

The Song of Songs of Solomon

Called in Latin *Canticum Canticorum*

A mystical conception of the spiritual and godly love between Christ, the husband, and the congregation or church as his spouse [or, spousesse]. Solomon made this ballad or song about himself and his wife, Pharaoh's daughter, with himself a figure of Christ and his wife a figure of the church.

Chapter 1

The song of songs^a of Solomon:

The voice of the church

²O, that your mouth would give me a kiss! For your love is more pleasing than wine, ³and that because of the good and pleasing savour. Your name is a sweet-smelling ointment; therefore, the maidens love you.

Joh 12:32
Phil 3:12

⁴Yea, it moves me also to run after you.

The spouse speaks with her companions

Ps 45:14,15

The king has brought me into his private chamber.

We will be glad and rejoice in you; we think more of your love than of wine. Well are those who love you!

The voice of the church in persecution

⁵I am black, O daughters of Jerusalem, like the tents of the Kedarenes, and like Solomon's draperies; but yet, I am lovely and attractive. ⁶Do not marvel at me, that I am so black. And why is it so? The sun has shone upon me.

The voice of the synagogue

For when my mother's children had an evil will toward me, they made me the keeper of the vineyard. Thus, I was obliged to keep a vineyard that was not my own.

The voice of the church to Christ

⁷Tell me, O you whom my soul loves, where you feed your flock, and where you rest at the noonday, lest I go wrong and come into the flocks of your companions.

Christ to the church

⁸If you do not yourself know, O fairest among women, then go your way forth after the footsteps of the sheep, as though you would feed your goats beside the shepherds' tents. ⁹There will I tarry for you, my love, with my host and with my chariots, which will be no fewer than Pharaoh's.

¹⁰Then your cheeks and your neck shall be made beautiful, and hung with spangles and precious jewels. ¹¹We will make you a neck band of gold with silver buttons.

The voice of the church

¹²When the king sits at the table, he shall smell my nard. ¹³A bundle of myrrh, O my beloved, lies between my breasts. ¹⁴You are to me a cluster of grapes from Cypress, or from the vineyards of En Gedi, O my beloved.

Christ to the church

¹⁵O, how fair you are, my love! How fair you are! You have doves' eyes.

The church to Christ

¹⁶O, how fair you are, my beloved! How pleasing you are. Our bed is decked with flowers. ¹⁷The panels of our house are of cedar wood, and our beams of cypress.

The Notes

a 1. The song of songs: that is, the chief and most excellent song. This follows the manner of speaking of the Hebrews, as in *the saint of saints* and *the king of kings*, which are as much as to say, the chief saint and the chief king. Therefore, it is to be supposed that among the 1,005 other songs (which are spoken of in 1Kings 4:32, this was esteemed the chief and principal one.

Chapter 2

The voice of Christ

I am the flower of the field and lily of the valleys; ²like a rose among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

The voice of the church

³Like the apple tree among the trees of the woods, so is my beloved among the sons. My delight is to sit in his shade, for his fruit is sweet to my throat. ⁴He brings me into his wine cellar, and loves me especially well.

⁵Refresh me with grapes, comfort me with apples; for I am sick from love! ⁶His left hand lies under my head, and his right hand embraces me.

The voice of Christ.

⁷I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and deer of the field, not to wake up my love, nor touch her, till she be content herself.

The voice of the church

⁸I think I hear the voice of my beloved; lo, there he comes, skipping upon the mountains and leaping over the little hills. ⁹My beloved is like a roe or a young hart. * Behold, he stands behind our wall; he looks in at the window, and peers through the grate.

*[Hart: a male deer]

¹⁰My beloved spoke and said to me:

The voice of Christ

O, stand up my love, my dove, my beautiful; and come! ¹¹For lo, the winter is now past, and the rain is over and gone. ¹²The flowers have come up in the field, the wreathing time has come, and the voice of the

turtledove is heard in our land. ¹³The fig tree brings forth her figs, and the vines bear blossoms and have a good scent.

