

# Texts & Translations

THE SONG OF SONGS, (3rd century BCE?)  
English version of the original Hebrew poem,  
compiled from the translation and notes in *The  
Song of Songs: a new translation*, by Ariel Bloch  
and Chana Bloch (1995)

THE VULGATE BIBLE (later 4th century CE)  
The texts of the motets, compiled from the version  
of the Vulgate Bible, translated from the Hebrew  
by St. Jerome.

TRANSLATION OF THE VULGATE TEXTS  
by SM with help from the King James Bible  
(1611) and Bloch & Bloch (1995).

THE VERSION OF THE KING JAMES BIBLE (1611)

Quae est ista — *Song of Songs* 3:6, 6:10, 2:10, 4:9

I

Quae est ista tam formosa quae ascendit per  
desertum quasi aurora consurgens, pulchra ut  
luna, electa ut sol?

Who is that so lovely, who ascends from the  
desert like the rising dawn, fair as the moon,  
bright as the sun?

Who is she that cometh out of the wilderness,  
as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the  
sun?

2

Surge, propera, amica mea, formosa mea,  
immaculata mea: vulnerasti cor meum, soror  
mea sponsa, in uno oculorum tuorum, et in  
uno crine colli tui.

Arise, hasten, my love, my beautiful one, my  
perfect one: you have wounded my heart, my  
sister, my bride, with one glance of your eyes,  
and with one hair of your neck.

Rise up, my love, my fair one. Thou hast rav-  
ished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast  
ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with  
one chain of thy neck.

Vadam et circuibo civitatem — *Song of Songs* 3:2, 5:8-10, 5:16, 6:1, 7:8

I

Vadam et circuibo civitatem: per vicos et  
plateas quaeram quem diligit anima mea;  
quaesivi illum, et non inveni. Adiuro vos, filiae  
Jerusalem, si inveneritis dilectum meum, ut  
annuntietis ei quia amore languo.

I will rise and go about the city: in the alleys  
and in the broad streets I will seek him whom  
my soul loves; I sought him, but I found him  
not. I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if  
you find my beloved, to tell him that I am weak  
with love.

I will rise now, and go about the city in the  
streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him  
whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I  
found him not. I charge you, O daughters of  
Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye  
tell him, that I am sick of love.

2

Qualis est dilectus tuus, quia sic adiurasti nos?  
Dilectus meus candidus et rubicundus, electus  
ex milibus. Talis est dilectus meus, et est  
amicus meus, filiae Jerusalem.  
Quo abiit dilectus tuus, o pulcherrima ulierum?  
Quo declinavit? et quaeremus eum tecum.  
Ascendit in palmam, et apprehendit  
fructus eius.

What is your beloved, that you so charge us?  
My beloved is white and ruddy, the choicest  
among thousands. Such is my beloved, and  
such is my love, O daughters of Jerusalem.  
Where has your beloved gone, O loveliest of  
women? where has he turned to? and we shall seek  
him with you.  
He has climbed into the palm tree, and taken  
its fruit.

What is thy beloved more than another beloved,  
that thou dost so charge us?  
My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest  
among ten thousand. This is my beloved, and  
this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.  
Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among  
women? whither is thy beloved turned aside? that  
we may seek him with thee.  
I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take  
hold of the boughs thereof.

מי זאת עלה מן־המדבר

Who is that rising from the desert

מי־זאת הנשקפה כמו־שחר  
יפה כלבנה  
ברכה פחמה

Who is that rising like the morning star,  
clear as the moon,  
bright as the blazing sun?

קומי לך רעיתי יפתי ולכי־לך

Arise, hurry, my love, my friend, and come  
away!

לבבתני אחתי בלה  
לבבתני באחד מעיניך  
באחד ענק מצוּרְנֶיךָ

You have ravished my heart, my sister, my  
bride, ravished me with one glance of your eyes,  
one link of your necklace.

אקומה נא ואסובבה בעיר  
בשוקים וברחבות  
אבקשה את שאהבה נפשי  
בקשתיו ולא מצאתיו

I must rise and go about the city,  
the narrow streets and squares, until I find my  
only love. I sought him everywhere but I could  
not find him.

השבעתני אתכם בנות ירושלים  
אם־תמצאו את־דודי  
מה־תגידו לו־שחולת אהבה אני

Swear to me, daughters of Jerusalem! If you find  
him now, you must tell him I am  
in the fever of love.

מה־דודך מדוד שֶׁכְּבָה הִשְׁבַּעְתָּנוּ

Who is your lover, that we must swear to you?

