of this vineyard

have given my beloved their best.

thousand to her soul, and with unconcealed eagerness to begin her life of sweet companionship with him, she answered] Make haste, my beloved, and come quickly, like a gazelle or a young hart [and take me to our waiting home] upon the mountains of spices!

12 But as for my own vineyard of love, I give all the glory to you.

And I will give double honor to those who serve my beloved and have watched over my soul.

13 My beloved, one with me in my garden, how marvelous that my friends, the brides-to-be, now hear your voice and song.

Let me now hear it again.

**The Bridegroom and the Bride  
in Divine Duet**

14 Arise, my darling!

Come quickly, my beloved.

Come and be the graceful gazelle with me.

Come be like a young stag with me. We will dance in the high place of the sky, yes, on the mountains of fragrant spice.

Forever we shall be united as one!

THANK YOU!

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