O, stand up my love, my beautiful! And come, ¹⁴O my dove, out of the caves of the rocks, out of the holes of the wall. O, let me see your countenance and hear your voice, for sweet is your voice, and fair is your face.

The voice against the heretics

Ez 13:4 ¹⁵Take away the foxes for us, yea, the little foxes that hurt the vines. For our vines are bearing blossoms.

The voice of the church

¹⁶My love is mine, and I am his. He feeds his flock among the lilies until the daybreak, ¹⁷and till the shadows are gone. Come again yourself, O my beloved, like a roe or a young hart to the mountains.

Chapter 3

The voice of the church that is chosen out of the heathen

Isa 26:9 By night in my bed, I sought him whom my soul loves; yea, I diligently sought him, but I found him not. ²I will get up, I thought, and go about the city; in the market and in all the streets I will seek him whom my soul loves.

But when I sought him, I did not find him.

The church speaking of Christ

³The watchmen who make their rounds about the city found me: – Did you not see him whom my soul loves?

⁴When I was a little past them, I found him whom my soul loves. I have gotten hold upon him, and will not let him go until I bring him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her who bore me.

The voice of Christ

⁵I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and deer of the field, not to wake up my love, nor touch her, till she be content herself.

The voice of the synagogue, marvelling in itself at the church of Christ

Isa 4:5 M't 2:1,11 ⁶Who is this, who comes out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, as it were a fragrance of myrrh, frankincense, and all manner of spices of the traders?

The voice of the church.

⁷Behold, around Solomon's bedstead there stand sixty valiant men, of the mighty in Israel. ⁸They all hold swords and are expert in war. Every man has his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night.

⁹King Solomon has made himself a bedstead of Lebanese wood.

¹⁰The posts are of silver, the canopy of gold, the seat of purple, and the base pleasantly tiled for the daughters of Jerusalem.

The church, speaking of Christ

¹¹Go forth, O daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon in the crown with which his mother crowned him on the day of his marriage, on the day of the gladness of his heart.

Chapter 4

The voice of Christ

O, how fair you are, my love; how fair you are! You have doves' eyes, besides that which lies hid within. ²Your locks of hair are as a flock of sheep that are clipped, which go up first from the washing place – where every one bears two twins, and not one is unfruitful among them. ³Your lips are like a rose-coloured ribbon. Your words are lovely. Your cheeks are like halves of a pomegranate, besides that which lies hid within. ⁴Your neck is like the tower of David, built with bulwarks, upon which there hang a thousand shields – yea, all the weapons of the mighty warriors. ⁵Your two breasts are like two young roes, twins, which feed among the lilies.

The spouse speaks with himself

⁶O, that I might go to the mountain of myrrh and to the hill of frankincense until the daybreak, and till the shadows have passed away.

The voice of Christ speaking to the church

⁷You are all fair, O my love, and there is no spot in you. ⁸Come to me from Lebanon, O my spouse! Come to me from Lebanon; come soon by the nearest way, from the top of Amana, from the top of Senir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, and from the mountains of the leopards.

Eph 5:27

⁹You have pierced my heart, O my sister, my spouse; you have pierced my heart with one look of your eyes, and with one chain upon your neck. ¹⁰O, how beautiful is your love, my sister, my spouse; your love is more pleasing than wine, and the fragrance of your ointments surpasses all spices. ¹¹Your lips, O my spouse, drip like the honeycomb; milk and honey are under your tongue. The smell of your garments is like the scent of frankincense.

[Sister and spouse:
M't 12:50
Mk 3:33-35
2Co 11:2]

¹²You are a well-kept garden, O my sister, my spouse; you are a well-kept waterspring, a sealed well. ¹³The fruits that sprout in you are like a very paradise of pomegranates with sweet fruits, ¹⁴with cypress, nard, saffron, calamus, with all the trees of Lebanon, myrrh, aloes, and all the best spices. ¹⁵You are a well of gardens, a well of living waters which run down from Lebanon.

Zec 14:8
Joh 4:10;
7:38.

Christ calls the heathen

¹⁶Arise, north wind; come, south wind! And blow upon my garden, so that its savour may be carried out on every side; yea, so that my beloved may come into my garden, and may eat of the fruits and apples that grow in it.

