THE SUPERIOR WORD

COMMUNITY FELLOWSHIP

Sharing God's Word Encouraging His People

THE BOOK OF

SONG OF SONGS

A LITERAL TRANSLATION FROM THE HEBREW TEXT

By Pastor Charlie Garrett

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[1] Song the songs which to Solomon.

[2] Kiss me from kisses his mouth –
For good your loves from wine.
[3] To aroma – your oils good,
Oil pouring – your name.
Upon thus, maidens love you.
[4] Draw me! –

After you, we shall run.

Brought me, the king, his chambers.

We shall twirl and we shall rejoice in you.
We shall remember your loves from wine.
Evennesses – they loved you.

[5] "Black, I, and beautiful, daughters Jerusalem –
According to tents Kedar,
According to curtains Solomon.
[6] Not seeing me, that I swarthy,
That tanned me the sun.
Sons my mother burned in me.
Set me keeping the vineyards.
My vineyard, that to me, not kept.

[7] Declare it to me whom loved, my soul –
Where pasture?
Where crouch in the double-light?
That why become according to covering,
Upon flocks your associates?

[8] If not know to you, the beautiful in the women,
Go out, to you, in heel the flock,

And pasture your kids,
Upon tabernacles the pasturing.
9 "To my mare, in chariots Pharaoh
Compared you, my querida."
10 Beautified, your cheeks in the face-chains,
Your nape in the beads.

11 Face-chains gold make to you,
With speckles the silver.

12 Until who the king in his surrounding,
My nard gave its odor
13 Sachet the myrrh, my beloved to me,
Between my breasts lodges.
14 Cluster the henna, my beloved to me,
In vineyards En Gedi.

15 Behold you! Beautiful, my querida,
Behold you! Beautiful!
Your eyes – doves.

16 Behold you! Beautiful my beloved.
Also, delightful!
Also, our bed verdant.

17 Rafters our houses – cedars,
Our wainscoting – cypresses.

CHAPTER 2

Song of Songs 2

[1] I wildflower the Sharon.
Lily the vales.

[2] According to lily between the thorns,
Thus, my querida between the daughters.

[3] According to apple in trees the forest,
Thus, my beloved between the sons,
In his shade delighted and sat,
And his fruit sweet to my palate.

[4] Brought me unto house the wine,
And his banner upon me – love.
[5] Prop me in the pressed-cakes,
Spread me in the apples,
For rubbing love – I.
[6] His left under 'to my head,'
And his right embraces me.

[7] Adjured you, daughters Jerusalem,
In gazelles or in does the field –
If wakens and if awakens the love,
Until she inclines.

[8] Voice! My beloved –
Behold! This coming!
Springing upon the mountains,
Leaping upon the hills.
[9] Comparing my beloved
To gazelle or to fawn, the stags.
Behold! This standing behind our wall –
Looking from the windows,
Blossoming from the lattices.
[10] Answered, my beloved, and said to me:
Arise, to you, my querida, my beautiful –

And walk to you.
11 For, behold, the winter passed over,
The rain slid by – walked to it.
12 The inflorescences seen in the land.
Time the song touched,
And voice the turtledove heard in our land.
13 The fig spiced her crudes,
And the vines cluster – gave aroma.
Arise, walk, my querida, my beautiful –
And walk to you.

14 My dove in rifts the rock,
In cover the step,
Cause me to see your appearances,
Cause me to hear your voice.
For your voice – pleasant,
And your appearance – beautiful.

15 Grasp to us foxes,
Foxes little, binding vines,
And our vines cluster.

16 My beloved to me, and I to him –
The “pasturing in the lilies.”

17 Until that puffs the day,
And flit the shadows.
Revolve!
Resemble to you, my beloved
To gazelle or to fawn, the stags,
Upon the mountains division.

CHAPTER 3

Song of Songs 3

[1] Upon my bed in the nights
Sought whom loved, my soul,
Sought him, and no found him.

[2] "I shall arise, I pray, and I shall compass in the city,
In the streets and in the plazas,
I shall seek whom loved, my soul.
Sought him, and no found him.

[3] Found me, the guardings, the 'compassings in the city' –
Whom loved, my soul, seen?

[4] According to little, which passed from them,
Until which found whom loved, my soul.
Seized him, and no release him,
Until which brought him unto house my mother,
And unto chamber my conceiving.

[5] Adjured you, daughters Jerusalem,
In gazelles or in does the field –
If wakens and if awakens the love,
Until she inclines.

[6] Who this ascending from the wilderness,
According to columns smoke?
Smoked – myrrh and frankincense,
From all powder peddling.

[7] Behold! His bed, that to Solomon –
Sixty mighties around to it,
From mighties Israel.
[8] They all seized sword –
Taught war.
Man – his sword upon his thigh.
From dread in the nights.

[9] Palanquin made, to him, the king – Solomon,
From woods the Lebanon.
[10] His pillars, made silver,
His spreading, gold,
His seat, purple,
His midst, tessellated – love
From daughters Jerusalem.

[11] Go out and see! Daughters Zion,
In the king Solomon,
In the crown that crowned, to him, his mother,
In day his wedding,
And in day cheerfulness his heart.

CHAPTER 4

Song of Songs 4

[1] Behold you! Beautiful, my querida,
Behold you! Beautiful!
Your eyes – doves,
From behind to your veil.
Your hair according to flock the goats,
Which cascaded from Mount Gilead.
[2] Your teeth according to flock the shorn,
Which ascended from the washing.
Which they all twinned,
And bereaved, none, in them.
[3] According to thread, the crimson – your lips,
And your wilderness – beautiful,
According to slice the pomegranate,
Your countenance from behind to your veil.
[4] According to Tower David your nape,
Built to parapets.
Thousand the shield hang upon it,
All targets the mighties.
[5] Two, your breasts, according to two fawns –
Twins, gazelle,
The "pasturing in the lilies."

[6] Until that puffs the day,
And flit the shadows.
I walk, to me, unto mount the myrrh,
And unto hill the frankincense.

[7] You all beautiful my querida,
And blemish not in you.
[8] With me from Lebanon, completer,
With me from Lebanon – come!
Turn from top Amana,
From top Senir and Hermon,
From habitations lions,
From mountains leopards.

[9] Unhearted me! My sister – completer,
Unhearted me!
In one from your eyes,
In one necklace from your napes.
[10] How beautified your loves, my sister – completer,
How bettered your loves from wine,
And aroma your oils from all fragrances.
[11] A dripping drops your lips, completer.
Honey and milk under your tongue.
And fragrance your garments,
According to fragrance Lebanon.

[12] Garden locked,
My sister – completer.
A Bubbling locked,
Fountain sealed.
[13] Your shoots – paradise:
Pomegranates with fruit – preciousnesses.
Hennas with nards:
[14] Nard and saffron,
Cane and cinnamon,
With all trees –
Frankincense, myrrh, and aloes,
With all chiefs – fragrances.

[15] Fountain gardens,
Well waters – living,
And gushings from Lebanon.
[16] Awake, north!
And go, south!
Puff my garden,
Gushes its fragrances.
Come, my beloved, to his garden,
And eat fruit – his preciousnesses.

CHAPTER 5

Song of Songs 5

[1] Came to my garden, my sister – completer.
Plucked my myrrh with my fragrance.
Eaten my forest with my honey.
Drank my wine with my milk.

Eat friends!
Drink and intoxicate, lovers!

[2] I asleep, and my heart awaking,
Voice my beloved!

Knocking –

"Open to me, my sister, my querida,
My dove, my perfect –
That my head filled – dew,
My locks – drops, night."

[3] Stripped my robe.
How don it?
Washed my feet.
How soil them?

[4] My beloved sent his hand from the hole,
And my innards clamored upon him.
[5] Arose, I, to open to my beloved,
And my hands dripped myrrh.
And my fingers myrrh crossing over,
Upon palms the bolt.

[6] Opened, I, to my beloved,
And my beloved wrapped – passed over.
My soul went out in his speaking.
Sought him, and no found him.
Called him, and no answered me.

7 Found me, the guardings, the ‘compassings in the city.’
Struck me. Wounded me.
Lifted my shawl from upon me, keepers the walls.

8 Adjured you, daughters Jerusalem,
If find my beloved,
What declare to him?
That rubbing love, I.

9 What your beloved from beloved,
The beautiful in the women?
What your beloved from beloved,
That thus adjured us?

10 My beloved dazzling and red,
Bannered from a myriad.
11 His head –
Ore – refinement.
His locks –
Copiousnesses,
Black, according to the raven.
12 His eyes –
According to doves upon puddles waters.
Washing in the milk.
Sitting upon fulness.
13 His cheeks –
According to parterre the fragrance.
Towers – perfumes.
His lips –
Lilies – drippings,
Myrrh – overflowing.
14 His hands –
Rods – gold,
Being filled in the beryl.
His abs –
Fabric – ivory,
Wrapped – sapphires.
15 His legs – pillars marble,
Set upon foundations refinement.
His appearance according to the Lebanon,

Excellent according to the cedars.
16 His palate – sweetnesses,
And his entirety – delightnesses.
This – my beloved,
And this – my friend,
Daughters Jerusalem.

CHAPTER 6

Song of Songs 6

1 Where walked your beloved,
The fairest in the women?
Where turned your beloved,
And seeking him with you.

2 My beloved descended to his garden,
To parterres the fragrance,
To pasture in the gardens,
And to gather lilies.
3 I to my beloved, and my beloved to me,
The 'pasturing in the lilies.'

4 Beautiful you, my querida,
According to Tirzah,
Lovely – according to Jerusalem,
Threatening – according to bannered.
5 Turn your eyes from me,
Which they importuned me.
Your hair according to flock the goats,
Which cascaded from the Gilead.
6 Your teeth according to flock the ewes,
Which ascended from the washing.
Which they all twinned,
And bereaved, none, in them.
7 "According to slice the pomegranate,
Your countenance from behind to your veil."
8 Sixty they, queens,
And eighty concubines,
And maidens without number.
9 One, she, my dove, my perfect –
One, she, to her mother,
Clear, she, to her bearing.
Saw her, daughters, and straighten her,
Queens and concubines, and praise her.
10 Who this, the 'looking according to the dawn' –

Beautiful – according to the moon,
Clear – according to the sun,
Threatening – according to bannered.

11 Unto garden nut descended,
To see in greenesses the valley,
To see budded – the vine,
Blossomed – the pomegranates.
12 Not known, my soul, set me chariots my people – willing.

13 Return! Return! – the Shulamite!
Return! Return! And we shall gaze in you!

What gaze in the Shulamite?
According to dance the two camps!

CHAPTER 7

Song of Songs 7

[1] How beautified your steps in the sandals,
Daughter, willing.
Wrappings your thighs according to trinkets,
Work hands – expert.
[2] Your navel – basin, the rounded,
Not lacks the mingled.
Your womb – heap wheat,
Hedged in the lilies.
[3] Two, your breasts, according to two fawns,
Twins gazelle.
[4] Your nape according to tower the ivory.
Your eyes – pools in Heshbon,
Upon gate Bath Rabbim.
Your nose – according to tower, the Lebanon,
Inclining faces Damascus.
[5] Your head upon you according to the Carmel,
And dangling, your head, according to the purple.
King – bound in the tresses.
[6] How beautified, and how sweetened!
Love – in the luxuries.
[7] This, your height, likened to palm,
And your breasts to clusters.
[8] I said, 'I shall ascend in palm.
I shall seize in its fronds.'
And become, now, your breasts, according to clusters the vine.
And fragrance your nostril according to the apples.
[9] And your palate according to wine, the good.

Walking to my beloved to evenesses,
Gliding lips – sleepers.
[10] I to my beloved,
And upon me his longing.

[11] Walk-ward, my beloved,
We shall go out – the field,

We shall lodge in the villages.
12 We shall rise early to the vineyards,
We shall see if budded the vine,
Opened the cluster,
And blossomed the pomegranates.
There give my loves to you.
13 The mandrakes give fragrance,
An upon our entrances all preciousnesses –
Newbies, also oldies.
My beloved – reserved to you.

CHAPTER 8

Song of Songs 8

[1] Who gives you according to brother,
To my ‘sucking breasts my mother.’
Find you in the outside –
Kiss you.
Also, not disrespect to me.

[2] Lead you and bring you,
Unto house, my mother –
Will teach me.
Cause you to drink from wine, the vintner,
From juice my pomegranate.

[3] His left under my head,
And his right embraces me.

[4] Adjured you, daughters Jerusalem –
Why waken and why awaken the love,
Until she inclines?

[5] Who this ascending from the wilderness,
Reclining upon her beloved?
Under the apple, I awakened you.
There-ward pledged you, your mother.
There-ward pledged, ‘borne you.’

[6] Set me according to the seal upon your heart,
According to the seal upon your arm.
For strong, according to the death – love,
Severe, according to Sheol – jealousy.
Her cinders, cinders fire,
Fffflame Yah!

[7] Waters, many, no able to extinguish the love,
And streams, no quench her.
If give, man, all wealth his house I n the love,

Disrespecting disrespect to him.

8 Sister, to us, little.
And breasts none to her.
What do to our sister
In the day that spoken in her?

9 If wall, she –
Build upon her enclave – silver.
And if door, she –
Confine upon her tablet – cedar.

10 I – wall.
And my breasts – according to the towers.
Then became in his eyes,
According to finding peace.

11 Vineyard became to Solomon in Baal Hamon.
Gave the vineyard to 'the guardings'.
Man, he caused to bring in his fruit –
Thousand silver.

12 My vineyard, that to me, to my faces.
The thousand to you, Solomon.
And two hundred to 'guardings its fruit.'

13 The 'sitting in the gardens,'
Associates causing to hearken to your voice –
Cause me to hear!

14 Bolt, my beloved!
And resemble to you
To gazelle or to fawn, the stags,
Upon mountains fragrances.