The Song of Songs, by Solomon.

1. Oh, give me of the kisses of your mouth, For your love is more delightful than wine.

2. Your ointments yield a sweet fragrance, Your name is like finest oil— Therefore do maidens love you.

3. Draw me after you, let us run! The king has brought me to his chambers. Let us delight and rejoice in your love, Savoring it more than wine— Like new winee they love you!

4. I am dark, but comely, O daughters of Jerusalem— Like the tents of Kedar, Like the pavilions of Solomon.

5. For your love is more delightful than wine. Your ointments yield a sweet fragrance, Your name is like finest oil— Therefore do maidens love you.
6 Don't stare at me because I am swarthy, 
Because the sun has gazed upon me. 
My mother's sons quarreled with me, 
They made me guard the vineyards; 
My own vineyard I did not guard.

7 Tell me, you whom I love so well;
Where do you pasture your sheep? 
Where do you rest them at noon? 
Let me not be as one who strays 
Beside the flocks of your fellows.

8 If you do not know, O fairest of women, 
Go follow the tracks of the sheep, 
And graze your kids 
By the tents of the shepherds.

9 I have likened you, my darling, 
To a mare in Pharaoh's chariots:

10 Your cheeks are comely with plaited wreaths, 
Your neck with strings of jewels.
Shir Hashirim Ch. 1

11 We will add wreaths of gold
   To your spangles of silver.

12 While the king was on his couch,
   My nard gave forth its fragrance.

13 My beloved to me is a bag of myrrh
   Lodged between my breasts.

14 My beloved to me is a spray of henna blooms
   From the vineyards of En-gedi.

15 Ah, you are fair, my darling,
   Ah, you are fair,
   With your dove-like eyes!
16 And you, my beloved, are handsome,
   Beautiful indeed!
   Our couch is in a bower;
17 Cedars are the beams of our house,
   Cypresses the rafters.
I am a rose of Sharon,
A lily of the valleys.

Like a lily among thorns,
So is my darling among the maidens.

Like an apple tree among trees of the forest,
So is my beloved among the youths.
I delight to sit in his shade,
And his fruit is sweet to my mouth.

He brought me to the banquet room
And his banner of love was over me.

“Sustain me with raisin cakes,
Refresh me with apples,
For I am faint with love.”
6 His left hand was under my head,
   His right arm embraced me.

7 I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem,
   By gazelles or by hinds of the field:
   Do not wake or rouse
   Love until it please!

8 Hark! My beloved!
   There he comes,
   Leaping over mountains,
   Bounding over hills.

9 My beloved is like a gazelle
   Or like a young stag.
   There he stands behind our wall,
   Gazing through the window,
   Peering through the lattice.
Shir Hashirim Ch. 2

10 My beloved spoke thus to me,
"Arise, my darling;
My fair one, come away!

11 For now the winter is past,
The rains are over and gone.

12 The blossoms have appeared in the land,
The time of pruning has come;
The song of the turtledove
Is heard in our land.

13 The green figs form on the fig tree,
The vines in blossom give off fragrance.
Arise, my darling;
My fair one, come away!
Shir Hashirim Ch. 2

14נַתֵּן בִּגְדֵנִי הֻלָּלֶךְ בְּשָׁר הַמְּדַרְגָּה
וַאָמֵרָהּ הַשִּׁמִּיﬠִין אֶת־קוֹלֵךְ
אֶת־מַרְאַיִךְ הַרְאִינִי
אֶחֱזוּ־לָנוּ נָאוֶה׃
וּמַרְאֵיךְ עָרֵב כִּי־קוֹלֵךְ
כְּרָמִים מְחַבְּלִים קְטַנִּים שׁוּﬠָלִים שׁוּﬠָלִים
הָרֹﬠֶה לוֹ וַאֲנִי לוֹ דּוֹדִי סְמָדַר׃
וּכְרָמֵינוּ וְנָסוּ הַיּוֹם שֶׁיָּפוּחַ עַד בַּשּׁוֹשַׁנִּים׃
לְעֹפֶר אוֹ לִצְבִי דְּמֵה־לְךָ סֹב הַצְּלָלִים בָּתֶר׃

15ךְ אֶת־קוֹלֵךְ אֶת־מַרְאַיִךְ הַרְאִינִי
גְּרוֹנִים אֵת־מַרְאַיְךָ אֶת־קוֹלֵךְ
כְּרָמִים מְחַבְּלִים קְטַנִּים שׁוּﬠָלִים שׁוּﬠָלִים
הָרֹﬠֶה לוֹ וַאֲנִי לוֹ דּוֹדִי סְמָדַר׃
וּכְרָמֵינוּ וְנָסוּ הַיּוֹם שֶׁיָּפוּחַ עַד בַּשּׁוֹשַׁנִּים׃
לְעֹפֶר אוֹ לִצְבִי דְּמֵה־לְךָ סֹב הַצְּלָלִים בָּתֶר׃

16ךְ אֶת־קוֹלֵךְ אֶת־מַרְאַיִךְ הַרְאִינִי
גְּרוֹנִים אֵת־מַרְאַיְךָ אֶת־קוֹלֵךְ
כְּרָמִים מְחַבְּלִים קְטַנִּים שׁוּﬠָלִים שׁוּﬠָלִים
הָרֹﬠֶה לוֹ וַאֲנִי לוֹ דּוֹדִי סְמָדַר׃
וּכְרָמֵינוּ וְנָסוּ הַיּוֹם שֶׁיָּפוּחַ עַד בַּשּׁוֹשַׁנִּים׃
לְעֹפֶר אוֹ לִצְבִי דְּמֵה־לְךָ סֹב הַצְּלָלִים בָּתֶר׃

17ךְ אֶת־קוֹלֵךְ אֶת־מַרְאַיִךְ הַרְאִינִי
גְּרוֹנִים אֵת־מַרְאַיְךָ אֶת־קוֹלֵךְ
כְּרָמִים מְחַבְּלִים קְטַנִּים שׁוּﬠָלִים שׁוּﬠָלִים
הָרֹﬠֶה לוֹ וַאֲנִי לוֹ דּוֹדִי סְמָדַר׃
וּכְרָמֵינוּ וְנָסוּ הַיּוֹם שֶׁיָּפוּחַ עַד בַּשּׁוֹשַׁנִּים׃
לְעֹפֶר אוֹ לִצְבִי דְּמֵה־לְךָ סֹב הַצְּלָלִים בָּתֶר׃

14“O my dove, in the cranny of the rocks,
Hidden by the cliff,
Let me see your face,
Let me hear your voice;
For your voice is sweet
And your face is comely.”

15Catch us the foxes,
The little foxes
That ruin the vineyards—
For our vineyard is in blossom.

16My beloved is mine
And I am his
Who browses among the lilies.

17When the day blows gently
And the shadows flee,
Set out, my beloved,
Swift as a gazelle
Or a young stag,
For the hills of spices!
1 Upon my couch at night
I sought the one I love—
I sought, but found him not.

2 “I must rise and roam the town,
Through the streets and through the squares;
I must seek the one I love.”
I sought but found him not.

3 I met the watchmen
Who patrol the town.
“Have you seen the one I love?”

4 Scarcely had I passed them
When I found the one I love.
I held him fast, I would not let him go
Till I brought him to my mother's house,
To the chamber of her who conceived me

5 I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem,
By gazelles or by hinds of the field:
Do not wake or rouse
Love until it please!
6 Who is she that comes up from the desert
Like columns of smoke,
In clouds of myrrh and frankincense,
Of all the powders of the merchant?

7 There is Solomon's couch,
Encircled by sixty warriors
Of the warriors of Israel,

8 All of them trained in warfare,
Skilled in battle,
Each with sword on thigh
Because of terror by night.

9 King Solomon made him a palanquin
Of wood from Lebanon.
10 He made its posts of silver,
   Its backd of gold,
   Its seat of purple wool.
Within, it was decked with elove
By the maidens of Jerusalem.

11 O maidens of Zion, go forth
And gaze upon King Solomon
Wearing the crown that his mother
Gave him on his wedding day,
On his day of bliss.