Chapter 5

Christ speaks to the church

Come into my garden O my sister, my spouse! I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I will eat my honey and my honeycomb; I will drink my wine and my milk.

Christ speaks to the apostles

Eat, O friends! Drink and be merry, O ye beloveds.

The voice of the church

Joh 5:25 ²As I was asleep but my heart was waking, I heard the voice of my
Rev 3:20 beloved when he knocked.

Christ to the church

Open to me (he said), O my sister, my love, my dove, my darling! For my head is wet with dew, and the locks of my hair are full of the night drops.

The voice of the spousesse

³I have put off my robe; how can I put it on again? I have washed my feet; how can I soil them again?

The voice of the church, speaking of Christ

⁴But when my love put in his hand at the hole, my heart was moved toward him, ⁵so that I stood up to open to my beloved. My hands dripped with myrrh, and the myrrh ran down my fingers onto the lock. ⁶Nevertheless, when I opened to my beloved, he had departed and gone away.

Now, like before when he spoke, my heart could no longer refrain. So now I sought him. But I could not find him; I cried out for him, but he gave me no answer.

The church complains of her persecutors

⁷Then the watchmen who went about the city found me, beat me, and wounded me; yea, those who kept the walls took my garment away from me.

The spousesse speaks to her companions

⁸I charge you therefore, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, to tell him how it is, that I am sick for love.

The voice of the synagogue

⁹Who is your love above other lovers, O fairest among women? Or, what can your love do more than other lovers, that you charge us so urgently?

The church, answering of Christ

¹⁰As for my love, he is clear and ruddy complexioned, and is a singular person among many thousands. ¹¹His head is the most fine gold; the locks of his hair are bushy, brown as the evening. ¹²His eyes are like the eyes of doves by the water brooks, washed with milk and deep-set. ¹³His cheeks are like a garden bed where the spice merchants plant all kinds of sweet things. His lips drip like the flowers of the choicest myrrh. ¹⁴Upon his hands are gold rings and precious stones. His body is as pure ivory overlaid with sapphires. ¹⁵His legs are as pillars of marble set upon sockets of gold. His appearance is as Lebanon, and as the beauty of the cedar trees. ¹⁶His throat is sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. Such a one is my love, O daughters of Jerusalem! Such a one is my love.

Chapter 6

The voice of the synagogue speaking to the church

Where has your love gone then, O fairest among women? Which way has your love departed, so that we may seek him with you?

The voice of the church

²My love has gone down into his garden, to the sweet-smelling beds, so that he may refresh himself in the garden and gather flowers.

³My love is mine, and I am his. He feeds his flock among the lilies.

Christ to the church

⁴You are pleasing, O my love, even as loveliness itself. You are as fair as Jerusalem, as glorious as an army of men with their banners.

⁵Turn away your eyes from me, for they make me too proud!

Your locks of hair are like a flock of goats upon the mount of Gilead. ⁶Your teeth are like a flock of sheep that are clipped, which go out of the washing place – where each one bears two twins, and not one is unfruitful among them. ⁷Your cheeks are like halves of a pomegranate, besides that which lies hidden within.

⁸There are sixty queens and eighty concubines, and young women without number. ⁹But one is my love, my darling. She is the only beloved of her mother, and dear to her who bore her. When the daughters saw her, they said she was blessed; yea, the queens and concubines praised her.

The voice of the synagogue

¹⁰Who is she who peeps out as the morning – fair as the moon, excellent as the sun, as glorious as an army of men with their banners?

Christ to the synagogue

¹¹I went down into the nut garden to see what was growing by the brooks, to see if the vineyard was flourishing, and if the pomegranates had blossomed forth.

The voice of the synagogue

¹²Then the chariots of the ruler of my people made me suddenly afraid.

The voice of the church, calling back the synagogue

¹³Turn again, turn again, O Shulamite; * turn again, turn again, so that we may look upon you.

Christ to the synagogue

What pleasure have you more in the Shulamite, than when she dances among the men of war?

