

- 1 The song of songs, which is Solomon's.
- 2 Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for your love is better than wine.
- 3 Your anointing oils are fragrant, your name is oil poured out, therefore the maidens love you.
- 4 Draw me after you, we will run; the king has brought me into his chambers; we will be glad and rejoice in you, we will praise your love more than wine; rightly they love you.
- 5 I am black, but comely, O daughters of Jerusalem, like the tents of Kedar, like the curtains of Solomon.
- 6 Gaze not upon me, for I am dark, because the sun has scorched me. My mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but my own vineyard I have not kept.
- 7 Tell me, O you whom my soul loves, where do you pasture your flock, where do you make it rest at noon; for why should I be like one who veils himself by the flocks of your companions?
- 8 If you know not, O most beautiful among women, go your way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and pasture your kids beside the shepherds' tents.
- 9 I compare you, O my love, to a mare of the chariots of Pharaoh.
- 10 Your cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, your neck with strings of beads.
- 11 We will make you ornaments of gold studded with silver.
- 12 While the king was reclining at his table, my nard sent forth its fragrance.
- 13 My beloved is to me a bundle of myrrh, that lies between my breasts.
- 14 My beloved is to me a cluster of henna in the vineyards of Ein-Gedi.
- 15 Behold, you are beautiful, my love; behold, you are beautiful; your eyes are doves.
- 16 Behold, you are beautiful, my beloved, truly lovely; our couch is green.
- 17 (K) The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters are of cypress.

מגילת שיר השירים

א שִׁיר הַשִּׁירִים אֲשֶׁר לְשֹׁלֹמֹה:  
 ב יִשְׁקֵנִי מִנְּשִׁיקוֹת פִּיהוּ כִּי-טוֹבִים דְּדִיךְ מֵיַיִן:  
 ג לְיִיחַ שְׁמֵנֶיךָ טוֹבִים שֶׁשֶׁן תִּזְרַק שְׁמֶךָ עַל-כֵּן  
 עֲלָמוֹת אֲהַבֶּיךָ:  
 ד מִשְׁכְּנֵי אַחֲרֶיךָ נְרוּצָה הִבִּיאֲנִי הַפֶּלֶךְ חֲדָדְיוֹ נְגִילָה  
 וְנִשְׁמַחָה בְּךָ נִזְכָּרָה דְּדִיךְ מֵיַיִן מֵיִשְׁרָיִם אֲהַבֶּיךָ:  
 ה שְׁחֹרָה אֲנִי וְנֹאוֹה בָנוֹת יְרוּשָׁלַם כְּאֵהֲלִי קֹדֶר  
 כִּירֵעוֹת שְׁלֹמֹה:  
 ו אֶל-תִּרְאוּנִי שְׂאֲנִי שְׁחַרְחֹרֵת שִׁשְׁזַפְתָּנִי הַשֶּׁמֶשׁ  
 בָּנִי אֲפִי נֶחְדָּו-בִּי שְׁמֵנִי נִטְרָה אֶת-הַכְּרָמִים כְּרָמֵי  
 שְׁלִי לֹא נִטְרָתִי:  
 ז הַגִּידָה לִּי שְׂאֲהַבְּהָ נִפְשִׁי אֵיכָה תִרְעָה אֵיכָה  
 תִרְבִּיץ בַּצְּהָרִים שְׁלֹמֹה אֵהִיָּה כְּעֵטוּיָה עַל עֲדָרֵי  
 חֲבֵרֶיךָ:  
 ח אִם-לֹא תִדְעֵנִי לָךְ הִיפָּה בִנְשִׁים צְאִי-לָךְ בְּעַקְבֵי  
 הַצֹּאן וְדַעֵנִי אֶת-גְּדִיתֶיךָ עַל מִשְׁכְּנוֹת הָרַעִים:  
 ט לִסְסָתִי בְּרַכְבֵּי פָרְעָה דְּפִיתֶיךָ רַעִיתִי:  
 י נֹאוּ לְחַיִּיךָ בַּתָּלִים צְוֹאֲרֶךְ בַּחֲרוּזִים:  
 יא תוֹרֵי זָהָב נֶעֱשָׂה-לָךְ עִם נִקְדוֹת הַכֶּסֶף:  
 יב עַד-שֶׁהַפֶּלֶךְ בְּמִסְבּוֹ נִרְדֵּי נִתַּן רִיחוֹ:  
 יג צְלוֹר הַמֶּד | דוּדֵי לִי בֵּין שְׁדֵי יַלִּין:  
 יד אֲשַׁכֵּל הַכֶּפֶר | דוּדֵי לִי בְּכְרָמֵי עֵין גְּדֵי:  
 טו הִנֵּךְ יַפָּה רַעִיתִי הִנֵּךְ יַפָּה עֵינֶיךָ יוֹנִים:  
 טז הִנֵּךְ יַפָּה דוּדֵי אֶף נְעִים אֶף-עַרְשֵׁנוֹ רַעֲנָנָה:  
 יז קְרוֹת בְּתֵינוֹ אֲרָזִים רְחִיטָנוֹ [רְהִיטָנוֹ] בְּרוֹתִים:

1. I am the rose of Sharon, a lily of the valleys.
- 2 Like a lily among thorns, so is my love among the maidens.
- 3 Like the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among young men. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
- 4 He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.
- 5 Sustain me with raisins, comfort me with apples; for I am sick with love.
- 6 His left hand is under my head, and his right hand embraces me.
- 7 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles or by the hinds of the field, that you stir not up, nor awake my love, until it please.
- 8 The voice of my beloved! Behold, he comes leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
- 9 My beloved is like a gazelle or a young hart; Behold, he stands behind our wall, gazing in at the windows, looking through the lattice.
- 10 My beloved speaks and says to me, Arise, 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 bird has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land;
- 13 The fig tree puts forth her green figs, and the vines in blossom give forth their scent. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come away.
- 14 O my dove, in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the cliff, let me see your countenance, let me hear your voice; for your voice is sweet, and your countenance is comely.
- 15 Catch us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vineyards; for our vineyards are in blossom.
- 16 My beloved is mine, and I am his; he pastures his flock among the lilies. 17 Until the day cools, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be like a gazelle or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

א אֲנִי חַבְצֵלֶת הַשָּׂדֶה שׁוֹשַׁנַּת הָעֲמָקִים:  
 ב כְּשׁוֹשַׁנָּה בֵּין הַחוּחִים כֵּן רַעֲיָתִי בֵּין הַבָּנוֹת:  
 ג כְּתַפּוּחַ בְּעֵצֵי הַיַּעַר כֵּן דוּדִי בֵּין הַבָּנִים בְּצִלּוֹ חַמְדָּתִי  
 וַיִּשְׁבַּתֵּנִי וּפְרִיּוֹ מִתּוֹק לְחִפְי:  
 ד הֵבִיאֵנִי אֶל-בַּיִת הַיַּיִן וְדָגְלוּ עָלַי אַהֲבָה:  
 ה סָמְכוּנִי בְּאַשְׁשֻׁשׁוֹת רַפְדוֹנִי בַתְּפוּחִים כִּי-חוֹלַת אַהֲבָה  
 אֲנִי:  
 ו שְׁמְעֵאלוּ תַחַת לְרֹאשִׁי וַיְמַיְנוּ תַחְבֵּקֵנִי:  
 ז הַשְׁבִּיעַתִּי אֶתְכֶם בָּנוֹת יְרוּשָׁלַם בְּצַבָּאוֹת אֲנִי בְּאַיְלוֹת  
 הַשָּׂדֶה אִם-תַּעֲרִוּוּ | וְאִם-תַּעֲוֹדְרוּ אֶת-הָאַהֲבָה עַד  
 שֶׁתַּחֲפֹץ:  
 ח קוֹל דוּדִי הִנֵּה-זֶה בָּא מְדַלֵּג עַל-הַהָרִים מְקַפֵּץ  
 עַל-הַגְּבָעוֹת:  
 ט דוּמָה דוּדִי לְצִבִּי אֲנִי לְעַפְרַי הָאֵילִים הִנֵּה-זֶה עוֹמֵד אַחֵר  
 כְּתִלְנוּ מִשְׁגִּיחַ מִן-הַחֲלָלוֹת מִצִּיץ מִן-הַחֲרָקִים:  
 י עֲנֵה דוּדִי וְאָמַר לִי קוּמִי לְךָ רַעֲיָתִי יַפְתֵּי וּלְכִי-לְךָ:  
 יא כִּי-הִנֵּה הִסְתָּו [הִסְתָּו] עֲבַר הַגֶּשֶׁם חֲלַף הַלֵּךְ לוֹ:  
 יב הַנְּצַנִּים נִרְאוּ בְּאַרְצָךְ עֵת הַזְמִיר הַגִּיעַ וְקוֹל הַתּוֹד  
 נִשְׁמַע בְּאַרְצֶנוּ:  
 יג הַתְּאֵנָה חֲנֻטָה פְּגִיָה וְהַגִּפְנִים | סְמַדְד נִתְּנוּ רֵיחַ קוּמִי  
 לְכִי [לְךָ] רַעֲיָתִי יַפְתֵּי וּלְכִי-לְךָ:  
 יד יוֹנָתִי בְּחַגְוֵי הַסֹּלֶעַ בְּסִתְרֵי הַמַּדְדָּה הִרְאִינִי  
 אֶת-מִרְאִיךָ הַשְׁמִיעֵנִי אֶת-קוֹלְךָ כִּי-קוֹלְךָ עָרֵב וּמִרְאִיךָ  
 נְאוּהָ:  
 טו אַחֲזוּ-לִנִּי שׁוֹעֲלִים שׁוֹעֲלִים קָטָנִים מְחַבְּלִים כְּרָמִים  
 וּכְרָמֵינוּ סְמַדְד: טז דוּדִי לִי וְאֲנִי לוֹ הֲרַעְהָ בְּשׁוֹשַׁנִּים:  
 יז עַד שִׁיפּוּחַ הַיּוֹם וְנָסוּ הַצִּלְלִים סֹבֵר דְּמַה-לְךָ דוּדִי לְצִבִּי  
 אֲנִי לְעַפְרַי הָאֵילִים עַל-הָרֵי בִתְרָה:

### Song of Songs chapter III

- 1 By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loves; I sought him, but I found him not.
- 2 I will rise now, and go around in the city; in the markets and in the broad streets will I seek him whom my soul loves; I sought him, but I found him not.
- 3 The watchmen that go around in the city found me; Have you seen him whom my soul loves?
- 4 I had just passed 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, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.
- 5 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles, or by the hinds of the field, that you stir not up, nor awake my love, until it please.
- 6 Who is this who comes from the wilderness like columns of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?
- 7 Behold, it is the litter of Solomon; sixty mighty men are around it, of the mighty men of Israel.
- 8 All girt with swords and expert in war; every man has his sword at his thigh because of the fear in the nights.
- 9 King Solomon made himself a palanquin from the wood of Lebanon.
- 10 He made its pillars of silver, its back of gold, its seat of purple, its interior inlaid with love by the daughters of Jerusalem.
- 11 Go forth, O daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown with which his mother crowned him on the day of his wedding, and on the day of the gladness of his heart.

פרק ג

א על-משכבי בלילות בקשתי את שאהבה נפשי בקשתי ולא מצאתיו:  
ב אקומה נא ואסובבה בעיר בשוקים וברחבות אבקשה את שאהבה נפשי בקשתי ולא מצאתיו: ג מצאתיו השמלים הסבבים בעיר את שאהבה נפשי ראיתם:  
ד כמעט שעברתי מהם עד שמצאתי את שאהבה נפשי אחזתיו ולא ארפנו עד שהביאתו אל-בית אפי ואל-חדר הורתי:  
ה השבעתי אתכם בנות ירושלם בצבאות או באילות השדה אם-תעירו | ואם-תעוררו את-האהבה עד שתחפץ:  
ו מי זאת עלה מן-המדבר כתימרות עשן מקשרת עור לבונה מפל אבקת רוקל:  
ז הנה מטתו שלשלמה ששים גברים סביב לה מגברי ישראל:  
ח כלם אחזי חרב עלפדי מלחמה איש חרב על-ירכו מפחד בלילות:  
ט אפריון עשה לו המלך שלמה מעצי הלבנון:  
י עמודיו עשה כסף רפידתו זהב מרפבו ארגמן תוכו רצוף אהבה מבנות ירושלם:  
יא צאינה | וראינה בנות ציון במלך שלמה בעטרה שעטרה-לו אפו ביום חתנתו וביום שמחת לבו:

- 1 Behold, you are beautiful, my love; behold, you are beautiful; your eyes are doves behind your veil; your hair is like a flock of goats, sliding down from Mount Gilead.
- 2 Your teeth are like a flock of shorn ewes, that have come up from the washing; all of which bear twins, and none among them is bereft.
- 3 Your lips are like a thread of scarlet, and your mouth is comely; your cheeks are like a piece of a pomegranate behind your veil.
- 4 Your neck is like the tower of David built with turrets, on which hang one thousand bucklers, all of them shields of mighty men.
- 5 Your two breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle, that feed among the lilies.
- 6 Until the day cools, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.
- 7 You are all beautiful, my love; there is no blemish in you.
- 8 Come with me from Lebanon, my bride, come with me from Lebanon; look from the peak of Amana, from the peak of Senir and Hermon, 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 link of your necklace.
- 10 How beautiful is your love, my sister, my bride! how much better is your love than wine! and the aroma of your anointing oils than all spices!
- 11 Your lips, O my bride, distil like the honeycomb; honey and milk are under your tongue; and the scent of your garments is like the scent of Lebanon.
- 12 A locked garden is my sister, my bride; a locked spring, a sealed fountain.
- 13 Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits, henna, and nard.
- 14 Nard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices;
- 15 A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.
- 16 Awake, O north wind; and come, O south wind! blow upon my garden, let its spices flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat its pleasant fruits.

