
**Open American Standard Version
The Song of Solomon
The Revivalist's Note Taking Edition**

**Compiled by the Revivalist
Robert Luther Dietz**

Holy Bible

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Introduction

This Bible study tool is a combination of pages from the Open American Standard Version (OASV). These have been chosen for two reasons. This work is in the public domain which makes it easy to provide freely without charge. Secondly, it is easy to read and is rich in content. The fact that it is in the public domain does not distract from the value it will provide in the study of the scripture.

About the Open American Standard Version

There are already many good translations of the Holy Bible into contemporary English. Unfortunately, almost all of them are restricted by copyright and copyright holder policy. This restricts publication and republication of God's Word in many ways, such as in downloadable files on the Internet, use of extensive quotations in books, etc. The Open American Standard Version was commissioned by God in response to prayer about this subject.

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The Open American Standard Version is an update of the American Standard Version (ASV) of the Holy Bible, published in 1901. A custom computer program updated the archaic words and word forms to contemporary equivalents, and then a team of volunteers proofread and updated the grammar. The New Testament was updated to conform to the Majority Text reconstruction of the original Greek manuscripts, thus taking advantage of the superior access to manuscripts that we have now compared to when the original ASV was translated. The style of the Open American Standard Version, while fairly literally translated, is in informal, spoken English. The Open American Standard Version is designed to sound good and be accurate when read aloud. It is not formal in its language, just as the original Greek of the New Testament was not formal. The OASV uses contractions rather freely. The Open American Standard Version doesn't capitalize pronouns pertaining to God. The original manuscripts made no such distinction. Hebrew has no such thing as upper and lower case, and the original Greek manuscripts were written in all upper case letters. Attempting to add in such a distinction raises some difficulties in translating dual-meaning Scriptures such as the coronation psalms. The Open American Standard Version main edition translates God's Proper Name in the Old Testament as "Yahweh."

With all of the above and some other places where lack of clarity in the original manuscripts has led to multiple possible readings, significant variants are listed in footnotes. The reading that in our prayerful judgment is best is in the main text. Overall, the Open American Standard Version isn't very much different than several other good contemporary English translations of the Holy Bible. The message of Salvation through Jesus Christ is still the same. The point of this translation was not to be very different (except for legal status), but to update the ASV for readability while retaining or improving the accuracy of that well-respected translation and retaining the public domain status of the ASV.

The Song of Solomon

Chapter 1

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

² Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth;

for your love is better than wine.

³ Your oils have a pleasing fragrance.

Your name is oil poured out,
therefore the virgins love you.

⁴ Take me away with you.

Let's hurry.

The king has brought me into his rooms.

Friends

We will be glad and rejoice in you.

We will praise your love more than wine!

Beloved

They are right to love you.

⁵ I am dark, but lovely,
you daughters of Jerusalem,
like Kedar's tents,
like Solomon's curtains.

⁶ Don't stare at me because I am dark,
because the sun has scorched me.
My mother's sons were angry with me.
They made me keeper of the vineyards.
I haven't kept my own vineyard.

⁷ Tell me, you whom my soul loves,
where you graze your flock,
where you rest them at noon;
For why should I be as one who is veiled
beside the flocks of your companions?

Lover

⁸ If you don't know, most beautiful among women,
follow the tracks of the sheep.
Graze your young goats beside the
shepherds' tents.

⁹ I have compared you, my love,
to a steed in Pharaoh's chariots.

¹⁰ Your cheeks are beautiful with earrings,
your neck with strings of jewels.

Friends

¹¹ We will make you earrings of gold,

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with studs of silver.

Beloved

¹² While the king sat at his table,
my perfume spread its fragrance.

¹³ My beloved is to me a sachet of myrrh,
that lies between my breasts.

¹⁴ My beloved is to me a cluster of henna
blossoms
from the vineyards of En Gedi.

Lover

¹⁵ Behold,* you are beautiful, my love.
Behold, you are beautiful.

Your eyes are doves.

Beloved

¹⁶ Behold, you are beautiful, my beloved,
yes, pleasant;
and our couch is verdant.

Lover

¹⁷ The beams of our house are cedars.
Our rafters are firs.

