

## **The Song of Solomon.**

Excerpted from The Latin Testament Project Bible,

Translated by John G. Cunyus.

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Song of Solomon 1.

Let him kiss me

with the kiss of his mouth,  
because your breasts are better than wine.

The passion of prime scents,  
your name is squeezed oil.

Therefore young women loved you.  
Take me!

We will run after you!

The king brought me into his cellar.

We will exult and be happy in you,  
remembering your breasts more than wine.

The upright love you.

I am black but beautiful,  
daughters of Jerusalem,  
like the tabernacle of Cedar,  
like the pelts of Solomon.

Don't judge me because I am darkened,  
because the sun discolored me.

My mother's sons fought against me  
and made me keeper of a vineyard.

I have not tended my vine.

Tell me, you who delight my soul,  
where do you feed your flock?

Where do you eat,  
where do you lie down at midday,  
so I do not begin to wander  
after the flocks of your companions?  
If you don't know yourself,  
O beautiful among women,  
go out and pass beyond  
the steps of the flock,  
and graze your young goats  
beside the shepherds' tabernacle.  
My love, I compared you  
to my horsemen in Pharaoh's chariots!  
Your cheeks are lovely, like turtle-doves,  
your neck like a necklace.  
We will make golden bridles for you,  
studded with silver.  
While the king reclined to eat,  
my scented oil gave its odor.  
My lover to me is  
like a little bundle of myrrh;  
he will linger between my breasts.  
A cluster of grapes from Cyprus  
is my lover to me,  
in the vines of En-geddi.  
Look! You are beautiful, my love!  
Look! You are beautiful!  
Your eyes are like doves!  
Look! You are handsome  
and gorgeous, my love!  
Our bed is blossoming!  
The beams of our house are cedar,

our rafters of cypress.

Song of Solomon 2.

I am a flower of the field,  
and a lily of the valleys.  
Like a lily among thorns,  
so is my love among young women.  
Like an apple among the trees of the forest,  
so is my lover among young men.  
I sat under his shadow, whom I desired,  
and his fruit was sweet to my throat.  
He brought me into the wine cellar.  
He commanded love in me.  
Prop me up with flowers!  
Press me with apples,  
because I am sick with love!  
His left hand is under my head  
and his right will caress me.  
I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,  
by the roes and stags of the field:  
do not arouse or work to awaken delight  
until she chooses.  
The voice of my lover! Look!  
He comes, leaping in the mountains,  
crossing the hills!  
My lover is like a roe or a young deer.  
See! He himself stands behind our wall,  
looking through the windows,  
glancing through the shutters,  
and my lover speaks to me.

Rise up!  
Hurry, my love,  
my beauty, and come!  
For winter is already past,  
the storm has passed and ebbed away!  
Flowers have appeared in the land.  
The time of pruning has come.  
The turtle dove's voice is heard in our land.  
The fig tree has put forth its green figs,  
vines flower, giving their odor!  
Rise up,  
my love, my spectacular one,  
and come!  
My dove is in the rooms of stone  
in the hollows of the wall.  
Show me your face!  
Let your voice sound in my ear,  
for your voice is sweet and your face lovely!  
Capture for us the foxes,  
the young foxes who destroy our vines,  
now that our vine has flowered!  
My lover is mine and I am his,  
who feeds among the lilies,  
until the day breathes  
and the shadows incline.  
Come back!  
My lover is like a roe or a young deer  
on the mountains of Bether.

Song of Solomon 3.

In my bed at night  
I sought him whom my soul loves.  
I sought him, but I did not find him!  
I rose and walked through the city,  
down rows of houses and streets,  
seeking him whom my soul loves.  
I sought him, yet I did not find!  
The watchmen who keep the city found me.  
Haven't you seen him whom my soul loves?  
A little while after passing them,  
I found him whom my soul loves.  
I took him and did not let go  
until I brought him to my mother's house,  
and into the bed of her who gave birth to me.  
I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,  
by the roes and stags of the field:  
do not arouse or work to awaken delight  
until she chooses.  
Who is she who rises up in the desert,  
like a pillar of smoke  
from aromatic myrrh, and incense,  
and all the powders of the fragrance sellers?  
See! Around Solomon's bed,  
sixty strong men walk,  
from the mightiest of Israel,  
all having swords  
and highly trained for war,  
a weapon strapped to each one's leg,  
because of night's dangers.  
King Solomon made a carriage for himself  
of the wood of Lebanon.

