Mountains of Spices
From the Song of Songs
Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

Commissioned by Willie Docto
In honor of my father Hermilo T. Docto (December 10, 1937-October 2, 2005)
[Song of Songs 1:15]

Hi nakh ya - fa ra - ya - ti

nakh hi - nakh.

nakh hi - nakh.

Hi nakh ya - fa ra - ya - ti

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nakh hi - nakh.
Samkhu ni ba - a - she-shot rap - du-ni ba - ta - pu-khim ki -

ko lat a - ha - va a - ni.

ni ba a

she shot rap

du ni

pu khim ki
[Song of Songs 6:2]

Do di ya rad l'ga no

la aru gat
sha'ni'm. Ma'yim ra'bim lo yish'tu'

yukh-lu l'kha-bot et-ha-a-ha-va u-ne-ha-rot lo yish'tu'

ha'im-yi-ten ish et-kol-hon beito ba-a-ha-va boz ya
1:15. Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves’ eyes.
2:5. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick with love.
2:11. My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
2:12. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.
6:2. My beloved is gone down into his garden, into the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.
8:7. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of the house for love, it would be utterly contemned.
8:14. Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.