

The flowers are springing up,  
the season of singing birds\* has come,  
and the cooing of turtledoves fills the air.  
The fig trees are forming young  
and the fragrant grapevines are blossoming.  
Rise up, my darling!  
Come away with me, my love.

Young Man

My dove is hiding behind the rock,  
behind an outcrop on the cliff.  
Let me see your face,  
let me hear your voice,  
For your voice is pleasant  
and your face is lovely.

Young Women of Jerusalem

Catch all the foxes,  
those little foxes,  
before they ruin the vineyard of love,  
for the grapevines are blossoming!

Young Woman

My lover is mine, and I am his.  
He browses among the lilies.  
Before the dawn breezes blow  
and the night shadows flee,  
return to me, my love, like a gazelle  
or a young stag on the rugged mountains.

Young Woman

One night as I lay in bed, I yearned for my lover.  
I yearned for him, but he did not come.  
So I said to myself, "I will get up and roam the city,  
searching in all its streets and squares.  
I will search for the one I love."  
So I searched everywhere but did not find him.  
The watchmen stopped me as they made their rounds,  
and I asked, "Have you seen the one I love?"  
Then scarcely had I left them  
when I found my love!  
I caught and held him tightly,  
then I brought him to my mother's house,  
into my mother's bed, where I had been conceived.

promise me, O women of Jerusalem,  
by the gazelles and wild deer,  
not to awaken love until the time is right.\*

Young Women of Jerusalem

Who is this sleeping in from the wilderness  
like a clove of myrrh?  
Who is it, filled with myrrh and frankincense  
and every kind of spice?  
Look, it is Solomon's carriage,  
surrounded by sixty heroic men,  
the best of Israel's soldiers.

# help me

# believe

