Wasfs in the Song

Song 4: 1-7

ַהַנָּךְ יַפָּה רַעִיָּתִי הָנָּךְ יַפָּה עֵינַיִךְ יוֹנִים מְבַעַד לְצַמַּתֵךְ שַׂעָרֵךְ כְּעֲדֵר הָעָזִּים שֶׁגַּלְשׁוּ מֵהַר גִּלְעַד.

- (ב) שַׁנַּיִך כָּעֶדֵר הַקְּצוּבוֹת שֵׁעַלוּ מִן הַרַחָצַה שֵׁכַלַם מַתִּאִימוֹת וְשַׁכַּלַה אֵין בַּהֶם.
 - (ג) כָּחוּט הַשַּׁנִי שִּׂפָתוֹתַיִדְ וּמִדְבָּרֵדְ נַאוֵה כְּפֵלַח הָרְמוֹן רַקְּתֵדְ מִבַּעַד לְצַמְּתֵדְ.
- (ד) כָּמִגְדַּל דָּוִיד צַנָּארֶךְ בָּנוּי לְתַלְפִּיּוֹת אֱלֵף הַמַּגוְ תַּלוּי עַלַיו כֹּל שָׁלְטֵי הַגִּבֹּרִים.
 - (ה) שָׁנֵי שַׁדַיִּךְ כִּשָׁנֵי עֲפָרִים תָּאוֹמֵי צְבִיָּה הָרוֹעִים בַּשׁוֹשַׁנִּים.
 - (ו) עַד שֶׁיָפוּחַ הַיּוֹם וְנָסוּ הַצְּלָלִים אֵלֶךְ לִי אֶל הַר הַמּוֹר וְאֶל גִּבְעַת הַלְבוֹנָה.
 - (ז) כַּלַךְ יַפָה רַעְיַתִי ומום אֵין בַּךָ.

Ah, you are fair, my darling, Ah, you are fair. Your eyes are like doves Behind your veil. Your hair is like a flock of goats Streaming down Mount Gilead.

Your teeth are like a flock of ewes Climbing up from the washing pool; All of them bear twins, And not one loses her young.

Your lips are like a crimson thread, Your mouth is lovely. Your brow behind your veil [Gleams] like a pomegranate split open.

Your neck is like the Tower of David, Built to hold weapons, Hung with a thousand shields— All the quivers of warriors.

Your breasts are like two fawns, Twins of a gazelle, Browsing among the lilies.

When the day blows gently, And the shadows flee, I will betake me to the mount of myrrh, To the hill of frankincense. Every part of you is fair, my darling, There is no blemish in you.

Song 5:10-16

- (י) דּוֹדִי צַח וְאָדוֹם דָּגוּל מֵרְכַבָה.
- (יא) ראשוֹ כֶּתֶם פָּז קוָצּוֹתָיו תַּלְתַּלִים שָׁחֹרוֹת כַּעוֹרֵב.
- (יב) עֵינַיו כִּיוֹנִים עַל אֲפִיקֵי מַיִם רֹחַצוֹת בַּחַלַב יֹשְׁבוֹת עַל מְלֵאת.
- (יג) לְחָיָו כַּעֲרוּגַת הַבּשֶׁם מִגְדְּלוֹת מֶרְקָחִים שִּׁפְתוֹתֵיו שׁוֹשַׁנִּים נטִפוֹת מוֹר עֹבֵר.
 - (יד) יָדָיו גְּלִילֵי זָהָב מְמֻלָּאִים בַּתַּרְשִׁישׁ מֵעָיו עֶשֶׁת שֵׁן מְעֵלֶפֶת סַפִּירִים.
 - (טו) שוֹקֵיו עַמוּדֵי שֵׁשׁ מְיָסָדִים עַל אַדְנֵי פָז מַרְאָהוּ כַּלְבָנוֹן בָּחוּר כָּאָרַזִים.
 - (טז) חָכּוֹ מַמְתַקִּים וְכֵלוֹ מַחֲמַדִּים זֶה דוֹדִי וְזֶה רֵעִי בְּנוֹת יְרוּשֶׁלָם.

My beloved is clear-skinned and ruddy, Preeminent among ten thousand.

His head is finest gold, His locks are curled, And black as a raven.

His eyes are like doves By watercourses, Bathed in milk, Set by a brimming pool.

His cheeks are like beds of spices, Banks of perfume His lips are like lilies; They drip flowing myrrh.

His hands are rods of gold, Studded with beryl; His belly a tablet of ivory, Adorned with sapphires.

His legs are like marble pillars Set in sockets of fine gold. He is majestic as Lebanon, Stately as the cedars.

His mouth is delicious And all of him is delightful. Such is my beloved, Such is my darling, O maidens of Jerusalem!