

Song of Songs5

5 I have come into my garden, my sister, my bride; I have gathered my myrrh with my spice. I have eaten my honeycomb and my honey; I have drunk my wine and my milk. Friends Eat, friends, and drink; drink your fill of love. She

2 I slept but my heart was awake. Listen! My beloved is knocking: "Open to me, my sister, my darling, my dove, my flawless one. My head is drenched with dew, my hair with the dampness of the night."

3 I have taken off my robe— must I put it on again? I have washed my feet— must I soil them again?

4 My beloved thrust his hand through the latch-opening; my heart began to pound for him.

5 I arose to open for my beloved, and my hands dripped with myrrh, my fingers with flowing myrrh, on the handles of the bolt.

6 I opened for my beloved, but my beloved had left; he was gone. My heart sank at his departure. [a] I looked for him but did not find him. I called him but he did not answer.

7 The watchmen found me as they made their rounds in the city. They beat me, they bruised me; they took away my cloak, those watchmen of the walls!

8 Daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you— if you find my beloved, what will you tell him? Tell him I am faint with love. Friends

9 How is your beloved better than others, most beautiful of women? How is your beloved better than others, that you so charge us? She

10 My beloved is radiant and ruddy, outstanding among ten thousand.

11 His head is purest gold; his hair is wavy and black as a raven.

12 His eyes are like doves by the water streams, washed in milk, mounted like jewels.

13 His cheeks are like beds of spice yielding perfume. His lips are like lilies dripping with myrrh.

14 His arms are rods of gold set with topaz. His body is like polished ivory decorated with lapis lazuli.

15 His legs are pillars of marble set on bases of pure gold. His appearance is like Lebanon, choice as its cedars.

16 His mouth is sweetness itself; he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, this is my friend, daughters of Jerusalem.