***1:15** "Behold", from "הִנֵּה",
means look at, take notice,
observe, see, or gaze at. It is often
used as an interjection.

The Song of Solomon Chapter 2

Beloved

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

Lover

² As a lily among thorns,
so is my love among the daughters.

Beloved

³ As the apple tree among the trees of the
wood,
so is my beloved among the sons.
I sat down under his shadow with great
delight,

his fruit was sweet to my taste.

⁴ He brought me to the banquet hall.

His banner over me is love.

⁵ Strengthen me with raisins,

refresh me with apples;

For I am faint with love.

⁶ His left hand is under my head.

His right hand embraces me.

⁷ I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,

by the roes, or by the hinds of the field,

that you not stir up, nor awaken love,

until it so desires.

⁸ The voice of my beloved!

Behold, he comes,

leaping on the mountains,

skipping on the hills.

⁹ My beloved is like a roe or a young deer.

Behold, he stands behind our wall!

He looks in at the windows.

He glances through the lattice.

¹⁰ My beloved spoke, and said to me,

"Rise up, my love, my beautiful one, and

come away.

¹¹ For, behold, the winter is past.

The rain is over and gone.

¹² The flowers appear on the earth.

The time of the singing has come,

and the voice of the turtledove is heard in

our land.

¹³ The fig tree ripens her green figs.

The vines are in blossom.

They give out their fragrance.

Arise, my love, my beautiful one,

and come away."

Lover

¹⁴ My dove in the clefts of the rock,

In the hiding places of the mountainside,

Let me see your face.

Let me hear your voice;

for your voice is sweet, and your face is

lovely.

¹⁵ Catch for us the foxes,

the little foxes that plunder the vineyards;

for our vineyards are in blossom.

Beloved

¹⁶ My beloved is mine, and I am his.

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He browses among the lilies.

¹⁷ Until the day is cool, and the shadows flee away,
turn, my beloved,
and be like a roe or a young deer on the mountains of Bether.

The Song of Solomon Chapter 3

¹ By night on my bed,
I sought him whom my soul loves.
I sought him, but I didn't find him.

² I will get up now, and go about the city;
in the streets and in the squares I will seek
him whom my soul loves.
I sought him, but I didn't find him.

³ The watchmen who go about the city
found me;

"Have you seen him whom my soul loves?"

⁴ I had scarcely 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 room of her who conceived me.

⁵ I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,
by the roes, or by the hinds of the field,
that you not stir up, nor awaken love,
until it so desires.

⁶ Who is this who comes up from the
wilderness like pillars of smoke,
perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
with all spices of the merchant?

⁷ Behold, it is Solomon's carriage!
Sixty mighty men are around it,
of the mighty men of Israel.

⁸ They all handle the sword, and are expert
in war.

Every man has his sword on his thigh,
because of fear in the night.

⁹ King Solomon made himself a carriage
of the wood of Lebanon.

¹⁰ He made its pillars of silver,

its bottom of gold, its seat of purple,
the middle of it being paved with love,
from the daughters of Jerusalem.

¹¹ Go out, you daughters of Zion, and see
king Solomon,
with the crown with which his mother has
crowned him,
in the day of his weddings,
in the day of the gladness of his heart.

The Song of Solomon Chapter 4

Lover

¹ Behold, you are beautiful, my love.
Behold, you are beautiful.

Your eyes are doves behind your veil.
Your hair is as a flock of goats,
that descend from Mount Gilead.

² Your teeth are like a newly shorn flock,
which have come up from the washing,
where every one of them has twins.
None is bereaved among them.

³ Your lips are like scarlet thread.
Your mouth is lovely.

Your temples are like a piece of a
pomegranate behind your veil.

⁴ Your neck is like David's tower built for an
armory,
on which a thousand shields hang,
all the shields of the mighty men.

⁵ Your two breasts are like two fawns
that are twins of a roe,
which feed among the lilies.

⁶ Until the day is cool, and the shadows flee
away,
I will go to the mountain of myrrh,
to the hill of frankincense.

⁷ You are all beautiful, my love.
There is no spot in you.

