



## **Ketouvim (hagiographies) - Cantique des cantiques**

### **Chapter 3**

- 3,1 By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not.
- 3,2 '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.
- 3,3 The watchmen that go about the city found me: 'Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?'
- 3,4 Scarce had I passed from them, when I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.
- 3,5 'I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles, and by the hinds of the field, that ye awaken not, nor stir up love, until it please.'
- 3,6 Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?
- 3,7 Behold, it is the litter of Solomon; threescore mighty men are about it, of the mighty men of Israel.
- 3,8 They all handle the sword, and are expert in war; every man hath his sword upon his thigh, because of dread in the night.
- 3,9 King Solomon made himself a palanquin of the wood of Lebanon.
- 3,10 He made the pillars thereof of silver, the top thereof of gold, the seat of it of purple, the inside thereof being inlaid with love, from the daughters of Jerusalem.
- 3,11 Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and gaze upon king Solomon, even upon the crown wherewith his mother hath crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.