

RHYMING
SONG OF
SONGS

T. H. CHALM

Chapter 1

She:

With kisses of his mouth, let him, me, kiss,
your love, o'er wine, in its delightfulness.
Most pleasing fragrances, perfumes of yours.
Your name is like, poured from a vial, perfume.
No wonder women, young, they all love you!
Take me away with you—let us make haste!
Let the king take me to his chamber place.

Friends:

We both rejoice, as well, in you, delight,
we'll praise your love more than we will the wine.

She:

They're right, how they adore you from afar!
Yes, daughters of Jerusalem, I'm dark
yet lovely, just like Kedar's tents undone,

like curtains of the tent of Solomon.

Don't stare at me because I am so dark,
because the sunlight left its dark'ning marks.

With me, my mother's sons, their anger felt,
and made me care for them, their vineyards, well;
and my own vineyard, I had to neglect.

You, whom I love, where you, your flock, tell me,
will graze, at midday, where you rest your sheep.

Why should I be a woman with a veil
beside your friends' flocks, silent, put away?

Friends:

Most beautiful of women if you don't
know where, the sheep's tracks, you should follow, go,
and by the shepherd's tents, graze your young goats.

He:

I liken you, my darling, to a mare
'mongst Pharaoh's horses, chariots, they're paired.
Your cheeks are beautiful, with earrings, graced,

your neck with strings of jewels. For you, we'll make
some golden earrings, silver studs, inlaid.

She:

The king while he was at his table's feast,
its fragrance spread, was my perfume, so sweet.
A myrrh sachet is my beloved to me,
my breasts is where he's resting, there, between.
A henna blossom cluster, him, to me,
is my beloved, from vineyards, En Gedi's.

He:

How beautiful you are, my darling one!
Oh yes, how beautiful, your eyes are doves.

She:

How handsome you are to me, my beloved!
How charming, oh! Our bed's a verdant grove.

He:

Our house's beams are made from cedars, strong;
our rafters, firs, their planks are thick and long.

Chapter 2

She:

I am a rose of Sharon, red that blooms,
a lily of the valleys, sweet perfume.

He:

Just like a lily, fair, the thorns, among,
my darling is among the women, young.

She:

‘Mongst forest’s trees, just like an apple tree,
how my beloved, among the young men’s seen.
Delight have I to sit beneath his shade,
his fruit, delightful, sweet unto my taste.
Let him lead me into the banquet hall,
and let his banner over me be love.
With raisins, strengthen, also, me, refresh
with apples, for with love, I’m faint. His left

arm underneath my head and his right arm
embraces me. Those of Jerusalem,
you Daughters, I charge you, hear, my words, these,
by the gazelles, by does, those of the field:
Do not arouse or neither, love, awake
until it so desires, that time, await.

Now listen! My beloved! Look! Here he comes,
he leaps across the mountains, and he bounds
o'er hills. Is, my beloved, like a gazelle,
or a young stag. Look! There behind our wall,
he stands, through windows, gazing, peering through
the lattice. My beloved spoke, me, said to,
“Arise my darling, beautiful one, mine,
come with me. See! The winter is past-time,
the rains are over, gone. They will appear,
the flowers on the earth; it now is here:
the singing season's come, the doves, their coos
heard through our land. It forms its early fruit,
the fig tree, and they're blossoming, the vines,
their fragrance spread. Now, darling, mine, arise,
come; beautiful one, come now, join with me.”

He:

My dove in clefts of rock where I can't see,
the mountainside, it's secret hiding place,
show me your face, too, let me hear your voice;
for your voice, sweet, and lovely is your face.
For us, the foxes, you should, them, restrain,
the little foxes that the vineyards ruin,
our vineyards that are in their fullest bloom.

She:

He's mine, is my beloved, and I am his;
he browses 'mongst the lilies, petals, stems.
Until the day breaks and the shadows flee,
turn, my beloved, as a gazelle, now, be,
like a young stag on rugged hills runs free.

Chapter 3

All night, upon my bed I looked for him,
the one my heart loves; I then looked again
but did not find him. I will get up now,
go to the city, through its streets, about
its squares; my heart loves, for that one, I'll search.
I looked for him, but failure was my curse.
The watchmen found me as they made their rounds
throughout the city. "Have you seen the one
my heart loves?" Scarcely had I passed them by
when I found him, the one my heart loves. I
held him and would not, him, think to release
till I had brought him to my mother's house,
him to her room where she had, me, conceived.
I charge you Daughters of Jerusalem,
by the gazelles, by does, the field, out in.
Do not arouse, or love, awaken it
until it so desires, appropriate.

Up from the wilderness, now coming, who's,
like a smoke column, incense, myrrh-perfumed,

throughout, the merchant's spices all are strewn?
Look! Solomon, his coach, escorted, well-,
the noblest warriors, sixty, Israel's,
all them are wearing swords, experienced,
all them in battle, that, each does posses,
his sword is at his side, and each, prepared
for terrors of the night. It's what he made,
a carriage for himself, King Solomon,
he made it from wood grown in Lebanon.
Its posts he made of silver and of gold,
its base, its purple seat, upholsterèd,
is the interior, with love, inlaid.
O Daughters of Jerusalem, come out,
and look, you Zion's daughters, on his crown.
Look on King Solomon's, worn on his head
with which she crowned him on the day he wed,
his mother, that, the day when his heart leapt.

Chapter 4

He:

How beautiful you are, my darling one!
How beautiful, oh! Your veiled eyes are doves.
Your hair, a flock of goats, it's likenèd,
descending from the hills of Gilead.
Your teeth are like a flock of sheep just shorn,
that come up from the washing, each, a twin,
they have; there is no singleton, alone,
just like a scarlet ribbon are your lips,
your lovely mouth. A pomegranate split,
its halves, your temples, they're behind a veil.
Like David's tower, how your neck is built
with its stone courses, hung, a thousand shields
on it, all warriors' shields, how they all gleam.
Of a gazelle, your breasts, like its twin fawns,
two browse among the lilies. Until dawn,
the day breaks, then, the shadows also flee.
The mountains, myrrh, I'll go as my retreat.
To there I'll also go, the incense hill.

My darling, altogether beautiful
you are; and in you there is found no flaw.

From Lebanon, come with me, now, my bride,
with me, from Lebanon, where you reside.

Amana's crest, we will descend from there.

From Hermon's summit, from its top, Senir's,
from lions' dens, and leopards' mountain haunts.

My sister, bride, it's true, you've stole my heart.

My heart, you stole, with one glance of your eyes,
with one jewel of your necklace. Such delight,
your love to me, my sister and my bride!

How much more pleasing is your love than wine,
more fragrant, your perfume, than any spice!

Your lips drop sweetness, honeycomb, my bride,
as honey, milk, beneath your tongue, you'd hide.

Your garments' fragrance, Lebanon's, it's like
its fragrance. You, my sister and my bride
are like a garden, locked, a spring enclosed,
a fountain sealed, where only I will go.

Of pomegranates, they, an orchard are
your plants, choice fruits, with henna, too, and nard,

both saffron, nard, calamus, cinnamon,
of incense trees, each, ev'ry kind, there's one.
With myrrh and aloes, spices, all are fine.
You are a garden fountain, streaming down,
a flowing water well from Lebanon.

She:

Awake north wind, and south wind, come now, blow
upon my garden, so its fragrance, known,
spreads everywhere! Let my beloved come to
his garden where he tastes its choicest fruits.

Chapter 5

He:

I've come into my garden, sister, bride,
I've gathered both my myrrh and too, my spice.
I eat my honeycomb, and honey, mine;
I have drunk both my milk and too, my wine.

Friends:

Eat, friends, and drink; of love, your fill, imbibe.

She:

I slept but still my heart was wide awake.
Now listen! My beloved, door-knocking, makes:
"To me, now open, sister, darling, mine,
my dove, my flawless one. That of the night,
the dew, its dampness drenched my head and hair."
I've taken off my robe—must I again
put it back on. I've also washed my feet—

must I soil them again, so dirtily.

Then my beloved, his hand, just like a key,
the op'ning latch, my heart began to beat,
to pound for him. To ope' for my beloved,
then I arose, my hands with myrrh, they flowed,
my fingers dripped with myrrh, upon the bolt,
the latch, its handles. My beloved, I ope'd
for him, but my beloved left, he was gone.

At his departure, my heart sank far down.

I looked for him, but him, I could not find.

I called to him, no call of his replied.

The watchman found me as they made their rounds.

They beat me, bruised me, took away my cloak,
those watchmen of the walls, their heavy blows!

I charge you, Daughters of Jerusalem—

if you find my beloved, what you'll tell him?

Tell him I'm faint with love. How better than

Friends:

is your beloved o'er others, you, most fair,
most beautiful of women, to compare?

How is he, your beloved, all other men,
that you would charge us like this, better than?

She:

For my beloved is ruddy, radiant,
outstanding, he's, among ten thousand men.
His head is purest gold; his wavy hair
is black just like the ravens of the air.
His eyes like doves, those by the water streams,
they're washed in milk, like mounted jewels, they gleam.
Like beds of spice that yield perfume, his cheeks.
Like lilies are his lips, that drip with myrrh.
With topaz, set, are rods of gold, his arms.
His body is like polished ivory,
with, decorated, lapis lazuli.
His legs are marble pillars, of pure gold,
such molten metal poured, their bases' molds.
It's his appearance, just like Lebanon,
choice as its cedars. This describes his mouth:
itself is sweetness; lovely, what he is,
he's altogether. This one is my friend,

is my beloved, O Daughters of Jerusalem.

Chapter 6

Friends:

Most beautiful of women, where's he gone,
he, your beloved? To which way did he turn,
that we may look for him, with you, we'd yearn?

She:

His garden, there, has my beloved gone down,
to beds of spices, there, where he will browse,
the gardens, here, for lilies gath'ring time.
I'm my beloved's and my beloved is mine;
Amongst the lilies, browsing, there, him, find.

He:

My darling, beautiful just as Tizrah,
as lovely as Jerusalem, such awe.
As troops with banners is your majesty.
Turn your eyes from me; they're o'erwhelming me.

Your hair is like a flock of goats compared.
Mount Gilead, when they descend from there.
Your teeth are like a flock of clean, white sheep,
up from the washing, come, how they all gleam,
not one is missing, a twin, has, one, each.
Your temples, how they're hid behind your veil,
a pomegranate, like its halves are they.
Queens, sixty, concubines may be four score,
and virgins can't be numbered any more,
but my dove, my one, perfect, is unique,
her mother's only daughter she conceived,
the one who bore her, she, her favorite.
The women, young, saw her and called her blessed,
the queens and concubines, they all, her, praised.

Friends:

Who is this that appears just like the dawn,
fair as the moon, and too, bright as the sun,
majestic as the stars' procession run?

He:

Nut-bearing trees, I went down to their grove,
down in the valley, to observe new growth,
to see if any vines had budded forth,
or if, in bloom, the pomegranates, yet.
Among the royal people's chariots,
I realized that, where, my desire, me, set.

Friends:

O Shulammite, come back, your place, renew,
come back, come back, that we may gaze on you!

He:

Why, on the Shulammite, your gazing eyes,
just as you would, the dance of Mahanaim?

Chapter 7

How beautiful, your sandaled feet are they.
O prince's daughter! Are your graceful legs
like jewels, the works an artist's hands would make.
Your navel is a goblet, rounded, steep,
ne'er lacking wine. Your waist, a mound of wheat,
by lilies, circled, smooth against your flesh.
They're like two fawns, so innocent, your breasts,
of a gazelle, like twin fawns. How your neck
is like an iv'ry tower. Of Heshbon,
your eyes, pools by the gate of Bath Rabbim.
Your nose is like the tow'r of Lebanon.
Damascus, that direction, where, its gaze.
Like Carmel's Mount, your head, your crown in place.
Your hair is like a royal tapestry;
its tresses, captive, how they hold the king.
How beautiful you are, how pleasing, too,
my love, how your delights each day are new!
Your stature like that of the palm, its fruit,
its clusters, breasts of yours, they're likened to.
"The palm tree, I will climb," this what I said;

“I’ll take hold of its fruit.” May they, your breasts
be like grapes’ clusters hanging from the vine,
the fragrance of your breath is, apples, like,
and may your mouth be like the finest wine.

She:

To my beloved, may the wine go there, straight,
it’s flowing gently over lips and teeth.
To my beloved, the person I belong,
and his desire is for me. Come along,
now my beloved, let’s, to the countryside
go, in the villages, let’s spend the night.
Out to the vineyards, in the morning time,
let’s, early, go, to see if, budded, vines.
or if their blossoms opened ‘fore the noon,
and if the pomegranates are in bloom—
there is the place I’ll give my love to you.
The mandrakes send their fragrance like a plume,
is ev’ry delicacy at our door,
for my beloved, you, new and old, I’ve stored.

Chapter 8

If only you, lik'n'd to my brother, were,
who, at my mother's breasts, was where you nursed.
Then I'd kiss you if I found you outside,
then no one would, they'd never, me, despise.
I'd lead you, bring you to my mother's house,
she who has taught me—wine, I'd give you spiced,
to drink, my pomegranates' nectar, juice.
His left arm underneath my resting head,
his right arm, me, embraced. Jerusalem,
O you, its Daughters, this, how I charge you:
until it so desires, this do not do:
arouse, awaken love, before it's due.

Friends:

Who's coming up from there, the wilderness,
on her beloved, she's leaning, 'gainst him pressed?

She:

I roused you underneath the apple tree,
there, where your mother, you, she had conceived,
there, she, who was in labor, gave you birth.
Place me just like a seal that's o'er your heart,
just like a seal that's placed upon your arm;
for love, as death, is ever just as strong,
its jealousy unyielding as the grave.
It burns just like a fire that's in full blaze,
a burning fire that has a mighty flame.
For many waters cannot e'er, love, quench,
it's something, not away, by rivers swept.
If one gave all his house's wealth up for
love, such exchange would utterly be scorned

Friends:

We have a little sister not yet known,
she's young and still her breasts have not yet grown.
What shall we do for her, our sister, dear,
upon the day that she is spoken for?
If she's a wall, we'll, silver towers, build
on her. If she's a door, enclose, we will,

her with wood panels, those, from cedar, milled.

She:

I am a wall, like towers are my breasts.

In his eyes, I, like one who brings content.

To tenants, he let out, did Solomon

the vineyard that he had in Baal Hamon.

A thousand silver shekels for its fruit.

But my own vineyard, mine to give to you;

the thousand shekels for you, Solomon,

two hundred for those who, its fruit, will tend.

He:

You who dwell in the gardens, there with friends,

let me, your voices, hear, you who attend!

She:

Away now my beloved, gazelle-like, come,

how you should be, or like a stag that's young,

spice-laden mountains, there, with you upon.