

¹أَنَا تَرْجِسُ شَارُونَ سَوْسَتُهُ الْأُودِيَّةُ.² كَالسَّوْسَةِ بَيْنَ
 الشُّوْكِ كَذَلِكَ حَبِيبَتِي بَيْنَ الثَّنَاتِ.³ كَالثَّقَاحِ بَيْنَ شَجَرِ
 الْوَعْرِ كَذَلِكَ حَبِيبِي بَيْنَ النِّسَنِ. تَحْتَ ظِلِّهِ اسْتَهَيْتُ أَنْ
 أَجْلِسَ، وَتَمَرَّتُهُ خُلُوهُ لِحْلَفِي.⁴ أَذْخَلَنِي إِلَى بَيْتِ الْحَمْرِ
 وَعَلَّمَهُ قَوْفِي مَحَبَّةً.⁵ أَسْنِدُونِي بِأَقْرَاصِ الزَّيْبِ
 أَنْعِشُونِي بِالثَّقَاحِ، فَإِنِّي مَرِيضَةٌ حُبًّا.⁶ يَسْمَالُهُ تَحْتَ رَأْسِي
 وَيَعِينُهُ تُعَانِقُنِي. أَخْلَفُكُنَّ يَا بَنَاتِ أورشليم بِالطَّبَاءِ
 وَبِأَيَّالِ الْخُمُولِ، أَلَّا يُقْطِرْنَ وَلَا تُنْهِنَ الْحَبِيبَ حَتَّى
 يَسَاءَ.⁸ صَوْتُ حَبِيبِي. هُوَذَا آتٍ طَافِرًا عَلَى الْجِبَالِ، قَافِرًا
 عَلَى التَّلَالِ.⁹ حَبِيبِي هُوَ شَيْبُهُ بِالطَّبْنِ أَوْ يَغْفِرُ الْبَائِلِ.
 هُوَذَا وَاقِفٌ وَرَاءَ حَائِطِنَا، يَنْطَلِعُ مِنَ الْكُوى، يُوَصِّصُ
 مِنَ الشَّيَابِكِ.¹⁰ أَجَابَ حَبِيبِي وَقَالَ لِي، قُومِي يَا حَبِيبَتِي
 يَا جَمِيلَتِي وَتَعَالِي. ¹¹لَأَنَّ الشَّيْءَ قَدْ مَضَى، وَالْمَطَرُ مَرَّ
 وَرَالَ.¹² الرَّهْوَرُ طَهَّرَتْ فِي الْأَرْضِ. بَلَغَ أَوَانُ الْقُصْبِ،
 وَصَوْتُ الْبَيْمَامَةِ سُمِعَ فِي أَرْضِنَا. ¹³الْتَبَنَةُ أَخْرَجَتْ فَجْهَهَا،
 وَفَعَالُ 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
 الطَّبْنِ أَوْ غَفَّرَ الْبَائِلِ 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.