

**THE SONG OF SONGS** (*selected passages*)

*In some congregations the Song of Songs is read in its entirety during services on Pesah.*

Oh, for a kiss from your lips,  
for your love is better than wine.

*You are fair, my beloved, you are fair.  
Your eyes are doves.*

You, too, are fair, my darling, sweet indeed.  
Our couch is shaded with branches.  
The beams of our house are cedar, our rafters are firs.

*Like a lily among thorns  
is my beloved among women.*

Like an apple tree in the forest  
is my darling among men.  
I delight to sit in his shade;  
his fruit is sweet to my palate.

*Sustain me with raisins, revive me with apples,  
for I am faint with love.*

Hark, my beloved! Here he comes,  
leaping over mountains, bounding over hills.

*Thus does my beloved speak to me:  
Arise, my darling, my beauty, and come away.  
For the winter is over, the rains have gone,  
blossoms have appeared, the time for pruning has come.*

The turtledove's cooing is heard in the land.  
The green figs on the fig tree are ripening,  
the vines are in blossom; they give off fragrance.

*Arise, my darling, my fair one, and come away.*

O my dove, in the cranny of the rock, hidden by the cliff —  
let me see your face, let me hear your voice,  
for your voice is sweet, your face is lovely.

*My beloved is mine and I am his;  
he grazes among the lilies.*

My bride, my own, you have captured my heart  
with a glance of your eyes, with a turn of your neck.

*How sweet your love, my bride, my own,  
far sweeter than wine.*

Your lips drop sweetness, my bride.  
Honey and milk are under your tongue.  
No spice is so sweet as your fragrance.

*Where has your beloved gone, fairest of women?  
Where has your darling wandered?  
Let us seek him together.*

My beloved has gone down to his garden of spices,  
to browse in the garden and to gather lilies.

*I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine.  
He feeds among the lilies.*

My beloved is fair and ruddy,  
a paragon among ten thousand,

*My dove is the only one, the perfect beauty:  
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun.*

I am my beloved's, whose longing is all for me.  
Come away to the fields, my beloved.

*Let us sleep among the blossoms of henna.  
Let us go to the vineyards early.*

Let us see if the vine has ripened, if blossoms are open.  
There I will give my love to you.

*Let me be a seal upon your heart, upon your arm.  
For love is as strong as death, passion mighty as the grave.  
Its flashes burn like flames, a blazing fire.*

Vast floods cannot quench love,  
no river can sweep it away.

*If one offered all he has for love,  
he would be utterly scorned.*

You linger in the garden, companions listen for you.  
Let me hear your voice.

*Hurry, my beloved, as a swift gazelle, a young stag,  
to the hills of spices.*