⁸ Come with me from Lebanon, my bride,
with me from Lebanon.
Look from the top of Amana,
from the top of Senir and Hermon,

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from the lions' dens,
from the mountains of the leopards.

⁹ You have ravished my heart, my sister, my
bride.

You have ravished my heart with one of
your eyes,
with one chain of your neck.

¹⁰ How beautiful is your love, my sister, my
bride!

How much better is your love than wine!

The fragrance of your perfumes than all
kinds of spices!

¹¹ Your lips, my bride, drip like the
honeycomb.

Honey and milk are under your tongue.

The smell of your garments is like the smell
of Lebanon.

¹² A locked up garden is my sister, my bride;
a locked up spring,
a sealed fountain.

¹³ Your shoots are an orchard of
pomegranates, with precious fruits:
henna with spikenard plants,

¹⁴ spikenard and saffron,
calamus and cinnamon, with every kind of
incense tree;

myrrh and aloes, with all the best spices,

¹⁵ a fountain of gardens,
a well of living waters,
flowing streams from Lebanon.

Beloved

¹⁶ Awake, north wind; and come, you south!
Blow on my garden, that its spices may flow
out.

Let my beloved come into his garden,
and taste his precious fruits.

The Song of Solomon Chapter 5

Lover

¹ I have come into my garden, my sister, my
bride.

I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;

I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;

I have drunk my wine with my milk.

Friends

Eat, friends!

Drink, yes, drink abundantly, beloved.

Beloved

² I was asleep, but my heart was awake.

It is the voice of my beloved who knocks:

"Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove,
my undefiled;

for my head is filled with dew,

and my hair with the dampness of the
night."

³ I have taken off my robe. Indeed, must I
put it on?

I have washed my feet. Indeed, must I soil
them?

⁴ My beloved thrust his hand in through the
latch opening.

My heart pounded for him.

⁵ I rose up to open for my beloved.

My hands dripped with myrrh,

my fingers with liquid myrrh,

on the handles of the lock.

⁶ I opened to my beloved;

but my beloved left; and had gone away.

My heart went out when he spoke.

I looked for him, but I didn't find him.

I called him, but he didn't answer.

⁷ The watchmen who go about the city
found me.

They beat me.

They bruised me.

The keepers of the walls took my cloak
away from me.

⁸ I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,

If you find my beloved,

that you tell him that I am faint with love.

Friends

⁹ How is your beloved better than another
beloved,

you fairest among women?

How is your beloved better than another
beloved,

that you do so adjure us?

Beloved

¹⁰ My beloved is white and ruddy.

The best among ten thousand.

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¹¹ His head is like the purest gold.

His hair is bushy, black as a raven.

¹² His eyes are like doves beside the water
brooks,

washed with milk, mounted like jewels.

¹³ His cheeks are like a bed of spices with
towers of perfumes.

His lips are like lilies, dropping liquid myrrh.

¹⁴ His hands are like rings of gold set with
beryl.

His body is like ivory work overlaid with
sapphires.

¹⁵ His legs are like pillars of marble set on
sockets of fine gold.

His appearance is like Lebanon, excellent as
the cedars.

¹⁶ His mouth is sweetness;

yes, he is altogether lovely.

This is my beloved, and this is my friend,
daughters of Jerusalem.

The Song of Solomon Chapter 6

Friends

¹ Where has your beloved gone, you fairest
among women?

Where has your beloved turned, that we
may seek him with you?

Beloved

² My beloved has gone down to his garden,
to the beds of spices,

to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

³ I am my beloved's, and my beloved is
mine.

He browses among the lilies,

Lover

⁴ You are beautiful, my love, as Tirzah,
lovely as Jerusalem,

awesome as an army with banners.

⁵ Turn away your eyes from me,
for they have overcome me.

Your hair is like a flock of goats,
that lie along the side of Gilead.

⁶ Your teeth are like a flock of ewes,

which have come up from the washing;
of which every one has twins;
no one is bereaved among them.

⁷ Your temples are like a piece of a
pomegranate behind your veil.

⁸ There are sixty queens, eighty concubines,
and virgins without number.

⁹ My dove, my perfect one, is unique.

She is her mother's only daughter.

She is the favorite one of her who bore her.

The daughters saw her, and called her
blessed;

the queens and the concubines, and they
praised her.

¹⁰ Who is she who looks out as the morning,
beautiful as the moon,
clear as the sun,
and awesome as an army with banners?

¹¹ I went down into the nut tree grove,
to see the green plants of the valley,
to see whether the vine budded,
and the pomegranates were in flower.

¹² Without realizing it,
my desire set me with my royal people's
chariots.

Friends

¹³ Return, return, Shulammite!

Return, return, that we may gaze at you.

Lover

Why do you desire to gaze at the
Shulammite,
as at the dance of Mahanaim?

The Song of Solomon Chapter 7

¹ How beautiful are your feet in sandals,
prince's daughter!

Your rounded thighs are like jewels,
the work of the hands of a skillful workman.

² Your body is like a round goblet,
no mixed wine is wanting.

Your waist is like a heap of wheat,
set about with lilies.

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³ Your two breasts are like two fawns,
that are twins of a roe.

⁴ Your neck is like an ivory tower.
Your eyes are like the pools in Heshbon by
the gate of Bathrabbim.

Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon
which looks toward Damascus.

⁵ Your head on you is like Carmel.

The hair of your head like purple.

The king is held captive in its tresses.

⁶ How beautiful and how pleasant you are,
love, for delights!

⁷ This, your stature, is like a palm tree,
your breasts like its fruit.

⁸ I said, "I will climb up into the palm tree.
I will take hold of its fruit."

Let your breasts be like clusters of the vine,
the smell of your breath like apples,

Beloved

⁹ Your mouth like the best wine,
that goes down smoothly for my beloved,
gliding through the lips of those who are
asleep.

¹⁰ I am my beloved's.

His desire is toward me.

¹¹ Come, my beloved! Let's go out into the
field.

Let's lodge in the villages.

¹² Let's go early up to the vineyards.

Let's see whether the vine has budded,
its blossom is open,

and the pomegranates are in flower.

There I will give you my love.

¹³ The mandrakes produce fragrance.

At our doors are all kinds of precious fruits,
new and old,

which I have stored up for you, my beloved.

The Song of Solomon Chapter 8

¹ Oh that you were like my brother,
who nursed from the breasts of my mother!
If I found you outside, I would kiss you;
yes, and no one would despise me.

² I would lead you, bringing you into my
mother's house,
who would instruct me.

I would have you drink spiced wine,
of the juice of my pomegranate.

³ His left hand would be under my head.
His right hand would embrace me.

⁴ I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem,
that you not stir up, nor awaken love,
until it so desires.

Friends

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

Beloved

Under the apple tree I aroused you.
There your mother conceived you.
There she was in labor and bore you.

⁶ Set me as a seal on your heart,
as a seal on your arm;
for love is strong as death.
Jealousy is as cruel as Sheol.*
Its flashes are flashes of fire,
a very flame of Yahweh.†

⁷ Many waters can't quench love,
neither can floods drown it.
If a man would give all the wealth of his
house for love,
he would be utterly scorned.

Brothers

⁸ We have a little sister.
She has no breasts.
What shall we do for our sister
in the day when she is to be spoken for?

⁹ If she is a wall,
we will build on her a turret of silver.
if she is a door,
we will enclose her with boards of cedar.

Beloved

¹⁰ I am a wall, and my breasts like towers,
then I was in his eyes like one who found
peace.

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¹¹ Solomon had a vineyard at Baal Hamon.
He leased out the vineyard to keepers.
Each was to bring a thousand shekels[‡] of
silver for its fruit.

¹² My own vineyard is before me.
The thousand are for you, Solomon;
two hundred for those who tend its fruit.

Lover

¹³ You who dwell in the gardens, with
friends in attendance,
let me hear your voice!

Beloved

¹⁴ Come away, my beloved!
Be like a gazelle or a young stag on the
mountains of spices!

***8:6** Sheol is the place of the
dead.

†8:6 "Yahweh" is God's proper
Name, sometimes rendered "LORD"
(all caps) in other translations.

‡8:11 A shekel is about 10 grams
or about 0.35 ounces, so 1000
shekels is about 10 kilograms or
about 22 pounds.