He made its columns of silver,  
its seat of gold, its frame of purple,  
which he spread out, full of love,  
on account of Jerusalem's daughters.  
Go and see, daughters of Zion,  
King Solomon in the diadem  
with which his mother crowned him,  
on the day of his coronation  
and on the day of joy of her heart.

#### Song of Solomon 4.

How beautiful you are, my love!  
How beautiful you are!  
Your eyes are like doves,  
apart from that which lies hidden within!  
Your hair is like a flock of goats,  
which climb up from Mount Gilead!  
Your teeth are like flocks of shorn sheep,  
who climbed up from the washing,  
all with twin lambs,  
and none among them is sterile.  
Your lips are like a scarlet band,  
and your speech sweet!  
As a piece of pomegranate,  
so are your cheeks,  
apart from that which lies hidden within!  
Your neck is like the tower of David,  
which is built with bulwarks.  
A thousands shields hang from it,  
each one weapons of the mighty.

Your two breasts are like two young deer,  
twins who graze among the lilies.  
Until the day breathes and shadows incline,  
let me go to the mountain of myrrh  
and to the hill of incense.

You are totally beautiful, my love!

There is no flaw in you!

Come from Lebanon, my bride!

Come from Lebanon! Come!

You will be crowned

from the top of Amana,

from the heights of Sanir and Hermon,

from the lion's dens,

from the leopards' mountains!

You wounded my heart,

my sister, wife!

You wounded my heart,

by one of your eyes alone,

by one lock from your neck!

How beautiful are your nipples,

my sister, wife –

your breasts more beautiful than wine,

and the odor of your perfume

surpasses all aromas!

Your lips are a dripping honeycomb, wife!

Honey and milk are under your tongue,

your garments' odor like the odor of incense!

An enclosed garden is my sister, wife,

an enclosed garden, a sealed spring!

Your emissions are

a paradise of pomegranates,

with the fruits of an orchard,  
of the henna-tree, with scented oil,  
scented oil and saffron flower and cinnamon,  
with all the woods of Lebanon,  
myrrh and aloes, with all the finest perfumes,  
a garden spring, a well of living waters,  
which flow from the heights of Lebanon,  
Rise, North Wind,  
and come, South Wind!  
Blow through my garden,  
and let its aromas flow!

Song of Solomon 5.

Let my love come into his garden  
and eat the fruit of his apple trees!  
Come to my garden, my sister, wife!  
I have trimmed my myrrh,  
with all my aromatic spices,  
I have eaten honeycomb with my honey,  
I have drunk my wine with my milk!  
Eat, friends!  
Drink and be drunk, dearly loved!  
I sleep and my heart watches  
for the voice of my love calling.  
Open to me, my sister,  
my lover, my flawless dove!  
My head is covered with dew,  
my locks with the drops of night!  
I have taken off my tunic!  
How will I put it back on?

I have washed my feet!  
How will I dirty them again?  
My lover put his hand through the opening  
and my womb trembled at his touch.  
I raised up that I might open to my lover!  
My hands dripped with myrrh,  
my fingers full of costliest myrrh.  
I opened the latch-key to my beloved,  
but he had turned aside and gone.  
My soul melted that he spoke.  
I looked, but did not find him.  
I called, but he didn't answer me.  
The guards who walk around the city found me.  
They beat and wounded me.  
The keepers of the wall  
took my veil from me.  
I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,  
if you find my lover, that you tell it,  
because I am sick with love!  
What is your lover like among the loved,  
O most beautiful of women?  
What is your lover like among the loved,  
because you made us swear thus?  
My lover is radiant and ruddy,  
chosen from a thousand.  
His head is finest gold;  
his hair like the branches of the palm tree,  
black like a crow.  
His eyes are like  
milk-washed doves  
over streams of water,

who live beside plentiful rivers.  
His cheeks are like  
courtyards of aromatic spice,  
sown by the fragrance sellers;  
his lips like lilies dripping finest myrrh.  
His hands are like  
lathed gold, full of hyacinths;  
his stomach like ivory  
inlaid with sapphires.  
His legs are like marble columns  
which are built on bases of gold;  
his appearance like Lebanon,  
choice like cedars.  
His throat is most smooth  
and totally desirable.  
My lover is like this,  
and this is my friend,  
daughters of Jerusalem!  
Where did your lover go,  
O most beautiful of women?  
Where did your lover turn aside,  
and we will seek him with you?

Song of Solomon 6.

