



## Ketouvim (hagiographies) - Cantique des cantiques

### Chapter 4

- 4,1 Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thine eyes are as doves behind thy veil; thy hair is as a flock of goats, that trail down from mount Gilead.
- 4,2 Thy teeth are like a flock of ewes all shaped alike, which are come up from the washing; whereof all are paired, and none faileth among them.
- 4,3 Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy mouth is comely; thy temples are like a pomegranate split open behind thy veil.
- 4,4 Thy neck is like the tower of David builded with turrets, whereon there hang a thousand shields, all the armour of the mighty men.
- 4,5 Thy two breasts are like two fawns that are twins of a gazelle, which feed among the lilies.
- 4,6 Until the day breathe, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.
- 4,7 Thou art all fair, my love; and there is no spot in thee.
- 4,8 Come with me from Lebanon, my bride, with me from Lebanon; look from the top of Amana, from the top of Senir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.
- 4,9 Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my bride; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one bead of thy necklace.
- 4,10 How fair is thy love, my sister, my bride! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than all manner of spices!
- 4,11 Thy lips, O my bride, drop honey--honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.
- 4,12 A garden shut up is my sister, my bride; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
- 4,13 Thy shoots are a park of pomegranates, with precious fruits; henna with spikenard plants,
- 4,14 Spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices.
- 4,15 Thou art a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and flowing streams from Lebanon.
- 4,16 Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his precious fruits.