

## Handouts Drisha 3

**Song 3:1–5**

- (א) על משכבי בלילות בקשתי את שאהבה נפשי בקשתי ולא מצאתיו.  
 (ב) אקומה נא ואסובבה בעיר בשוקים וברחובות אבקשה את שאהבה נפשי בקשתי ולא מצאתיו.  
 (ג) מצאוני השמרים הסבים בעיר את שאהבה נפשי ראיתם.  
 (ד) כמעט שעברתי מהם עד שמצאתי את שאהבה נפשי אחזתי ולא ארפנו עד שהביאתו אל בית אמי ואל חדר הורתי.  
 (ה) השבעתי אתכם בנות ירושלם בצבאות או באילות השדה אם תעירו ואם תעוררו את האהבה עד שתקפץ.

1. Upon my couch at night I sought the one I love— I sought, but found him not.
2. “I must rise and roam the town, Through the streets and through the squares; I must seek the one I love.” I sought but found him not.
3. I met the watchmen Who patrol the town. “Have you seen the one I love?”
4. Scarcely had I passed them When I found the one I love. I held him fast, I would not let him go Till I brought him to my mother’s house, To the chamber of her who conceived me
5. I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem, By gazelles or by hinds of the field: Do not wake or rouse Love until it please!

-----  
*Paraklausithyron*, the lover at the door. Greek: “lament beside a (closed) door,” or in Latin, *exclusus amator*, “the locked-out lover.”

The components of a *paraklausithyron* may include all or some of the following: a lover standing outside a door pleading to be let in, the night (often a long and dark winter night), cold and rain, the woman’s refusal to open the door, a focus on the door and its parts, including the man’s banging on the door or trying to break it down, and/or placing wreaths or perfume on the door.

Once in the middle of the night, at the hour when the Bear is already turning by the Ploughman’s hand and all the tribes of mortals lie overcome by exhaustion, Love stood at my bolted door and began knocking. ‘Who’s banging my door?’ I said: ‘You’ve shattered my dreams.’ Love said, ‘Open up! I’m a baby: don’t be afraid. I am getting wet, and I have been wandering about in the moonless night.’ When I heard this I felt sorry for him and immediately lit a lamp and opened the door and saw a baby with bow, wings and quiver. I made him sit by the hearth, warmed his hands in my palms and squeezed the water from his hair. When the cold had relaxed its grip, he said, ‘Come, let’s try this bow to see if the string has been at all damaged by the rain.’ He drew it and hit me right in the heart, like a stinging gadfly; and he leaped up chuckling and said, ‘Stranger, rejoice with me: my bow is undamaged; but your heart will be sore.’ (LCL 143: 203–204.)

The night is long, and it is winter weather, and night sets when the Pleiads are half-way up the sky. I pass and re-pass her door, drenched by the rain, smitten by desire of her, the deceiver. . . . (*The Greek Anthology*, Book 5: 189. LCL 67: 332–333.)

