

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

¹تَشِيدُ الْأَثِيدِ الَّذِي لِسُلَيْمَانَ، ²لِيَقْبَلَنِي يُقْبَلَاتِ فَمِهِ،
لَأَنَّ حُبَّكَ أَطْيَبُ مِنَ الْخَمْرِ. ³لِرَائِحَةِ أَذْهَانِكَ الطَّيِّبَةِ.
اسْمُكَ ذُهُنٌ مُهْرَاقٌ، لِذَلِكَ أَحْبَبْتُكَ الْعَذَارَى. ⁴أُجْذِبْنِي
وَرَاءَكَ فَتَجْرِي، أَدْخِلْنِي الْمَلِكُ إِلَى حِجَالِهِ. تَبْهَجُ وَتَفْرُخُ
بِكَ. تَذْكُرُ حُبَّكَ أَكْثَرَ مِنَ الْخَمْرِ. بِالْحَقِّ يُجِبُّوكَ. ⁵أَنَا
سُودَاءُ وَجَمِيلَةٌ يَا بَنَاتِ أَوْرُشَلِيمَ، كَخِيَامِ قِيدَارَ، كَشُقُقِ
سُلَيْمَانَ. ⁶لَا تَنْظُرْنَ إِلَيَّ لِكُونِي سُودَاءُ، لِأَنَّ الشَّمْسَ قَدْ
لَوَّحْنِي. بَنُو أُمِّي غَضِبُوا عَلَيَّ. جَعَلُونِي تَاطُورَةَ الْكُزُومِ.
أَمَّا كُزُومِي فَلَمْ أَنْطُرْهُ. ⁷أَحْزِنِي يَا مَنْ تُحِبُّهُ نَفْسِي أَيْنَ
تَرَعَى، أَيْنَ تُرِيضُ عِنْدَ الطَّهِيرَةِ. لِمَ أَذًا أَنَا أَكُونُ كَمُفْتَعَةٍ
عِنْدَ فُطْعَانٍ أَصْحَابِكَ. ⁸إِنْ لَمْ تَعْرِفِي أَيْتَهَا الْجَمِيلَةَ بَيْنَ
النِّسَاءِ فَأَخْرِجِي عَلَيَّ أَثَارَ الْعَتَمِ، وَارْعِي جِذَاءَكَ عِنْدَ
مَسَاكِينِ الرُّعَاةِ. ⁹لَقَدْ سَبَّهْتُكَ يَا حَبِيبَتِي بِقَرَسٍ فِي
مَرْكَبَاتٍ فِرْعَوْنَ. ¹⁰مَا أَجْمَلَ خَدَيْكَ بِسُمُوطٍ، وَغُنْفَكَ
بِقَلَائِدَ. ¹¹تَضَعُ لَكَ سَلَابِيلَ مِنْ ذَهَبٍ مَعَ حُفَامٍ مِنْ
فِصَّةٍ. ¹²مَا دَامَ الْمَلِكُ فِي مَجْلِسِهِ أَقَاخَ تَارِدِينِي
رَائِحَتُهُ. ¹³ضَرَّهُ الْمُرُّ حَبِيبِي لِي. بَيْنَ تَذَبِّي يَبِثُ. ¹⁴طَاقَهُ
فَاعِيَةِ حَبِيبِي لِي فِي كُزُومِ عَيْنِ جَذِي. ¹⁵هَا أَنْتَ جَمِيلَةٌ يَا
حَبِيبَتِي، هَا أَنْتَ جَمِيلَةٌ. عَيْتَاكَ حَمَامَتَانِ. ¹⁶هَا أَنْتَ جَمِيلٌ
يَا حَبِيبِي وَخُلُو، وَسَرِيرَتَا أَحْضَرُ. ¹⁷جَوَائِزُ بَيْتِنَا أُرُرُ،
وَرَوَافِدُنَا سَرُرُ.

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.