### Song of Solomon

## Chapter 1

1The song of all songs by Solomon.  
  
  
2[The Shulamite Girl says:]  
  
 ‘May you kiss me with kisses from your mouth;  
 For, [the feel] of your chest is better than wine.  
 3And the smell of your scent is much better  
 Than the odor of all the perfumes  
 That have been poured in your name…  
  
 ‘And because of this, young women have loved you.  
 4For, they’re the ones who drew me towards you,  
 And towards the scent of your fragrance, we ran.  
  
 ‘Even though the king has carried me off  
 Into his private apartments;  
 I shout in joy and am glad over you,  
 For I love your chest more than wine,  
 And what I have for you is [pure] love.  
  
 5‘O daughters of JeruSalem;  
 I’m as pretty and tan  
 As the tents in the Valley of Cedars,  
 And as [King] Solomon’s leathers.  
  
 6‘Yet, don’t bother to look, for I’m very dark,  
 Because [I’ve worked hard] in the sun.  
  
 ‘For the sons of my mother quarreled with me  
 And made me work hard in a vineyard…  
 Yes, I tended to vines not my own.   
  
 7‘So, tell me, O love by my life;  
 Where is the place that you tend [your sheep],  
 And where are you napping at noon?  
  
 ‘For I wish to be wrapped all around you  
 There among your companions of flocks.’  
  
  
8[So the Shepherd Boy says:]  
  
 ‘Well, if you don’t know, O my fair one,  
 Follow at the heels of the flocks;  
 For I tend my kids near the tents of the Shepherds.  
  
 9‘As my horse from the chariots of PharaOh,  
 Is how I [view] you, my dear one.  
  
 10‘Your cheeks are as pretty as doves,  
 And your neck is much like the pendant  
 11That I’ll make for you out of gold accented with silver.’  
  
  
12[To which the Girl says:]  
  
 ‘When the king came here to lie down with me,  
 The oils I was wearing gave off their scent.  
  
 13‘But for me, the man whom I truly love  
 Is like a bundle of balsam,  
 And between my breasts, I want him to stay.  
  
 14‘For my love is a cluster of cypress…  
 And like the vineyards of EnGedi.’  
  
  
15[And the Shepherd Boy says:]  
  
 ‘Look… You’re so pretty, my dear one,  
 And your eyes are like those of doves.’  
  
  
16[And the Girl replies:]  
  
 ‘And look… You’re so handsome, my dearly-loved man;  
 And beautiful will be our bed in the shade,  
 17Where the beams of our house will be cedar,  
 And our barns will be made out of cypress.’

### Song of Solomon

## Chapter 2

1‘I am a flower of the fields…  
 Yes, I’m a lily of the valley.’  
  
  
2[And the Boy says:]  
  
 ‘Like a lily in the midst of thorn bushes,  
 Is my dear one among many daughters.’  
  
  
3[And the Shulamite Girl replies:]  
  
 ‘And as apples among other trees in the grove,  
 Is my loved one amidst other sons.  
 To rest in his shadow, is what I desire,  
 For I’ve found his fruit to be sweet.  
  
 4‘So, carry me away to the tavern,  
 And when we get there, order me love!  
 5Then rub me with fragrant oils,  
 And pile apples upon me…  
 For, I’ve been pierced through with love.  
  
 6‘Now, his left hand is under my head,  
 And with his right, he’s drawing me near.  
  
 7‘O you daughters of JeruSalem;  
 Swear by the powers and strengths of the fields  
 That you won’t arise and awaken your love  
 Until [the time] it’s desired.  
  
 8‘O hear the voice of my dearly-loved man…  
 {Look!} He’s coming, springing over the mountains,  
 And leaping above all the hills.  
 9For my dearly-loved man is [a fawn],  
 And a stag among many hinds!  
  
 ‘{Look!} He’s standing outside of my window,  
 And peeking at me through the shades.  
  
 10‘The man whom I love is calling and says:  
  
 ‘Get up and come here, my dear one…  
 Yes, my fair one and dove;  
 11For look, the winter has passed,  
 And the rains have poured down and ended.  
  
 12‘Flowers have blossomed throughout the whole land,  
 And the time for pruning’s arrived.  
 You can hear the voices of doves calling out;  
 13The fig trees are putting out buds;  
 And you can smell the blossoms on grape vines.  
  