My lover came down into his garden,  
to the courtyard of aromatic spices,  
that he might dine in the garden  
and gather lilies.  
I am my lover's and my lover is mine,  
who feeds among the lilies!

My love is beautiful,  
soft and elegant like Jerusalem,  
overwhelming like the battle line of an army.  
Turn your eyes away from me,  
because they made me flee!  
Your hair is like a herd of deer,  
which appeared from Gilead.  
Your teeth are like a flock of sheep,  
who climb up from the washing,  
all with twin kids,  
and no sterile one is among them.  
Like the skin of a pomegranate are her cheeks,  
apart from your hidden charms.  
There are sixty queens, eighty concubines,  
and numberless young women.  
Yet my dove, my perfect one is unique,  
only child of her mother,  
chosen of the one who birthed her.  
The daughters saw her  
and proclaimed her most blessed.  
Even queens and concubines praised her!  
Who is she who comes forth  
like the dawn arising,  
beautiful like the moon,  
chosen like the sun,  
fierce like the battle line of an army?  
I came down to my nut garden,  
to see the apples of the valley,  
to find out if the vine flourished  
and the pomegranate budded.  
I did not know.

My soul troubled me,  
because of the chariots of Aminadab.  
Come back, come back, Shulamite!  
Come back, come back,  
that we may admire you!

Song of Solomon 7.

Why would you stare at the Shulamite,  
if not like a dance of armies?  
How beautiful are your steps in sandals,  
prince's daughter –  
your thighs' joints like a necklace,  
which was made by the hands of an artisan!  
Your navel is like  
a beautifully-crafted bowl,  
never lacking cups!  
Your stomach is like a pile of wheat,  
surrounded by lilies!  
Your two breasts are  
like two fawns, twins of a deer.  
Your neck is like a tower of ivory!  
Your eyes are like pools in Heshbon,  
which are in the gate  
of the daughter of a multitude.  
Your nose is like the towers of Lebanon,  
which watch toward Damascus!  
Your head is like Carmel,  
and the hair of your head  
like the purple cloth of kings,  
bound in channels.

How beautiful you are,  
and how lovely my most beloved in delights!  
Your height is like palm trees,  
and your breasts like grape clusters.  
I said, I will climb up into my palm tree!  
I will pick its fruit,  
and your breasts will be like  
clusters of grapes from the vine,  
and the fragrance of your mouth like apples!  
Your throat is like the finest wine,  
worthy for my lover to drink,  
and for his lips and teeth to taste!  
I go to my lover,  
and his turning is to me!  
Come, my love!  
Let us go into the field!  
Let us stay in the villages!  
Let us rise up early  
and go to the vineyards!  
Let us see if the vine blossoms,  
if the flowers give forth fruit,  
if the pomegranate blooms!  
There, I will give my breasts to you!  
The mandrakes gave their scent  
in our doorways!  
All fruits, old and new,  
I saved for you, my beloved!

Song of Solomon 8.

Who may give you to me as my brother,

sucking the breasts of my mother,  
so that if I find you outside and kiss you,  
no one now will despise me?

I will take you and lead you  
to my mother's house!

There you will teach me  
and I will give you a cup of aged wine,  
and new wine from my pomegranates.  
His left hand will be under my head  
and his right will caress me.

I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,  
do not arouse or work to awaken delight  
until she chooses.

Who is she who comes up from the desert,  
flowing with delights  
and leaning on her lover?

Under an apple tree I aroused you.  
There your mother was corrupted;  
there she who birthed you  
was entered sexually.

Place me as a seal over your heart,  
and a seal over your arm,  
because delight is as strong as death,  
jealousy as hard as destruction!

Its lamps are lamps of flame and even fire.  
Many waters cannot extinguish love,  
nor can rivers overwhelm it.

If a man were to give  
all the substance of his house for delight,  
they will despise it as nothing.

Our sister is little and has no breasts.

What shall we do for our sister  
on the day when she is spoken for?  
If she is a wall,  
let us build a bulwark of silver over her.  
If she is a doorway let us join it  
with cedar boards.  
I am a wall and my breasts like towers,  
from which fact I am before him  
like one finding peace.  
The Peaceful One had a vineyard  
in that land which has people.  
He handed it over to the keepers.  
A man brings a thousand pieces of silver  
for its fruit.  
My vineyard is before me.  
A thousand to you, Peaceful One,  
and two hundred to those who keep its fruit.  
You who live in the garden,  
friends are listening!  
Make me hear your voice!  
Flee, my lover,  
and be like the roe and the young deer  
over the mountains of spices.