

Song of Songs, Chapter 5

Song of Songs 5

(1) I have come to my garden, My own, my bride; I have plucked my myrrh and spice, Eaten my honey and honeycomb, Drunk my wine and my milk. Eat, lovers, and drink: Drink deep of love! (2) I was asleep, But my heart was wakeful. Hark, my beloved knocks! "Let me in, my own, My darling, my faultless dove! For my head is drenched with dew, My locks with the damp of night." (3) I had taken off my robe— Was I to don it again? I had bathed my feet— Was I to soil them again? (4) My beloved took his hand off the latch, And my heart was stirred for him. (5) I rose to let in my beloved; My hands dripped myrrh— My fingers, flowing myrrh — Upon the handles of the bolt. (6) I opened the door for my beloved, But my beloved had turned and gone. I was faint because of what he said. I sought, but found him not; I called, but he did not answer. (7) I met the watchmen Who patrol the town; They struck me, they bruised me. The guards of the walls Stripped me of my mantle. (8) I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem! If you meet my beloved, tell him this: That I am faint with love. (9) How is your beloved better than another, O fairest of women? How is your beloved better than another That you adjure us so? (10) My beloved is clear-skinned and ruddy, Preeminent

שיר השירים ה'

(א) בָּאתִי לְגַנְנִי אֶחְתִּי כִלְהָ אֶרְיִיתִי מוֹרֵי
עַם־בְּשָׂמִי אֶכְלֹתִי יַעֲרִי עִם־דְּבָשִׁי
שְׁתִּיתִי יַיְנִי עִם־חֶלְבִי אֶכְלוּ רְעִים שְׁתוּ
וְשָׁכְרוּ דוֹדִים: (ב) אָנִי יִשְׁנָה וְלִבִּי
עָרָר קוֹל | דוֹדִי דוֹפֵק פֶּתַח־חַיִּלִּי אֶחְתִּי
רַעֲיִתִי יוֹנְתִי תַמְתִּי שְׂרָאֲשִׁי נִמְלֵא־טָל
קוֹנִצוֹתַי רְסִיסֵי לִילָה: (ג) פֶּשֶׁטִּיתִי
אֶת־כַּתְּנֹתַי אֵיכָכָה אֶלְבֹּשְׁנָה רְחֻצְתִּי
אֶת־רַגְלֵי אֵיכָכָה אֶטְנַפֵּם: (ד) דוֹדִי
שָׁלַח יָדוֹ מִן־הַחֹר וּמַעֲצֵי הַמַּו עָלָיו: (ה)
קָמְתִי אָנִי לַפֶּתַח לְדוֹדִי וְנָתַי גִּטְפו־מֹור
וְאֶצְבְּעֹתַי מֹור עֹבֵר עַל כַּפּוֹת הַמַּנְעוּל:
(ו) פֶּתַחְתִּי אָנִי לְדוֹדִי וְדוֹדִי תַמַּק עָבְרָה
נִפְשִׁי יִצְאָה בְּדַבְּרוֹ בְּקִשְׁתִּיהוּ וְלֹא
מִצְאָתִיהוּ קָרָאתִיו וְלֹא עָנָנִי: (ז)
מִצְאָנִי הַשְּׂמֵרִים הַסַּבְּכִים בְּעִיר הַכּוֹנֵי
פָּצְעוּנִי נִשְׂאוּ אֶת־רִדְדִי מֵעַלֵּי שְׂמֵרֵי
הַחֲמוֹת: (ח) הִשְׁבַּעְתִּי אֶתְכֶם בְּנוֹת
יְרוּשָׁלַם אִם־תִּמְצְאוּ אֶת־דוֹדִי
מִה־תִּגִּידוּ לוֹ שְׂחֹלֶת אֶהְבֶּה אָנִי: (ט)
מִה־דוֹנְקוּ מִדוֹד הַיָּפֶה בְּנָשִׁים מִה־דוֹנְקוּ
מִדוֹד שְׂפָכָה הַשְּׁבַעְתֵּנוּ: (י) דוֹדִי צֹחַ
וְאֵלֹם דָּגוּל מִרְבֶּבָה: (יא) רֹאשׁוֹ בְּתָם
כִּי קוֹנִצוֹתָיו תִּלְתְּלִים שְׂחָרוֹת כְּעוֹרֵב:
(יב) עֵינָיו כִּיּוֹנִים עַל־אֶפְיָקֵי מַיִם
רְחֻצוֹת בְּחֶלֶב יִשְׁבּוֹת עַל־מִלְּאָת: (יג)
לְחַזְנוּ כְּעָרוּגַת הַבָּשָׂם מִגְדְּלוֹת מְרַקְתִּים
שְׁפֹתוֹתָיו שׁוֹשְׁוֹיִם גִּטְפוֹת מֹור עֹבֵר:

among ten thousand. (11) His head is finest gold, His locks are curled And black as a raven. (12) His eyes are like doves By watercourses, Bathed in milk, Set by a brimming pool. (13) His cheeks are like beds of spices, Banks of perfume His lips are like lilies; They drip flowing myrrh. (14) His hands are rods of gold, Studded with beryl; His belly a tablet of ivory, Adorned with sapphires. (15) His legs are like marble pillars Set in sockets of fine gold. He is majestic as Lebanon, Stately as the cedars. (16) His mouth is delicious And all of him is delightful. Such is my beloved, Such is my darling, O maidens of Jerusalem!

(יד) יָדָיו גְּלִילֵי זָהָב מְמִלָּאִים בַּתְּרֻשָׁיִשׁ
מַעְיֹר עֲשֵׂת שֵׁן מְעַלְפֶת סַפִּירִים: (טו)
שׁוֹקֵיר עַמּוּדֵי שֵׁשׁ מִיִּסְדִּים
עַל־אֲדָנִי־כֶז מְרֵאָהוּ כְּלָבֶזֶן כְּהוֹר
כְּאַרְזִים: (טז) חֶפְזוֹ מִמַּתְקִים וְכֹלֹ
מִתְמַדִּים זֶה דּוֹדִי וְזֶה רַעִי בְּנוֹת
יְרוּשָׁלָּיִם:

