

# **The French Composite Bible**

**By**

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**The French Composite Bible is intended to make you think more deeply about the text by progressive comparison of literal versions. Starting with French, two English versions are progressively Compared in order to gain deeper insights into the text. The mind works differently when understanding one text, when comparing two texts and when looking at more than two. As a result, an over-all meaning is obtained, which I call a “composite” understanding. When you have reached this level of understanding, you will want to record your thoughts about what the text now says, what it means to you spiritually and how you plan to apply its meaning to your life. I hope that you will find this work a help in your studies and a blessing in understanding what God would like you to know.**

**French (Darby)**

**The World English Bible**

**Young's Literal Translation**

## **Song of Solomon**

- 1 ¶ Le cantique des cantiques, qui est de Salomon.  
The Song of songs, which is Solomon`s. Beloved  
The Song of Songs, that [is] Solomon`s.**
  
- 2 ¶ Qu'il me baise des baisers de sa bouche! car tes amours sont meilleures que le vin.  
Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; For your love is better than wine.  
Let him kiss me with kisses of his mouth, For better [are] thy loves than wine.**

- 3 Tes parfums sont d'agréable odeur; ton nom est un parfum répandu; c'est pourquoi les jeunes filles t'aiment.**

**Your oils have a pleasing fragrance. Your name is oil poured forth, Therefore the virgins love you.**

**For fragrance [are] thy perfumes good. Perfume emptied out -- thy name, Therefore have virgins loved thee!**

- 4 Tire-moi: nous courrons après toi. -Le roi m'a amenée dans ses chambres. -Nous nous égayons, et nous nous réjouissons en toi; nous nous souviendrons de tes amours plus que du vin. Elles t'aiment avec droiture.**

**Take me away with you. Let us hurry. The king has brought me into his chambers. Friends We will be glad and rejoice in you. We will praise your love more than wine! Beloved They are right to love you.**

**Draw me: after thee we run, The king hath brought me into his inner chambers, We do joy and rejoice in thee, We mention thy loves more than wine, Uprightly they have loved thee!**

- 5 Je suis noire, mais je suis agréable, filles de Jérusalem! comme les tentes de Kédar, comme les tentures de Salomon.**

**I am dark, but lovely, You daughters of Jerusalem, Like Kedar`s tents, Like Solomon`s curtains.**

**Dark [am] I, and comely, daughters of Jerusalem, As tents of Kedar, as curtains of Solomon.**

- 6 Ne me regardez pas, parce que je suis noire, parce que le soleil m'a regardée: les fils de ma mère se sont irrités contre moi, ils m'ont mise à garder les vignes; ma vigne qui est à moi, je ne l'ai point gardée.**

**Don`t stare at me because I am dark, Because the sun has scorched me. My mother`s sons were angry with me. They made me keeper of the vineyards. I haven`t kept my own vineyard.**

**Fear me not, because I [am] very dark, Because the sun hath scorched me, The sons of my mother were angry with me, They made me keeper of the vineyards, My vineyard -- my own -- I have not kept.**

- 7 ¶ Dis-moi, toi qu'aime mon âme, où tu pais ton troupeau, où tu le fais reposer à midi; car pourquoi serais-je comme une femme voilée auprès des troupeaux de tes compagnons?  
Tell me, you whom my soul loves, Where you graze your flock, Where you rest them at noon; For why should I be as one who is veiled Beside the flocks of your companions?  
Lover  
Declare to me, thou whom my soul hath loved, Where thou delightest, Where thou liest down at noon, For why am I as one veiled, By the ranks of thy companions?**
- 8 Si tu ne le sais pas, ô la plus belle parmi les femmes! sors sur les traces du troupeau, et pais tes chevreaux près des habitations des bergers.  
If you don't know, most beautiful among women, Follow the tracks of the sheep. Graze your young goats beside the shepherds' tents.  
If thou knowest not, O fair among women, Get thee forth by the traces of the flock, And feed thy kids by the shepherds' dwellings!**
- 9 Je te compare, mon amie, à une jument aux chars du Pharaon.  
I have compared you, my love, To a steed in Pharaoh's chariots.  
To my joyous one in chariots of Pharaoh, I have compared thee, my friend,**
- 10 Tes joues sont agréables avec des rangées de bijoux; ton cou, avec des colliers.  
Your cheeks are beautiful with earrings, Your neck with strings of jewels.  
Comely have been thy cheeks with garlands, Thy neck with chains.**
- 11 Nous te ferons des chaînes d'or avec des paillettes d'argent.  
We will make you earrings of gold, With studs of silver. Beloved  
Garlands of gold we do make for thee, With studs of silver!**

- 12 ¶ Pendant que le roi est à table, mon nard exhale son odeur.  
While the king sat at his table, My perfume spread its fragrance.  
While the king [is] in his circle, My spikenard hath given its fragrance.
- 13 Mon bien-aimé est pour moi un bouquet de myrrhe; il passera la nuit entre mes seins.  
My beloved is to me a sachet of myrrh, That lies between my breasts.  
A bundle of myrrh [is] my beloved to me, Between my breasts it lodgeth.
- 14 Mon bien-aimé est pour moi une grappe de henné dans les vignes d'En-Guédi.  
My beloved is to me a cluster of henna blossoms From the vineyards of En Gedi. Lover  
A cluster of cypress [is] my beloved to me, In the vineyards of En-Gedi!
- 15 Voici, tu es belle, mon amie; voici, tu es belle! Tes yeux sont des colombes.  
Behold, you are beautiful, my love. Behold, you are beautiful. Your eyes are doves.  
Beloved  
Lo, thou [art] fair, my friend, Lo, thou [art] fair, thine eyes [are] doves!
- 16 Voici tu es beau, mon bien-aimé, oui, tu es agréable! oui, notre lit est verdoyant.  
Behold, you are beautiful, my beloved, yes, pleasant; And our couch is verdant. Lover  
Lo, thou [art] fair, my love, yea, pleasant, Yea, our couch [is] green,
- 17 Les solives de nos maisons sont des cèdres; nos lambris des cyprès.  
The beams of our house are cedars. Our rafters are firs. Beloved  
The beams of our houses [are] cedars, Our rafters [are] firs, I [am] a rose of Sharon, a lily  
of the valleys!

- 1 ¶ Je suis le narcisse de Saron, le lis des vallées.  
I am a rose of Sharon, A lily of the valleys.  
As a lily among the thorns,**
- 2 Comme le lis entre les épines, telle est mon amie entre les filles.  
As a lily among thorns, So is my love among the daughters. Beloved  
So [is] my friend among the daughters!**
- 3 ¶ Comme le pommier entre les arbres de la forêt, tel est mon bien-aimé entre les fils; j'ai pris plaisir à son ombre, et je m'y suis assise; et son fruit est doux à mon palais.  
As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, So is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, His fruit was sweet to my taste.  
As a citron among trees of the forest, So [is] my beloved among the sons, In his shade I delighted, and sat down, And his fruit [is] sweet to my palate.**
- 4 Il m'a fait entrer dans la maison du vin; et sa bannière sur moi, c'est l'amour.  
He brought me to the banquet hall. His banner over me is love.  
He hath brought me in unto a house of wine, And his banner over me [is] love,**
- 5 avec des gâteaux de raisins, ranimez-moi avec des pommes; car je suis malade d'amour.  
Strengthen me with raisins, Refresh me with apples; For I am faint with love.  
Sustain me with grape-cakes, Support me with citrons, for I [am] sick with love.**
- 6 Sa main gauche est sous ma tête, et sa droite m'embrasse.  
His left hand is under my head. His right hand embraces me.  
His left hand [is] under my head, And his right doth embrace me.**

- 7 Je vous adjure, filles de Jérusalem, par les gazelles ou par les biches des champs, n'éveillez pas, ne réveillez pas mon amour, jusqu'à ce qu'elle le veuille.**  
**I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem, By the roes, or by the hinds of the field, That you not stir up, nor awaken love, Until it so desires.**  
**I have adjured you, daughters of Jerusalem, By the roes or by the hinds of the field, Stir not up nor wake the love till she please!**
- 8 ¶ La voix de mon bien-aimé! le voici qui vient, sautant sur les montagnes, bondissant sur les collines.**  
**The voice of my beloved! Behold, he comes, Leaping on the mountains, Skipping on the hills.**  
**The voice of my beloved! lo, this -- he is coming, Leaping on the mountains, skipping on the hills.**
- 9 Mon bien-aimé est semblable à la gazelle, ou au faon des biches. Le voici, il se tient derrière notre mur, il regarde par les fenêtres, il regarde à travers les treillis.**  
**My beloved is like a roe or a young hart. Behold, he stands behind our wall! He looks in at the windows. He glances through the lattice.**  
**My beloved [is] like to a roe, Or to a young one of the harts. Lo, this -- he is standing behind our wall, Looking from the windows, Blooming from the lattice.**
- 10 Mon bien-aimé m'a parlé, et m'a dit: Lève-toi, mon amie, ma belle, et viens!**  
**My beloved spoke, and said to me, Rise up, my love, my beautiful one, and come away.**  
**My beloved hath answered and said to me, `Rise up, my friend, my fair one, and come away,**
- 11 Car voici, l'hiver est passé, la pluie a cessé, elle s'en est allée;**  
**For, behold, the winter is past. The rain is over and gone.**  
**For lo, the winter hath passed by, The rain hath passed away -- it hath gone.**

**12 les fleurs paraissent sur la terre, la saison des chants est arrivée, et la voix de la tourterelle s'entend dans notre pays;**

**The flowers appear on the earth; The time of the singing has come, And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land.**

**The flowers have appeared in the earth, The time of the singing hath come, And the voice of the turtle was heard in our land,**

**13 le figuier embaume ses figes d'hiver, et les vignes en fleur exhalent leur parfum. Lève-toi, mon amie, ma belle, et viens!**

**The fig tree ripens her green figs. The vines are in blossom; They give forth their fragrance. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, And come away. Lover**

**The fig-tree hath ripened her green figs, And the sweet-smelling vines have given forth fragrance, Rise, come, my friend, my fair one, yea, come away.**

**14 ¶ Ma colombe, qui te tiens dans les fentes du rocher, dans les cachettes des lieux escarpés, montre-moi ton visage, fais-moi entendre ta voix; car ta voix est douce, et ton visage est agréable.**

**My dove in the clefts of the rock, In the hiding places of the mountainside, Let me see your face. Let me hear your voice; For your voice is sweet, and your face is lovely.**

**My dove, in clefts of the rock, In a secret place of the ascent, Cause me to see thine appearance, Cause me to hear thy voice, For thy voice [is] sweet, and thy appearance comely.**

**15 -Prenez-nous les renards, les petits renards qui ravagent les vignes, car nos vignes sont en fleur.**

**Catch for us the foxes, The little foxes that spoil the vineyards; For our vineyards are in blossom. Beloved**

**Seize ye for us foxes, Little foxes -- destroyers of vineyards, Even our sweet-smelling vineyards.**

- 16 -Mon bien-aimé est à moi, et je suis à lui, qui paît parmi les lis,  
My beloved is mine, and I am his. He browses among the lilies.  
My beloved [is] mine, and I [am] his, Who is delighting among the lilies,**
- 17 jusqu'à ce que l'aube se lève et que les ombres fuient. -Tourne-toi; sois semblable, mon bien-aimé, à la gazelle ou au faon des biches sur les montagnes de Béther.  
Until the day is cool, and the shadows flee away, Turn, my beloved, And be like a roe or a young hart on the mountains of Bether.  
Till the day doth break forth, And the shadows have fled away, Turn, be like, my beloved, To a roe, or to a young one of the harts, On the mountains of separation!**
- 1 ¶ Sur mon lit, durant les nuits, j'ai cherché celui qu'aime mon âme; je l'ai cherché, mais je ne l'ai pas trouvé.  
By night on my bed, I sought him whom my soul loves. I sought him, but I didn't find him.  
On my couch by night, I sought him whom my soul hath loved; I sought him, and I found him not!**
- 2 -Je me lèverai maintenant, et je ferai le tour de la ville dans les rues et dans les places; je chercherai celui qu'aime mon âme. -Je l'ai cherché, mais je ne l'ai pas trouvé.  
I will get up now, and go about the city; In the streets and in the squares I will seek him whom my soul loves. I sought him, but I didn't find him.  
-- Pray, let me rise, and go round the city, In the streets and in the broad places, I seek him whom my soul hath loved! -- I sought him, and I found him not.**



- 3 Les gardes qui font la ronde par la ville m'ont trouvée. Avez-vous vu celui que mon âme aime?**

**The watchmen who go about the city found me; "Have you seen him whom my soul loves?"**

**The watchmen have found me, (Who are going round about the city), `Him whom my soul have loved saw ye?`**

- 4 A peine avais-je passé plus loin, que j'ai trouvé celui qu'aime mon âme; je l'ai saisi, et je ne l'ai pas lâché que je ne l'aie amené dans la maison de ma mère, et dans la chambre de celle qui m'a conçue.**

**I had scarcely passed from them, When I found him whom my soul loves. I held him, and would not let him go, Until I had brought him into my mother's house, Into the chamber of her who conceived me.**

**But a little I passed on from them, Till I found him whom my soul hath loved! I seized him, and let him not go, Till I brought him in unto the house of my mother -- And the chamber of her that conceived me.**

- 5 Je vous adjure, filles de Jérusalem, par les gazelles ou par les biches des champs, n'éveillez pas, ne réveillez pas mon amour, jusqu'à ce qu'elle le veuille.**

**I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem, By the roes, or by the hinds of the field, That you not stir up, nor awaken love, Until it so desires.**

**I have adjured you, daughters of Jerusalem, By the roes or by the hinds of the field, Stir not up nor wake the love till she please!**

- 6 ¶ Qui est celle-ci qui monte du désert, comme des colonnes de fumée, parfumée de myrrhe et d'encens, et de toutes sortes de poudres des marchands?**

**Who is this who comes up from the wilderness like pillars of smoke, Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, With all spices of the merchant?**

**Who [is] this coming up from the wilderness, Like palm-trees of smoke, Perfumed [with] myrrh and frankincense, From every powder of the merchant?**

- 7** ¶ -Voici son lit, celui de Salomon; soixante hommes forts l'entourent, d'entre les hommes forts d'Israël;  
 Behold, it is Solomon`s carriage! Sixty mighty men are around it, Of the mighty men of Israel.  
 Lo, his couch, that [is] Solomon`s, Sixty mighty ones [are] around it, Of the mighty of Israel,
- 8** tous tiennent l'épée et sont exercés à la guerre, ayant chacun son épée sur sa cuisse à cause des frayeurs de la nuit.  
 They all handle the sword, and are expert in war. Every man has his sword on his thigh, Because of fear in the night.  
 All of them holding sword, taught of battle, Each his sword by his thigh, for fear at night.
- 9** Le roi Salomon s'est fait un palanquin de bois du Liban.  
 King Solomon made himself a carriage Of the wood of Lebanon.  
 A palanquin king Solomon made for himself, Of the wood of Lebanon,
- 10** Il a fait ses colonnes d'argent, son dossier d'or, son siège de pourpre, son intérieur pavé d'amour par les filles de Jérusalem.  
 He made its pillars of silver, Its bottom of gold, its seat of purple, Its midst being paved with love, From the daughters of Jerusalem.  
 Its pillars he made of silver, Its bottom of gold, its seat of purple, Its midst lined [with] love, By the daughters of Jerusalem.

- 11 Sortez, filles de Sion, et voyez le roi Salomon, avec la couronne dont sa mère l'a couronné au jour de ses fiançailles, et au jour de la joie de son coeur.**

**Go forth, you daughters of Zion, and see king Solomon, With the crown with which his mother has crowned him, In the day of his weddings, In the day of the gladness of his heart. Lover**

**Go forth, and look, ye daughters of Zion, On king Solomon, with the crown, With which his mother crowned him, In the day of his espousals, And in the day of the joy of his heart!**

- 1 ¶ Voici, tu es belle, mon amie; voici, tu es belle! Tes yeux sont des colombes derrière ton voile; tes cheveux sont comme un troupeau de chèvres sur les pentes de la montagne de Galaad.**

**Behold, you are beautiful, my love. Behold, you are beautiful. Your eyes are doves behind your veil. Your hair is as a flock of goats, That descend from Mount Gilead.**

**Lo, thou [art] fair, my friend, lo, thou [art] fair, Thine eyes [are] doves behind thy veil, Thy hair as a row of the goats That have shone from mount Gilead,**

- 2 Tes dents sont comme un troupeau de brebis tondues, qui montent du lavoir, qui toutes ont des jumeaux, et pas une d'elles n'est stérile.**

**Your teeth are like a newly shorn flock, Which have come up from the washing, Where every one of them has twins. None is bereaved among them.**

**Thy teeth as a row of the shorn ones That have come up from the washing, For all of them are forming twins, And a bereaved one is not among them.**

- 3 Tes lèvres sont comme un fils écarlate, et ta bouche est agréable; ta joue est comme un quartier de grenade derrière ton voile.**

**Your lips are like scarlet thread. Your mouth is lovely. Your temples are like a piece of a pomegranate behind your veil.**

**As a thread of scarlet [are] thy lips, And thy speech [is] comely, As the work of the pomegranate [is] thy temple behind thy veil,**

- 4 Ton cou est comme la tour de David, bâtie pour y suspendre des armures; mille boucliers y sont suspendus, tous les pavois des vaillants hommes.  
Your neck is like David`s tower built for an armory, Whereon there hang a thousand shields, All the shields of the mighty men.  
As the tower of David [is] thy neck, built for an armory, The chief of the shields are hung on it, All shields of the mighty.**
- 5 Tes deux seins sont comme deux faons jumeaux d'une gazelle, qui paissent parmi les lis.  
Your two breasts are like two fawns That are twins of a roe, Which feed among the lilies.  
Thy two breasts [are] as two fawns, Twins of a roe, that are feeding among lilies.**
- 6 Jusqu'à ce que l'aube se lève, et que les ombres fuient, j'irai à la montagne de la myrrhe et à la colline de l'encens.  
Until the day is cool, and the shadows flee away, I will go to the mountain of myrrh, To the hill of frankincense.  
Till the day doth break forth, And the shadows have fled away, I will get me unto the mountain of myrrh, And unto the hill of frankincense.**
- 7 Tu es toute belle, mon amie, et en toi il n'y a point de défaut.  
You are all beautiful, my love. There is no spot in you.  
Thou [art] all fair, my friend, And a blemish there is not in thee. Come from Lebanon, O spouse,**

**8 ¶ Viens avec moi du Liban, ma fiancée, viens du Liban avec moi; regarde du sommet de l'Amana, du sommet du Senir et de l'Hermon, des tanières des lions, des montagnes des léopards.**

**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.**

**Come from Lebanon, come thou in. Look from the top of Amana, From the top of Shenir and Hermon, From the habitations of lions, From the mountains of leopards.**

**9 Tu m'as ravi le coeur, ma soeur, ma fiancée; tu m'as ravi le coeur par l'un de tes yeux, par l'un des colliers de ton cou.**

**You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride. You have ravished my heart with one of your eyes, With one chain of your neck.**

**Thou hast emboldened me, my sister-spouse, Emboldened me with one of thine eyes, With one chain of thy neck.**

**10 Que de charme ont tes amours, ma soeur, ma fiancée! Que tes amours sont meilleures que le vin, et l'odeur de tes parfums plus que tous les aromates!**

**How beautiful is your love, my sister, my bride! How much better is your love than wine! The fragrance of your perfumes than all manner of spices!**

**How wonderful have been thy loves, my sister-spouse, How much better have been thy loves than wine, And the fragrance of thy perfumes than all spices.**

**11 Tes lèvres, ma fiancée, distillent le miel; sous ta langue il y a du miel et du lait, et l'odeur de tes vêtements est comme l'odeur du Liban.**

**Your lips, my bride, drip like the honeycomb. Honey and milk are under your tongue. The smell of your garments is like the smell of Lebanon.**

**Thy lips drop honey, O spouse, Honey and milk [are] under thy tongue, And the fragrance of thy garments [is] as the fragrance of Lebanon.**

- 12 Tu es un jardin clos, ma soeur, ma fiancée, une source fermée, une fontaine scellée.  
A locked up garden is my sister, my bride; A locked up spring, A sealed fountain.  
A garden shut up [is] my sister-spouse, A spring shut up -- a fountain sealed.**
- 13 Tes plants sont un paradis de grenadiers et de fruits exquis, de henné et de nard,  
Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates, with precious fruits: Henna with spikenard plants,  
Thy shoots a paradise of pomegranates, With precious fruits,**
- 14 de nard et de safran, de roseau odorant et de cinnamome, avec tous les arbres à encens;  
de myrrhe et d'aloès, avec tous les principaux aromates;  
Spikenard and saffron, Calamus and cinnamon, with every kind of incense tree; Myrrh and aloes, with all the best spices,  
Cypresses with nard -- nard and saffron, Cane and cinnamon, With all trees of frankincense, Myrrh and aloes, with all chief spices.**
- 15 ¶ une fontaine dans les jardins, un puits d'eaux vives, qui coulent du Liban!  
A fountain of gardens, A well of living waters, Flowing streams from Lebanon. Beloved  
A fount of gardens, a well of living waters, And flowings from Lebanon!**
- 16 Réveille-toi, nord, et viens, midi; souffle dans mon jardin, pour que ses aromates s'exhalent! Que mon bien-aimé vienne dans son jardin, et qu'il mange ses fruits exquis.  
Awake, north wind; and come, you south; Blow on my garden, that its spices may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, And taste his precious fruits. Lover  
Awake, O north wind, and come, O south, Cause my garden to breathe forth, its spices let flow, Let my beloved come to his garden, And eat its pleasant fruits!**

- 1 ¶ Je suis venu dans mon jardin, ma soeur, ma fiancée! J'ai cueilli ma myrrhe avec mes aromates, j'ai mangé mon rayon de miel avec mon miel, j'ai bu mon vin avec mon lait. Mangez, amis; buvez, buvez abondamment, bien-aimés!**

**I have 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. Friends Eat, friends! Drink, yes, drink abundantly, beloved. Beloved**

**I have come in to my garden, my sister-spouse, I have plucked my myrrh with my spice, I have eaten my comb with my honey, I have drunk my wine with my milk. Eat, O friends, drink, Yea, drink abundantly, O beloved ones!**

- 2 ¶ Je dormais, mais mon coeur était réveillé. C'est la voix de mon bien-aimé qui heurte: Ouvre-moi, ma soeur, mon amie, ma colombe, ma parfaite! Car ma tête est pleine de rosée, mes boucles, des gouttes de la nuit.**

**I was asleep, but my heart was awake. It is the voice of my beloved who knocks: Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; For my head is filled with dew, My hair with the dampness of the night.**

**I am sleeping, but my heart waketh: The sound of my beloved knocking! `Open to me, my sister, my friend, My dove, my perfect one, For my head is filled [with] dew, My locks [with] drops of the night.`**

- 3 -Je me suis dépouillée de ma tunique, comment la revêtirais-je? J'ai lavé mes pieds, comment les salirais-je?**

**I have taken off my robe. Indeed, must I put it on? I have washed my feet. Indeed, must I soil them?**

**I have put off my coat, how do I put it on? I have washed my feet, how do I defile them?**

- 4 -Mon bien-aimé a avancé sa main par le guichet, et mes entrailles se sont émues à cause de lui.**

**My beloved thrust his hand in through the latch opening. My heart pounded for him.**

**My beloved sent his hand from the net-work, And my bowels were moved for him.**

- 5 Je me suis levée pour ouvrir à mon bien-aimé, et de mes mains a dégoutté la myrrhe, et de mes doigts, la myrrhe limpide, sur les poignées du verrou.**

**I rose up to open for my beloved. My hands dripped with myrrh, My fingers with liquid myrrh, On the handles of the lock.**

**I rose to open to my beloved, And my hands dropped myrrh, Yea, my fingers flowing myrrh, On the handles of the lock.**

- 6 J'ai ouvert à mon bien-aimé, mais mon bien-aimé s'était retiré, il avait passé plus loin; mon âme s'en était allée pendant qu'il parlait. Je le cherchai, mais je ne le trouvai pas; je l'appelai, mais il ne me répondit pas.**

**I opened to my beloved; But my beloved left; gone away. My heart went out when he spoke. I looked for him, but I didn't find him. I called him, but he didn't answer.**

**I opened to my beloved, But my beloved withdrew -- he passed on, My soul went forth when he spake, I sought him, and found him not. I called him, and he answered me not.**

- 7 Les gardes qui font la ronde par la ville me trouvèrent; ils me frappèrent, ils m'ont blessée; les gardes des murailles m'ont ôté mon voile de dessus moi.**

**The watchmen who go about the city found me. They beat me. They bruised me. The keepers of the walls took my cloak away from me.**

**The watchmen who go round about the city, Found me, smote me, wounded me, Keepers of the walls lifted up my veil from off me.**

- 8 Je vous adjure, filles de Jérusalem, si vous trouvez mon bien-aimé, que lui diriez-vous? Que je suis malade d'amour.**

**I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem, If you find my beloved, That you tell him that I am faint with love. Friends**

**I have adjured you, daughters of Jerusalem, If ye find my beloved -- What do ye tell him? that I [am] sick with love!**



- 9 ¶ Ton bien-aimé qu'est-il de plus qu'un autre bien-aimé, ô la plus belle parmi les femmes?  
Ton bien-aimé qu'est-il de plus qu'un autre bien-aimé, que tu nous adjures ainsi?  
How is your beloved better than another beloved, You fairest among women? How is your  
beloved better than another beloved, That you do so adjure us? Beloved  
What [is] thy beloved above [any] beloved, O fair among women? What [is] thy beloved  
above [any] beloved, That thus thou hast adjured us?**
- 10 Mon bien-aimé est blanc et vermeil, un porte-bannière entre dix mille.  
My beloved is white and ruddy. The best among ten thousand.  
My beloved [is] clear and ruddy, Conspicuous above a myriad!**
- 11 Sa tête est un or très-fin; ses boucles sont flottantes, noires comme un corbeau;  
His head is like the purest gold. His hair is bushy, black as a raven.  
His head [is] pure gold -- fine gold, His locks flowing, dark as a raven,**
- 12 ses yeux, comme des colombes près des ruisseaux d'eau, baignés dans le lait, bien  
enchâssés;  
His eyes are like doves beside the water brooks, Washed with milk, mounted like  
His eyes as doves by streams of water, Washing in milk, sitting in fulness.**
- 13 ses joues, comme des parterres d'aromates, des corbeilles de fleurs parfumées; ses  
lèvres, des lis distillant une myrrhe limpide;  
His cheeks are like a bed of spices with towers of perfumes. His lips are like lilies,  
dropping liquid myrrh.  
His cheeks as a bed of the spice, towers of perfumes, His lips [are] lilies, dropping  
flowing myrrh,**

- 14 ses mains, des rondelles d'or, où sont enchâssés des chrysolithes; son ventre, un ivoire poli, couvert de saphirs;**  
**His hands are like rings of gold set with beryl. His body is like ivory work overlaid with sapphires.**  
**His hands rings of gold, set with beryl, His heart bright ivory, covered with sapphires,**
- 15 ses jambes, des colonnes de marbre blanc, reposant sur des socles d'or fin; son port, comme le Liban, distingué comme les cèdres;**  
**His legs are like pillars of marble set on sockets of fine gold. His appearance is like Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.**  
**His limbs pillars of marble, Founded on sockets of fine gold, His appearance as Lebanon, choice as the cedars.**
- 16 son palais est plein de douceur, et toute sa personne est désirable. Tel est mon bien-aimé, tel est mon ami, filles de Jérusalem!**  
**His mouth is sweetness; Yes, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, Daughters of Jerusalem. Friends**  
**His mouth is sweetness -- and all of him desirable, This [is] my beloved, and this my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem!**
- 1 ¶ Où est allé ton bien-aimé, ô la plus belle parmi les femmes? De quel côté ton bien-aimé s'est-il tourné? et nous le chercherons avec toi.**  
**Where has your beloved gone, you fairest among women? Where has your beloved turned, that we may seek him with you? Beloved**  
**Whither hath thy beloved gone, O fair among women? Whither hath thy beloved turned, And we seek him with thee?**

**2 Mon bien-aimé est descendu dans son jardin, aux parterres des aromates, pour paître dans les jardins et pour cueillir des lis.**

**My beloved has gone down to his garden, To the beds of spices, To feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.**

**My beloved went down to his garden, To the beds of the spice, To delight himself in the gardens, and to gather lilies.**

**3 Je suis à mon bien-aimé, et mon bien-aimé est à moi; il paît parmi les lis.**

**I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine. He browses among the lilies,**

**I [am] my beloved's, and my beloved [is] mine, Who is delighting himself among the**

**4 ¶ Tu es belle, mon amie, comme Thirtsa, agréable comme Jérusalem, redoutable comme des troupes sous leurs bannières.**

**You are beautiful, my love, as Tirzah, Lovely as Jerusalem, Awesome as an army with banners.**

**Fair [art] thou, my friend, as Tirzah, Comely as Jerusalem, Awe-inspiring as bannered hosts.**

**5 Détourne de moi tes yeux, car ils me troublent. Tes cheveux sont comme un troupeau de chèvres sur les pentes de Galaad;**

**Turn away your eyes from me, For they have overcome me. Your hair is like a flock of goats, That lie along the side of Gilead.**

**Turn round thine eyes from before me, Because they have made me proud. Thy hair [is] as a row of the goats, That have shone from Gilead,**

**6 tes dents, comme un troupeau de brebis qui montent du lavoir, qui toutes ont des jumeaux, et pas une d'elles n'est stérile;**

**Your teeth are like a flock of ewes, Which have come up from the washing; Of which every one has twins; None is bereaved among them.**

**Thy teeth as a row of the lambs, That have come up from the washing, Because all of them are forming twins, And a bereaved one is not among them.**

**7 ta joue est comme un quartier de grenade derrière ton voile.**

**Your temples are like a piece of a pomegranate behind your veil.**

**As the work of the pomegranate [is] thy temple behind thy veil.**

**8 Il y a soixante reines, et quatre-vingt concubines, et des jeunes filles sans nombre:**

**There are sixty queens, eighty concubines, And virgins without number.**

**Sixty are queens, and eighty concubines, And virgins without number.**

**9 ma colombe, ma parfaite, est unique; elle est l'unique de sa mère, la choisie de celle qui l'a enfantée. Les filles l'ont vue, et l'ont dite bienheureuse; les reines aussi et les concubines, et elles l'ont louée.**

**My dove, my perfect one, is unique. She is her mother's only daughter. She is the favorite one of her who bore her. The daughters saw her, and called her blessed, The queens and the concubines, and they praised her.**

**One is my dove, my perfect one, One she [is] of her mother, The choice one she [is] of her that bare her, Daughters saw, and pronounce her happy, Queens and concubines, and they praise her.**

- 10 Qui est celle-ci qui apparaît comme l'aurore, belle comme la lune, pure comme le soleil, redoutable comme des troupes sous leurs bannières?**  
**Who is she who looks forth as the morning, Beautiful as the moon, Clear as the sun, Awesome as an army with banners?**  
 `Who [is] this that is looking forth as morning, Fair as the moon -- clear as the sun, Awe-inspiring as bannered hosts?`
- 11 ¶ Je suis descendu au jardin des noisettes, pour voir la verdure de la vallée, pour voir si la vigne bourgeonne, si les grenadiers s'épanouissent.**  
**I went down into the nut tree grove, To see the green plants of the valley, To see whether the vine budded, And the pomegranates were in flower.**  
**Unto a garden of nuts I went down, To look on the buds of the valley, To see whither the vine had flourished, The pomegranates had blossomed --**
- 12 Sans que je m'en aperçusse, mon âme m'a transporté sur les chars de mon peuple de franche volonté.**  
**Without realizing it, My desire set me with my royal people`s chariots. Friends I knew not my soul, It made me -- chariots of my people Nadib.**
- 13 Reviens, reviens, Sulamithe! reviens, reviens, et que nous te voyions. -Que verriez-vous dans la Sulamithe? -Comme la danse de deux bandes.**  
**Return, return, Shulammite! Return, return, that we may gaze at you. Lover Why do you desire to gaze at the Shulammite, As at the dance of Mahanaim?**  
**Return, return, O Shulammith! Return, return, and we look upon thee. What do ye see in Shulammith?**

- 1 ¶ Que tes pieds sont beaux dans ta chaussure, fille de prince! Les contours de tes hanches sont comme des joyaux, ouvrage des mains d'un artiste.**  
**How beautiful are your feet in sandals, prince`s daughter! Your rounded thighs are like jewels, The work of the hands of a skillful workman.**  
**As the chorus of `Mahanaim.` How beautiful were thy feet with sandals, O daughter of Nadib. The turnings of thy sides [are] as ornaments, Work of the hands of an artificer.**
- 2 Ton nombril est une coupe arrondie, où le vin aromatique ne manque pas; ton ventre, un tas de froment, entouré de lis.**  
**Your body is like a round goblet, No mingled wine is wanting. Your waist is like a heap of wheat, Set about with lilies.**  
**Thy waist [is] a basin of roundness, It lacketh not the mixture, Thy body a heap of wheat, fenced with lilies,**
- 3 Tes deux seins sont comme deux faons jumeaux d'une gazelle.**  
**Your two breasts are like two fawns, That are twins of a roe.**  
**Thy two breasts as two young ones, twins of a roe,**
- 4 Ton cou est comme une tour d'ivoire; tes yeux sont comme les étangs qui sont à Hesbon, vers la porte de Bath-Rabbim; ton nez est comme la tour du Liban, qui regarde vers**  
**Your neck is like an ivory tower. Your eyes are like the pools in Heshbon by the gate of Bath-rabbim; Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon which looks toward Damascus.**  
**Thy neck as a tower of the ivory, Thine eyes pools in Heshbon, near the gate of Bath-Rabbim, Thy face as a tower of Lebanon looking to Damascus,**

**5 ta tête, sur toi, comme le Carmel, et les cheveux de ta tête comme la pourpre. Un roi est enchaîné par tes boucles.**

**Your head on you is like Carmel, The hair of your head like purple; The king is held captive in its tresses.**

**Thy head upon thee as Carmel, And the locks of thy head as purple, The king is bound with the flowings!**

**6 Que tu es belle, et que tu es agréable, mon amour, dans tes délices!**

**How beautiful and how pleasant are you, Love, for delights!**

**How fair and how pleasant hast thou been, O love, in delights.**

**7 Ta taille ressemble à un palmier, et tes seins à des grappes.**

**This, your stature, is like a palm tree, Your breasts like its fruit.**

**This thy stature hath been like to a palm, And thy breasts to clusters.**

**8 J'ai dit: Je monterai sur le palmier, je saisirai ses rameaux; et que tes seins soient comme les grappes de la vigne, et le parfum de ton nez comme des pommes,**

**I said, "I will climb up into the palm-tree. I will take hold of its fruit." Let your breasts be like clusters of the vine, The smell of your breath like apples, Beloved**

**I said, `Let me go up on the palm, Let me lay hold on its boughs, Yea, let thy breasts be, I pray thee, as clusters of the vine, And the fragrance of thy face as citrons,**

**9 et ton palais comme le bon vin,... Qui coule aisément pour mon bien-aimé, et qui glisse sur les lèvres de ceux qui s'endorment.**

**Your mouth like the best wine, That goes down smoothly for my beloved, Gliding through the lips of those who are asleep.**

**And thy palate as the good wine --` Flowing to my beloved in uprightness, Strengthening the lips of the aged!**

- 10 ¶ Je suis à mon bien-aimé, et son désir se porte vers moi.  
I am my beloved`s. His desire is toward me.  
I [am] my beloved`s, and on me [is] his desire.**
- 11 -Viens, mon bien-aimé, sortons aux champs, passons la nuit dans les villages.  
Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field. Let us lodge in the villages.  
Come, my beloved, we go forth to the field,**
- 12 Nous nous lèverons dès le matin, pour aller aux vignes; nous verrons si la vigne  
bourgeonne, si la fleur s'ouvre, si les grenadiers s'épanouissent: là je te donnerai mes  
amours.  
Let`s go early up to the vineyards. Let`s see whether the vine has budded, Its blossom  
is open, And the pomegranates are in flower. There I will give you my love.  
We lodge in the villages, we go early to the vineyards, We see if the vine hath flourished,  
The sweet smelling-flower hath opened. The pomegranates have blossomed, There do I  
give to thee my loves;**
- 13 Les mandragores donnent leur parfum; et à nos portes il y a tous les fruits exquis,  
nouveaux et anciens: mon bien-aimé, je les ai gardés pour toi!  
The mandrakes give forth fragrance. At our doors are all kinds of precious fruits, new  
and old, Which I have stored up for you, my beloved.  
The mandrakes have given fragrance, And at our openings all pleasant things, New, yea,  
old, my beloved, I laid up for thee!**



**1 ¶ Oh! que tu fusses pour moi comme un frère qui ait sucé les mamelles de ma mère! Si je te trouvais dehors, je t'embrasserais, sans qu'on m'en méprisât.**

**Oh that you were like my brother, Who sucked the breasts of my mother! If I found you outside, I would kiss you; Yes, and no one would despise me.**

**Who doth make thee as a brother to me, Sucking the breasts of my mother? I find thee without, I kiss thee, Yea, they do not despise me,**

**2 Je t'amènerais, je t'introduirais dans la maison de ma mère: tu m'instruirais; je te ferais boire du vin aromatisé, du jus de mes grenades.**

**I would lead you, bringing you into my mother`s house, Who would instruct me. I would have you drink spiced wine, Of the juice of my pomegranate.**

**I lead thee, I bring thee in unto my mother`s house, She doth teach me, I cause thee to drink of the perfumed wine, Of the juice of my pomegranate,**

**3 Sa main gauche serait sous ma tête, et sa droite m'embrasserait!**

**His left hand would be under my head. His right hand would embrace me.**

**His left hand [is] under my head, And his right doth embrace me.**

**4 Je vous adjure, filles de Jérusalem, pourquoi éveilleriez-vous, et pourquoi réveilleriez-vous mon amour, avant qu'elle le veuille!**

**I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem, That you not stir up, nor awaken love, Until it so desires. Friends**

**I have adjured you, daughters of Jerusalem, How ye stir up, And how ye wake the love till she please!**

- 5 ¶ Qui est celle-ci qui monte du désert, s'appuyant sur son bien-aimé? -Je t'ai réveillée sous le pommier: là ta mère t'a enfantée dans les douleurs, là celle qui t'a enfantée a été en travail.

Who is this who comes up from the wilderness, Leaning on her beloved? Under the apple tree I aroused you. There your mother conceived you. There she was in labor and bore you.

Who [is] this coming from the wilderness, Hasting herself for her beloved? Under the citron-tree I have waked thee, There did thy mother pledge thee, There she gave a pledge [that] bare thee.

- 6 Mets-moi comme un cachet sur ton coeur, comme un cachet sur ton bras; car l'amour est fort comme la mort, la jalousie cruelle comme le shéol; ses ardeurs sont des ardeurs de feu, une flamme de Jah.

Set me as a seal on your heart, As a seal on your arm; For love is strong as death. Jealousy is as cruel as Sheol; Its flashes are flashes of fire, A very flame of Yahweh.

Set me as a seal on thy heart, as a seal on thine arm, For strong as death is love, Sharp as Sheol is jealousy, Its burnings [are] burnings of fire, a flame of Jah!

- 7 Beaucoup d'eaux ne peuvent éteindre l'amour, et des fleuves ne le submergent pas; si un homme donnait tous les biens de sa maison pour l'amour, on l'aurait en un profond

Many waters can't quench love, Neither can floods drown it. If a man would give all the wealth of his house for love, He would be utterly scorned. Friends

Many waters are not able to quench the love, And floods do not wash it away. If one give all the wealth of his house for love, Treading down -- they tread upon it.

- 8 ¶ Nous avons une petite soeur, et elle n'a pas encore de seins. Que ferons-nous pour notre soeur, au jour qu'on parlera d'elle?

We have a little sister. She has no breasts. What shall we do for our sister In the day when she is to be spoken for?

We have a little sister, and breasts she hath not, What do we do for our sister, In the day that it is told of her?

- 9 -Si elle est une muraille, nous bâtirons sur elle une demeure d'argent; et si elle est une porte, nous la fermerons avec un planche de cèdre.**  
**If she is a wall, We will build on her a turret of silver. If she is a door, We will enclose her with boards of cedar. Beloved**  
**If she is a wall, we build by her a palace of silver. And if she is a door, We fashion by her board-work of cedar.**
- 10 Je suis une muraille, et mes seins sont des tours; je fus alors à ses yeux comme celle qui a trouvé la paix.**  
**I am a wall, and my breasts like towers, Then I was in his eyes like one who found peace.**  
**I [am] a wall, and my breasts as towers, Then I have been in his eyes as one finding peace.**
- 11 -Salomon avait une vigne à Baal-Hamon: il remit la vigne à des gardiens; chacun devait apporter pour son fruit mille pièces d'argent.**  
**Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon. He leased out the vineyard to keepers. Each was to bring a thousand shekels of silver for its fruit.**  
**Solomon hath a vineyard in Baal-Hamon, He hath given the vineyard to keepers, Each bringeth for its fruit a thousand silverlings;**
- 12 Ma vigne, qui est à moi, est devant moi. A toi, Salomon, les mille pièces; et deux cents pour ceux qui en gardent le fruit.**  
**My own vineyard is before me. The thousand are for you, Solomon; Two hundred for those who tend its fruit. Lover**  
**My vineyard -- my own -- is before me, The thousand [is] for thee, O Solomon. And the two hundred for those keeping its fruit. O dweller in gardens!**

- 13 ¶ Habitante des jardins, les compagnons sont attentifs à ta voix! Fais que je l'entende!  
You who dwell in the gardens, with friends in attendance, Let me hear your voice!  
Beloved  
The companions are attending to thy voice, Cause me to hear. Flee, my beloved, and be  
like to a roe,**
- 14 Fuis, mon bien-aimé, et sois semblable à une gazelle ou au faon des biches, sur les  
montagnes des aromates.  
Come away, my beloved! Be like a gazelle or a young stag on the mountains of spices!  
Or to a young one of the harts on mountains of spices!**