 ‘So, arise and come here, my dear one…  
 Get up and come here, my dove!  
 14Come, my dove, and stay near the rocks  
 That are piled outside of the wall.  
  
 ‘Please let me see what you look like,  
 And let me hear your voice once again  
 For I love the way that you speak,  
 And I [love to gaze at] your beauty.  
 15So, grab hold of the foxes destroying the vines;  
 For my grapevines are now in full bloom!’  
  
  
16[So the Shulamite Girl continues:]  
  
 ‘Yes, my dearly-loved man is for me,  
 And I’m his one and only.  
 But he’s [outside] tending the lilies,  
 Until a new day when the clouds will be gone.  
  
 17‘O my dearly-loved man;  
 Be like the fawn or a buck among hinds,  
 And [stay nearby] in the mountains.’

### Song of Solomon

## Chapter 3

1‘During the nights, there in my bed;  
 Whole-souled, I searched for the one whom I love.  
 But although I searched, I was unable to find him…  
 I called to him, but he didn’t reply.  
  
 2‘So I’ll get up and go through the city,  
 Then I’ll search the markets and squares  
 For the one whom I love with my whole soul.  
  
 ‘Well, I searched, but I couldn’t find him.  
 3And then they found me… The ones keeping guard…  
 Those who do rounds in the city.  
 [And I asked], ‘Have you seen the love of my life?’  
  
 4‘But, shortly after I passed them,  
 I found the love of my life.  
 I grabbed hold of him and didn’t let go,  
 Then I took him to the house of my mother…  
 To the bedroom of the one who conceived me.  
  
 5‘O daughters of JeruSalem;  
 Swear by the powers and strengths of the fields  
 That you won’t arise and awaken your love  
 Until [the time] it’s desired.’  
  
  
6[And the Shepherd Boy asks:]  
  
 ‘Who is this woman who comes from the desert  
 Like smoke arising from the odor  
 Of myrrh, frankincense, and the powders of all the perfumers?’  
  
  
7[And the Girl says:]  
  
 ‘{Look!} There’s King Solomon’s couch  
 With 60 mighty men standing [guard] ‘round it  
 From among all of IsraEl’s great ones.  
  
 8‘Each one is holding his broadsword,  
 And in ways of war, they all have been trained.  
 They wear their swords on their hips,  
 [As they keep watch] throughout the night.  
  
 9‘King Solomon has a carriage made from Lebanon’s cedars,  
 10Which has columns of silver, couches of gold,  
 And purple carpets that line all its steps…  
 Gifts of love from JeruSalem’s daughters.  
  
 11‘So, come and behold, O daughters of Zion…  
 See Solomon and the garland he got from his mother  
 On the day that he took me,  
 And when his heart was so filled with joy!’

### Song of Solomon

## Chapter 4

1[And the Shepherd Boy says:]  
  
 ‘{Look!} You’re so pretty my dear one…  
 See how pretty you are!  
 Your eyes look like doves inside of your veil;  
 Your hair is as [luxuriant as] herds of GileAd’s goats.  
  
 2‘Your teeth [are as white] as freshly-sheared sheep  
 After they’ve come from the bath…  
 All of whom have born twins,  
 And none are childless among them.  
  
 3‘Your lips are like scarlet ribbons,  
 And the way that you talk is so pretty.  
 Your cheeks, when they’re outside your veil,  
 Are red like pomegranate skins.  
  
 4‘Your neck is like the tower of David  
 (The one which was built for protection),  
 In which hangs the shields of a thousand,  
 As well as the arrows of his mighty.  
 5And your breasts are as [charming as] twin fawns,  
 Which are feeding there among the lilies.  
  
 6‘But until a new day arrives,  
 When all the shadows are gone,  
 I’ll go to the mountain of myrrh,  
 And wait for you at the frankincense hill.  
  
 7‘For, entirely lovely is my dear one…  
 Yes, she is totally perfect.  
  
 8‘So, come from Lebanon, my bride…  
 From Lebanon, please come here to me!  
 Come to me through the Archway of Trust…  
 From the peaks of Shinar and HerMon…  
 From the mountains of leopards and lions.  
  
 9‘For, you’ve captured my heart,  
 O my sister and bride…  
 You’ve captured my heart with your eyes  
 And your neck of garlands [and flowers].  
  
 10‘Pretty are both your breasts,  
 O my sister and bride.  
 They’re better than the finest of wines,  
 And the scent of your clothes exceeds all perfumes.  
  
 11‘Your lips are like honey as it drips from the comb…  
 Honey and milk are under your tongue,  
 And like frankincense, is the smell of your clothes.  
  
 12‘But you’re locked in a garden, my sister and bride…  
 Like a well that’s been covered and sealed.  
  
 13‘All the messages that you’ve sent  
 Are like pomegranate gardens to me…  
 They’re like the fruit from the trees…  
 They’re like the scent of cypress and nard…  
  
 14‘Yes, cypress, nard, calamus and saffron…  
 The smell of cinnamon and Lebanon's cedars,  
 Along with aloes and the best of perfumes.  
  
 15‘They’re like life-giving wells in a garden,  
 And the springs of life-saving waters,  
 Which from Lebanon, still pour down to us.  
  
 16‘So wake up, O north wind… Come now!  
 And south wind, breathe life to [you], my garden…  
 Come and let its scents flow!’

### Song of Solomon

## Chapter 5

1[To which the Shulamite Girl replies:]  
  
 ‘May the man whom I love enter his garden,  
 And may he eat the fruit from its trees!’  
  
  
[So the Shepherd Boy says:]  
  
 ‘Yes, I’ll go to my garden, my sister and bride,  
 And I’ll gather my harvest of spices and myrrh.  
 For I’ve eaten my bread and its honey,  
 And I’ve drunk its milk and its wine.’  
  
  
[And the Girl says:]  
  
 ‘Please eat, my dear one, and drink…  
 Let’s both get drunk, my dearly-loved man!  
 2Although I [want to] sleep, my heart tells me no;  
 For my loved one knocked on my door, then he said:  
  
 ‘Open to me, O my sister…  
 Yes open, my dear one… My perfect dove.  
 For my head is covered with dew,  
 And my curls [are wet] with the mist of the night.  
  
 3‘I've removed all of my underclothes…  
 So now, must I put them back on?  
 I’ve also washed off my feet…  
 Must I run and get them dirty again?’  
  
 4‘Then my dearly-loved man stuck his hand through [my door],  
 And he was aroused [by the touch of my skin].  
 5So I got up and opened to him,  
 As my hands were dripping with myrrh…  
 My fingers dripped with myrrh on the lock.  
 6But, when I opened for the one whom I love;  
 The man whom I love... Wasn’t there...  
  
 ‘With my whole soul, I yearned for his voice;  
 So I searched, but I couldn’t find him…  
 I called for him, but he couldn’t hear me.  
  
 7‘Then they found me (the guards who make rounds through the town)…  
 They struck me and hurt me, and took off my wrap  
 (Those who keep watch at the walls).  
  
 8‘So, O JeruSalem’s daughters;  
 Swear by the powers and strengths of the fields…  
 Please tell me if you've seen my dearly-loved man,  
 For, I’ve been pierced through by love!’  
  
  
9[And the daughters of Jerusalem ask:]  
  
 ‘Who is this man whom you love above all,  
 O prettiest one among women?  
 Who’s this one whom you so dearly love  
 That you’ve bound us with such an oath?’  
  
  
10[To which she replies:]  
  
 ‘My man is impressive and virile…  
 He's the choicest and my one and only...  
  
 11‘His head is like gold from Kephas;  
 His curls are flowing like fir trees,  
 And they’re as black as a crow.  
  
 12‘His eyes are like doves near deep pools…  
 As though bathed in milk over water.  
  
 13‘His mouth is like a bowl filled with spice,  
 Which is set out to give a fresh smell.  
  
 ‘His lips are also like lilies,  
 Dripping with full-bodied myrrh...  
  
 14‘And his hands are like gold from Tharsis and gems.  
  
 ‘His belly is a tablet of ivory,  
 Upon which is mounted a sapphire.  
  
 15‘His legs are like columns of marble,  
 Resting on bases of gold.  
  
 ‘He looks like the finest of Lebanon's cedars,  
 16And his [voice] is desirable and sweet.  
  
 ‘O daughters of JeruSalem;  
 He’s my dearest and the man whom I love!’

### Song of Solomon

## Chapter 6

1[So the daughters ask her:]  
  
 ‘O prettiest one among women;  
 Where has he wandered… Yes, where has he gone,  
 So we can go search on your behalf?’  
  
  
2[And the Shulamite Girl replies:]  
  
 ‘My loved one has gone to his garden  
 To gather his bowls filled with spices.  
 He’s gone to tend to his garden,  
 And to gather his lilies.  
  
