

¹I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: 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, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.²I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.³I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?⁴My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him.⁵I rose up to open to my beloved; and my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.⁶I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone: my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.⁷The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.⁸I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love.⁹What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? what is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?¹⁰My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.¹¹His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven.¹²His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.¹³His

¹قَدْ دَخَلْتُ جَنَّتِي يَا أُخْتِي الْعُرْسُ. قَطَفْتُ مُرِّي مَعَ طِيْبِي. أَكَلْتُ شَهْدِي مَعَ عَسَلِي. شَرِبْتُ خَمْرِي مَعَ لَبَنِي. كُلُوا أَهْهَا الْأَصْحَابُ. اشْرَبُوا وَاسْكُرُوا أَهْهَا الْأَجْبَاءُ. أَنَا تَائِمَةٌ وَقَلْبِي مُسْتَقِطٌ. صَوْتُ حَبِيبِي قَارِعًا، إِفْتَحِي لِي يَا أُخْتِي، يَا حَبِيبَتِي يَا حَقَامَتِي يَا كَامِلَتِي، لِأَنَّ رَأْسِي اِمْتَلَأَ مِنَ الطَّلِّ وَفُضِّصِي مِنْ نَدَى اللَّيْلِ. قَدْ خَلَعْتُ ثَوْبِي، فَكَيْفَ أَلْبَسُهُ. قَدْ غَسَلْتُ رِجْلَيَّ، فَكَيْفَ أَوْسُخُّهُمَا. حَبِيبِي مَدَّ يَدَهُ مِنَ الْكُوَّةِ فَأَثْتُ عَلَيْهِ أَحْسَانِي. قُمْتُ لِأَفْتَحَ لِحَبِيبِي وَبَدَايَ تَقْطُرَانُ مُرًّا، وَأَصَابِعِي مُرٌّ قَاطِرٌ عَلَى مَقْبِصِ الْفُكْلِ. فَتَحْتُ لِحَبِيبِي، لَكِنَّ حَبِيبِي تَحَوَّلَ وَغَبَرَ. نَفْسِي حَرَجَتْ عِنْدَمَا أَذْبَرْتُ. طَلَبْتُهُ فَمَا وَجَدْتُهُ. دَعَوْتُهُ فَمَا أَجَابَنِي. وَجَدَنِي الْحَرَسُ الطَّائِفُ فِي الْمَدِينَةِ. صَرَخْتُ نُونِي. جَرَحُونِي. حَقَطَهُ الْأَسْوَارُ رَفَعُوا إِرَارِي عَنِّي. ⁸أَخْلَفَكُنْ يَا بَنَاتِ أَوْرُشَلِيمَ إِنْ وَجَدْتُنَّ حَبِيبِي أَنْ تُخْبِرْتَهُ بِأَنِّي مَرِيضَةٌ حُبًّا. ⁹مَا حَبِيبُكَ مِنْ حَبِيبٍ أَتَتْهَا الْجَمِيلَةُ بَيْنَ النِّسَاءِ. مَا حَبِيبُكَ مِنْ حَبِيبٍ حَتَّى تُجْلِفِنَا هَكَذَا. ¹⁰حَبِيبِي أَبْيَضٌ وَأَحْمَرٌ. مُعْلَمٌ بَيْنَ رِبَوَةٍ. ¹¹رَأْسُهُ دَهَبٌ إِبْرِيزٌ. فُضِّصَتْهُ مُسْتَرْسِلَةٌ خَالِكُهُ كَالْعُرَابِ. ¹²عَيْنَاهُ كَالْحَمَامِ عَلَى مَجَارِي الْمِيَاهِ، مَغْسُولَتَانِ بِاللَّبَنِ، جَالِسَتَانِ فِي وَفَيْبِهِمَا. ¹³خَدَاهُ كَخَمِيلَةِ الطَّيِّبِ وَالْأَلَامِ رِبَاجِينَ ذَكِّيَّةٍ. شَفَتَاهُ سَوَسَنٌ تَقْطُرَانُ مُرًّا مَائِعًا. ¹⁴يَدَاهُ خَلْقَتَانِ مِنْ دَهَبٍ مُرْصَعَتَانِ بِالزَّبَرْجَدِ. بَطْنُهُ غَاجٌ أَبْيَضٌ مُغْلَفٌ بِالْيَاقُوتِ الْأَزْرَقِ. ¹⁵سَاقَاهُ عَمُودَا رُحَامٍ مُؤَسَّسَتَانِ عَلَى قَاعِدَتَيْنِ مِنْ إِبْرِيزٍ. طَلَعَتْهُ كَلْبَنَانِ. فَتَى كَالْأَزْرِ. ¹⁶خَلَقَهُ جَلَاوُهُ وَكُلَّهُ مُسْتَهْبَأْتُ. هَذَا حَبِيبِي وَهَذَا حَلِيلِي يَا بَنَاتِ أَوْرُشَلِيمَ.

cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers: his lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.¹⁴ His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl: his belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.¹⁵ His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.¹⁶ His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.