

Song of Songs³

3 All night long on my bed I looked for the one my heart loves; I looked for him but did not find him.

2 I will get up now and go about the city, through its streets and squares; I will search for the one my heart loves. So I looked for him but did not find him.

3 The watchmen found me as they made their rounds in the city. "Have you seen the one my heart loves?"

4 Scarcely had I passed them when I found the one my heart loves. I held him and would not let him go till I had brought him to my mother's house, to the room of the one who conceived me.

5 Daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you by the gazelles and by the does of the field: Do not arouse or awaken love until it so desires.

6 Who is this coming up from the wilderness like a column of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and incense made from all the spices of the merchant?

7 Look! It is Solomon's carriage, escorted by sixty warriors, the noblest of Israel,

8 all of them wearing the sword, all experienced in battle, each with his sword at his side, prepared for the terrors of the night.

9 King Solomon made for himself the carriage; he made it of wood from Lebanon.

10 Its posts he made of silver, its base of gold. Its seat was upholstered with purple, its interior inlaid with love. Daughters of Jerusalem,

11 come out, and look, you daughters of Zion. Look[a] on King Solomon wearing a crown, the crown with which his mother crowned him on the day of his wedding, the day his heart rejoiced.