



JAROSLAV BŘEZINA was born in Prague in 1968. He progressed from playing violin and being a member of the Kühn Children's Choir to study singing at the Prague Conservatory.

A recipient of several prizes, he has appeared on concert stages in Austria, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Japan, Norway and Spain.

He has collaborated with celebrated conductors as *Jiří Bělohlávek*, *Serge*

Baudo, *Sir Charles Mackerras*, *Zdeněk Mácal* or *Sir Libor Pešek*.

Since 1993 a soloist of the Prague National Theatre Opera, where he has sung leading roles as Vašek in Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*, Zinovij Borisovich in Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*, Don Ottavio in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Count Almaviva in Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and the Monkey in Klusák's *Report for the Academy*. Among his other roles are Benvolio in Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, Harlequin in Ullmann's *Caesar of Atlantis*, Dancairo in Bizet's *Carmen*, Ferrando in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, Beppo in Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci*, Tinca in Puccini's *Il Tabarro* and Gherard in Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*.

He has always been sought after as a concert singer of Baroque and Classical repertoire, but excels in 20th century music just as well - his performances of the Janáček's song cycle *The Diary of One Who Disappeared* earned him respect and success be it at Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, Royal Opera House in Madrid or at the Janáček-Hukvaldy festival.

Jaroslav Březina's recordings include Ryba's *Czech Christmas Mass* for DGG, for Supraphon Zelenka's opera *Sub Olea Pacis et Palma Virtutis*, which won the 2002 Cannes Classical Awards, Dvořák's *The Stubborn Lovers* and Janáček's *Šárka*, for Romantic Robot Goldscheider's *The Song of Songs* and *Requiem*.

He appeared in the acclaimed Czech TV production of Martinů's opera *The Voice of the Forest*.

He is the leading Czech tenor of his generation, appreciated by enthusiastic public as much as by music critics.



JAROSLAVA MAXOVÁ was born in Boskovice, Moravia and studied singing at the Bratislava Academy in Slovakia.

She made her Slovak National Opera début already during her studies and became a soloist there in 1986. She sang principal roles throughout the next eight years and since 1994 continued to do so at the Prague National Opera Theatre.

Her repertoire includes Strauss' Octavian in *Rosenkavalier*; Offenbach's Niklausse in

Les contes d'Hoffmann, Verdi's Amneris in *Aida*, Fenena in *Nabucco*, Maddalena in *Rigoletto*, Preziosilla in *La Forza del Destino*, Mozart's Dorabella in *Così Fan Tutte*, Cherubino and Marcelina in *Le nozze di Figaro* and Sextus in *Titus*, Rossini's Marcelina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Tchaikovsky's Olga in *Eugene Onegin*, Bizet's Mercedes in *Carmen*, Mascagni's Lola in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, Martinů's Filoména in *Alexander Twice*, Gluck's Orpheus in *Orpheus and Eurydice*, Dvořák's Witch in *Rusalka* and Kate in *The Devil and Kate*, Smetana's Radmila in *Libuše* and Háta in *The Bartered Bride*, Handel's Ulysses in *Deidamia*, Purcell's Witch in *Dido and Aeneas*, Britten's Miss Jessel in *The Turn of the Screw*, Janáček's Varvara in *Katya Kabanova*, Kedruta in *The Excursions of Mr Brouček* and Pastuchyňa (Herdswoman) in *Její Pastorkyňa (Jeňůfa)*. Two performances deserve a special mention: Maxwell Davies' solo operas *Miss Donnithorne's Maggot* and *Medium*.

She has sung in opera houses and concert halls in Austria, France, Germany, Holland, Italy (including a concert for Pope John Paul II), Japan, Russia, Spain, Switzerland and Turkey, under the baton of *Mosche Atzmon*, *Jiří Bělohlávek*, *Oliver Dohnányi*, *Arpád Joo*, *Zdeněk Košler*, *Ferenc Nagy*, *Andrew Parrott*, *Sir Libor Pešek*, *Arturo Sacchetti*, *Hubert Soudant*, *Andreas Stöhr*, *Johannes Wildner* and others.

Her concert repertoire is also vast and varied, and it is only logical that with her experience plus a University degree in Education, she has also become a Professor at the Prague Conservatory of Jaroslav Ježek, and is as successful and as much in demand for her teaching as for her singing.

