THE SONG OF SOLOMON vs 1



This book: has had several different titles, in Hebrew: the Song of Songs, meaning, the greatest Song, in English, The Song of Solomon identifying his author; and in Roman Latin, the Canticles. Some say this song is about Solomon's favorite wife, and there is no reason not to ascribe it to him; others suggest the book is merely an allegory; with fictional characters describing heavenly truths. Perhaps it is both. The song describes the love Solomon has for a Shulamite woman, the king comes in disguise to her family vineyard, he wins her heart, and makes her his bride. It definitely is a sexy song, so see what you learn from it.



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

She talks to herself.

- ²O let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for your love is better than wine.
- ³ The fragrance of your perfume is intoxicating, even your name is like a sweet scent poured out, therefore the young women adore you,
- ⁴ so take me, we will hurry: bring me to your chamber, O my king: and there we will thrill with delight, and we will remember your caress is more cherished than wine: no wonder they adore you.
- ⁵O daughters of Jerusalem, I am black, and beautiful as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.
- ⁶ Do not stare at me because I am black, for the sun has gazed on me: in anger my brothers made me keeper of the vineyards; yet I did not look after my own vineyard of charms.
- ⁷ Tell me, love of my soul, where do you pasture your flock, making your flock rest at noon: for why should I go roaming from flock to flock of your companions?

The women of Jerusalem,

⁸O fairest of women, if you do not know, follow the sheep-tracks of the flock, and pasture your young goats near the tents of the shepherds.

Solomon speaks to her.

- ⁹I compare you, my dear, to a filly among the Pharaoh's chariots.
- ¹⁰ Your cheeks so beautiful with jewels, your neck with golden chains.

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The women of Jerusalem,

¹¹We will make golden beads strung around you, studded with silver.

She speaks,

¹² When my king sits on his couch, my perfume releases its scent.

¹³My love is a sachet of myrrh to me; spending the night between my breasts.

¹⁴My love is a cluster of henna blossoms to me, from the gardens of Engedi.

Solomon speaks,

¹⁵ Indeed, how beautiful you are my love; indeed, how fair; with the eyes of a dove.



She answers,

¹⁶ Indeed, how handsome you are my love, yes very pleasant: our bed is lush as green pastures.

¹⁷ The beams of our house are of cedar, and our rafters are the firs.

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