

¹أَنَا تَرْجِسُ شَارُونَ سَوْسَتُهُ الْأُودِيَّةُ. ²كَالسَّوْسَةِ بَيْنَ
 الشُّوْكِ كَذَلِكَ حَبِيبَتِي بَيْنَ الثَّنَاتِ. ³كَالثَّقَاحِ بَيْنَ شَجَرِ
 الْوَعْرِ كَذَلِكَ حَبِيبِي بَيْنَ النِّسَنِ. تَحْتَ ظِلِّهِ اسْتَهَيْتُ أَنْ
 أَجْلِسَ، وَتَمَرَّتُهُ خُلُوهُ لِحْلَفِي. ⁴أَدْخَلَنِي إِلَى بَيْتِ الْحَمْرِ
 وَعَلَّمَهُ قَوْفِي مَحَبَّةً. ⁵أَسْنِدُونِي بِأَقْرَاصِ الرَّيِّبِ.
 أَنْعِشُونِي بِالثَّقَاحِ، فَإِنِّي مَرِيضَةٌ حُبًّا. ⁶بِشِمَالِهِ تَحْتَ رَأْسِي
 وَبِعَيْنِهِ تُعَانِقُنِي. ⁷أَخْلَفُكُنَّ يَا بَنَاتِ أورشليم بِالطَّبَاءِ
 وَبِأَيَّالِ الْخُمُولِ، أَلَّا تَقْطُرْنَ وَلَا تُنْهِنَ الْحَبِيبَ حَتَّى
 يَسَاءَ. ⁸صَوْتُ حَبِيبِي. هُوَذَا آتٍ طَافِرًا عَلَى الْجِبَالِ، قَافِرًا
 عَلَى التَّلَالِ. ⁹حَبِيبِي هُوَ شَيْبَةُ الطَّبْنِيِّ أَوْ يَغْفُرُ الْإِبَائِلِ.
 هُوَذَا وَاقِفٌ وَرَاءَ حَائِطِنَا، يَنْطَلِعُ مِنَ الْكُوى، يُوَصِّصُ
 مِنَ الشَّيَابِكِ. ¹⁰أَجَابَ حَبِيبِي وَقَالَ لِي، قُومِي يَا حَبِيبَتِي
 يَا جَمِيلَتِي وَتَعَالِي. ¹¹لَأَنَّ الشِّتَاءَ قَدْ مَضَى، وَالْمَطَرُ مَرَّرَ
 وَرَالَ. ¹²الرُّهُورُ طَهَّرَتْ فِي الْأَرْضِ. بَلَغَ أَوَانُ الْقُصْبِ،
 وَصَوْتُ الْبَيْتَامَةِ سُمِعَ فِي أَرْضِنَا. ¹³الْتَبَنَةُ أَخْرَجَتْ فِجْهَها،
 وَفَعَلُ الْكُرومِ تُفِيحُ رَائِحَتَهَا. قُومِي يَا حَبِيبَتِي يَا جَمِيلَتِي
 وَتَعَالِي. ¹⁴يَا حَمَامَتِي فِي مَخَاجِي الصَّخْرِ، فِي سِرِّ
 الْمَعَاوِلِ. أَرِينِي وَجْهَكَ. أَسْمِعِينِي صَوْتَكَ، لَأَنَّ صَوْتَكَ
 لَطِيفٌ وَوَجْهَكَ جَمِيلٌ. ¹⁵خُذُوا لَنَا التَّعَالِبَ، التَّعَالِبَ
 الصَّغَارَ الْمُفْسِدَةَ الْكُرومِ، لَأَنَّ كُرومَنَا قَدْ
 أَفْعَلَتْ. ¹⁶حَبِيبِي لِي وَأَنَا لَهُ الرَّاعِي بَيْنَ السَّوْسَنِ. ¹⁷إِلَى
 أَنْ يَفِيحَ النَّهَارُ وَتَنْهَزَمَ الظَّلَالُ، اذْجِعْ وَأَسْهِ يَا حَبِيبِي
 الطَّبْنِيُّ أَوْ غَفَّرُ الْإِبَائِلِ عَلَى الْجِبَالِ الْمُسَعَّبَةِ.

¹I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. ²As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters. ³As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. ⁴He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love. ⁵Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love. ⁶His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me. ⁷I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please. ⁸The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. ⁹My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice. ¹⁰My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. ¹¹For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; ¹²The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; ¹³The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. ¹⁴O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely. ¹⁵Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes. ¹⁶My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies. ¹⁷Until

Song of Solomon 2

the day break, and the shadows flee away,
turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or
a young hart upon the mountains of
Bethel.