

Lyrics from the Song of Songs
translated by Ariel and Chana Bloch

Translators' Note: The young man is indicated by roman type and the young woman by italic type.

2:8-14

The voice of my love: listen!
Bounding over the mountains
Toward me, across the hills.

My love is a gazelle, a wild stag.
There he stands on the other side
Of our wall, gazing
Between the stones.

And he greets me:
Hurry, my love, my companion,
And come away!

Come, winter is over now,
The rains are done,
Wildflowers cover the fields.
Now is the time of the nightingale.
In every meadow you hear
The song of the turtledove.

The fig tree has sweetened
Its new green fruit,
And the young budded vines smell spicy.
Hurry, my love, my companion,
Come away.

My dove in the clefts of the rock,
Behind the ledge there, come out!
Let me see you, all of you,
Let me hear your voice,
Your delicious song.
I love to look at you.

3:1-5

*At night on my bed I longed for
My only love.
I sought him, but did not find him. I must rise*

*And go about the city,
The markets and the squares, till I find
My only love.
I sought him everywhere
And could not find him.*

*Then the watchmen stopped me
As they went about the city.
“Have you seen
The one I love?”*

*I had just passed them when I found
My only love.
I held him, I would not let him go
Until I brought him to my mother’s house,
Into my mother’s room.*

*Daughters of Jerusalem, swear to me
By the gazelles, by the deer in the field,
That you will never awaken love
Until it is ripe.*

4:1-7

How graceful you are, my love,
The doves of your eyes
Looking out
From the thicket of your hair.

Your black hair
Like a flock of goats
Spilling down Mount Gilead.

Your teeth white ewes
That come up from the pond,
Each one with its mate.

A crimson ribbon your lips—
How I listen for your voice!

Your forehead
A ruddy pomegranate
In the thicket of your hair.

Your long neck is the tower of David
Raised in splendor.
A thousand bucklers hang upon it,
All the shields of the warriors.

Your breasts are two fawns,
Twins of a gazelle,
Grazing in a field of lilies.

Before day breathes, before
The shadows of night are gone,
I will hurry to the mountain of myrrh,
The hill of frankincense.

You are entirely beautiful, my love,
Without a flaw.

5:10–16

*My lover is milk and wine,
He towers
Above ten thousand.*

*His head is burnished gold,
The mane of his hair
Black as the raven.*

*His eyes like doves
By the rivers
Of milk and plenty.*

*His cheeks a garden of scents,
A storehouse
Of rare spices, his lips
Red lilies wet with myrrh.*

*His arm a golden scepter with gems of topaz,
His loins the ivory of thrones
Inlaid with sapphire,
His legs like marble pillars
On pedestals of gold:*

*Tall as Mount Lebanon,
A man like a cedar!*

I am drunk on his kisses, he is my one delight.

*This is my beloved
And this my friend,
O daughters of Jerusalem.*