א הִנֵּךְ יָפָה רְעִיתִי הִנֵּךְ יָפָה עֵינֶיךָ יוֹנִים מִבַּעַד לְצַמְתְּךָ  
 שְׂעָרְךָ כְּעֵדֵד הָעֵזִים שֹׁפְלִישׁוּ מֵהַר גִּלְעָד:  
 ב שֵׁנֶיךָ כְּעֵדֵד הַקְּצוּבוֹת שְׂעָלוּ מִן-הַרְחֵצָה שְׂכָלָם  
 מִתְאַיִפוֹת וְשִׁכְלָה אֵין בָּהֶם: ג כְּחוּט הַשָּׁנִי שִׁפְתֹתֶיךָ  
 וּמִדְבָרֶיךָ נְאוּה כְּפֶלַח הָרֶפֶן רִקְתְּךָ מִבַּעַד לְצַמְתְּךָ:  
 ד כְּמִגְדַל דָּוִד צוּאֲרֶךְ בְּנוֹי לְתַלְפִּינּוֹת אֶלֶף הַמָּגֵן תִּלְוִי עֲלֵינוּ  
 כָּל שְׁלֹטֵי הַגְּבוּרִים: ה שְׁנֵי שַׁדֶּיךָ כְּשְׁנֵי עֶפְרַיִם תְּאוּמֵי צְבִיחָה  
 הַרוֹעִים בְּשׁוֹשָׁנִים:  
 ו עַד שִׁפּוֹחַ הַיּוֹם וְנָסוּ הַצִּלְלִים אֶלֶךְ לִי אֶל-הַר הַפֹּר  
 וְאֶל-גְּבַעַת הַלְּבוֹנָה: ז כָּלֶךְ יָפָה רְעִיתִי וּמוֹם אֵין בְּךָ:  
 ח אַתָּה מִלְּבָנוֹן כְּלָה אַתָּה מִלְּבָנוֹן תְּבוּאֵי תְּשׁוּרֵי | מִרְאֵשׁ  
 אֲמָנָה מִרְאֵשׁ שֶׁנִּיר וְחֶרְפוֹן מִמַּעֲנוֹת אֲרִיזוֹת מֵהַרְרֵי נְמָרִים:  
 ט לְבַבְתִּי אֲחֹתִי כְלָה לְבַבְתִּי בְּאַחַד [בְּאַחַת] מֵעֵינֶיךָ  
 בְּאַחַד עֲנַק מִצְוֹרֶיךָ:  
 י מֵה-יָסוּ דְדֶיךָ אֲחֹתִי כְלָה מֵה-טְבוּ דְדֶיךָ מִיָּין וְרִיחַ שְׂמֶנֶיךָ  
 מְכַל-בְּשָׂמִים:  
 יא נִפְתַּת תְּטַפְּנָה שִׁפְתוֹתֶיךָ כְּלָה דְבִשׁ וְחֶלֶב תַּחַת לְשׁוֹנֶיךָ  
 וְרִיחַ שְׁלֹמֹתֶיךָ כְּרִיחַ לְבָנוֹן:  
 יב כֵּן | נִעַל אֲחֹתִי כְלָה כֵּן נִעַל מֵעַן חֲתָמִים:  
 יג שְׁלַחְתְּךָ פְּרָדִים רְפוּנִים עִם פְּרֵי מְגָדִים כְּפָרִים עִם-נְרָדִים:  
 יד נְרָד | וְכִרְכָּם קָנָה וְקִנְפוֹן עִם כָּל-עֵצֵי לְבוֹנָה מִן-וְאַהֲלוֹת  
 עִם כָּל-רְאֵשֵׁי בְשָׂמִים:  
 טו מֵעַן פְּנִים בְּאֵר מִים חַיִּים וְנִזְלִים מִן-לְבָנוֹן:  
 טז עוֹרֵי צִפּוֹן וּבּוּאֵי תִמְנָן הִפְיָחִי בְּנֵי יִזְלוּ בְּשָׂמֵיךָ נְבֹא דוֹרֵי  
 לְעוֹן וְיִאֲכַל כְּרֵי מְגָדִים:

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. Eat, O friends; drink, drink deeply, O loved ones.

2 I sleep, but my heart is awake. Knocking; it is the voice of my beloved; Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my perfect one; for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.

