

# Selections From “The Song of Songs”

## Text

### **I. Kumee Lach** (Hebrew)

Kumee lach, reiyatee, yafatee, u'l'chee lach.  
Kee, hee-ney, hastav avar,  
Hageshem chalaf halach lo;  
Haneetsaneem nee'r'u ba'arets;  
Et hazamir heegee'ah,  
V'kol hator nishma b'artsenu.

### **II. Ich Bin Gekumen In Mein Gorten** (Yiddish)

Ich bin gekumen in mein gorten  
Shvester mein kalah.  
Gekliben mein mireh mit meine b'somim  
Gegesen mein sot mit mein honik  
Getrunken mein vein mit mein milch.  
Est, chaverim, trinkt un baroisht eich mit liebshaft.  
Ich shlof un mein harts iz oif.  
Horch! Mein geliebte klappt.  
Efen mir, mein shvester, mein geliebteh,  
Mein toib, mein umshuldike.  
Vorum mein kop iz ful mit toi,  
Meine lokn's mit tropn's fun nacht.  
Ich hob oisgeton mein hemdl,  
Vee ken ich es onton?

### **III. Behold, Thou Art Fair, My Love**

Behold, thou art fair, my love.  
behold, thou art fair;  
thou hast dove's eyes.  
O, my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock,  
in the recesses of the cliffs,  
let me see thy countenance,  
Let me hear thy voice;  
for sweet is thy voice,  
thy countenance is comely.  
Thou hast ravished my heart,  
my sister my spouse;  
Thou has ravished my heart with one of thine eyes,  
with one chain of thy neck.  
How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse!  
how much better is thy love than wine!  
and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!  
A garden inclosed is my sister, my bride;  
a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.  
Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away.  
Open to me, my sister, my love.  
I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine.  
Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field;  
let us lodge in the villages.

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### **I. Rise Up**

*Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away.  
For, lo, the winter is past,  
the rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth;  
the time of the singing of birds is come,  
and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land.*

### **II. I Am Come Into My Garden**

*I am come into my garden,  
my sister, my bride:  
I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;  
I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;  
I have drunk my wine with my milk:  
eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.  
I sleep, but my heart waketh:  
it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying,  
Open to me, my sister, my love,  
my dove, my undefiled:  
for my head is filled with dew,  
and my locks with the drops of the night.  
I have put off my coat;  
how shall I put it on?*