The Song of Songs was written specifically for her and Jaroslav Březina, as both are wonderfully expressive singers, complementing each other in their rich unique timbres, from soft low registers to full exposed high notes, which they sing with the same warmth and beautiful lyricism.

1 Osculetur me osculo oris sui quia meliora
sunt ubera tua vino
Fraglantia unguentis optimis oleum effusum
nomen tuum ideo adulescentulæ dilexerunt te
Trahe me post te curremus introduxit me
rex in cellaria sua exultabimus et lætabimur
in te memores uberum tuorum super vinum
recti diligunt te
Nigra sum sed formosa filiæ Hierusalem
sicut tabernacula Cedar sicut pelles
Salomonis
Nolite me considerare quod fusca sim quia
decoloravit me sol filii matris meæ pugnauerunt
contra me posuerunt me custodem
in vineis vineam meam non custodivi
Indica mihi quem diligit anima mea ubi
pascas ubi cubes in meridie ne vagari
incipiam per greges sodalium tuorum
*Si ignoras te o pulchra inter mulieres
egredere et abi post vestigia gregum et pasce
hedos tuos iuxta tabernacula pastorum
Equitatu meo in curribus Pharaonis
adsimilavi te amica mea
Pulchræ sunt genæ tuæ sicut turturis
collum tuum sicut monilia
Murenulas aureas faciemus tibi
vermiculatas argento
Dum esset rex in accubitu suo
nardus mea dedit odorem suum
Fasciculus myrrhæ dilectus meus mihi
inter ubera mea commorabitur
Botrus cypri dilectus meus mihi in
vineis Engaddi
Ecce tu pulchra es amica mea ecce tu
pulchra oculi tui columbarum
Ecce tu pulcher es dilecte mi et decorus
lectulus noster floridus
Tigna domorum nostrarum cedrina
laquearia nostra cypressina*

NOTES: normal font - Shulamith

italics - Solomon

bold italics - girl from Jerusalem

1 Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for your love
is better than wine.
Your anointing oils are fragrant, your name is perfume
poured out; therefore the maidens love you.
Draw me after you, let us make haste. The king has brought me
into his chambers. We will exult and rejoice in you;
we will extol your love more than wine;
how rightly you are loved.
I am black but beautiful, O daughters of Jerusalem,
like the tents of Kedar, like the curtains of
Solomon.
Do not gaze at me because I am dark, because the
sun has burned me. My mother's sons were angry with me;
they made me keeper of the vine-yards,
but my own vineyard I have not kept!
Tell me, you whom my soul loves, where you
pasture your flock, where do you lie down at noon; for why should
I be like one who is veiled beside the flocks of your companions?
*If you do not know, o fairest among women,
follow the tracks of the flock, and pasture
your young ones beside the shepherds' tents.
I compare you, my love, to a mare among
Pharaoh's chariots.
Your cheeks are comely with ornaments,
your neck with strings of jewels.
We will make you ornaments of gold,
studded with silver.
While the king was on his couch, my
nard gave forth its fragrance.
My beloved is to me a bag of myrrh
that lies between my breasts.
My beloved is to me a cluster of henna
from the vineyards of En-gedi.
Ah, you are beautiful, my love;
ah, you are beautiful; your eyes are doves.
Ah, you are beautiful, my beloved, you are lovely.
Our couch is green;
the beams of our house are cedars,
our rafters are cypresses.*

2 Ego flos campi et lilium convallium
Sicut lilium inter spinas sic amica mea inter filias
sicut malum inter ligna silvarum sic dilectus
meus inter filios sub umbra illius quam desideraveram
sedi et fructus eius dulcis gutturi meo
Introduxit me in cellam vinariam ordinavit
in me caritatem
Fulcite me floribus stipate me malis quia
amore languero
Leva eius sub capite meo et dextera illius
amplexabitur me
Adiuro vos filiæ Hierusalem per capreas
cervosque camporum ne suscitatis neque
evigilare faciatis dilectam donec ipsa velit
Vox dilecti mei ecce iste venit saliens in
montibus transiliens colles
Similis est dilectus meus capreæ hinuloque cervorum
en ipse stat post parietem nostrum despiciens
per fenestras prospiciens per cancellos
Et dilectus meus loquitur mihi *surge propera*
amica mea formosa mea et veni
Iam enim hiemps transiit imber abiit et recessit
Flores apparuerunt in terra tempus
putationis advenit vox turturis audita
est in terra nostra
Ficus protulit grossos suos vineæ florent
dederunt odorem surge amica mea
speciosa mea et veni
Columba mea in foraminibus petrae in
caverna maceræ ostende mihi faciem
tuam sonet vox tua in auribus meis vox
enim tua dulcis et facies tua decora
Capite nobis vulpes vulpes parvulas quæ
demoliuntur vineas nam vinea nostra floruit
Dilectus meus mihi et ego illi qui
pascitur inter lilia
Donec adspiret dies et inclinentur umbræ
revertere similis esto dilecte mi capreæ aut
hinulo cervorum super montes Bether

2 I am a rose of Sharon, a lily of the valleys.
As a lily among thorns, so is my love among maidens.
As an apple tree in the woods, so is my beloved
among young men. With delight I sat in his shadow,
and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the house of wine, and his banner
over me was love.
Sustain me with raisins, refresh me with apples;
for I am faint with love.
His left arm is under my head, his right one
embraces me!
I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles
or the wild does: do not stir up or
awaken love until it is ready!
The voice of my beloved! Behold, he comes
leaping on the mountains, skipping on the hills.
My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag.
Behold, there he stands behind our wall, gazing
in at the windows, looking through the lattice.
My beloved speaks and says to me: “*Arise, my*
love, my beautiful one, and come away.
For now the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.
The flowers appear on the earth; the time
of singing has come, and the voice of the turtledove
is heard in our land.
The fig tree puts forth its figs, and the vines are
in blossom; they give forth fragrance. Arise, my love,
my beautiful one, and come away.
O my dove, in the clefts of the rock,
in the covert of the cliff, let me see your face,
let me hear your voice; for your voice
is sweet, and your face is lovely.
Catch us the foxes, the little foxes, that
ruin the vineyard; for our vineyards are in blossom.”
My beloved is mine and I am his;
he pastures his flock among the lilies.
Until the day breathes and the shadows flee,
return, my beloved, be like a gazelle or a
young stag on the cleft mountains.

3 In lectulo meo per noctes quesivi quem
diliget anima mea. Quæsivi illum et
non inveni
Surgam et circuibo civitatem per vicos et plateas
quæram quem diligit anima mea. Quæsivi illum
et non inveni
Invenerunt me vigiles qui custodiunt civitatem
num quem diligit anima mea vidistis
Paululum cum per transissem eos inveni
quem diligit anima mea. Tenui eum nec
dimittam donec introducã illum in
domum matris meæ et in cubiculum
genetricis meæ
Adiuro vos filiæ Hierusalem per capreas
cervosque camporum ne suscitatis neque
evigilare faciatis dilectam donec ipsa velit
Quæ est ista quæ ascendit per desertum
sicut virgula fumi ex aromatibus
myrrhæ et turis et universi
pulveris pigmentarii
En lectulum Salomonis sexaginta fortes
ambiunt ex fortissimis Israel
Omnes tenentes gladios et ad bella
doctissimi uniuscuiusque ensis super
femur suum propter timores nocturnos
Ferculum fecit sibi rex Salomon de
lignis Libani
Columnas eius fecit argenteas reclinatorium
aureum ascensum purpureum media charitate
constravit propter filiæ Hierusalem
Egredimini et videte filiæ Sion regem
Salomonem in diademate quo coronavit
eius mater sua in die disponsationis illius
et in die lætitiæ cordis eius

