

Song of Solomon 1

JPS [\[Online\]](#)

The Bride Confesses Her Love

(Ephesians 5:22–33; 1 Peter 3:1–7)

1THE song of songs, which is Solomon's.

2Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth—For thy love is better than wine.

3Thine ointments have a goodly fragrance; Thy name is as ointment poured forth; Therefore do the maidens love thee.

4Draw me, we will run after thee; The king hath brought me into his chambers; We will be glad and rejoice in thee, We will find thy love more fragrant than wine! Sincerely do they love thee.

5I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, As the tents of Kedar, As the curtains of Solomon.

6Look not upon me, that I am swarthy, That the sun hath tanned me; My mother's sons were incensed against me, They made me keeper of the vineyards; But mine own vineyard have I not kept.'

7Tell 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 veileth herself Beside the flocks of thy companions?

8If 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.

9I have compared thee, O my love, To a steed in Pharaoh's chariots.

10Thy cheeks are comely with circlets, Thy neck with beads.

11We will make thee circlets of gold With studs of silver.

12While the king sat at his table, My spikenard sent forth its fragrance.

13My beloved is unto me as a bag of myrrh, That lieth betwixt my breasts.

14My beloved is unto me as a cluster of henna In the vineyards of En-gedi.

15Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; Thine eyes are as doves.

16Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant; Also our couch is leafy.

17The beams of our houses are cedars, And our panels are cypresses.