Shir Hashirim Ch. 3 פרק 3
10国际机场 צָהָב עַשמֶה בִּשָּׂאָר רְפִידָתוֹ כֶסֶף
מָרְבֹּבָּה אֶרֶּנֶם צִיוָּן רְזֻּוַּה这儿
בּוֹן בָּﬠֲטָרָה בָּﬠֲטָרָה שְׁלֹמֹה
בְּנוֹת צִיוָּן בֵּינֵי יַסֵּדָה בָּﬠֲטָרָה
שִׁמְחַת לִבּוֹ׃
11 צְאֶינָה צְאֶינָה יְרוּשָׁלִָם:
בּוֹן בָּﬠֲטָרָה בָּﬠֲטָרָה שְׁלֹמֹה שִׁמְחַת
שִׁמְחַת לִבּוֹ׃
Shir Hashirim Ch. 4

1:1 Ah, you are fair, my darling. 
Ah, you are fair. 
Your eyes are like doves 
Behind your veil. 
Your hair is like a flock of goats 
Streaming down Mount Gilead.

1:2 Your teeth are like a flock of ewes 
Climbing up from the washing pool; 
All of them bear twins, 
And not one loses her young. 

1:3 Your lips are like a crimson thread, 
Your mouth is lovely. 
Your brow behind your veil 
[Gleams] like a pomegranate split open. 

1:4 Your neck is like the Tower of David, 
Built bto hold weapons, 
Hung with a thousand shields— 
All the quivers of warriors.
5 Your breasts are like two fawns,
Twins of a gazelle,
Browsing among the lilies.

6 When the day blows gently
And the shadows flee,
I will betake me to the mount of myrrh,
To the hill of frankincense.

7 Every part of you is fair, my darling,
There is no blemish in you.
Shir Hashirim Ch. 4

8 From Lebanon come with me;
From Lebanon, my bride, with me!
Trip down from Amana’s peak,
From the peak of Senir and Hermon,
From the dens of lions,
From the hillse of leopards.

9 You have captured my heart,
My own, my bride,
You have captured my heart
With one [glance] of your eyes,
With one coil of your necklace.

10 How sweet is your love,
My own, my bride!
How much more delightful your love than wine,
Your ointments more fragrant
Than any spice!
Sweetness drops
From your lips, O bride;
Honey and milk
Are under your tongue;
And the scent of your robes
Is like the scent of Lebanon.

A garden locked
Is my own, my bride,
A fountain locked,
A sealed-up spring.

Your limbs are an orchard of pomegranates
And of all luscious fruits,
Of henna and of nard—
14 Nard and saffron,  
Fragrant reed and cinnamon,  
With all aromatic woods,  
Myrrh and aloes—  
All the choice perfumes.

15 [You are] a garden spring,  
A well of fresh water,  
A rill of Lebanon.

16 Awake, O north wind,  
Come, O south wind!  
Blow upon my garden,  
That its perfume may spread.  
Let my beloved come to his garden  
And enjoy its luscious fruits!
1 I have come to my garden,
My own, my bride;
I have plucked my myrrh and spice,
Eaten my honey and honeycomb,
Drunk my wine and my milk.

Eat, lovers, and drink:
Drink deep of love!

2 I was asleep,
But my heart was wakeful.
Hark, my beloved knocks!
“Let me in, my own,
My darling, my faultless dove!
For my head is drenched with dew,
My locks with the damp of night.”
3 I had taken off my robe—
   Was I to don it again?
I had bathed my feet—
   Was I to soil them again?

4 My beloved btook his hand off the latch,
   And my heart was stirred cfor him.

5 I rose to let in my beloved;
   My hands dripped myrrh—
   My fingers, flowing myrrh—
   Upon the handles of the bolt.

6 I opened the door for my beloved,
   But my beloved had turned and gone.
   I was faint dbecause of what he said.
   I sought, but found him not;
   I called, but he did not answer.
Shir Hashirim Ch. 5

7 I met the watchmen
Who patrol the town;
They struck me, they bruised me.
The guards of the walls
Stripped me of my mantle.