3 Upon my bed at night I sought him whom
my soul loves; I sought,
but found him not.
I will rise now and go about the city, in the streets and in the
squares I will seek him whom my soul loves.
I sought him, but found him not.
The sentinels patrolling the city found me:
“Have you seen him whom my soul loves?”
Scarcely had I passed them, when I found
him whom my soul loves. I held him and
would not let him go until I brought him
into my mother’s house, and into the
chamber of her that conceived me.
I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem, by
the gazelles and the wild does: do not
stir up or awaken love until it is ready!
What is that coming up from the wilderness,
like a column of smoke, perfumed with
myrrh and frankincense, with all the
powders of the merchant?
Look, it is the litter of Solomon! Around it
sixty mighty men of the mightiest of Israel,
all equipped with swords and expert at war,
each with his sword at his thigh because of
alarms by night.
King Solomon made himself a palanquin
from the wood of Lebanon.
He made its posts of silver, its back of gold,
its seat of purple; its interior was inlaid
with love by the daughters of Jerusalem.
Go forth, daughters of Zion, and see King
Solomon in the crown with which his
mother crowned him on the day of his wedding,
and on the day of the gladness of his heart.

4 *Quam pulchra es amica mea quam pulchra es
oculi tui columbarum absque eo quod intrinsecus
latet capilli tui sicut greges caprarum quæ
ascenderunt de monte Galaad
Dentes tui sicut greges tonsarum quæ ascenderunt
de lavacro omnes gemellis fetibus et sterilis non
est inter eas
Sicut vitta coccinea labia tua et eloquium tuum
dulce sicut fragmen mali punici ita genæ tuæ
absque eo quod intrinsecus latet
Sicut turris David collum tuum quæ ædificata est
cum propugnaculis mille clypei pendent ex ea
omnis armatura fortium
Duo ubera tua sicut duo hinuli capræ gemelli
qui pascuntur in liliis
Donec adspiret dies et inclinentur umbræ vadam
ad montem murræ et ad collem turis
Tota pulchra es amica mea et macula non est in te
Veni de Libano sponsa veni de Libano veni coronaberis
de capite Amana de vertice Sanir et Hermon
de cubilibus leonum de montibus pardorum
Vulnerasti cor meum soror mea sponsa vulnerasti
cor meum in uno oculorum tuorum et
in uno crine colli tui
Quam pulchræ sunt mammæ tuæ soror mea sponsa
pulchriora ubera tua vino et odor unguentorum
tuorum super omnia aromata
Favus distillans labia tua sponsa mel et lac
sub lingua tua et odor vestimentorum
tuorum sicut odor turis
Hortus conclusus soror mea sponsa hortus
conclusus fons signatus
Emissiones tuæ paradisi malorum punicorum
cum pomorum fructibus cypri cum nardo
Nardus et crocus fistula et cinnamomum cum
universis lignis Libani murra et aloë cum
omnibus primis unguentis
Fons hortorum puteus aquarum viventium
quæ fluunt impetu de Libano
Surge aquilo et veni auster perfla hortum meum
et fluant aromata illius
Veniat dilectus meus in hortum suum et
comedat fructum pomorum suorum*

4 *How beautiful you are, my love, how beautiful!
Your eyes are doves behind your veil.
Your hair is like a flock of goats,
moving down the slopes of Gilead.
Your teeth are like a flock of shorn ewes that come up
from the washing; all of them bear twins, not
one is bereaved.
Your lips are like a crimson thread, and your mouth is lovely.
Your cheeks are like halves
of a pomegranate behind your veil.
Your neck is like the tower of David, built in
courses; on it hang a thousand bucklers, all
the shields of warriors.
Your two breasts are like two fawns, twins of a gazelle,
that feed among the lilies.
Until the day breathes and the shadows flee, I will go
to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense.
You are all beautiful, my love; there is no flaw in you.
Come from Lebanon, my bride; come from Lebanon;
from the peak of Amana, the top of Senir and Hermon,
from the lions' dens, from the leopards' mountains.
You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride,
you have ravished my heart with a glance of your eyes,
with one jewel of your necklace.
How sweet is your love, my sister, my bride!
How much better is your love than wine,
and the fragrance of your oils than any spice!
Your lips drip nectar, my bride; honey and milk
are under your tongue; the scent of your
garments is like the scent of Lebanon.
A garden locked is my sister, my bride, a garden
locked, a fountain sealed.
Your plants are an orchard of pomegranates
with all choicest fruits, henna with nard.
Nard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon,
with all trees of incense, myrrh and aloes,
with all chief spices.
You are a garden fountain, a well of living
water flowing from Lebanon.
Awake, north wind, come, south wind! Blow upon
my garden that its fragrance may spread abroad.
Let my beloved come to his garden, and
eat its choicest fruits.*

