⠼⠂ ⠼⠂⠁ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠎⠕⠝⠛ ⠕⠋ ⠎⠕⠝⠛⠎⠂ ⠺⠓⠊⠉⠓ ⠊⠎
⠃ ⠎⠕⠇⠕⠍⠕⠝⠄⠎⠲ ⠼⠃ ⠇⠑⠞ ⠓⠊⠍ ⠅⠊⠎⠎ ⠍⠑ ⠺⠊⠞⠓
⠞⠓⠑ ⠅⠊⠎⠎⠑⠎ ⠕⠋ ⠓⠊⠎ ⠍⠕⠥⠞⠓⠒ ⠋⠕⠗ ⠞⠓⠽
⠇⠕⠧⠑ ⠊⠎ ⠃⠑⠞⠞⠑⠗ ⠞⠓⠁⠝ ⠺⠊⠝⠑⠲
⠉ ⠼⠉ ⠃⠑⠉⠁⠥⠎⠑ ⠕⠋ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠎⠁⠧⠕⠥⠗ ⠕⠋ ⠞⠓⠽
⠛⠕⠕⠙ ⠕⠊⠝⠞⠍⠑⠝⠞⠎ ⠞⠓⠽ ⠝⠁⠍⠑ ⠊⠎ ⠁⠎
⠕⠊⠝⠞⠍⠑⠝⠞ ⠏⠕⠥⠗⠑⠙ ⠋⠕⠗⠞⠓⠂ ⠞⠓⠑⠗⠑⠋⠕⠗⠑
⠙ ⠙⠕ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠧⠊⠗⠛⠊⠝⠎ ⠇⠕⠧⠑ ⠞⠓⠑⠑⠲ ⠼⠙ ⠙⠗⠁⠺
⠍⠑⠂ ⠺⠑ ⠺⠊⠇⠇ ⠗⠥⠝ ⠁⠋⠞⠑⠗ ⠞⠓⠑⠑⠒ ⠞⠓⠑
⠅⠊⠝⠛ ⠓⠁⠞⠓ ⠃⠗⠕⠥⠛⠓⠞ ⠍⠑ ⠊⠝⠞⠕ ⠓⠊⠎
⠉⠓⠁⠍⠃⠑⠗⠎⠒ ⠺⠑ ⠺⠊⠇⠇ ⠃⠑ ⠛⠇⠁⠙ ⠁⠝⠙
⠗⠑⠚⠕⠊⠉⠑ ⠊⠝ ⠞⠓⠑⠑⠂ ⠺⠑ ⠺⠊⠇⠇ ⠗⠑⠍⠑⠍⠃⠑⠗
⠞⠓⠽ ⠇⠕⠧⠑ ⠍⠕⠗⠑ ⠞⠓⠁⠝ ⠺⠊⠝⠑⠒ ⠞⠓⠑
⠑ ⠥⠏⠗⠊⠛⠓⠞ ⠇⠕⠧⠑ ⠞⠓⠑⠑⠲ ⠼⠑ ⠊ ⠁⠍ ⠃⠇⠁⠉⠅⠂
⠃⠥⠞ ⠉⠕⠍⠑⠇⠽⠂ ⠕ ⠽⠑ ⠙⠁⠥⠛⠓⠞⠑⠗⠎ ⠕⠋
⠚⠑⠗⠥⠎⠁⠇⠑⠍⠂ ⠁⠎ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠞⠑⠝⠞⠎ ⠕⠋ ⠅⠑⠙⠁⠗⠂
⠁⠎ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠉⠥⠗⠞⠁⠊⠝⠎ ⠕⠋ ⠎⠕⠇⠕⠍⠕⠝⠲
⠋ ⠼⠋ ⠇⠕⠕⠅ ⠝⠕⠞ ⠥⠏⠕⠝ ⠍⠑⠂ ⠃⠑⠉⠁⠥⠎⠑ ⠊ ⠁⠍
⠃⠇⠁⠉⠅⠂ ⠃⠑⠉⠁⠥⠎⠑ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠎⠥⠝ ⠓⠁⠞⠓ ⠇⠕⠕⠅⠑⠙
⠥⠏⠕⠝ ⠍⠑⠒ ⠍⠽ ⠍⠕⠞⠓⠑⠗⠄⠎ ⠉⠓⠊⠇⠙⠗⠑⠝ ⠺⠑⠗⠑
⠁⠝⠛⠗⠽ ⠺⠊⠞⠓ ⠍⠑⠆ ⠞⠓⠑⠽ ⠍⠁⠙⠑ ⠍⠑ ⠞⠓⠑
⠅⠑⠑⠏⠑⠗ ⠕⠋ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠧⠊⠝⠑⠽⠁⠗⠙⠎⠆ ⠃⠥⠞ ⠍⠊⠝⠑
⠕⠺⠝ ⠧⠊⠝⠑⠽⠁⠗⠙ ⠓⠁⠧⠑ ⠊ ⠝⠕⠞ ⠅⠑⠏⠞⠲
⠛ ⠼⠛ ⠞⠑⠇⠇ ⠍⠑⠂ ⠕ ⠞⠓⠕⠥ ⠺⠓⠕⠍ ⠍⠽ ⠎⠕⠥⠇
⠇⠕⠧⠑⠞⠓⠂ ⠺⠓⠑⠗⠑ ⠞⠓⠕⠥ ⠋⠑⠑⠙⠑⠎⠞⠂ ⠺⠓⠑⠗⠑

thou makest thy flock to rest at
noon: for why should I be as one
that turneth aside by the flocks
8 of thy companions? 8 if thou know
not, O thou fairest among women,
go thy way forth by the footsteps
of the flock, and feed thy kids
9 beside the shepherds' tents. 9 I
have compared thee, O my love, to
a company of horses in pharaoh's
10 chariots. 10 thy cheeks are
comely with rows of jewels, thy
11 neck with chains of gold. 11 we
will make thee borders of gold
12 with studs of silver. 12 while
the king sitteth at his table, my
spikenard sendeth forth the smell
13 thereof. 13 a bundle of myrrh is
my wellbeloved unto me; he shall
lie all night betwixt my breasts.
14 14 my beloved is unto me as a
cluster of camphire in the
15 vineyards of engedi. 15 behold,
thou art fair, my love; behold,
thou art fair; thou hast doves'

⠁⠋ ⠑⠽⠑⠎⠲ ⠼⠁⠋ ⠃⠑⠓⠕⠇⠙⠂ ⠞⠓⠕⠥ ⠁⠗⠞ ⠋⠁⠊⠗⠂
⠍⠽ ⠃⠑⠇⠕⠧⠑⠙⠂ ⠽⠑⠁⠂ ⠏⠇⠑⠁⠎⠁⠝⠞⠒ ⠁⠇⠎⠕
⠁⠛ ⠕⠥⠗ ⠃⠑⠙ ⠊⠎ ⠛⠗⠑⠑⠝⠲ ⠼⠁⠛ ⠞⠓⠑ ⠃⠑⠁⠍⠎ ⠕⠋
⠕⠥⠗ ⠓⠕⠥⠎⠑ ⠁⠗⠑ ⠉⠑⠙⠁⠗⠂ ⠁⠝⠙ ⠕⠥⠗
⠗⠁⠋⠞⠑⠗⠎ ⠕⠋ ⠋⠊⠗⠲