דודי צח ואדום  
דגול מרובה

My beloved is radiant white and ruddy, he  
towers above ten thousand.

זה דודי וזה רעי  
בנות ירושלים

This is my beloved and this is my friend,  
O daughters of Jerusalem.

אנה הלך דודך היפה בנשים  
אנה פנה דודך ונבקשנו עמך

Where has your lover gone, O beautiful one? Say  
where he is and we will seek him with you.

אעלה בתמר  
אחזה בסנסניו

Let me climb into that palm tree and take hold  
of its branches.

HEBREW	HEBREW-TO-ENGLISH (BLOCH & BLOCH)	LATIN (VULGATE)	LATIN-TO-ENGLISH	KING JAMES VERSION
<b>Hortus conclusus</b> — <i>Song of Songs 4:12, 5:2, 2:13-14, 4:11, 4:8</i>				
<b>1</b>				
גן נְעוּל אַחֲתִי כְּלָה גַּל נְעוּל מְעִין חָתוּם	An enclosed garden is my sister, my bride, a hidden well, a sealed spring.	<b>Hortus conclusus soror mea, sponsa mea: hortus conclusus et fons signatus.</b>	An enclosed garden is my sister, my bride: an enclosed garden and a sealed fountain.	A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled.
פְּתַח־יְלִי אַחֲתִי רְעִיָּתִי יִוְנְתִי תַּמְתִּי	Open, my sister, my friend, my dove, my perfect one!	<b>Aperi mihi, O soror mea, amica mea, columba mea, immaculata mea. Surge, propera, amica mea, et veni.</b>	Open to me, O my sister, my love, my dove, my perfect one. Arise, hasten, my love, and come away.	Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
קוּמִי לְךָ רְעִיָּתִי יְפָתִי וּלְכִי־לְךָ	Arise, hurry, my love, my friend, and come away!			
<b>2</b>				
הֲרֵאֵנִי אֶת־מְרֵאֵיךָ	Come, let me see you, all of you!	<b>Veni, speciosa me, ostende mihi faciem tuam.</b>	Come, my fair one, show me your face.	O my dove, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice. Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are under thy tongue. Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse.
נִפְתַּת תַּטְפְּנָה שְׁפֹתוֹתֶיךָ כְּלָה דְּבַשׁ וְחֶלֶב תַּחַת לְשׁוֹנְךָ	Your lips drip honey, honey and milk are under your tongue.	<b>Favus distillans labia tua, mel et lac sub lingua tua. Veni, sponsa mea, veni coronaberis.</b>	Your lips are a dripping honeycomb, honey and milk are under your tongue. Come, my bride, come and be crowned.	
אֲתִי מִלְּבָנוֹן כְּלָה אֲתִי מִלְּבָנוֹן תְּבוֹאִי	Oh come with me, my bride, come down from Lebanon.			
<b>Tota pulchra es</b> — <i>Song of Songs 4:7-9</i>				
<b>1</b>				
כְּלָךְ יָפָה רְעִיָּתִי וּמוֹם אֵין בְּךָ	You are all beautiful, my love, and there is no flaw in you.	<b>Tota pulchra es Maria, et macula non est in te. Veni de Libano, sponsa mea, veni coronaberis.</b>	You are all beautiful, Mary, and there is no flaw in you. Come from Lebanon, my bride, come and be crowned.	Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee. Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse.
אֲתִי מִלְּבָנוֹן כְּלָה אֲתִי מִלְּבָנוֹן תְּבוֹאִי	Oh come with me, my bride, come down from Lebanon.			
<b>2</b>				
לְבַבְתָּנִי אַחֲתִי כְּלָה לְבַבְתָּנִי בְּאַחַת מְעֵינֶיךָ בְּאַחַד עֲנָק מְצוּרֶיךָ	You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride, ravished me with one glance of your eyes, one link of your necklace.	<b>Vulnerasti cor meum, soror mea sponsa, in uno oculorum tuorum, et in uno crine colli tui.</b>	You have wounded my heart, my sister, my bride, with one glance of your eyes, and with one hair of your neck.	Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.
<b>Quam pulchri sunt gressus tui</b> — <i>Song of Songs 7:1, 7:4-6</i>				
מַה־יָפֹו פַּעְמִיךָ בְּנִעְלָיִם בְּתַנְדִּיב	How graceful your steps in those sandals, O nobleman's daughter.	<b>Quam pulchri sunt gressus tui, filia principis! Collum tuum sicut turris eburnea: oculi tui divini, et comae capitis tui sicut purpura regis.</b>	How beautiful are your steps, O prince's daughter! Your neck is like a tower of ivory: your eyes are noble, and the hair of your head like royal purple. How beautiful you are, and how fair, dearest! Alleluia.	How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim, and the hair of thine head like purple. How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!
צִוְאָרְךָ כַּמְגֵדֵל הַשֵּׁן עֵינֶיךָ בְּרִכּוֹת בְּחֶשְׁבוֹן וְדֹלֵת רֵאשֶׁךָ בְּאַרְגָּמָן	Your neck is a tower of ivory. Your eyes are pools in Heshbon, the hair of your head like royal purple.	<b>Alleluia.</b>		
מַה־יְפִית וּמַה־נְּעִמָּת אַהֲבָה בְּתַעֲנוּגִים	How splendid and how sweet you are, O Love!			