*5 Veni in hortum meum soror mea sponsa messui
murrā meam cum aromatibus meis comedi favum
cum melle meo bibi vinum meum cum lacte meo
comedite amici bibite et inebriamini carissimi
Ego dormio et cor meum vigilat vox dilecti mei
pulsantis aperi mihi soror mea amica mea columba
mea immaculata mea quia caput meum plenum
est rore et cincinni mei guttis noctium
Expoliavi me tunica mea quomodo induar illa
lavi pedes meos quomodo inquinabo illos
Dilectus meus misit manum suam per foramen
et venter meus intremuit ad tactum eius
Surrexi ut aperirem dilecto meo manus meae
stillaverunt murra digiti mei pleni murra
probatissima
Pessulum ostii aperui dilecto meo at ille
declinaverat atque transierat anima mea
liquefacta est ut locutus est quæsi et non
inveni illum vocavi et non respondit mihi
Invenerunt me custodes qui circumeunt civitatem
percusserunt me vulneraverunt me tulerunt
pallium meum mihi custodes murorum
Adiuro vos filiæ Hierusalem si inveneritis dilectum
meum ut nuntietis ei quia amore langueo
*Qualis est dilectus tuus ex dilecto o pulcherrima
mulierum qualis est dilectus tuus ex dilecto quia
sic adiurasti nos*
Dilectus meus candidus et rubicundus electus
ex milibus
Caput eius aurum optimum comæ eius sicut
elata palmarum nigra quasi corvus
Oculi eius sicut columbæ super rivulos aquarum quæ
lacte sunt lotæ et resident iuxta fluentia plenissima
Genæ illius sicut areolæ aromatum consitæ a pigmentariis
labia eius lilia distillantia murrā primam
Manus illius tornatiles aureæ plenæ hyacinthis
venter eius eburneus distinctus sapphyris
Crura illius columnæ marmoreæ quæ fundatæ
sunt super bases aureas species eius ut Libani
electus ut cedri
Guttur illius suavissimum et totus desiderabilis
talis est dilectus meus et iste est amicus meus
filiæ Hierusalem*

*5 I come to my garden, my sister, my bride; I gather
my myrrh with my spice, I eat my honeycomb with
my honey, I drink my wine with my milk.
Eat, friends, drink, and be drunk with love.
I slept, but my heart was awake. I heard my beloved
knocking: Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove,
my perfect one; for my head is wet
with dew, my locks with the drops of the night.
I had put off my garment; am I to put it on again?
I had bathed my feet; am I to soil them?
My beloved thrust his hand into the opening,
and my inmost being yearned for him.
I arose to open to my beloved, and my hands
dripped with myrrh, my fingers with liquid myrrh,
upon the handles of the bolt.
I opened to my beloved, but he had turned and
left. My soul went out when he spoke. I sought
him, but did not find him; I called him, but he
gave no answer.
Making their rounds in the city the sentinels
found me; they beat me, they wounded me,
they took away my mantle, those sentinels of the walls.
I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my
beloved, tell him this: I am faint with love.
*What is your beloved more than another beloved,
O fairest among women? What is your beloved more than
another beloved, that you thus adjure us?*
My beloved is all radiant and ruddy, distinguished
among ten thousand.
His head is the finest gold; his locks are
wavy, black as a raven.
His eyes are like doves beside springs of water,
bathed in milk, fitly set.
His cheeks are like beds of spices, yielding fragrance.
His lips are lilies, distilling liquid myrrh.
His arms are rounded gold, set with jewels.
His body is ivory work, encrusted with sapphires.
His legs are alabaster columns, set upon bases
of gold. His appearance is like Lebanon,
choice as the cedars.
His speech is most sweet, and he is altogether desirable.
This is my beloved and this is my friend,
O daughters of Jerusalem.*

**6 Quo abiit dilectus tuus o pulcherrima
mulierum quo declinavit dilectus tuus et
quæremus eum tecum**

Dilectus meus descendit in hortum suum
ad areolam aromatis ut pascatur in
hortis et lilia colligat

Ego dilecto meo et dilectus meus mihi
qui pascitur inter lilia

*Pulchra es amica mea suavis et decora
sicut Jerusalem terribilis ut castrorum
acies ordinata*

