

¹I 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.²I 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.³I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?⁴My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him.⁵I 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and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.⁶I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone: my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.⁷The watchmen that went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.⁸I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love.⁹What 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?¹⁰My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.¹¹His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven.¹²His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.¹³His

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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.

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