 3‘I belong to my dearly-loved man,  
 And my dearly-loved man is [just] mine…  
 This one who’s tending his lilies.’  
  
  
4[The Shepherd boy says:]  
  
 ‘You’re so pretty, my dear one…  
 As pleasing [to me] as JeruSalem!  
 But you’re also as disturbing  
 As [men] preparing for war.  
 5So, turn your eyes from before me,  
 Because they excite me too much!  
  
 ‘For your hair is like that of GileAd’s goats,  
 6And your teeth [are as white] as freshly-sheared sheep  
 That have just come from the bath,  
 All of which have born twins,  
 And none are childless among them.  
  
 ‘Your lips are like scarlet ribbons,  
 And the way that you talk is so pretty.  
 7Your cheeks that show through your veil,  
 Are as red as pomegranate skins.  
  
 8‘Yet, there are now 60 queens,  
 And 80 concubines more,  
 As well as unnumbered young women…  
 9And one of them is my perfect dove!  
  
 ‘She’s the only daughter of her mother…  
 The most-loved one of the mother who gave birth.  
 The daughters and queens call her blest,  
 And the concubines all [sing] her praises.  
  
 10‘Who is this one who looks like the dawn  
 And is as fair as the moon…  
 The chosen one of the sun,  
 Who's as disturbing as men preparing for war?’  
  
 11‘To the grove of walnuts, I traveled…  
 I went down to gaze on their fruits,  
 Which are there by the stream in the valley.  
 I went there to see if grapevines had flowered,  
 And to view the pomegranate blossoms.  
 12For my soul had made me like the chariots of nobles.  
  
 13‘Please return, O Shulamite girl!  
 Return, return, for I’m searching for you!  
 How would you know it’s the Shulamite girl?  
 She arrives like an army in the camp.’

### Song of Solomon

## Chapter 7

1‘How pretty are your feet in your sandals,  
 O you daughter of nobles.  
 Your thighs are shaped like fine pendants…  
 The works of the hands of a craftsman.  
  
 2‘Your navel is like a finely-shaped bowl,  
 Not lacking a mixture of wines.  
 Your belly is like a mound of best grain,  
 That’s wrapped within fields of lilies.  
  
 3‘Your breasts are as [charming as] two young fawns…  
 A pair of twins of the doe.  
 4Your neck is [like] a tower of ivory,  
 And your eyes are as [deep as] HeshBon’s lakes  
 (Those by the Gates of Many Daughters).  
  
 ‘As [strong as] Lebanon’s Tower, is your nose…  
 The one overlooking Damascus.  
 5Your head [has the beauty of] CarMel,  
 And its braids are like the purple cloth  
 In which the king’s wrapped as he passes.  
  
 6‘How beautiful and delicious you are, O my love,  
 In the luxurious things you possess.  
 7In greatness, you’re much like a palm tree,  
 And your breasts are as [desirable as] clusters of grapes.  
  
 8‘So I said that I’d climb up that ‘palm tree,’  
 And to its top, I’d cling.  
 For your breasts are as [desirable as] clusters of grapes on the vine;  
 The scent from your breath is [sweet] like apples;  
 9And [the taste] of your [mouth] is like the finest wines.’  
  
  
[And the Shulamite Girl says:]  
  
 ‘I’m going to my dearly-loved man straight away,  
 For [I need him close] to my lips and my teeth.  
 10I’ll turn to the man whom I love,  
 And he will then turn towards me.  
  
 11‘Come, O man whom I love;  
 We’ll run to the fields and lodge in the little villages!  
 12We’ll get up early [and go into] the vineyards,  
 To see if the grapevines have bloomed;  
 To see if the flowers have blossomed;  
 To see if the pomegranates have budded;  
 And there, I’ll give you my breasts.And there, I’ll give you my breasts.<sup class="difference">[LXX]  
  
 13‘The mandrakes have given their odor,  
 And new and old fruit trees are outside our doors.  
 O man whom I love; I’ve saved them for you!’

### Song of Solomon

## Chapter 8

1[And the Shulamite Girl says:]  
  
 ‘O man whom I love,  
 Whom I’d grant to nurse at my mother’s breasts;  
 If I found you outside, I’d kiss you,  
 And let none ever be disrespectful.  
  
 2‘Yes, I’d come there and take you…  
 I’d bring you to the house of my mother,  
 And into the room where I was conceived,  
 Where I’d allow you to drink the spiced wine  
 That comes from my pomegranate nectar.  
  
 3‘O… His left hand is under my head,  
 And with his right hand, he’s holding me close.  
  
 4‘O daughters of JeruSalem;  
 Swear by the powers and strengths of the fields  
 That you won’t arise and awaken your love  
 Until [the time] it's desired.’  
  
  
5[And the daughters of Jerusalem ask:]  
  
 ‘Who is this who ascends from the desert,  
 Hanging onto the man whom she loves?’  
  
  
[And the Shepherd Boy says:]  
  
 ‘From under apple trees, I awoke you,  
 And there was your mother beside you…  
 The one who through pain, gave you birth.  
  
 6‘Please set me as a seal on your heart,  
 And as a seal on your arm!  
 For, as strong as death is [my] love for you,  
 And [my] zeal is as hard as the grave.  
  
 ‘It sparks with the fire of [love’s] flames,  
 7Which can't be extinguished with water,  
 Nor can the rivers engulf it.  
 But, should a man give all he owns for his love,  
 [Most] others would think him [a fool].  
  
 8‘Our sister is [young], without breasts;  
 So, what should we do on the day she's engaged?  
 9If she should be like a wall,  
 We’d build a silver parapet around her.  
 But, if she should be like a door,  
 With cedar planks, we would board her up.’  
  
  
10[And the Shulamite Girl says:]  
  
 ‘I’m a ‘wall,’ and my breasts are like towers;  
 So, in their eyes, I’m [safe and] at peace.  
  
 11‘[King] Solomon owned a vineyard in ‘[King] Solomon owned a vineyard in <span class="placename">BaAl HerMon‘[King] Solomon owned a vineyard in <span class="placename">BaAl HerMon</span>,  
 He entrusted it to others to maintain it.  
 Every man had to pay 1,000 silver pieces for its fruit.  
  
 12‘Well, my ‘vineyard’ is before me...  
 And to Solomon, you must pay your thousands,  
 And 200 more to those tending his fruit...  
  
 13‘O you who now sits in the garden!  
  
 ‘My companions have noticed your voice,  
 And the things that you’ve said to me!  
  
 ‘So, man whom I love, you must now run away!  
 [Escape] like the doe or young stag,  
 Upon the scented mountains!’

# Isaiah

Isaiah is a record of the prophecies that Jehovah gave to the Prophet IsaiAh.  
  
It was likely written by IsaiAh himself during 8th century BCE and into the early 7th century BCE. It covers some historical events recorded in 2 Kings and 2 Chronicles, such as IsaiAh’s interactions with King HezekiAh of Judah.  
  
  
Most of this book is poetry  
  
Something that only a Bible translator would notice is when words are in the form of Hebrew poetry. There’s a definite cadence that can be seen in the original language. Therefore, because this is the chosen style of God, we’ve tried to recreate it as it was originally intended: in poetic verse.  
  
  
Why use poetry?  
  
Poetry must conform to a certain rhythm and style. These act as memory aids, helping you to recall the words, making it easier for messages to be spread via the most common communication method of the time: song.  
  
  
Who was talking?  
  
When translating the words of the Prophets, you can’t help but notice the constant changing personal pronouns (I, you, he, they, etc.) used in the text. It makes it very confusing to figure out exactly who’s talking.  
  
However, we now realize one reason for the confusion that’s usually overlooked: God didn’t speak to the Prophets personally. Rather, He sent His messages through a mediator, either referred to as a messenger (an angel), or sometimes as ‘The Word’ (which some interpret to mean Jesus).  
  
So there are actually three voices speaking:  
  
 1. That of the Prophet, who sometimes quotes himself,  
  
 2. That of the angelic messenger who’s bringing the message from God,  
  
 3. The words of God Himself (which we put in italics).  
  
  
How can we tell the difference? From the context, the pronouns, and the tenses:  
  
 1. When the Prophet speaks, he’s either clearly reporting what he said or did, or is simply saying what was happening.  
  
 2. When the angelic messenger speaks, he talks about God in the third person.  
  
 3 When God is speaking, all references to God are naturally spoken in the first person.  
  
  
Did we get it all right? Probably not, but it has been an honest attempt at doing so. If you think you’ve spotted a place where our choice is incorrect, please let us know and we’ll reconsider it.