*Averte oculos tuos a me quia ipsi me avolare
fecerunt capilli tui sicut grex caprarum quæ
apparuerunt de Galaad*

*Dentes tui sicut grex ovium quæ
ascenderunt de lavacro omnes gemellis
fetibus et sterilis non est in eis*

*Sicut cortex mali punici genæ tuæ
absque occultis tuis*

*Sexaginta sunt reginæ et octoginta concubinæ
et adolescentularum non est numerus*

*Una est columba mea perfecta mea una
est matris suæ electa genetrici suæ
viderunt illam filiæ et beatissimam
prædicaverunt reginæ et concubinæ
et laudaverunt eam*

**Quæ est ista quæ progreditur quasi aurora
consurgens pulchra ut luna electa ut sol
terribilis ut acies ordinata**

Descendi ad hortum nucum ut viderem
poma convallis ut inspicerem si floruisset
vinea et germinassent mala punica
Nescivi anima mea conturbavit me propter
quadrigas Aminadab

*Revertere revertere Sulamitis
revertere revertere ut intueamur te. Quid videbis
in Sulamiten nisi choros castrorum*

**6 Where has your beloved gone, O fairest among
women? Which way has your beloved turned,
that we may seek him with you?**

My beloved has gone down to his garden,
to the beds of spices, to pasture his flock
in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine;
he pastures his flock among the lilies.

*You are beautiful as Tirzah, my love,
comely as Jerusalem, terrible as
an army with banners.*

*Turn away your eyes from me, for they
overwhelm me! Your hair is like a flock of goats,
moving down the slopes of Gilead.*

*Your teeth are like a flock of ewes, that have
come up from the washing; all of them bear twins,
and not one among them is bereaved.*

*Your cheeks are like halves of a
pomegranate behind your veil.*

*There are sixty queens and eighty concubines,
and maidens without number.*

*My dove, my perfect one, is the only one,
darling of her mother, flawless to her that bore her.*

*The maidens saw her and called her blessed;
the queens and concubines also,
and they praised her.*

**Who is this that looks forth like the dawn,
fair as the moon, bright as the sun,
terrible as an army with banners?**

I went down to the nut orchard, to see
the greenery of the valley, to see whether the vine
flowered and the pomegranates budded.

Before I was aware, my fancy set me
in a chariot beside my prince.

*Return, return, Shulamite! Return, return, that
we may look upon you. What will you see
in the Shulamite? As it were a dance of two armies.*

7 *Quam pulchri sunt gressus tui in
calciamentis filia principis iunctura
feminum tuorum sicut monilia quæ
fabricata sunt manu artificis
Umbilicus tuus crater tornatilis numquam
indigens poculis venter tuus sicut acervus
tritici vallatus liliis
Duo ubera tua sicut duo hinuli
gemelli capreæ
Collum tuum sicut turris eburnea oculi tui
sicut piscinæ in Esebon quæ sunt in porta
filiae multitudinis. Nasus tuus sicut turris
Libani quæ respicit contra Damascum
Caput tuum ut Carmelus et comæ
capitis tui sicut purpura
regis vincta canalibus
Quam pulchra es et quam decora
carissima in deliciis
Statura tua adsimilata est palmæ et
ubera tua botris
Dixi ascendam in palmam adprehendam
fructus eius et erunt ubera tua sicut botri
vineæ et odor oris tui sicut malorum
Guttur tuum sicut vinum optimum dignum
dilecto meo ad potandum labiisque et
dentibus illius ruminandum
Ego dilecto meo et ad me conversio eius
Veni dilecte mi egrediamur in agrum
commoremur in villis
Mane surgamus ad vineas videamus si
floruit vinea si flores fructus parturiunt si
floruerunt mala punica ibi dabo tibi
ubera mea
Mandragoræ dederunt odorem in portis
nostris omnia poma nova et vetera
dilecte mi servavi tibi*

7 *How graceful are your feet in sandals,
O prince's daughter! Your rounded
thighs are like jewels, the work of a
master hand.
Your navel is a rounded bowl that never
lacks mixed wine. Your belly is a heap of
wheat, encircled with lilies.
Your two breasts are like two fawns,
twins of a gazelle.
Your neck is like an ivory tower. Your eyes are
pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim.
Your nose is like a tower of
Lebanon, that looks toward Damascus.
Your head crowns you like Carmel, and
your flowing locks are like purple;
a king is held captive in its tresses.
How beautiful and how pleasant
you are in delights, dearest one!
You are stately as a palm tree,
and your breasts are like its clusters.
I say I will climb the palm tree and lay
hold of its branches. O may your breasts be like clusters
of the vine, and the scent of your breath like apples;
your kisses like the best wine flowing for
my lover, gliding over his lips
and teeth.
I am my beloved's, and his desire is for me.
Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields,
and lodge in the villages;
let us rise up early to the vineyards, and see whether
the vines have budded, the grape blossoms have opened
and the pomegranates are in bloom. There I will give you
my love.
The mandrakes give forth fragrance, and over our doors
are choicest fruits, new and old,
which I have laid up for you, my beloved.*

8 Quis mihi det te fratrem meum sugentem
ubera matris meæ ut inveniam te foris et
deosculer et iam me nemo despiciat
Adprehendam te et ducam in domum matris
meæ ibi me docebis et dabo tibi poculum ex vino
condito et mustum malorum granatorum meorum
Leva eius sub capite meo et dextera illius
amplexabitur me
Adiuro vos filiæ Hierusalem ne suscitatis et
evigilare faciatis dilectam donec ipsa velit
***Quæ est ista quæ ascendit de deserto deliciis
affluens et nixa super dilectum suum sub arbore
malo suscitavi te ibi corrupta est mater tua ibi
violata est genetrix tua***
Pone me ut signaculum super cor tuum ut
signaculum super brachium tuum quia fortis est
ut mors dilectio dura sicut inferus æmulatio
lampades eius lampades ignis atque flammaram
Aquæ multæ non poterunt extinguere caritatem
nec flumina obruent illam si dederit homo
omnem substantiam domus suæ pro
dilectione quasi nihil despicient eum
Soror nostra parva et ubera non habet
quid faciemus sorori nostræ in die
quando adloquenda est
Si murus est ædificemus super eum
propugnacula argentea si ostium est
conpingamus illud tabulis cedrinis
Ego murus et ubera mea sicut turreis ex quo
facta sum coram eo quasi pacem repperiens
Vinea fuit Pacifico in ea quæ habet populos
tradidit eam custodibus vir adfert pro fructu
eius mille argenteos
Vinea mea coram me est mille tui Pacifico
et ducenti his qui custodiunt fructus eius
***Quæ habitas in hortis amici auscultant
fac me audire vocem tuam***
Fuge dilecte mi et adsimilare capreæ hinuloque
cervorum super montes aromatum

8 O that you were like a brother to me, who nursed
at my mother's breast! If I met you outside, I would
kiss you, and no one would despise me.
I would lead and bring you into the my mother's house,
where she bore me. I would give you a drink from spiced
wine and juice of my pomegranates.
His left arm is under my head and his right one
embraces me.
I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, do not
stir up or awaken love until it is ready!
***Who is that coming up from the wilderness,
leaning upon her beloved? Under the apple tree
I awakened you; it was there that your mother
conceived you; it was there that your parent bore you.***
Set me as a seal upon your heart,
as a seal upon your arm; for love is strong as
death, passion fierce as the grave.
Its flames are a blazing fire.
Many waters cannot quench love, neither
can floods drown it. If one offered for love
all the wealth of one's house,
he would be utterly scorned.
We have a little sister, and she has no breasts.
What shall we do for our sister, on the day
when she is spoken for?
If she is a wall, we will build upon her a
turret of silver; if she is a door, we will
enclose her with boards of cedar.
I am a wall, and my breasts are like towers;
thus I am in his eyes as one who brings peace.
Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon;
he entrusted the vineyard to keepers; everyone was to bring
for its fruit a thousand pieces of silver.
My own vineyard is before me; the thousand is for you,
O Solomon, and two hundred for the keepers of the fruit!
***O you who dwell in the gardens, my companions are listening
for your voice; let me hear it.***
Make haste, my beloved, and be like a gazelle
or a young stag upon the mountains of spices!