

The TanakhML Project

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'n#h h#lak# dôd##k# hayy#p##h bann#šîm 'n#h
p#n#h d#ôd##k# ûn#b#aq#šennû 'imm#k#

dôd#î y#rad# l#g#annô la'#rûg#ô#t# habb##em lir#ô#t#
baggannîm w#lil#q#t# šôšannîm

'nî l#d#ôd#î w#d#ôd#î lî h#r# 'eh baššôšannîm

y#p##h 'att ra'#y#t#î k#t#ir#s##h n#'w#h kîrûš#l#îm
'yumm#h kannid##g#lô#t#

h#s#bbî 'ênayik# minneg##dî šeh#m hir#hîb#unî
#a'#r#k# k#'#d#er h# 'izzîm šegg#l#šû min-haggil#'#d#

šinnayik# k#'#d#er h#r#h##lîm še'#lû
min-h#rah##s##h šekkull#m mat##'îmô#t# w#šakkul#h
'ên b#hem

k#p#elah# h#rimmôn raqq#t##k# mibba'ad#
l#s#amm#t##k#

šiššîm h#mm#h mm#l#k#ô#t# ûš#m#nîm pîlag##šîm
wa'#l#mô#t# 'ên mis#p#r

'ah#at# hî' yôn#t#î t#amm#t#î 'ah#at# hî' l#'imm#hh
b#r#h hî' l#yôlad##t#hh r# 'ûh# b##nô#t# way#'ašš#rûh#
m#l#k#ô#t# ûp#îlag##šîm way#hal#lûh#

mî-z#'t# hanniš#q#p##h k#mô-š#h#ar y#p##h
k#all#b##n#h b#r#h kah#amm#h 'yumm#h
kannid##g#lô#t#

'el-ginnat# '#g#ôz y#rad##t#î lir#ô#t# b#'ibbê hann#h#al
lir#ô#t# h#p##r#h##h haggep#en h#n#s#û h#rimm#nîm

l#' y#d#a'#t#î nap##šî ##mat##nî mar#k#b#ô#t#
'ammî-n#d#îb#

1 Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee.

2 My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

3 I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine: he feedeth among the lilies.

4 Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.

5 Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.

6 Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them.

7 As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.

8 There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number.

9 My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her. The daughters saw her, and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.

10 Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?

11 I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished and the pomegranates budded.

12 Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib.