8 I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem!
If you meet my beloved, tell him this:
That I am faint with love.

9 How is your beloved better than another,
O fairest of women?
How is your beloved better than anotherf
That you adjure us so?
Shir Hashirim Ch. 5

10 My beloved is clear-skinned and ruddy,
   Preeminent among ten thousand.

11 His head is finest gold,
   His locks are curled
   And black as a raven.

12 His eyes are like doves
   By watercourses,
   Bathed in milk,
   bSet by a brimming pool.

13 His cheeks are like beds of spices,
   Banks of perfume
   His lips are like lilies;
   They drip flowing myrrh.

10 דָּגוּל וְאָדוֹם צַח דּוֹדִי:
   רֹאשׁוֹ קְוּצּוֹתָיו פָּז כֶּתֶם רֹאשׁוֹ:

11 שְׁחֹרוֹת יֹשְׁבוֹת בֶּחָלָב:
   עַל־מִלֵּאת סְחוֹנִים שִׂפְתוֹתָיו מֶרְקָחִים מִגְדְּלוֹת עוֹבֵר:

עַל־אֲפִיקֵי מָיִם רַחֵזָה בְּחָלָב יִשְׁבּוּת

עַל־מִלֵּאת: 13 לְחָיָו מַגְּנָלָת: 13 בְּחָלָב בֶּחָרָה

בֶּעָרָה: 13 בְּחָרָה בְּחָלָב יִשְׁבּוּת
Shir Hashirim Ch. 5

Section 14
His hands are rods of gold,
Studded with beryl;
His belly a tablet of ivory,
Adorned with sapphires.

Section 15
His legs are like marble pillars
Set in sockets of fine gold.
He is majestic as Lebanon,
Stately as the cedars.

Section 16
His mouth is delicious
And all of him is delightful.
Such is my beloved,
Such is my darling,
O maidens of Jerusalem!

עֻלָּאֵדוֹנִין מַראָהוּ כֶלְבְּנוֹן בַּחֲוָר
כַּאֲרָזִים: 16 חַפּוּ ילָמוֹק כְּלַל מְחַמָּד
וֹה דָּוִד הוּה רַע בֶּנּוֹת יְרוּשָׁלִּים:

עַל־אָדָני פָּז מַרְאֵהוּ אַל־כַּלְּבָּנוֹן בַּחֲוָר
בָּחוּר כַּלְּבָּנוֹן מַרְאֵהוּ אַל־פָּז
שֵׁן עֶשֶׁת מֵﬠָיו מְיֻסָּדִים
דַּפְּרֵים: 14 דָּוִד יְלַל יְהוָה מְלָאָם בַּחֲוָר
Shir Hashirim Ch. 6

1
Aneh halakh Dovid nefesh bensim aneh
Pana Dovid veboshem pemad: 2 Dodi
Yer Dodi lezurevot beshem lorot
Bunim velalkot shoshim: 3 Anei Dodi
Dodi lehote bashoshim: 4 Peh
Ate re ева mihatzot naot birotzalim

6:1 “Whither has your beloved gone, O fairest of women?
Whither has your beloved turned?
Let us seek him with you.”

2
My beloved has gone down to his garden,
To the beds of spices,
To browse in the gardens
And to pick lilies.

I am my beloved’s
And my beloved is mine;
He browses among the lilies.

You are beautiful, my darling, as Tirzah,
Comely as Jerusalem,
Awesome as bannered hosts.
5 Turn your eyes away from me,
For they overwhelm me!
Your hair is like a flock of goats
Streaming down from Gilead.

6 Your teeth are like a flock of ewes
Climbing up from the washing pool;
All of them bear twins,
And not one loses her young.

7 Your brow behind your veil
[Gleams] like a pomegranate split open.

8 There are sixty queens,
And eighty concubines,
And damsels without number.
Only one is my dove,
My perfect one,
The only one of her mother,
The delight of her who bore her.
Maidens see and acclaim her;
Queens and concubines, and praise her.

