

Song of Solomon 3

New King James Version (NKJV)

THE Shulamite

By night on my bed I sought the one I love;
I sought him, but I did not find him.

2 “ I will rise now,” I said,

“ And go about the city;
In the streets and in the squares
I will seek the one I love.”

I sought him, but I did not find him.

3 The watchmen who go about the city found me;
I said,

“ Have you seen the one I love?”

4 Scarcely had I passed by them,
When I found the one I love.

I held him and would not let him go,
Until I had brought him to the house of my mother,
And into the chamber of her who conceived me.

5 I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
By the gazelles or by the does of the field,
Do not stir up nor awaken love
Until it pleases.

THE Shulamite

6 Who is this coming out of the wilderness
Like pillars of smoke,
Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
With all the merchant’s fragrant powders?

7 Behold, it is Solomon's couch,
With sixty valiant men around it,
Of the valiant of Israel.

8 They all hold swords,
Being expert in war.
Every man has his sword on his thigh
Because of fear in the night.

9 Of the wood of Lebanon
Solomon the King
Made himself a palanquin:[a]

10 He made its pillars of silver,
Its support of gold,
Its seat of purple,
Its interior paved with love
By the daughters of Jerusalem.

11 Go forth, O daughters of Zion,
And see King Solomon with the crown
With which his mother crowned him
On the day of his wedding,
The day of the gladness of his heart.