

**Deborah's Song**

My beloved is white and ruddy.

His skin is as the most fine gold.

His cheeks are as a bed of spices.

Even though he hasn't washed since last December.

His eyes are as the eyes of doves.

His body is as bright ivory.

His legs are as pillars of marble.

In pants so dirty they stand by themselves.

He is altogether lovable.

But he'll always be a two-bit punk.

So he'll never be my beloved.

What a shame.

(from the *Tanakh*, Song of Songs, chapter 5.)