

Song of Solomon

How beautiful are your feet in sandals
O prince's daughter!
The curves of your thighs *are* like jewels,
The work of the hands of a skillful workman.
Your navel *is* a rounded goblet;
It lacks no blended beverage.
Your waist *is* a heap of wheat
Set about with lilies.
Your two breasts *are* like two fawns,
Twins of a gazelle.
Your neck *is* like an ivory tower,
Your eyes *like* the pools in Heshbon
By the gate of Bath Rabbim.
Your nose *is* like the tower of Lebanon
Which looks toward Damascus.
Your head *crowns* you like *Mount Carmel*,
And the hair of your head *is* like purple;
A king *is* held captive by *your* tresses.
How fair and how pleasant you are,
(O love), with your delights!
This stature of yours is like a palm tree,
And your breasts *like* its clusters.
I said, "I will go up to the palm tree,
I will take hold of its branches."
Let now your breasts be like clusters of the vine,

The fragrance of your breath like apples,
And the roof of your mouth like the best wine.

.....
Your lips, O *my* spouse,
Drip as the honeycomb;
Honey and milk *are* under your tongue;
And the fragrance of your garments
is like the fragrance of Lebanon.
A garden enclosed
is my sister, *my* spouse,
A spring shut up,
A fountain sealed.
You have ravished my heart,
My sister, *my* spouse;
You have ravished my heart
With one *look* of your eyes,
With one link of your necklace.
How fair is your love,
My sister, *my* spouse!
How much better than wine is your love,
And the scent of your perfumes
Than all spices!

(Scripture taken from the New King James Version.
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Άσμα Ασμάτων

ὠραιώθησαν διαβήματά σου ἐν ὑποδήμασί σου,
θύγατερ Ναδάβ·
ρυθμοὶ μηρῶν ὅμοιοι ὀρμίσκοις,
ἔργον τεχνίτου·
ὀμφαλός σου κρατὴρ τορευτὸς
μὴ ὑστερούμενος κράμα·
κοιλία σου θημωνία σίτου
πεφραγμένη ἐν κρίνοις·
δύο μαστοὶ σου, ὡς δύο νεβροὶ
δίδυμοι δορκάδος·
ὁ τράχηλός σου ὡς πύργος ἐλεφάντινος·
οἱ ὀφθαλμοὶ σου ὡς λίμναι ἐν Ἑσεβῶν,
ἐν πύλαις θυγατρὸς πολλῶν·
μυκτὴρ σου ὡς πύργος τοῦ Λιβάνου
σκοπεύων πρόσωπον Δαμασκοῦ·
κεφαλή σου ἐπὶ σὲ ὡς Κάρμηλος,
καὶ πλόκιον κεφαλῆς σου ὡς πορφύρα,
βασιλεὺς δεδεμένος ἐν παραδρομαῖς.
τί ὠραιώθης καὶ τί ἠδύνθης ἀγάπη,
ἐν τρυφαῖς σου;
τοῦτο μέγεθός σου, ὠμοιώθης τῷ φοίνικι
καὶ οἱ μαστοὶ σου τοῖς βότρυσιν.
εἶπα· ἀναβήσομαι ἐπὶ τῷ φοίνικι,
κρατήσω τῶν ὕψεων αὐτοῦ,
καὶ ἔσονται δὴ μαστοὶ σου ὡς βότρυες
τῆς ἀμπέλου
καὶ ὀσμὴ ρινός σου ὡς μῆλα
καὶ ὁ λάρυγξ σου ὡς οἶνος ὁ ἀγαθός,
.....
κηρίον ἀποστάζουσι χεῖλή σου,
νύμφη·
μέλι καὶ γάλα ὑπὸ τὴν γλῶσσάν σου,
καὶ ὀσμὴ ἱματίων σου
ὡς ὀσμὴ Λιβάνου.
κῆπος κεκλεισμένος,
ἀδελφή μου νύμφη,
κῆπος κεκλεισμένος,
πηγὴ ἐσφραγισμένη
ἐκαρδίωσας ἡμᾶς,
ἀδελφή μου νύμφη·
ἐκαρδίωσας ἡμᾶς
ἐνὶ ἀπὸ ὀφθαλμῶν σου,
ἐν μιᾷ ἐνθέματι τραχήλων σου.
τί ἐκαλλιώθησαν μαστοὶ σου,
ἀδελφή μου νύμφη;
τί ἐκαλλιώθησαν μαστοὶ σου ἀπὸ οἴνου,
καὶ ὀσμὴ ἱματίων σου
ὑπὲρ πάντα τὰ ἀρώματα;

Παλαιά Διαθήκη, Άσμα Ασμάτων
Κεφάλαιο Ζ' 2-10, Δ' 9-12
(Μετάφρασις τῶν Ἑβδομήκοντα)