

Song of Solomon 5:1-16 **Joy in His Spouse – Her Desire for Him**

*The Bridegroom Praises the Bride*

THE BELOVED

<sup>1</sup>I have come to 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.

(TO HIS FRIENDS )

Eat, O friends! Drink, yes, drink deeply, O beloved ones!

*The Shulamite's Troubled Evening*

THE SHULAMITE

<sup>2</sup> I sleep, but my heart is awake; *It is* the voice of my beloved!  
He knocks, *saying*, "Open for me, my sister, my love, My dove, my perfect one;  
For my head is covered with dew, My locks with the drops of the night."  
<sup>3</sup> I have taken off my robe; How can I put it on *again*?  
I have washed my feet; How can I defile them?

<sup>4</sup> My beloved put his hand By the latch *of the door*, And my heart yearned for him.  
<sup>5</sup> I arose to open for my beloved, And my hands dripped *with* myrrh, My fingers with liquid myrrh, On the handles of the lock.  
<sup>6</sup> I opened for my beloved, But my beloved had turned away *and* was gone.  
My heart leaped up when he spoke. I sought him, but I could not find him;  
I called him, but he gave me no answer.  
<sup>7</sup> The watchmen who went about the city found me. They struck me, they wounded me;  
The keepers of the walls Took my veil away from me.

<sup>8</sup> I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, If you find my beloved, That you tell him I *am* lovesick!

THE DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM

<sup>9</sup> What *is* your beloved More than *another* beloved, O fairest among women?  
What *is* your beloved More than *another* beloved, That you so charge us?

THE SHULAMITE

<sup>10</sup> My beloved *is* white and ruddy, Chief among ten thousand.  
<sup>11</sup> His head *is like* the finest gold; His locks *are* wavy, *And* black as a raven.  
<sup>12</sup> His eyes *are* like doves By the rivers of waters, Washed with milk, *And* fitly set.  
<sup>13</sup> His cheeks *are* like a bed of spices, Banks of scented herbs.  
His lips *are* lilies, Dripping liquid myrrh.  
<sup>14</sup> His hands *are* rods of gold Set with beryl. His body *is* carved ivory Inlaid *with*

sapphires.

<sup>15</sup> His legs *are* pillars of marble Set on bases of fine gold. His countenance *is* like Lebanon, Excellent as the cedars.

<sup>16</sup> His mouth *is* most sweet, Yes, he *is* altogether lovely. This *is* my beloved, And this *is* my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem!

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Observations:

THE BELOVED

- ✧ I have come to 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.

(TO HIS FRIENDS )

Eat, O friends! Drink, yes, drink deeply, O beloved ones! [\[Song of Solomon 5:1\]](#)

- ✧ Solomon described the pleasure he found in the presence of the Shulamite. Notice he continually uses the pronoun “my” showing she is his alone.
- ✧ He advised his friends to find and enjoy equal pleasure in their beloved.

### *The Shulamite's Troubled Evening*

THE SHULAMITE

- ✧ I sleep, but my heart is awake; *It is* the voice of my beloved!  
He knocks, *saying*, "Open for me, my sister, my love, My dove, my perfect one;  
For my head is covered with dew, My locks with the drops of the night."  
I have taken off my robe; How can I put it on *again*?  
I have washed my feet; How can I defile them? [\[Song of Solomon 5:2-3\]](#)
  - ✧ She is sleeping and his knock and call seem as a dream.
  - ✧ She is aroused from her slumber with hesitation.
- ✧ My beloved put his hand By the latch *of the door*, And my heart yearned for him.  
I arose to open for my beloved, And my hands dripped *with* myrrh, My fingers with liquid myrrh, On the handles of the lock.  
I opened for my beloved, But my beloved had turned away *and* was gone.  
My heart leaped up when he spoke. I sought him, but I could not find him;  
I called him, but he gave me no answer. [\[Song of Solomon 5:4-6\]](#)
  - ✧ Her heart leaped when he spoke.
  - ✧ She arose and put on her robe, so by the time she opened the door he was gone.
  - ✧ She called him but received no answer.
  - ✧ She sought him but could not find him.
- ✧ The watchmen who went about the city found me. They struck me, they wounded me;  
The keepers of the walls Took my veil away from me. [\[Song of Solomon 5:7\]](#)
  - ✧ Being improperly clothed in her haste they treated her as an immoral woman in their sight.
- ✧ I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, If you find my beloved, That you tell him I *am* lovesick! [\[Song of Solomon 5:8\]](#)

✧ She has a message for the daughters of Jerusalem to deliver to her beloved if they find him.

#### THE DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM

✧ What *is* your beloved More than *another* beloved, O fairest among women?

What *is* your beloved More than *another* beloved, That you so charge us? [Song of Solomon 5:9]

✧ The questions appear reasonable.

#### THE SHULAMITE

✧ My beloved *is* white and ruddy, Chief among ten thousand.

His head *is like* the finest gold; His locks *are* wavy, *And* black as a raven.

His eyes *are* like doves By the rivers of waters, Washed with milk, *And* fitly set.

His cheeks *are* like a bed of spices, Banks of scented herbs.

His lips *are* lilies, Dripping liquid myrrh.

His hands *are* rods of gold Set with beryl. His body *is* carved ivory Inlaid *with* sapphires.

His legs *are* pillars of marble Set on bases of fine gold. His countenance *is* like Lebanon, Excellent as the cedars.

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 5:10-16]

✧ She described how he appears to her.