

Chapter 05

Let ^{a)}my beloued come into his garden, and eate the fruite of his appletrees. ^{b)}I am come into my garden ô my fifter fpoufe, I haue reaped my myrrhe, with myne aromatical fpices: I haue eaten the honiecombe with mine honie, I haue drunke my wine with my milke: ^{c)}eate ô frendes, and drinke, and be inebriated my deareft. ^{2 d)}I fleepe, and my hart watcheth: ^{e)}the voice of my beloued knocking: Open to me my fifter, my loue, my doue, mine immaculate: ^{f)}because my head is ful of dew, and my lockes of the droppes of the nightes. ³ I haue fpoyled myfelfe of my robe, how shal I be clothed with it? I haue washed my feete, how shal I defile them? ⁴ My beloued put his hand through the hole, and my bellie trembled at his touch. ^{5 g)}I arofe, that I might open to my beloued: my handes haue diftilled myrrhe, and my fingers are ful of moft approued myrrhe. ⁶ I opened the bolt of my dore to my beloued: but he had turned afide, and was paffed. My foule melted, as he fpake: I fought, and found him not: I called, and he did not anfwere me. ⁷ The keepers that goe about the citie found me: they ftroke me, and wounded me: the keepers of the walles tooke away my cloke. ^{8 h)}I adiure you ô daughters of Hierufalem, if you shal finde my beloued, that you tel him, that I languishe with loue. ^{9 i)}What maner of one is thy beloued of the beloued, ô moft beautiful of wemen? What maner of

^a The fpoufe condefcending to Gods vvil, is vvell content to fuffer perfecution.

^b Chrift againe fhevveeth his good liking in his fpoufes patience:

^c and vvilleth the glorious Sainctes to congratulate vvith the patient.

^d The fpoufe defireth to reft in meditation,

^e but is called vpon to helpe others:

^f and vvrged by Chriffs owne example working for al mankind.

^g And fo fhe employeth herfelf alfo in actiue life.

^h Stil conferuing a defire to returne vnto contemplation.

ⁱ The deuout confer together defcribing the excellencies of Chrift.

one is thy beloued of the beloued, that thou haft fo adired vs? ¹⁰ My beloued is white and ruddie, chofen of thoufands. ¹¹ His head is as the beft gold: his heares, as the branches of palmetrees, blacke as a rauē. ¹² His eies as doues vpon the litle riuers of waters, which are washed with milke, and fitte befide the moft ful ftreames. ¹³ His cheekes are as litle beddes of aromatical fpices fet of the pigmentaries. His lippes are as lilies diftilling principal myrrhe. ¹⁴ His handes wrought round of gold, full of hyacinthes. His bellie of iuorie, diftinguished with fapphires. ¹⁵ His thighes as pillers of marble, that are vpon feete of gold. His forme as of Libanus, elect as the cedars. ¹⁶ His throte moft fweete, and he whole to be defired: fuch an one is my beloued, and he is my frend, ô daughters of Hierufalem. ¹⁷ ^a)Whither is thy beloued gone ô moft beautiful of wemen? whither is thy beloued turned afide, and we wil feeke him with thee?

^a And refolue to feke him, wherfoeuer he be.