

# The TanakhML Project

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šîr haššîrîm 'šer liš#l#m#h  
 yišš#q#nî minn#šîqô# pîhû kî-t#ôb#îm d#d#eyk##  
 miyy#yin  
 l#rêah# š#m#neyk## t#ôb#îm šemen tûraq š#mek##  
 'al-k#n 'l#môt# 'h#b#ûk##  
  
 m#š#k##nî 'ah##reyk## nn#rûs##h h#b#î'anî  
 hammelek# h##d##r#yw n#g#îl#h w#ni##m#h##h  
 b#k# naz#kîr#h d##d#eyk## miyyayin mêš#rîm  
 'h#b#ûk##  
  
 š#h#ôr#h 'nî w#n#'w#h b#nôt# y#rûš#l#im k#'h#lê  
 q#d##r kîrî'ô# š#l#m#h  
  
 'al-tir#'ûnî še'#nî š#h#ar#h##ret# šešš#z#p#at##nî  
 hašš#meš b#nê 'immî nih##rû-b#î ##munî n#t##r#h  
 'et#-hakk#r#mîm kar#mî šellî l# 'n#t##r#tî  
  
 haggîd##h llî še'#h#b##h nap##šî 'êk##h t#ir#'eh  
 'êk##h tar#bîs# bas#s##h#r#yim šall#m#h 'eh#yeh  
 k#'#t##y#h 'al 'ed##rê h##b##reyk##  
  
 'im-l#' t##d##î l#k# hayy#p##h bann#šîm s##'î-l#k#  
 b#'iq#b#ê has#s##'n ûr#'î 'et#-g#d#iyy#t#ayik# 'al  
 miš#k#nôt# h#r#'îm  
  
 l#sus#t#î b#rik##b#ê p#ar#'h dimmî#îk# ra'#y#t#î  
  
 n#'wû l#h##yayik# batt#rîm s#aww#'r#k# bah##rûzîm  
  
 tôrê z#h#b# na'##eh-ll#k# 'im n#quddô# hakk#sep#  
  
 'ad#-šehammelek# bim#sibbô nir#dî n#t#an rêh#ô  
  
 s##rôr hamm#r dôd#î lî bèn š#d#ay y#lîn  
  
 'eš#k#l hakk#p#er dôd#î lî b#k#ar#mê 'ên ged#î  
  
 hinn#k# y#p##h ra'#y#t#î hinn#k# y#p##h 'ênayik#  
 yônîm  
 hinn#k## y#p#eh d#ôd#î 'ap# n#'îm 'ap#-'ar###nû  
 ra'#n#n#h

1 The song of songs, which is Solomon's.

2 Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine.

3 Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.

4 Draw 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.

5 I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.

6 Look 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.

7 Tell 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?

8 If 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.

9 I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.

10 Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold.

11 We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver.

12 While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.

13 A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.

14 My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi.

15 Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes.

16 Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed is green.

q#rôt# b#ttênû 'r#zîm rahî##nû b#rôt#îm

<sup>17</sup> The beams of our house  
are cedar, and our rafters of  
fir.

