

## Song of Solomon 5:10–16 (NIV)

*She*

<sup>10</sup> My beloved is radiant and ruddy,  
outstanding among ten thousand.

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

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

<sup>13</sup> His cheeks are like beds of spice  
yielding perfume.

His lips are like lilies  
dripping with myrrh.

<sup>14</sup> His arms are rods of gold  
set with topaz.

His body is like polished ivory  
decorated with lapis lazuli.

<sup>15</sup> His legs are pillars of marble  
set on bases of pure gold.

His appearance is like Lebanon,  
choice as its cedars.

<sup>16</sup> 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?

*She*

<sup>2</sup> My beloved has gone down to his garden,  
to the beds of spices,  
to browse in the gardens  
and to gather lilies.

<sup>3</sup> I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine;  
he browses among the lilies.

## Song of Solomon 7 (NIV)

**7** How beautiful your sandaled feet,  
O prince's daughter!

Your graceful legs are like jewels,  
the work of an artist's hands.

<sup>2</sup> Your navel is a rounded goblet  
that never lacks blended wine.

Your waist is a mound of wheat  
encircled by lilies.

<sup>3</sup> Your breasts are like two fawns,  
like twin fawns of a gazelle.

<sup>4</sup> 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.

<sup>5</sup> Your head crowns you like Mount Carmel.

Your hair is like royal tapestry;  
the king is held captive by its tresses.

<sup>6</sup> How beautiful you are and how pleasing,  
my love, with your delights!

<sup>7</sup> Your stature is like that of the palm,  
and your breasts like clusters of fruit.

<sup>8</sup> 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,

<sup>9</sup> and your mouth like the best wine.

### *She*

May the wine go straight to my beloved,  
flowing gently over lips and teeth.

<sup>10</sup> I belong to my beloved,  
and his desire is for me.