**CHAPTER** **5**

*Christ calls his spouse: she languishes with love: and describes him by his graces.*

**1** Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat the fruit of his apple trees. I am come into my garden, O my sister, my spouse, I have gathered my myrrh, with my aromatical spices: I have eaten the honeycomb with my honey, I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends, and drink, and be inebriated, my dearly beloved.

**2** I sleep, and my heart watcheth: the voice of my beloved knocking: Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is full of dew, and my locks of the drops of the nights.

**3** I have put off my garment, how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them?

**4** My beloved put his hand through the key hole, and my bowels were moved at his touch.

**5** I arose up to open to my beloved: my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers were full of the choicest myrrh.

**6** I opened the bolt of my door to my beloved: but he had turned aside, and was gone. My soul melted when he spoke: I sought him, and found him not: I called, and he did not answer me.

**7** The keepers that go about the city found me: they struck me: and wounded me: the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.

**8** I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I languish with love.

**9** What manner of one is thy beloved of the beloved, O thou most beautiful among women? what manner of one is thy beloved of the beloved, that thou hast so adjured us?

**10** My beloved is white and ruddy, chosen out of thousands.

**11** His head is as the finest gold: his locks as branches of palm trees, black as a raven.

**12** His eyes as doves upon brooks of waters, which are washed with milk, and sit beside the plentiful streams.

**13** His cheeks are as beds of aromatical spices set by the perfumers. His lips are as lilies dropping choice myrrh.

**14** His hands are turned and as of gold, full of hyacinths. His belly as of ivory, set with sapphires.

**15** His legs as pillars of marble, that are set upon bases of gold. His form as of Libanus, excellent as the cedars.

**16** His throat most sweet, and he is all lovely: such is my beloved, and he is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem.

**17** Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou most beautiful among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside, and we will seek him with thee?