

¹تَشِيدُ الْأَثَائِدِ الَّذِي لِسُلَيْمَانَ، ²لِيَقْبَلَنِي بِقُبْلَاتِ قَمِيهِ،
لَأَنَّ حُبَّكَ أَطْيَبُ مِنَ الْخَمْرِ. ³لِرَائِحَةِ أَذْهَابِكَ الطَّيِّبَةِ.
اسْمُكَ ذَهْنٌ مُهَرَّقٌ، لِذَلِكَ أَحَبُّكَ الْعِدَارَى. ⁴أُجَذِّنِي
وَرَاءَكَ فَتَجْرِي. أَذْخِلْنِي الْمَلِكُ إِلَى جِوَالِهِ. تَبْهَجُ وَتَفْرَحُ
بِكَ. تَذْكُرُ حُبَّكَ أَكْثَرَ مِنْ الْخَمْرِ. بِالْحَقِّ يُحِبُّوكَ. ⁵أَنَا
سَوْدَاءُ وَجَمِيلَةٌ يَا بَنَاتِ أُورُشَلِيمَ، كَخِيَامِ قِيدَارَ، كُشَّقِي
سُلَيْمَانَ. ⁶لَا تَهْطُرْنَ إِلَيَّ لِكُونِي سَوْدَاءَ، لَأَنَّ الشَّمْسَ قَدْ
لَوَّحَتَنِي. بَنُو أُمِّي غَضَبُوا عَلَيَّ. جَعَلُونِي تَاطُورَةَ الْكُزُومِ.
أَمَّا كَرَمِي فَلَمْ أُطْرَهُ. ⁷أُخِزِّنِي يَا مَنْ تُجِبُّهُ نَفْسِي أَيْنَ
تَرَعَى، أَيْنَ تُرِيضُ عِنْدَ الطَّهِيرَةِ. لِمَاذَا أَنَا أَكُونُ كَمُقَنَّعَةٍ
عِنْدَ فُطَعَانٍ أَصْحَابِكَ. ⁸إِنْ لَمْ تَعْرِفِي أَيْبَهَا الْجَمِيلَةَ بَيْنَ
النِّسَاءِ فَاخْرُجِي عَلَى أَثَارِ الْعَتَمِ، وَارْعِي جِدَاءَكَ عِنْدَ
مَسَاكِينِ الرُّعَاةِ. ⁹لَقَدْ سَنَّهُتُكَ يَا حَبِيبَتِي يَفْرَسٍ فِي
مَرْكَبَاتٍ فِرْعَوْنَ. ¹⁰مَا أَجْمَلَ حَدِّكَ بِسُمُوطٍ، وَعُنُقُكَ
بِقَلَابِدَ. ¹¹تَضَعُ لَكَ سَلَاسِلَ مِنْ ذَهَبٍ مَعَ جُمَانٍ مِنْ
فِصَّةٍ. ¹²مَا دَامَ الْمَلِكُ فِي مَجْلِسِهِ أَفَاحَ تَارِدِينِي
رَائِحَتَهُ. ¹³صُرَّةُ الْمُرِّ حَبِيبِي لِي. بَيْنَ تَذَيُّيَ بَيْتٍ. ¹⁴طَاقُهُ
فَاعِيَةٍ حَبِيبِي لِي فِي كُزُومِ عَيْنٍ جَذِي. ¹⁵هَا أَنْتَ جَمِيلَةٌ يَا
حَبِيبَتِي، هَا أَنْتَ جَمِيلَةٌ. عَيْتَاكَ حَمَامَتَانِ. ¹⁶هَا أَنْتَ جَمِيلٌ
يَا حَبِيبِي وَخُلُوْ، وَسَرِيرُنَا أَحْضَرُ. ¹⁷جَوَائِزُ بَيْتِنَا أُرُ،
وَرَوَائِدُنَا سَرُؤُ.

¹The song of songs, which is Solomon's. ²Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine. ³Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee. ⁴Draw me, we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers: we will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love more than wine: the upright love thee. ⁵I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. ⁶Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept. ⁷Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions? ⁸If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents. ⁹I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots. ¹⁰Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold. ¹¹We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver. ¹²While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof. ¹³A bundle of myrrh is my wellbeloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts. ¹⁴My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi. ¹⁵Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast

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doves' eyes.¹⁶ Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed is green.¹⁷ The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.