



Ketouvim (hagiographes) - Cantique des cantiques

Chapter 5

- 5,1 I am come into my garden, my sister, my bride; I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk. Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.
- 5,2 I sleep, but my heart waketh; Hark! my beloved knocketh: 'Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew, my locks with the drops of the night.'
- 5,3 I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?
- 5,4 My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my heart was moved for him.
- 5,5 I rose up to open to my beloved; and my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers with flowing myrrh, upon the handles of the bar.
- 5,6 I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had turned away, and was gone. My soul failed me when he spoke. I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.
- 5,7 The watchmen that go about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my mantle from me.
- 5,8 'I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, what will ye tell him? that I am love-sick.'
- 5,9 'What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? What is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so adjure us?'
- 5,10 'My beloved is white and ruddy, pre-eminent above ten thousand.
- 5,11 His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are curled, and black as a raven.
- 5,12 His eyes are like doves beside the water-brooks; washed with milk, and fitly set.
- 5,13 His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as banks of sweet herbs; his lips are as lilies, dropping with flowing myrrh.
- 5,14 His hands are as rods of gold set with beryl; his body is as polished ivory overlaid with sapphires.
- 5,15 His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold; his aspect is like Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.
- 5,16 His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.'