

¹أَيْنَ ذَهَبَ حَبِيبُكَ أَيَّتُهَا الْجَمِيلَةُ بَيْنَ النِّسَاءِ. أَيْنَ تَوَجَّهَ
حَبِيبُكَ فَتَطْلُبُهُ مَعَكَ.² حَبِيبِي نَزَلَ إِلَى جَنَّتِهِ، إِلَى حِمَائِلِ
الطِّيبِ، لِيَتَرَعَى فِي الْحَبَّاتِ، وَيَجْمَعَ السُّوسَنَ.³ أَنَا
لِحَبِيبِي وَحَبِيبِي لِي. الرَّاعِي بَيْنَ السُّوسَنِ.⁴ أَنْتَ جَمِيلَةٌ
يَا حَبِيبَتِي كَبُرَصَةٌ، حَسَنَةٌ كَأُورُشَلِيمَ، مُزْهِبَةٌ كَجَيْشٍ
بِالْوَيْةِ.⁵ حَوْلِي عَنِّي عَيْنُكَ فَإِنَّهُمَا قَدْ عَلَبَانِي. سَعَزُكَ
كَقَطِيعِ الْمَعَزِ الرَّايِضِ فِي جَلْعَادَ.⁶ أَسْنَانُكَ كَقَطِيعِ نَعَاجٍ
صَادِرَةٍ مِنَ الْعَسَلِ، اللُّوَاتِي كُلُّ وَاحِدَةٍ مُنِيْمٌ وَلَيْسَ فِيهَا
عَقِيمٌ.⁷ كَفَلَقَةَ رُمَاتِي حَذُّكَ تَحْتَ تَقَائِكِ.⁸ هُنَّ سِتُونَ مَلِكَةً
وَتَمَانُونَ بُرِّيَّةً وَعِذَارَى يَلَا عَدَدٍ.⁹ وَاحِدَةٌ هِيَ حَمَامَتِي
كَامِلَتِي. الْوَجِيدَةُ لَأَمَّهَا هِيَ. عَقِيلَةٌ وَالِدَتُهَا هِيَ. رَأَتْهَا
الْبَنَاتُ فَطَوَّوْنَهَا. الْمَلِكَاثُ وَالسَّرَارِيُّ قَمَدَحْنَهَا.¹⁰ مَنْ هِيَ
الْمُسْرِقَةُ مِنْ الصَّبَاحِ، جَمِيلَةٌ كَالْقَمَرِ، طَاهِرَةٌ
كَالسَّمْسِ، مُزْهِبَةٌ كَجَيْشٍ بِالْوَيْةِ.¹¹ نَزَلْتُ إِلَى جَنَّةِ الْجُوزِ
لَأَنْظُرَ إِلَى حُصْرِ الْوَادِي، وَلَأَنْظُرَ، هَلْ أَفْعَلَ الْكَرْمُ. هَلْ
تَوَرَّ الرُّمَّانُ.¹² قَلَمْ أَشْعُرُ إِلَّا وَقَدْ جَعَلْتَنِي نَفْسِي بَيْنَ
مَرْكَبَاتِ قَوْمٍ شَرِيفٍ.¹³ ارْجِعِي، ارْجِعِي يَا سُولَمَيْتُ.
ارْجِعِي، ارْجِعِي فَتَنْظُرَ إِلَيْكَ.

¹Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee.² My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.³ I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine: he feedeth among the lilies.⁴ Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.⁵ Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.⁶ Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them.⁷ As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.⁸ There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number.⁹ My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her. The daughters saw her, and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.¹⁰ Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?¹¹ I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded.¹² Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib.¹³ Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies.