

The text for *Simeni kachotam al libbecha* is drawn from the Biblical Song of Songs, reassembled with reverence by the composer.

Simëni kachotam al libbecha.

semolo tachat roshi,
vimino techabbeqëni.
ki azza chammavet ahava,
qasha kisheol qina.
mayim rabim lo yuchlu lechabbot
et ha-ahava uncharot lo yishtefuha.
semolo tachat leroshi,
vimino techabbeqëni.
betsillo chimmadeti veyashavti
ufiryo matoq lechiqi.
samechunni ba'ashishot,
rappeduni battappuchim,
pityo matoq lechiqi.
samechunni ba'ashishot,
rappeduni battappuchim,
ki cholat ahava ani.
semolo tachat roshi
vimino techabbeqëni.

ani yeshëna velibi er.
qol dodì dofëq:
"pitchi li achoti,
rayati, yonati, tammati . . ."
pashatëti et kutanti
ëchacha elbashëna?
rachatsti et raglai
ëchacha atanfëm?
dodì shalach yado min hachor
umëai hamu alav.
qamti ani liftoach ledodi,
veyadai natefu mor;
dodì shalach yado min hachor
umëai hamu alav.
vetsbeotai mor ovër
al kappot hammanul.
patachti ani ledodi
vedodi chamaq avar.
nafshi yatsa vedabro.
biqqashtihu velo metsatihü;
qerativ velo anani.
metsa'uni hashomrim hassovevim ba'ir.
hikkuni, fetsa'uni
nasu et redidi mëalal . . .
hishbati etchem benot yerushalayim:
im timtsu et et dodì ma taggidu lo
shecholat ahava ani.

sammehuni ba'ashishot,
rappeduni battappuchim,
betsillo cimmadeti veyashavti
ki cholat ahava ani.
ufiryo mataq lechiqi.
semolo tachat leroshi,
vimino techabbeqëni.

Set me as a seal upon your heart.

*His left side is under my head,
and his right arm embraces me.
For love is potent as death,
passion cruel as the grave.
Water can't drown that love,
nor rivers wash it away.
His left side is under my head,
and his right arm embraces me.
I long to sit in his shadow
and his fruit is sweet to my taste.
Brace me with raisin-cakes,
bear me up with apples,
for his fruit is sweet to my taste.
Brace me with raisin-cakes,
bear me up with apples,
for I'm sick with love.
His left side is under my head,
and his right arm embraces me,*

*I sleep, but my heart is awake
and the voice of my love beckons:
"Open for me, my sister,
my friend, my dove, my fulfillment . . ."
I had already spread out my wrapper,
how could I put it on?
I had washed my feet.
how could I dirty them?
My beloved let go of the keyhole
and my stomach wrenched for him.
I got up to open for my love,
but my hands were wet with myrrh;
My beloved let go of the keyhole
and my stomach wrenched for him.
And my fingers were myrrh,
slipping over the handles of the locked door.
At last I opened for my love,
but he had turned and gone.
My breath caught at his flight.
I looked for him, but I couldn't find him;
I called him, but he didn't answer.
The city patrols found me;
they struck me, they hurt me;
the guards at the wall raised my tunic.
I made you promise, girls of Jerusalem:
that when you found my love, you'd tell him
that I'm sick with love.*

*Brace me with raisin-cakes,
bear me up with apples,
I long to sit in his shadow
for I'm sick with love
and his fruit is sweet to my taste.
His left side is under my head,
and his right arm embraces me.*

ana dodi veamar li:
"qumi lach, rayati,
yafati, ulechi lach.
ki hinnè hassetav avar
haggeshem chalaf halach lo.
èt hazzamir higgia,
veqol hattor nishma ba'artsënu,
kol haggefanim smadar natnu rëach.
qumi lach, rayati,
yafati, ulechi lach.
hannitsanim nireu ba'arets,
vehaggefanim smadar natnu rëach.
qumi lach, rayati,
yafati, ulechi lach.
lecha dodi nëtsë;
hassade nalina bakfarim
nashkima lakramim.
nirë im parcha haggefën,
sham ettën et dodai lach."

betsillo chimmadeti veyashavti
ufiryo matoq lechiqi.
heviani el bët hayayin
vedigo alai ahava
piryo matoq lechiqi;
sammechuni ba'ashishot,
betsillo chimmadeti veyashavti,
sammechuni ba'ashishot,
ki cholat ahava ani,
ufiryo matoq lechiqi.
cholot ahava ani.
semolo tachat leroshi,
vimino techabbeqëni,
ufiryo matoq lechiqi.

Simëni kachotam al libbecha.
betsillo chimmadeti veyashavti
ki cholat ahava ani.
Simëni kachotam al libbecha.

*My love spoke and said to me:
"Get yourself up, my friend,
my lovely one, and let's begin.
For the winter has passed,
the rainy season slipped away.
The time of pruning songs has arrived,
and the turtledove is singing in the countryside,
every vine is blooming with its own scent.
Get yourself up, my friend,
my lovely one, and let's begin.
Blossoms have opened all over
and the vines are blooming with their own scents.
Get yourself up, my friend,
my lovely one, and let's begin.
Come, love, let's go out to the fields;
let's rest at night in little villages
and get to the vineyards early in the morning.
Let's see if the grapes have blossomed there,
and there I'll give you my love."*

*I long to sit in his shadow
and his fruit is sweet to my taste.
He took me to the winehouse
and love was what he showed me
and his fruit was sweet to my taste;
Brace me with raisin-cakes,
I long to sit in his shadow,
Brace me with raisin-cakes,
for I'm sick with love,
and his fruit is sweet to my taste.
And I'm sick with love,
His left side is under my head,
and his right arm embraces me,
and his fruit is sweet to my taste.*

*"Set me as a seal upon your heart."
I long to sit in his shadow
For I'm sick with love.
"Set me as a seal upon your heart."*