

Set with beryl.
His body *is* carved ivory
Inlaid *with* sapphires.
¹⁵ His legs *are* pillars of marble
Set on bases of fine gold.
His countenance *is* like Lebanon,
Excellent as the cedars.
¹⁶ His mouth *is* most sweet,
Yes, he *is* altogether lovely.
This *is* my beloved,
And this *is* my friend,
O daughters of Jerusalem!

Song of Solomon 6

¹ *Where has your beloved gone,
O fairest among women?
Where has your beloved turned aside,
That we may seek him with you?*

² My beloved has gone to his garden,
To the beds of spices,
To feed *his flock* in the gardens,
And to gather lilies.
³ *I am* my beloved's,
And my beloved *is* mine.
He feeds *his flock* among the lilies.

The King Returns and Tries Again

⁴ O my love, you *are* as beautiful as Tirzah,
Lovely as Jerusalem,
Awesome as *an army* with banners!
⁵ Turn your eyes away from me,
For they have overcome me.
Your hair *is* like a flock of goats
Going down from Gilead.
⁶ Your teeth *are* like a flock of sheep
Which have come up from the washing;



