

DASV: Digital American Standard Version**DASV: Song of Songs 1**

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

Beloved Woman

² Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth,
for your love is better than wine.
³ Your anointing oils have a pleasing fragrance.
Your name is like fragrant oil poured out,
and that is why the young women love you.
⁴ Take me away with you, let's hurry.
The king has brought me into his bedroom.

Women of Jerusalem

We will be glad and rejoice in you.
We will praise your love more than wine.

Beloved woman

How right they are to love you.
⁵ I am black, but beautiful,
O daughters of Jerusalem,
dark like the tents of Kedar,
like the curtains of Solomon.
⁶ Do not look on me, because I am dark,
because the sun has burned me.
My mother's sons were angry at me,
so they made me keeper of the vineyards.
But my own vineyard have I not taken care of.
⁷ Tell me, O you whom my heart loves,
where do you pasture your flock?
Where do you have your sheep rest at noon?
Why should I be like a woman who is veiled
beside the flocks of your companions?

Man in love

⁸ If you do not know, O most beautiful among women,
then follow the tracks of the flock,
and feed your young goats beside the shepherds' tents.
⁹ I have compared you, O my love,
to a mare among Pharaoh's chariot stallions.

- ¹⁰ Your cheeks are lovely, adorned with earrings,
your neck with strings of jewels.
¹¹ We will make you ornaments of gold
studded with silver.

Beloved Woman

- ¹² While the king reclined on his couch,
a waft of my perfume gave forth its fragrance.
¹³ My beloved is to me like a pouch of fragrant myrrh,
that lies between my breasts.
¹⁴ My beloved is to me like a cluster of henna blossoms,
in the vineyards of En-gedi.

Man in love

- ¹⁵ O how beautiful you are, my love,
O how beautiful you are,
your eyes are like doves.

Beloved woman

- ¹⁶ You are handsome, my beloved,
absolutely delightful.
our bed is like lush green grass.
¹⁷ The beams of our house are cedars,
our rafters are pine.

DASV: Song of Songs 2*Beloved woman*

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

Man in love

² Like a lily among thorns,
so is my love among the young women.

Beloved woman

³ Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest,
so is my beloved among the young men.
I sit down under his shadow with great delight,
and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

⁴ He escorts me to the banquet hall,
his banner over me declares his love.

⁵ Sustain me with raisins,
refresh me with apples,
for I am faint with love.

⁶ His left hand is under my head,
and his right hand fondles me.

⁷ I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
by the gazelles and young does of the field,
do not stir or awaken love until it is ready.

⁸ Listen! It is the voice of my beloved!
Look! He is coming,
Leaping over the mountains,
bounding over the hills.

⁹ My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag
Look! He is standing behind our wall,
He gazes in through the windows,
he peers in through the lattice.

¹⁰ My beloved invites me saying,
"Rise up, my love, my beautiful one,
and come away with me.

¹¹ Look! The winter is past;
the rain is over and gone.

¹² The flowers are sprouting on the earth,
the season of song birds has come,
the cooing of the turtledove is heard in our land.

¹³ The fig tree is budding with green figs,
the vines are blossoming,

giving off their fragrance.
Arise, my love, my beautiful one,
and come away with me.

Man in love

- ¹⁴ O my dove, in the clefts of the rock,
in the hidden crannies of the cliff,
let me see your face,
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 ruin the vineyards,
for our vineyards are in bloom.

Beloved woman

- ¹⁶ My lover is mine, and I am his,
he grazes among the lilies.
- ¹⁷ Until the day dawns and the shadows flee away,
turn, my lover,
be like a gazelle or a young stag
on the cleavage of the mountains.

DASV: Song of Songs 3*Beloved woman*

- ¹ By night on my bed I longed for him whom my soul loves,
I longed for him, but did not find him.
- ² I will get up now and go around town,
in the streets and in the squares.
I will search for him whom my soul loves.
So I searched for him, but did not find him.
- ³ The watchmen found me as they made their rounds,
"Have you seen him whom my soul loves?"
- ⁴ Scarcely had I 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 bedroom of her who conceived me.
- ⁵ I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
by the gazelles and young does of the field,
do not stir or awaken love until it is ready.

Women of Jerusalem

- ⁶ Who is this coming up from the wilderness,
like a column of smoke,
perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
with all kinds of fragrant powders from the merchant?
- ⁷ Look, it is Solomon's carriage,
with sixty valiant warriors around it,
the mighty men of Israel.
- ⁸ All of them wearing the swords,
they are expert in war.
Every man has his sword strapped on his thigh,
ready for the terrors of the night.
- ⁹ King Solomon made a carriage for himself
made of wood imported from Lebanon.
- ¹⁰ He made its posts of silver,
its back of gold,
its seat of purple,
its interior inlaid with love,
by the daughters of Jerusalem.

Beloved woman

- ¹¹ Go out, O daughters of Zion, gaze on king Solomon,
with the crown with which his mother crowned him,

on his wedding day,
the day his heart was happy.

DASV: Song of Songs 4*Man in love*

- ¹ You are so beautiful, my love,
 how absolutely beautiful.
 Your eyes are like doves behind your veil.
 Your hair is like a flock of goats,
 descending down the slopes of Mount Gilead.
- ² Your teeth are like a flock of freshly shorn sheep,
 coming up from the washing,
 each of them has a matching twin,
 not one of them is missing.
- ³ Your lips are like a scarlet ribbon,
 your mouth is lovely.
 Your cheeks are as rosy as pomegranates behind your veil.
- ⁴ Your neck is like the tower of David
 elegantly built with rows of stone,
 with a thousand shields adorning it,
 all the shields of the mighty warriors.
- ⁵ Your two breasts are like two fawns
 twins of a gazelle grazing among the lilies.
- ⁶ Until the day dawns and the shadows flee away,
 I will ascend the mountain of myrrh,
 and go to the hill of frankincense.
- ⁷ You are absolutely beautiful, my love,
 there is not a single flaw in you.
- ⁸ Come with me from Lebanon, my bride,
 come with me from Lebanon,
 Descend from the peak of Amana,
 from the top of Senir and Hermon,
 from the lions' dens,
 from the mountains of the leopards.
- ⁹ You have captured my heart, my sister, my bride,
 you have captured my heart with one glance of your eyes,
 with one jewel of your necklace.
- ¹⁰ How charming is your love, my sister, my bride,
 how much better is your love than wine,
 and the fragrance of your perfume than any spice!
- ¹¹ Your lips, O my bride, drip nectar,
 honey and milk are under your tongue,
 the fragrance of your garments is like the fragrance of Lebanon.
- ¹² You are like a locked garden my sister, my bride,
 an enclosed spring, a sealed fountain.

- ¹³ Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates
with choice fruits,
 henna with nard plants,
¹⁴ nard and saffron,
 calamus and cinnamon,
 with all the trees of frankincense,
 myrrh and aloes,
 with all the finest spices.
- ¹⁵ You are a garden fountain,
a well of fresh flowing water,
and streams flowing down from Lebanon.

Beloved woman

- ¹⁶ Awake, O north wind,
 come, O south wind,
Blow upon my garden, that its fragrant spices may spread around.
Let my beloved come into his garden,
 and eat its choice fruits.

DASV: Song of Songs 5*Man in love*

¹ I have come into my garden, my sister, my bride.
 I have gathered my myrrh with my spice,
 I have eaten my honeycomb and my honey,
 I have drunk my wine with my milk.

Women of Jerusalem

Eat, friends;
 drink your fill, O lovers.

Beloved woman

² I slept, but my heart was awake.
 Listen, it is sound of my beloved knocking,
 "Open up to me, my sister, my love,
 my dove, my perfect one,
 for my head is soaked with dew,
 my locks with the dampness of the night."
³ I have taken off my clothes,
 must I put them on again?
 I have washed my feet,
 must I get them dirty again?
⁴ My beloved put his hand in through the hole,
 my heart pounded for him.
⁵ I arose to open for my beloved,
 my hands dripped with myrrh,
 my fingers with liquid myrrh,
 upon the handles of the bolt.
⁶ I opened for my beloved,
 but my beloved had withdrawn and was gone.
 My soul sank when he departed,
 I searched for him, but I could not find him,
 I called to him, but he did not answer me.
⁷ The watchmen making their rounds in the town found me.
 They beat me, they hurt me,
 the keepers of the walls stripped off my cloak.
⁸ I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
 If you find my beloved,
 tell him I am sick with love.

Women of Jerusalem

⁹ Why is your beloved any better than others,
 O most beautiful among women?
 Why is your beloved any better than others,
 that you would adjure us so?

Beloved woman

¹⁰ My beloved is radiant and tanned,
 more distinguished than ten thousand others.
¹¹ His head is the finest gold,
 his hair is curly,
 black as a raven.
¹² His eyes are like doves
 beside the streams of water,
 washed with milk,
 and set like jewels.
¹³ His cheeks are like beds of spices
 as banks of sweet smelling herbs.
 His lips are like lilies,
 dipping liquid myrrh.
¹⁴ His arms are like rods of gold
 set with jewels.
 His body is like polished ivory
 inlaid with sapphires.
¹⁵ His legs are like marble pillars,
 set on bases of pure gold.
 His appearance is like Lebanon,
 choice as the cedars.
¹⁶ His mouth is most sweet;
 Yes, he is totally lovely.
 This is my beloved,
 and this is my friend,
 O daughters of Jerusalem.

DASV: Song of Songs 6*Women of Jerusalem*

¹ Where has your beloved gone,
 O most beautiful among women?
Where has your beloved turned,
 so that we may help you search for him?

Beloved woman

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.

Man in love

⁴ You are as beautiful as Tirzah, my love,
 as lovely as Jerusalem,
 as impressive as an army with banners.
⁵ Turn away your eyes from me,
 for they overwhelm me.
 Your hair is like a flock of goats,
 descending down the slopes of Gilead.
⁶ Your teeth are like a flock of sheep,
 coming up from the washing,
 each of them has a matching twin,
 not one of them is missing.
⁷ Your cheeks are as rosy as pomegranates
 behind your veil.
⁸ There are sixty queens,
 and eighty concubines,
 and young women without number.
⁹ My dove, my perfect one, is the only one;
 she is her mother's special daughter.
 She is the favorite of her that bore her.
 The daughters saw her and praise her,
 even the queens and the concubines admire her.
¹⁰ Who is she who rises like the dawn,
 as fair as the moon,
 as bright as the sun,
 as impressive as an army with waving banners?

Beloved woman

¹¹ I went down into the orchard of nuts,
to look for the blossoms of the valley,
to see whether the vines had budded,
and the pomegranates were in bloom.

¹² Before I was aware of it,
I found myself among the royal chariots of my people.

Women of Jerusalem

¹³ Return, return, O Shulammite;
Return, return, that we may gaze on you.

Man in love

Why do you stare at the Shulammite,
as on the dance of two companies of dancers?

DASV: Song of Songs 7*Man in love*

- ¹ How beautiful are your feet in sandals,
O prince's daughter!
Your shapely thighs are like jewels,
the work of the hands of a skilful artisan.
- ² Your navel is like a round goblet,
never lacking mixed wine.
Your waist is like a mound of wheat
encircled with lilies.
- ³ Your two breasts are like two fawns,
two twin fawns of a gazelle.
- ⁴ Your neck is like an ivory tower,
your eyes are like the pools of Heshbon,
by the gate of Bath-rabbim.
Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon
looking toward Damascus.
- ⁵ Your head crowns you like Mount Carmel,
your flowing locks are like royal tapestries;
the king is held captive in its tresses.
- ⁶ How beautiful and pleasant you are,
O love, with all your charms!
- ⁷ Your stature is like a palm tree,
your breasts are like clusters of fruit.
- ⁸ I said, "I will climb up the palm tree,
I will take hold of its fruit."
May your breasts be like clusters of the vine,
the fragrance of your breath like apples,
- ⁹ and your mouth like the best wine,
that goes down smoothly for my beloved,
gliding gently over lips and teeth.

Woman in love

- ¹⁰ I am my beloved's
and his desire is for me.
- ¹¹ Come, my beloved, let us go out into the fields;
let us spend the night in the villages.
- ¹² Let us get up early to go to the vineyards,
let us see whether the vine has budded,
and its blossoms have opened,
and the pomegranates are in bloom;
there will I give you my love.

¹³ The mandrakes send out fragrance,
and at our doors are all kinds of choice fruits,
both new and old,
which I have laid up for you, O my beloved.

DASV: Song of Songs 8*Beloved woman*

- ¹ Oh that you were my baby brother,
 who sucked the breasts of my mother!
 Then if I found you outside, I could kiss you;
 Yes, and no one would despise me.
- ² I would lead you, and bring you to my mother's house,
 she who taught me;
 I would give you spiced wine to drink,
 the juice of my pomegranates.
- ³ His left hand would be under my head,
 his right hand would fondle me.
- ⁴ I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
 do not stir or awaken love until it is ready.

Women of Jerusalem

- ⁵ Who is this that comes up from the wilderness,
 leaning on her beloved?

Beloved woman

- Under the apple tree I awakened you,
 there your mother was in labor with you,
 there she who was in pain gave birth to you.
- ⁶ Set me like a seal on your heart,
 like a seal on your arm.
 For love is strong as death,
 its jealousy is as unremitting as the grave,
 It burns like a raging fire,
 like a blazing flame.
- ⁷ Many waters cannot quench love,
 neither can floods drown it,
 if one would give all the wealth of his house for love,
 it would be utterly scorned.

Women of Jerusalem

- ⁸ We have a little sister,
 she has no breasts.
 What shall we do for our sister,
 on the day when she is spoken for?
- ⁹ If she is a wall,
 we will build a silver tower on her.
 if she is a door,

we will enclose her with cedar boards.

Beloved woman

¹⁰ I am a wall, and my breasts are like towers.

Then I was in his eyes as one who brings fulfillment.

¹¹ Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon,

he rented out the vineyard to tenant farmers,

each one pays a thousand pieces of silver for its fruit.

¹² My vineyard, my very own, is at my disposal,

the thousand pieces of silver belong to you, O Solomon,

but those that care for its fruit receive two hundred.

Man in love

¹³ You who dwell in the gardens,

my companions are listening for your voice.

let me hear it.

Beloved woman

¹⁴ Come quickly, my beloved,

be like a gazelle

or a young stag

on the mountains of spices.