Who is she that shines through like the dawn,
Beautiful as the moon,
Radiant as the sun
Awesome as banneled hosts?

I went down to the nut grove
To see the budding of the vale;
To see if the vines had blossomed,
If the pomegranates were in bloom.

Before I knew it,
My desire set me
Mid the chariots of Ammi-nadib.
1 Turn back, turn back,  
O maid of Shulem!  
Turn back, turn back,  
That we may gaze upon you.  
"Why will you gaze at the Shulammite  
Ina the Mahanaim dance?"  

2 How lovely are your feet in sandals,  
O daughter of nobles!  
Your rounded thighs are like jewels,  
The work of a master’s hand.  

3 Your navel is like a round goblet—  
Let mixed wine not be lacking!—  
Your belly like a heap of wheat  
Hedged about with lilies.
4 Your breasts are like two fawns,
   Twins of a gazelle.
5 Your neck is like a tower of ivory,
   Your eyes like pools in Heshbon
   By the gate of Bath-rabbim,
   Your nose like the Lebanon tower
   That faces toward Damascus.
6 The head upon you is like crimson wool,
   The locks of your head are like purple—
   A king is held captive in the tresses.
7 How fair you are, how beautiful!
   O Love, with all its rapture!
8 Your stately form is like the palm,
   Your breasts are like clusters.
Shir Hashirim Ch. 7

9 I say: Let me climb the palm,
Let me take hold of its branches;
Let your breasts be like clusters of grapes,
Your breath like the fragrance of apples,

10 And your mouth like choicest wine.
   “Let it flow to my beloved as new wined
cGliding over the lips of sleepers.”

11 I am my beloved’s,
   And his desire is for me.

12 Come, my beloved,
   Let us go into the open;
   Let us lodge eamong the henna shrubs.
13 נשבים لأنهם נראות אום
פרחים הצמחיים פתחו הסמדר הנזה
הפרחים שםحم אחל אחותי לְךָ:
14 המנדראקים נתנו לי
על הפרחים כל המגדים והדרים
כגויים חואד, אתה אפתני לְךָ:

13 Let us go early to the vineyards;
Let us see if the vine has flowered,
If its blossoms have opened,
If the pomegranates are in bloom.
There I will give my love to you.

14 The mandrakes yield their fragrance,
At our doors are all choice fruits;
Both freshly picked and long-stored
Have I kept, my beloved, for you.
1 If only it could be as with a brother,
   As if you had nursed at my mother’s breast:
   Then I could kiss you
When I met you in the street,
   And no one would despise me.

2 I would lead you, I would bring you
   To the house of my mother, Of her who taught me—
   I would let you drink of the spiced wine,
   Of my pomegranate juice.

3 His left hand was under my head,
   His right hand caressed me.
4 I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem:
    Do not wake or rouse
    Love until it please!

5 Who is she that comes up from the desert,
    Leaning upon her beloved?
    Under the apple tree I roused you;
    It was there your mother conceived you,
    There she who bore you conceived you.

6 Let me be a seal upon your heart,
    Like the seal upon your hand.
    For love is fierce as death,
    Passion is mighty as Sheol;
    Its darts are darts of fire,
    A blazing flame.
Shir Hashirim Ch. 8 פורק

7 Vast floods cannot quench love,
Nor rivers drown it.
If a man offered all his wealth for love,
He would be laughed to scorn.

8 “We have a little sister,
Whose breasts are not yet formed.
What shall we do for our sister
When she is spoken for?

9 If she be a wall,
We will build upon it a silver battlement;
If she be a door,
We will panel it in cedar.”
10 I am a wall,
My breasts are like towers.
So I became in his eyes
As one who finds favor.

11 Solomon had a vineyard
In Baal-hamon.
He had to post guards in the vineyard:
A man would give for its fruit
A thousand pieces of silver.

12 I have my very own vineyard:
You may have the thousand, O Solomon,
And the guards of the fruit two hundred!
13 **O you who linger in the garden,**
A lover is listening;
Let me hear your voice.

14 **“Hurry, my beloved,**
Swift as a gazelle or a young stag,
To the hills of spices!”