---

### Song 5:2–16

2. אָנִי יִשְׁנָה וְלִבִּי עֵר קוֹל | דּוֹדֵי דוֹפֵק פְּתַח־יָדָי אַחֲתֵי רַעֲיִתִי יוֹנֵתִי תַמְתִּי שְׂרָאֲשִׁי נִמְלֵא־טָל קִנְצוֹתַי רְסִיִּסִי לְיֵלֶה:
3. פִּשְׁטָתִי אֶת־פִּתְנֵתִי אֵיכָכָה אֶלְבִּשְׁנָה רְתַצְתִּי אֶת־רַגְלִי אֵיכָכָה אֶטְנַפֵּם:
4. דּוֹדֵי שָׁלַח יָדוֹ מִן־הַחֹר וּמַעֲזֵי הַמּוֹ עָלָיו:
5. קָמְתִי אָנִי לִפְתָּח לְדוֹדֵי וְנָדִי גִטְפוֹ־מֹר וְאַצְבָּעֵתִי מֹר עֲבָר עַל פְּפוֹת הַמְנַעֵוֹל:
6. פִּתְחֵתִי אָנִי לְדוֹדֵי וְדוֹדֵי חָמַק עָבַר נִפְשִׁי יִצְאָה בְּדַבְרֹוּ בְּשִׁתְּלֵיהֶוּ וְלֹא מִצְאָתִיהֶוּ קָרָאתִיו וְלֹא עָנָנִי:
7. מִצְאָנִי הַשְּׂמֵרִים הַסִּבְכִּים בְּעִיר הַכּוֹנֵי פְצָעוֹנֵי נִשְׂאוּ אֶת־רִדְדֵי מַעְלֵי שְׂמֵרֵי הַחֲמוֹת:
8. הַשְּׂבַעֲתִי אֶתְכֶם בְּנוֹת יְרוּשָׁלַם אִם־תִּמְצְאוּ אֶת־דּוֹדֵי מִה־תִּגִּידוּ לוֹ שְׂחוֹלַת אֶהְבֶּה אָנִי:
9. מִה־דוֹדְךָ מִדּוֹד הַיָּפֶה בְּנִשְׁשִׁים מִה־דוֹדְךָ מִדּוֹד שְׂבַעֲתֵנוּ:
10. דּוֹדֵי צַח וְאֵדוֹם דְּגוֹל מִרְבֵּבָה:
11. רֵאשׁוּ כְתָם פְּנוֹ קִנְצוֹתֵיו מִלְתַּלִּים שְׂחָרוֹת כְּעוֹרֵב:
12. עֵינָיו כִּיּוֹנִים עַל־אַפְיָקִי מִיָּם רְחֻצוֹת בְּחֵלֶב יִשְׁבוֹת עַל־מִלְאֵת:
13. לַחֲזִו פְּעֵרוֹגַת הַבֶּשֶׂם מְגִדְלוֹת מְרַקְחִים שְׂפִתוֹתָיו שׁוֹשְׁוִים נִטְפוֹת מֹר עָבַר:
14. יָדִיו גְּלִילֵי זָהָב מִמְלָאִים בַּתְּרַשִׁישׁ מַעִיו עָשֶׂת שֹׁן מַעֲלַפֶּת סְפִירִים:
15. שׁוֹקִיו עֲמוּדֵי שֵׁשׁ מִסְטָדִים עַל־אֲדָנֵי־פָּז מִרְאֵהוּ כְּלִבְנוֹן בְּחֹר פְּאָרְזִים:
16. חִפּוֹ מִמְתַּקִּים וְכָלוּ מִחֲמָדִים זֶה דּוֹדֵי וְזֶה רַעֲיֵי בְּנוֹת יְרוּשָׁלַם:

2. I was asleep, But my heart was wakeful. Hark, my beloved knocks! “Let me in, my own, My darling, my faultless dove! For my head is drenched with dew, My locks with the damp of night.”

3. I had taken off my robe— Was I to don it again? I had bathed my feet— Was I to soil them again?

4. My beloved took his hand off the latch, And my heart was stirred for him.

5. I rose to let in my beloved; My hands dripped myrrh— My fingers, flowing myrrh— Upon the handles of the bolt.

6. I opened the door for my beloved, But my beloved had turned and gone. I was faint because of what he said. I sought, but found him not; I called, but he did not answer.

7. I met the watchmen Who patrol the town; They struck me, they bruised me. The guards of the walls Stripped me of my mantle.

8. I adjure you, O maidens of Jerusalem! If you meet my beloved, tell him this: That I am faint with love.

9. How is your beloved better than another, O fairest of women? How is your beloved better than another That you adjure us so?