HEBREW	HEBREW-TO-ENGLISH (BLOCH & BLOCH)	LATIN (VULGATE)	LATIN-TO-ENGLISH	KING JAMES VERSION
<b>Trahe me post te — <i>Song of Songs 1:4, 7:6-8</i></b>				
מִשְׁכַּנִּי אֶחְרִיד נְרוּצָה	Take me by the hand, let us run together!	<b>Trahe me post te, virgo Maria, curremus in odorem unguentorum tuorum. Quam pulchra es et quam decora, carissima, in delitiis: statura tua assimilata est palmae, et ubera tua botris. Dixi: ascendam in palmam, et apprehendam fructum eius; et erunt ubera tua sicut botri vineae, et odor oris tui sicut malorum.</b>	Draw me after you, virgin Mary: let us run toward the fragrance of your perfumes. How beautiful you are, and how fair, dearest, in charms: your stature is like to a palm tree, and your breasts the clusters of its fruit. I said, I will climb into the palm tree and take hold of its fruit: and may your breasts be like clusters of grapes on the vine, and the scent of your mouth like apples.	Draw me, we will run after thee. How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights! This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes. I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples.
מַה־יִפִּית וּמַה־נְעֻמָּת אֶהְבֶּה בְּתַעֲנוּגִים	How splendid and how sweet you are, O Love, among all delights!			
זֹאת קִוְּמַתְךָ דְּמַתְּהָ לְתַמָּר וְשִׁרְיֶךָ לְאַשְׁכְּלוֹת	That day you seemed to me a tall palm tree and your breasts the clusters of its fruit.			
אָמַרְתִּי אֶעֱלֶה בְּתַמָּר אֶחְזֶה בְּסַנְסְנִיז	I said in my heart: Let me climb into that palm tree and take hold of its branches.			
וַיְהִי־וַיֵּנָא שִׁרְיֶךָ כְּאַשְׁכְּלוֹת הַגֶּפֶן וְרִיחַ אֶפְדֶּךָ כְּתַפּוּחִים	And oh, may your breasts be like clusters of grapes on a vine, the scent of your breath like apricots!			

**Vidi speciosam sicut columbam — *Responsory for the Assumption of the Virgin; from Song of Songs 3:6 etc.***

<b>1</b>				
	<i>[this phrase in the Latin responsory is not taken directly from the Song, although it seems to be inspired by the Song's language and imagery]</i>	<b>Vidi speciosam sicut columbam ascendentem desuper rivus aquarum, cuius inestimabilis odor erat nimis in vestimentis eius; et sicut dies verni circumdabant eam flores rosarum et lilia convallium.</b>	I saw the fair one like a dove rising above the streams of water, whose incomparable fragrance was strong in her garments; and as on a spring day she was circled about by flowers of roses and the lily of the valley.	
<b>2</b>				
מִי זֹאת עֹלָה מִן־הַמִּדְבָּר בְּתַמָּרוֹת עֵשֶׂן מִקְטָרֶת מֶר וּלְבוֹנָה מִכֹּל אֲבָקֶת רוּכַל	Who is that rising from the desert like a pillar of smoke, more fragrant with myrrh and frankincense than all the spices of the merchant!	<b>Quae est ista quae ascendit per desertum sicut virguli fumi ex aromatibus myrrhae et thuris? Et sicut dies verni circumdabant eam flores rosarum et lilia convallium.</b>	Who is that who arises from the desert like pillars of smoke from incense of myrrh and frankincense? And as on a spring day she was circled about by flowers of roses and the lily of the valley.	Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense?