

Song of Solomon 5

Chapter 5

¹ I am come into my garden, my sister, *my* spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.

² ¶ I sleep, but my heart waketh: *it is* the voice of my beloved that knocketh, *saying*, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, *and* my locks with the drops of the night.

³ I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?

⁴ My beloved put in his hand by the hole *of the door*, and my bowels were moved for him.

⁵ I rose up to open to my beloved; and my hands dropped *with* myrrh, and my fingers *with* sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.

⁶ I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, *and* was gone: my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.

⁷ The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took

away my veil from me.

⁸ I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I *am* sick of love.

⁹ ¶ What *is* thy beloved more than *another* beloved, O thou fairest among women? what *is* thy beloved more than *another* beloved, that thou dost so charge us?

¹⁰ My beloved *is* white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

¹¹ His head *is as* the most fine gold, his locks *are* bushy, *and* black as a raven.

¹² His eyes *are as the eyes* of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, *and* fitly set.

¹³ His cheeks *are as* a bed of spices, *as* sweet flowers: his lips *like* lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.

¹⁴ His hands *are as* gold rings set with the beryl: his belly *is as* bright ivory overlaid *with* sapphires.

¹⁵ His legs *are as* pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance *is as* Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

¹⁶ His mouth *is* most sweet: yea, he *is* altogether lovely.

This *is* my beloved, and this *is* my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.