3 I have taken off my robe; how could I put it on? I have bathed my feet; how could I soil them?

4 My beloved put his hand through the hole of the door, and my insides were thrilled by him.

5 I arose to open to my beloved; and my hands dripped with myrrh, and my fingers with flowing myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.

6 I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had turned away, and was gone. My soul failed when he spoke; I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.

7 The watchmen that went around in the city found me, they struck me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.

8 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him, that I am sick with love.

9 Why is your beloved more than another beloved, O you most beautiful among women? why is your beloved more than another beloved, that you thus adjure us?

10 My beloved is white and ruddy, distinguished among ten thousand.

11 His head is like the finest gold, his locks are wavy, and black like a raven.

12 His eyes are like doves by the water courses, washed with milk, and fitly set.

13 His cheeks are like a bed of spices, like fragrant flowers; his lips like lilies, distilling liquid myrrh.

14 His hands are like circlets of gold set with emeralds; his belly is like polished ivory overlaid with sapphires.

15 His legs are like pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold; his countenance is like Lebanon, excellent like the cedars.

16 His mouth is most sweet; and he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

א בָּאתִי לְגַנִּי אַחְתִּי כֻלָּהּ אֶרְתִּי מוֹרִי עִם-בְּשָׁמִי אֶכְלֹתִי  
יַעֲרִי עִם-דְּבָשִׁי שְׁתִּיתִי יַיִן עִם-חֲלָבִי אֶכְלוּ רַעִים שְׁתוּ  
וּשְׁכְרוּ דוֹדִים:

ב אֲנִי יִשְׁנָה וְלִבִּי עָר קוֹל | דוֹדִי דוֹפֵק פִּתְחֵי-לִי אַחְתִּי  
רַעֲיָתִי יוֹנְתִי תַמְתִּי שְׁרָאשִׁי נִמְלֵא-טָל קוֹצוֹתַי רְסִיסֵי  
לַיְלָה:

ג פִּשְׁטֹתַי אֶת-כַּתְּנֹתַי אֵיכָכָה אֶלְבָּשָׁנָה רַחֲצֹתִי אֶת-רַגְלֵי  
אֵיכָכָה אֶטְנַפֵּם:

ד דוֹדִי שִׁלַּח יָדוֹ מִן-הַחֹר וּמַעֲי הָמוּ עָלָיו: ה קָמְתִי אֲנִי  
לַפֶּתַח לְדוֹדִי וַיְדַי נְטִפוֹ-מֹר וְאֶצְבְּעֹתַי מֹר עֵבֶר עַל כַּפּוֹת  
הַמִּנְעוּל:

ו פִּתַּחְתִּי אֲנִי לְדוֹדִי וְדוֹדִי חָמַק עֵבֶר נִפְשִׁי יֵצֵאה בְּדַבְרוֹ  
בְּקִשְׁתִּיהוּ וְלֹא מָצֵאתִיהוּ קָרָאתִיו וְלֹא עֲנָנִי:

ז מָצְאוּנִי הַשֹּׁמְרִים הַסִּבְבִּים בָּעִיר הַכּוֹנֵי פְצַעוֹנֵי נִשְׂאוֹ  
אֶת-רִדְדֵי מַעְלֵי שְׁמַרְי הַחֲמוֹת:

ח הַשְּׁבַעְתִּי אֶתְכֶם בְּנוֹת יְרוּשָׁלַם אִם-תִּמְצְאוּ אֶת-דוֹדִי  
מֵה-תִגִּידוּ לוֹ שְׁחוּלַת אֶהְבֶּה אֲנִי:

ט מֵה-דוֹדְךָ מְדוּד הִיפָה בְנָשִׁים מֵה-דוֹדְךָ מְדוּד שְׁכַכָּה  
הַשְּׁבַעְתָּנוּ:

י דוֹדִי צַח וְאֵדוֹם דָּגוּל מֵרַבָּה:

יא רָאשׁוֹ כֶּתֶם פֶּז קוֹצוֹתָיו תִּלְתְּלִים שְׁחֹרוֹת כְּעוֹרֵב:

יב עֵינָיו כְּיוֹנִים עַל-אַפְיָקִי מִים רַחֲצוֹת בְּחָלָב יִשְׁבּוֹת  
עַל-מְלֵאת:

יג לְחָיו כְּעָרוּגַת הַבָּשָׂם מִגְדָּלוֹת מְרַקְחִים שְׁפֹתוֹתָיו  
שׁוֹשְׁנִים נְטִפּוֹת מֹר עֵבֶר: יד יָדוֹ גְּלִילִי זָהָב מִמְּלֵאִים  
בְּתַרְשִׁישׁ מַעֲיו עֵשֶׂת שָׁן מְעַלְפֹת סַפִּירִים:

טו שׁוֹקִיו עֲמוּדֵי שֵׁשׁ מִיִּסְדִּים עַל-אֲדָנִי-פֶז מֵרָאֵהוּ כִּלְבָנוֹן  
בְּחֹר כְּאַרְזִים: טז חֲפוֹ מִמְתַּקִּים וְכֻלוֹ מִחֲמָדִים זֶה דוֹדִי  
וְזֶה רַעִי בְּנוֹת יְרוּשָׁלַם:

# Song of Songs chapter VI

1 Where has your beloved gone, O you most beautiful among women? where has your beloved turned? that we may seek him with you.

2 My beloved has gone down to his garden, to the beds of spices, to pasture his flock in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

3 I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine; he pastures his flock among the lilies. 4 You are beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely 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 sliding down from Gilead.

6 Your teeth are like a flock of sheep which have come up from the washing, all of them bear twins, and there is not one bereaved among them.

7 Like a piece of a pomegranate are your cheeks behind our veil.

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

9 My dove, my perfect one, is only one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bore her. The maidens saw her, and called her happy; the queens and the concubines praised her.

10 Who is she that looks forth like the dawn, beautiful like the moon, bright like the sun, and awesome like an army with banners?

11 I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see if the vine had blossomed, to see if the pomegranates were in bloom.

12 Without my knowing it, my soul set me among the chariots of a princely people.

א אֵינִי הַלֵּךְ הַלֵּךְ דּוֹרֵךְ הַיְסָה בְּנָשִׁים אֵינִי פָנָה דּוֹרֵךְ  
וּבְבִקְשֵׁנוּ עִמָּךְ:

ב דּוֹדִי יָרַד לְגַן לְעֵרֻגוֹת הַבְּשִׂם לְרֵעוֹת בְּגַנִּים  
וְלִלְקֵט שׁוֹשַׁנִּים:

ג אֲנִי לְדוֹדִי וְדוֹדִי לִי הִרְעֵה בְּשׁוֹשַׁנִּים:

ד יִפָּה אֶת רַעֲיָתִי כְּתִרְצָה נְאוּה כִּירוּשָׁלַם אֵינִי  
כְּנִדְנָלוֹת:

ה הַסִּבִּי עֵינֶיךָ מִנְּגִדֵי שֶׁהֵם הִרְהִיבֵנִי שֶׁעָרְךָ כְּעֵדֶר  
הַעֲזִים שֶׁנִּלְשׁוּ מִן־הַגִּלְעָד: וְשִׁנֶּךָ כְּעֵדֶר הַרְחָלִים

שֶׁעָלוּ מִן־הַרְחֵצָה שֶׁכָּלֵם מִתְאַיְמוֹת וְשִׁכְלָה אֵין  
בָּהֶם: ז כְּפִלַח הַרְמוֹן רִקְתָּךְ מִבַּעַד לְצַמְתְּךָ:

ח שְׁשִׁים הֵמָּה מַלְכוֹת וְשִׁמְנִים פִּילְגֵשִׁים וְעַלְמוֹת אֵין  
מִסְפָּר:

ט אַחַת הִיא יוֹנָתִי תַמְתִּי אַחַת הִיא לְאַפָּה בָרָה הִיא  
לְיִלְדוּתָהּ רְאוּה בָנוֹת וְיִאֲשֻׁרוּה מַלְכוֹת וּפִילְגֵשִׁים

וְיִהְיֶינָה:

י מִי־זֹאת הַנְּשִׁקָפָה כְּמו־שַׁחַר יִפָּה כְּלִבְנָה בָרָה  
כְּחִפָּה אֵינִי כְּנִדְנָלוֹת: יא אֵל־גִּנַּת אֶגְרוֹז יִלְדֵתִי

לְרֵאוֹת בְּאֵבֵי הַנַּחַל לְרֵאוֹת הַפְּרָחַה הַגִּפְסָן הַנִּצְוֹ  
הַרְמִנִים: יב לֹא יָדַעְתִּי נַפְשִׁי שֶׁמִּתְנִי מִרְכָּבוֹת

עַמִּי־נָדִיב:

## Song of Songs chapter VII

- 1 Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon you. What will you see in the Shulamite? as it were the dance of Mahanaim.
- 2 How beautiful are your feet in sandals, O prince's daughter! your rounded thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of an artist.
- 3 Your navel is like a round goblet, that never lacks blended wine; your belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies.
- 4 Your two breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle.
- 5 Your neck is like a tower of ivory; your eyes like the pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-Rabbim; your nose is like the tower of Lebanon which looks toward Damascus.
- 6 Your head upon you is like Carmel, and the hair of your head like purple; a king is caught in its tresses.
- 7 How beautiful and how lovely are you, O love, for delights!
- 8 This your stature is like a palm tree, and your breasts are like clusters of grapes.
- 9 I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of its boughs; may your breasts be like clusters of the vine, and the scent of your breath like apples;
- 10 And the roof of your mouth like the best wine for my beloved, that goes down sweetly, causing the sleepers' lips to murmur.
- 11 I am my beloved's, and his desire is for me.
- 12 Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages.
- 13 Let us go early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine has flowered, if the grape blossoms have opened, if the pomegranates are in bloom; there will I give you my loves.
- 14 The mandrakes give forth fragrance, and at our gates are all kinds of choice fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for you, O my beloved.

א שׁוּבִי שׁוּבִי הַשְּׂאֵפִית שׁוּבִי שׁוּבִי וְנִחְזֶה-בְּךָ  
מֶה-תִּחְזֹוּ בַשְּׂאֵפִית כַּמַּחֲלַת הַמַּחְנִיּוֹת:  
ב מֶה-יָפֹו פַעְמֶיךָ בַּנְּעָלִים בַּת-נָדִיב חַמּוּקֵי יָרְכִיךָ כַּמֹּו  
חֲלָאִים מַעֲשֵׂה יְדֵי אִמּוֹן: ג שְׂדֵרְךָ אֲנִי הַסֵּהר  
אֶל-יַחַסְדֵּךְ הַמְּזֹנָה בְּעֵינֶיךָ עֲרַמַת חֲטָיִם סוּגָה בַשּׁוֹשַׁנִּים:  
ד שְׁנֵי שְׂדֵיךָ כַּשְׁנֵי עֵפְרַיִם תְּאֵמֵנִי צְבִיָּה:  
ה צְוֹאֲרֶךָ כַּמְּגִדֵל הַשָּׁן עֵינֶיךָ בְּרִכּוֹת בְּחֶשְׁבֹן  
עַל-שַׁעַר בַּת-רַבִּים אִפְךָ כַּמְּגִדֵל הַלְּבָנוֹן צוּפָה פָּנֶי  
דַּמָּשְׁקִי:  
ו רֹאשְׁךָ עָלַיךָ כַּכַּרְמֶל וְחֵלֶת רֹאשְׁךָ כְּאֲדָמָן עָלַיךָ  
אֲסוּר בְּרֹהֲטִים:  
ז מֶה-יָפִית וּמֶה-נַעֲמִית אֲהַבָּה בַתְּעִנּוּגִים:  
ח זֹאת קוֹמַתְךָ דַּמְתָּה לְתַבְּרִי וְשְׂדֵיךָ לְאֲשְׁכְּלוֹתַי:  
ט אֲמַרְתִּי אֲעֲלֶה בְּתַבְּרִי אֲחִזָּה בְּסִסְיֹנֵי וַיְהִי-נָא  
שְׂדֵיךָ כְּאֲשְׁכְּלוֹת הַגֶּפֶן וְרִיחַ אִפְךָ כַּתְּפוּחִים:  
י וְחִפְךָ כִּינּוֹן הַטּוֹב הוֹלֵךְ לְדוּדֵי לְמִישְׁרִים דוֹבֵב שִׁפְתֵי  
יְשָׁנִים:  
יא אֲנִי לְדוּדֵי וְעַלִי תִשׁוּקְתוֹ:  
יב לֶכֶה דוּדֵי נִצָּא הַשָּׂדֶה נְלִינָה בַּכְּפָרִים:  
יג נִשְׁכַּנְּנָה לְכַרְמִים נִרְאָה אִם פָּרְחָה הַגֶּפֶן פָּתַח  
הַסְּמִדִּד הַנִּצּוֹ הַרְמוּנִים שָׁם אֲתֵן אֶת-דְּדֵי לֶךָ:  
יד הַדּוּדָאִים נִתְגוּ-לִי וְעַל-פִּתְחֵינוּ כָּל-מְגִדִים  
חֲדָשִׁים גַּם-יְשָׁנִים דוּדֵי צִפְנֵתִי לֶךָ:

# Song of Songs chapter VIII

## מגילת שיר השירים

פרק ח

א מי יתגדל כְּאִחַ לִּי יִנָּק שְׂדֵי אִמִּי אֲמַצְאֶךָ בְּחוּץ אֲשַׁקְךָ גַם לֹא-עֲבֹזוּ לִי:

ב אִנְהַנֶּךָ אֲבִינֶךָ אֶל-בֵּית אִמִּי תִלְמַדְנִי אֲשַׁקְךָ מִיַּיִן הַלֶּקַח מֵעֵסֶס רַמְנִי:

ג שְׂמְאֵלוֹ תַחַת רֹאשִׁי וַיִּמְנֹו תַחֲבֹקְנִי:

ד הַשְׁבַּעְתִּי אֶתְכֶם בְּנוֹת יְרוּשָׁלַם מֶה-תַּעֲרֹו | וּמֶה-תַּעֲרֹו אֶת-הָאֲהָבָה עַד שְׁתַּחֲפֹץ:

ה מִי זֹאת עֹלָה מִן-הַפְּדֵבֶר מִתְרַפֶּקֶת עַל-דֹדָהּ תַחַת הַתְּפוּחַ עֹוֹרֶתֶיךָ שָׁמָּה חִבַּלְתָּךְ אִפְךָ שָׁמָּה חִבְּלָהּ לִדְתָךְ:

ו שִׁימְנִי כַחֲוֹתֶם עַל-לִבְךָ כַחֲוֹתֶם עַל-זְרוּעֶךָ כִּי-עֲזָה כַפּוֹת אֲהַבָה קָשָׁה כִּשְׂאוֹל קִנְיָהּ רִשְׁפִּיהָ רִשְׁפִּי אִשׁ שְׁלֵהֲבַתִּיהָ:

ז מַיִם רַבִּים לֹא יִכְלֹוּ לְכַבּוֹת אֶת-הָאֲהָבָה וְנִהְרֹת לֹא יִשְׁטַפּוּהָ אִם-יִהְיֶה אִישׁ אֶת-כָּל-הוֹן בֵּיתוֹ בְּאֲהָבָה בּוֹז עֲבֹזוּ לִי:

ח אַחֹות לָנוּ קִטְנָה וְשָׂדִים אֵין לָהּ מֶה-נַעֲשֶׂה לְאַחֲתֵנוּ בַיּוֹם שִׁדְדֵבֶר-בָּהּ: ע אִם-חֹמֶה הִיא נִבְנָה עָלֶיהָ טִירַת כֶּסֶף

וְאִם-דָּלַת הִיא נִצְוֹר עָלֶיהָ לֹחַ אֲרָז:

י אֲנִי חֹמֶה וְשָׂדֵי כַפְנֵי-דָלוֹת אֲז הֵינְתִי בְעֵינַי כְּמוֹצֵאת שְׁלוֹם:

יא כִּרָם הִינֵה לְשַׁלְמָהּ בְּבַעַל הַטּוֹן נָתַן אֶת-הַכֶּרֶם לְנִטְרִים אִישׁ נָבֵא בְפִרְטוֹ אֶלְפֵי כֶסֶף:

יב כִּרְמִי שָׁלֵף לְפָנַי הָאֶלְפֵי לְךָ שְׁלַמָּה וּמֵאתָיִם לְנִטְרִים אֶת-פִּרְתִּי:

יג הַיַּשְׁבֵּת בַּנְּזִים חֲבֵרִים מִקְשֵׁבִים לְקוֹלְךָ הַשְׁמִיעֵנִי:

יד בָּרַח | דוֹדִי וְדָמָה לְךָ לְצִבְיָ אוֹ לְעִפּוֹר הָאֲמָלִים עַל הָרִי בְשָׂמִים:

1 O that you were like a brother to me, that nursed at my mother breasts! If I should find you outside, I would kiss you; and none would despise me.

2 I would lead you, and bring you into the house of my mother, who teaches me; I would give you to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate.

3 His left hand should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me.

4 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that you stir not up, nor awake my love, until it please.

5 Who is this that comes up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I awakened you up under the apple tree; there your mother was in labor with you; there she who bore you was in labor.

6 Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm; for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as Sheol; its coals are coals of fire, which has a most vehement flame.

7 Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it; if a man would give all the wealth of his house for love, it would be utterly scorned.

8 We have a little sister, and she has no breasts; what shall we do for our sister on the day when she shall be spoken for?

9 If she be a wall, we will build upon her a battlement of silver; and if she be a door, we will enclose her with boards of cedar.

10 I was a wall, and my breasts were like towers; then was I in his eyes as one that finds peace.

11 Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-Hamon; he let out the vineyard to keepers; every one for his fruit was to bring one thousand pieces of silver.

12 My vineyard, which is mine, is before me; you, O Solomon, must have one thousand, and those that keep its fruit two hundred.

13 O you who dwell in the gardens, the companions listen to your voice; let me hear it.

14 Make haste, my beloved, and be like a gazelle or like a young hart upon the mountains of spices.