

¹قَدْ دَخَلْتُ حَبَّتِي يَا أُخْتِي الْعُرْسُ. قَطَفْتُ مُرِّي مَعَ طِيْبِي. أَكَلْتُ شَهْدِي مَعَ عَسَلِي. شَرِبْتُ حَمْرِي مَعَ لَبَنِي. كُلُوا أَيُّهَا الْأَصْحَابُ. اشْرَبُوا وَاسْكُرُوا أَيُّهَا الْأَجْبَاءُ. أَنَا تَائِمَةٌ وَقَلْبِي مُسْتَقِطٌ. صَوْتُ حَبِيبِي قَارِعًا، إِفْتَحْ لِي يَا أُخْتِي، يَا حَبِيبَتِي يَا حَمَامَتِي يَا كَامِلَتِي، لِأَنَّ رَأْسِي امْتَلَأَ مِنَ الطَّلِّ وَفُصَّصِي مِنْ تَدَى اللَّيْلِ.² قَدْ خَلَعْتُ ثَوْبِي، فَكَيْفَ أَلْبِسُهُ. قَدْ غَسَلْتُ رِجْلِي، فَكَيْفَ أُوسِّحُهُمَا.³ حَبِيبِي مَدَّ يَدَهُ مِنَ الْكُوَّةِ فَأَتَيْتُ عَلَيْهِ أَحْسَانِي.⁴ فَمَتُّ لَأَفْتَحَ لِحَبِيبِي وَبَدَايَ تَقْطُرَانِ مُرًّا، وَأَصَابِعِي مُرٌّ قَاطِرٌ عَلَى مَقْبِضِ الْفُكْلِ.⁵ فَتَحْتُ لِحَبِيبِي، لَكِنَّ حَبِيبِي تَحَوَّلَ وَغَبَرَ. تَفْسِي خَرَجَتْ عِنْدَمَا أَذْبَرَ. طَلَيْتُهُ فَمَا وَجَدْتُهُ. دَعَوْتُهُ فَمَا أَجَابَنِي.⁶ وَجَدَنِي الْحَرَسُ الطَّائِفُ فِي الْمَدِينَةِ. صَرَّيُونِي. خَرَّجُونِي. حَقَطَتِ الْأَسْوَارُ رَفَعُوا إِرَارِي عَنِّي.⁷ أَخْلَفَكُنَّ يَا بَنَاتِ أُورُشَلِيمَ إِنْ وَجَدْتُنَّ حَبِيبِي أَنْ تُخْبِرْتَهُ بِأَنِّي مَرِيضَةٌ خَبَأً.⁸ مَا حَبِيبُكَ مِنْ حَبِيبٍ حَتَّى تُخْلِفِينَ هَكَذَا.⁹ حَبِيبِي أَبْيَضٌ وَأَحْمَرٌ. مُعْلَمٌ بَيْنَ رِبَوَةٍ.¹⁰ رَأْسُهُ دَهَبٌ إِبْرِيرٌ. فُصَّصَتْهُ مُسْتَرْسِلَةٌ خَالِكَةٌ كَالْعُرَابِ.¹¹ عَيْنَاهُ كَالْحَمَامِ عَلَى مَجَارِي الْمِيَاهِ، مَعْيُوسُولَتَانِ بِاللَّبَنِ، جَالِسَتَانِ فِي وَفَيْهِمَا.¹² خَدَاهُ كَحَمِيلَةِ الطَّيْبِ وَالْأَلَامُ رَجَاجِينَ ذَكِيَّةٍ. شَقَاتُهُ سَوَسَنٌ تَقْطُرَانِ مُرًّا مَائِعًا.¹³ يَدَاهُ خَلَقَتَانِ مِنْ دَهَبٍ مُرْصَعَتَانِ بِالزَّرْبَجِدِ. بَطْنُهُ عَاجٌ أَبْيَضٌ مُعَلَّفٌ بِالْبَاقُوتِ الْأَزْرَقِ.¹⁴ سَاقَاهُ عَمُودَا رُحَامٍ مُؤَسَّسَتَانِ عَلَى قَاعَتَيْنِ مِنْ إِبْرِيرٍ. طَلَعْنُهُ كَلْبَتَانِ. فَتَى كَالْأُزْرِ.¹⁵ خَلَقُهُ جَلَاوَةٌ وَكُلُّهُ مُسْتَهَيَّاتٌ. هَذَا حَبِيبِي وَهَذَا خَلِيلِي يَا بَنَاتِ أُورُشَلِيمَ.

¹ I 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.² I 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.³ I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?⁴ My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him.⁵ I 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.⁶ I 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.⁷ The 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.⁸ I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love.⁹ What 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?¹⁰ My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.¹¹ His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven.¹² His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.¹³ His

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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.