

1. Sweet is the light, how good to have the sun!
Be glad when your prayers have begun!
Go with your heart but try to comprehend
why vanity wins in the end.
Shield body and soul from the sense of pain,
but plainly we know God will reign.
2. God, your creator, summon in your youth
with wisdom that learns from the truth.
Years of lamenting come along too fast,
when happiness sprawls in the past,
and clouds are still there after all this rain,
the laser of stars on the wane.
3. Then nears the day when youthfulness will shake
and only the eager partake,
no longer women busy at the mill,
and shadows emit such a chill,
when doors have been shut and their windows closed,
our early demise superposed.
4. Tunes of the bird, their melody is stilled,
their efforts with art unfulfilled.
With every step the walker must be led
while climbing is something to dread.
Yet blossoming trees with their fragrance bear
the almond on waves of the air.
5. While you approach your everlasting home
more honey will seep from the comb,
fruits of the orchard ripen up and thrive,
keep growing as mourners arrive.
The greater lamp rests while the lesser shines
as silver with gold intertwines.
6. Just as a striver finishes the course,
the fountain exhausting the source,
so will the earth go back into the ground,
the matter return, now unbound,
the spirit to God, whence our beings came,
the essence of life to reclaim.

1. Sunshine has made its mark,
 O daughters of Jerusalem,
 it's color of skin they condemn.
Though I enchant I'm dark.
Your sons would just as soon
 their cousin be left in a daze.
 So where can the flock go to graze,
if it be moved at noon?
2. Common the sense that's yours
 to follow where the tracks may lead
 by driving your kids to proceed
close to the tent that lures.
My love's a frisky mare,
 whose pendants on cheeks would define
 a face that could yield by design
grace to a youth so fair.
3. While my Beloved rests,
 a cluster of the henna bloom
 becomes a sachet of perfume
lying between my breasts.
How ravishing our bed,
 those cypresses cured for its beams,
 those cedars with green for our dreams,
arms to receive my head.
4. Fields of the Carmel rose,
 a lily of the valleys, I
 was climbing for dates and I'll lie
just where the trees enclose.
Of apples I partake,
 so ripe in the deeps of the shade,
 and one that I picked will pervade
bits of my raisin cake.
5. Yours is the banquet hall,
 the cellar where your wine is love.
 From cliffs would I coo like a dove,
sick, and for you I fall.
I'd charge you by the does,
 by all that demands we should hush
 from stirring my love in your rush,
wait till our hearts propose.

1. The Bridegroom I love is bounding
on paths over ancient hills,
our shelter of thatch surrounding,
for measure of window sills.
Come, my love, my lovely one,
gentle rain becoming showers,
growth and sprouting now begun
under tulips' early flowers.
2. This stanza presents the season
glad songs in our land we've heard.
Its fragrances are the reason
for chirps of the nesting bird.
Come, my lovely one, my dove,
from the cliffs where you were hiding,
cooing sweetly from above,
tuneful accents overriding.
3. My love is a shepherd prizing
the shoots of an orchard tree,
the dawn at its break arising
while quickly the shadows flee,
leading on as you return,
my beloved, to the fountain,
youthful stag, for whom I yearn,
up in Bethel on the mountain!
4. At night, in my bed, for binding
my sweetheart to deep delights,
I dreamed I was older, finding
my way up the barren heights.
Through the City will I go,
in the squares and in the mazes,
where the watchmen surely know
that objective of my phrases.
5. Then barely beyond their station,
whose berths I had scarcely passed,
I found in the right location
the love that I held so fast.
Daughters of Jerusalem -
till I find a way of making
solemn revelry with them,
do not rouse my love, awaking.

1. What's this ascending, coming from the plain,
poised on the breath of fragrance you ordain,
this fiery column of smoke, so renowned,
its sixty warriors that revolve all round?
See, it's the Prince of Peace upon a litter,
seat of gold and a frame of silver glitter,
crown of the king your mother's been preparing,
done on your day, this wreath that you are wearing.
2. Let me express how lovely is my love,
hid by a veil, as gentle as a dove,
your braid of hair, a cascade of the goats,
your teeth, like double-ewes in laundered coats.
Lips as of scarlet, narratives beguiling,
cheeks, two halves of the pomegranate, smiling,
shielded your neckline, fortresses or towers
shading the fawns that feed among the flowers.
3. Soon as the wind blows chilly at the dawn,
just when the shadows flee before they're gone,
I'll climb on up to a view more immense,
the mount of myrrh, the hill of frankincense.
Come, promised bride, through waving of the grasses,
look on down to your land beyond the passes,
way o'er the flank of Hermon, on to Zion,
facing the haunt of leopard and the lion.
4. Joy of my heart, my maiden-Shulammite,
one single glance, my jewel of delight!
How fair the face, of a creature divine,
your whiffs of spice that fully intertwine,
sweet as the taste of milk and wild honey,
fresh as earth with a countenance all sunny,
warm as an orchard, blossoming and bearing
myrrh, nard and saffron, cloves beyond comparing.
5. She is a garden, borders all enclosed,
source of a fountain naturally disposed
to water meadows recumbent below,
abundant, fertilizing things that grow.
Waft like a breath, my sweetness ever spreading,
enter in, my Beloved, to the wedding,
eat of its fruit, of every kind I'm thinking,
wine – dearest friends, this draft that you are drinking.

1. Word of God, inexpressible creation! 18:15
And such intelligence that's gone astray! 17:7
Once they thought they'd oppress a holy nation
those tyrants toppled into unlit day.
Nor had they fire enough to give them light,
and brightly blazing stars could not erase
dread irritations of their hiding place,
improvements banished through that dreadful night.
2. Magic arts proved immune to innovation,
their cunning, baffled, and their wits, perplexed.
Those who thought they could doctor their negation,
themselves fell sick of what was happening next,
chased by invasions which alarmed their souls
that issued from the creatures of the deep,
locked, all together by illusive sleep,
benumbed by cowardice that fear controls.
3. Insect noise and the birds within the branches,
cascades of water on its mighty course,
headlong din of the rocky avalanches,
the stride invisible of hound and horse!
These held them prisoners of incessant fate,
while all the world went on with play and work.
On them alone there spread an inky murk,
a darkness heavy as a leaden weight.
4. But for yours, a profound illumination, 17:5
a cloudy pillar and a night-time fire,
guiding them on their perilous migration
through desert lands in which they'd never tire. Is. 40:31
Well that those others who had felt your chill
were punished for imprisoning the slave
by whom the Law was given, who forgave
inhuman masters for their past ill-will.

1. As fat is far apart set in communion rites,
 thus did they consecrate one of the Israelites,
 who played as with a kid the leopard and the lion,
 of all of Jesse's roots the dedicated scion.
 While still a boy you downed the brute that came to frighten,
 who by your hand could sling a stone against the titan.
2. This undertaking was urged by your heart-felt call
 straight to the Lord that their horn nevermore would fall.
 "King Saul the thousands, David tens of thousands slaying."
 That elder was unsure the younger was obeying!
 But David crushed the foe, a most uplifting story,
 praised by that act of offering up a crown of glory.
3. Next to commanding, your need was to dance and sing
 psalms to the Holy One, prayers from a joyful king.
 You made your name renowned in accent and in meter,
 with tambourine and lyre to make the music sweeter.
 From dawn to dusk you nurtured worship as a duty,
 gave to the festivals nobility and beauty.
4. God took away your sin, gave you a glorious Line,
 made you a covenant no one could undermine.
 Then Solomon got on, in wisdom duly favored,
 who managed in a time when concord never wavered,
 who raised unto the Lord a high and holy dwelling,
 built a resplendent temple gleaming and compelling.
5. Wise like a spring that brims over with constant youth,
 filled with obscure and dark knowledge, with cosmic truth,
 your mind would range the earth with poetry and writing,
 your Song of Songs or Proverbs, every ear inviting,
 your name intriguing islands, every distant landing,
 where you were loved for peace and oral understanding.
6. Fair were your palaces ringed by the olive tree,
 slaves who released to you all human luxury.
 You gathered precious gold and chests of royal treasure,
 your eyes would never balk at any worthy pleasure,
 the chasing of the wind, of vanity the master,
 kingdom in two, a rebel ready for disaster!
7. But God would not betray, break or in fact revoke
 deeds done in mercy or words to a waiting folk,
 the line of one beloved finalized or frozen,
 ongoing through the dynasty of who was chosen,
 permitting restive Jacob vestiges remaining,
 from that ancestral tree a Branch forever reigning.