**Song of Songs 5-8**

**Lover**

**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.

**Beloved**

**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](https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Song+of+Songs+5-8&version=NIV#fen-NIV-17605a)]
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?

**Beloved**

**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.

**Friends**

**6**Where has your beloved gone,
    most beautiful of women?
Which way did your beloved turn,
    that we may look for him with you?

**Lover**

**2**My beloved has gone down to his garden,
    to the beds of spices,
to browse in the gardens
    and to gather lilies.
**3**I am my beloved’s and my beloved is mine;
    he browses among the lilies.

**Lover**

**4**You are as beautiful as Tirzah, my darling,
    as lovely as Jerusalem,
    as majestic as troops with banners.
**5**Turn your eyes from me;
    they overwhelm me.
Your hair is like a flock of goats
    descending from Gilead.
**6**Your teeth are like a flock of sheep
    coming up from the washing.
Each has its twin,
    not one of them is missing.
**7**Your temples behind your veil
    are like the halves of a pomegranate.
**8**Sixty queens there may be,
    and eighty concubines,
    and virgins beyond number;
**9**but my dove, my perfect one, is unique,
    the only daughter of her mother,
    the favorite of the one who bore her.
The young women saw her and called her blessed;
    the queens and concubines praised her.

**Friends**

**10**Who is this that appears like the dawn,
    fair as the moon, bright as the sun,
    majestic as the stars in procession?

**Lover**

**11**I went down to the grove of nut trees
    to look at the new growth in the valley,
to see if the vines had budded
    or the pomegranates were in bloom.
**12**Before I realized it,
    my desire set me among the royal chariots of my people.

**Friends**

**13**Come back, come back, O Shulammite;
    come back, come back, that we may gaze on you!

**Lover**

Why would you gaze on the Shulammite
    as on the dance of Mahanaim?

**7**How beautiful your sandaled feet,
    O prince’s daughter!
Your graceful legs are like jewels,
    the work of an artist’s hands.
**2**Your navel is a rounded goblet
    that never lacks blended wine.
Your waist is a mound of wheat
    encircled by lilies.
**3**Your breasts are like two fawns,
    like twin fawns of a gazelle.
**4**Your neck is like an ivory tower.
Your eyes are the pools of Heshbon
    by the gate of Bath Rabbim.
Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon
    looking toward Damascus.
**5**Your head crowns you like Mount Carmel.
    Your hair is like royal tapestry;
    the king is held captive by its tresses.
**6**How beautiful you are and how pleasing,
    my love, with your delights!
**7**Your stature is like that of the palm,
    and your breasts like clusters of fruit.
**8**I said, “I will climb the palm tree;
    I will take hold of its fruit.”
May your breasts be like clusters of grapes on the vine,
    the fragrance of your breath like apples,
**9**    and your mouth like the best wine.

**Beloved**

May the wine go straight to my beloved,
    flowing gently over lips and teeth.
**10**I belong to my beloved,
    and his desire is for me.
**11**Come, my beloved, let us go to the countryside,
    let us spend the night in the villages.
**12**Let us go early to the vineyards
    to see if the vines have budded,
if their blossoms have opened,
    and if the pomegranates are in bloom -
    there I will give you my love.
**13**The mandrakes send out their fragrance,
    and at our door is every delicacy,
both new and old,
    that I have stored up for you, my beloved.

**8**If only you were to me like a brother,
    who was nursed at my mother’s breasts!
Then, if I found you outside,
    I would kiss you,
    and no one would despise me.
**2**I would lead you
    and bring you to my mother’s house -
    she who has taught me.
I would give you spiced wine to drink,
    the nectar of my pomegranates.
**3**His left arm is under my head
    and his right arm embraces me.
**4**Daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you:
    Do not arouse or awaken love
    until it so desires.

**Friends**

**5**Who is this coming up from the wilderness
    leaning on her beloved?

**Beloved**

Under the apple tree I roused you;
    there your mother conceived you,
    there she who was in labor gave you birth.
**6**Place me like a seal over your heart,
    like a seal on your arm;
for love is as strong as death,
    its jealousy unyielding as the grave.
It burns like blazing fire,
    like a mighty flame.
**7**Many waters cannot quench love;
    rivers cannot sweep it away.
If one were to give
    all the wealth of one’s house for love,
    it would be utterly scorned.

**Friends**

**8**We have a little sister,
    and her breasts are not yet grown.
What shall we do for our sister
    on the day she is spoken for?
**9**If she is a wall,
    we will build towers of silver on her.
If she is a door,
    we will enclose her with panels of cedar.

**Beloved**

**10**I am a wall,
    and my breasts are like towers.
Thus I have become in his eyes
    like one bringing contentment.
**11**Solomon had a vineyard in Baal Hamon;
    he let out his vineyard to tenants.
Each was to bring for its fruit
    a thousand shekels of silver.
**12**But my own vineyard is mine to give;
    the thousand shekels are for you, Solomon,
    and two hundred are for those who tend its fruit.

**Lover**

**13**You who dwell in the gardens
    with friends in attendance,
    let me hear your voice!

**Beloved**

**14**Come away, my beloved,
    and be like a gazelle
or like a young stag
    on the spice-laden mountains.