10. My beloved is clear-skinned and ruddy, Preeminent among ten thousand.

11. His head is finest gold, His locks are curled And black as a raven.

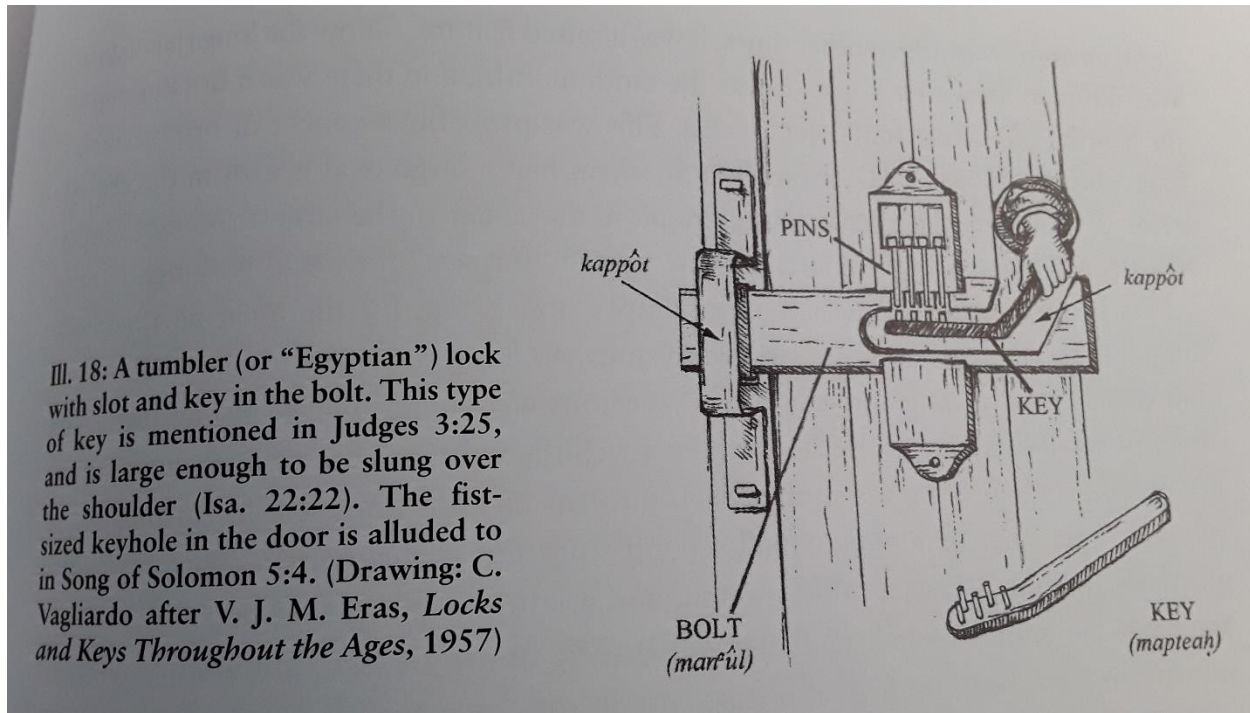
12. His eyes are like doves By watercourses, Bathed in milk, Set by a brimming pool.

13. His cheeks are like beds of spices, Banks of perfume His lips are like lilies; They drip flowing myrrh.

14. His hands are rods of gold, Studded with beryl; His belly a tablet of ivory, Adorned with sapphires.

15. His legs are like marble pillars Set in sockets of fine gold. He is majestic as Lebanon, Stately as the cedars.

16. His mouth is delicious And all of him is delightful. Such is my beloved, Such is my darling, O maidens of Jerusalem!



### Greek male body description.

Paint my beloved Bathyllus according to my prescription: make his hair shine, dark beneath but with the ends lightened by the sun; add curling locks falling freely in disorder and let them lie where they wish. Let his soft dewy forehead be garlanded with eyebrows darker than snakes. Let his black eyes be a mixture of ferocity and serenity, taking their ferocity from Ares, their serenity from beautiful Cythere [Aphrodite], so that he may inspire terror and also hopeful suspense. Make his downy cheek as rosy as an apple, and, if possible, add a blush like that of Modesty. I do not yet know how you are to make his lip soft and full of persuasion: but let the wax [on which encaustic painting was done] itself have everything, talking silently. After his face make an ivory neck finer than that of Adonis. Give him the chest and two hands of Hermes, the thighs of Polydeuces, the belly of Dionysus<sup>1</sup>; above his soft thighs, thighs with raging fire in them, put a simple member that already desires the Paphian [Aphrodite]. But your art is grudging: you cannot show his back; that would have been better. Why should I describe the feet? Take your fee, as much as you ask. Take down this [picture of] Apollo and create Bathyllus; and if ever you come to Samos, paint Phoebus from Bathyllus.<sup>2</sup> (*Anacreontea* 17; LCL 143: 184–187).

<sup>1</sup> Adonis, the type of youthful beauty; Hermes, the ideal young athlete of the sculptors; Polydeuces (or Pollux), the boxer; Dionysus, the youthful god of later Greek art.

<sup>2</sup> The poet is jokingly telling the painter to replace the picture of Apollo, the most beautiful of the gods, with the picture of Bathyllus, and that Bathyllus should be the model for a future portrait of Phoebus = Apollo.

---

**Song 2:17**

עד שִׁפּוּיַח הַיּוֹם וְנָסוּ הַצִּלְלִים סֵבֶדְמָה־לָּךְ דּוֹדִי לְצִבִּי אִוּ לְעֶפֶר הָאֵילִים עַל־הַרִי בְּתָר:

When the day blows gently And the shadows flee, Set out, my beloved, Swift as a gazelle Or a young stag, For the hills of spices!

**Song 8:14**

בְּרַח דּוֹדִי וְדָמָה־לָּךְ לְצִבִּי אִוּ לְעֶפֶר הָאֵילִים עַל הַרִי בְּשָׂמִים:

“Hurry, my beloved, Swift as a gazelle or a young stag, To the hills of spices!”

---