

# Song of Solomon 1

## Chapter 1

<sup>1</sup> **T**HE song of songs, which *is* Solomon's.

<sup>2</sup> Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love *is* better than wine.

<sup>3</sup> Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name *is as* ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.

<sup>4</sup> Draw me, we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love more than wine: the upright love thee.

<sup>5</sup> I *am* black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.

<sup>6</sup> Look not upon me, because I *am* black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; *but* mine own vineyard have I not kept.

<sup>7</sup> Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest *thy flock* to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?

<sup>8</sup> ¶ If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.

<sup>9</sup> I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.

<sup>10</sup> Thy cheeks are comely with rows *of jewels*, thy neck with chains *of gold*.

<sup>11</sup> We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver.

<sup>12</sup> ¶ While the king *sitteth* at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.

<sup>13</sup> A bundle of myrrh *is* my wellbeloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.

<sup>14</sup> My beloved *is* unto me *as* a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi.

<sup>15</sup> Behold, thou *art* fair, my love; behold, thou *art* fair; thou *hast* doves' eyes.

<sup>16</sup> Behold, thou *art* fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed *is* green.

<sup>17</sup> The beams of our house *are* cedar, *and* our rafters of fir.