Chapter 7

Christ to the church

How graceful are your steps in your shoes, O prince's daughter! Your thighs are like fair jewels wrought by an expert craftsman. ²Your navel

*[Opinions differ about the identity of the Shulamite. Some say it means a woman from Shulem, or Jerusalem. As such, she is perhaps a figure of the synagogue.]

is like a round goblet which is never without drink. Your waist is like a sheaf of wheat bound about with lilies. ³Your two breasts are like two young twin roes. ⁴Your neck is, as it were, a tower of ivory. Your eyes are like the water pools in Heshbon by the port of Bath Rabbim. Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon, which looks toward Damascus: ⁵The head that stands upon you is like Carmel, and the hair of your head is like the king's purple coiled up in plaits.

⁶O, how fair and lovely you are, my darling; and charming! ⁷Your stature is like a date tree, and your breasts like the grapes.

The spouse speaking of the cross

⁸I said, I will climb up into the date tree and take hold of its branches.

The spouse and spousesse speak

Your breasts also shall be as the vine grapes, the scent of your nostrils like the fragrance of apples, ⁹and your throat like the best wine.

This shall be pure and clear for my love. His lips and teeth shall have their pleasure. ¹⁰There I will turn myself to my love, and he will turn himself to me.

Ps 45:11

The church speaking to Christ

¹¹O come, my love! Let us go forth into the country, and have our lodging in the villages.

¹²In the morning will we rise early and go to see the vineyard: if it has sprung forth, if the grapes have grown, and if the pomegranates are in bloom. There I will give you my love. ¹³There the mandragoras will give their fragrance beside our doors. There, O my love, I have kept for you all manner of fruits, both new and old.

M't 13:52

Chapter 8

The voice of the patriarchs speaking of Christ

O, that I might find you outside and kiss you, whom I love as my brother who sucked my mother's breasts! And that you would not be offended ²if I took you and brought you into my mother's house, so that you could teach me, and so that I could give you drink of spiced wine, and of the sweet juice of my pomegranates.

Pr 9:2

³His left hand lies under my head, and his right hand embraces me.

The voice of Christ

⁴I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, not to wake up my love, nor touch her, till she be content herself.

The synagogue speaking of the church

⁵Who is this, she who comes up from the wilderness and leans upon her love?

The voice of the spouse before the spousesse

I am the same one who awakened you among the apple trees where your mother bore you, where your mother brought you into the world.

The church speaking to Christ

⁶O, set me as a seal upon your heart, and as a seal upon your arm. For love is as mighty as death, and jealousy as hell. Her coals are of fire, and a very flame of the Lord, ⁷so that many waters are not able to quench love; neither may the streams drown it. Yea, if a man were to give all the goods of his house for love, he would count it nothing. Pr 6:34

Christ, speaking of the church to the synagogue

⁸When our love is told to our young sister, whose breasts are not yet grown, what shall we do for her?

The answer of Christ for the church

⁹If she be a wall, we will build a silver bulwark upon her. If she be a tower, we will fasten borders of cedar wood around her.

The church answers to the synagogue

¹⁰If I am a wall and my breasts like towers, then I am as one that has found favour in his sight.

The synagogue speaking to the church

¹¹Solomon had a vineyard at Baal Hamon. He delivered this vineyard to the keepers, and for its fruit, everyone was to give him 1,000 pieces of silver. M't 21:33

The voice of Christ

¹²But my vineyard, O Solomon, gives you 1,000 pieces, and 200 to the keepers of the fruit. ¹³You who dwell in the gardens, O let me hear your voice, so that my companions may hearken to it!

The voice of the church speaking to Christ

¹⁴O get yourself away, my love, as a roe or a young hart, to the sweet-smelling mountains.



The end of the Song of Songs of Solomon,
called in Latin *Canticum Canticorum*.



Next following are the Prophets in English:

Isaiah	Jonah
Jeremiah	Micah
Ezekiel	Nahum
Daniel	Habakkuk
Hosea	Zephaniah
Joel	Haggai
Amos	Zechariah
Obadiah	Malachi