## CHRISTIS BEAUTY



- I rose up, and I openèd to my Belovèd one, my hands dropped myrrh upon the lock, but my Beloved was gone.
- 3. O daughters of Jerusalem! I charge you, where ye rove, if ye, my Best-belovèd find, say I am sick of love.
- 4. Chiefest among ten thousand, the fairest of the fair, his head like gold is glorious, like clouds his raven hair.
- 5. His eyes like doves' are gentle, his cheeks are as sweet flowers, his lips drop myrrh like lilies, his hands like golden hours.
- 6. His body like bright ivory with sapphires overlaid, his limbs like marble pillars in golden sockets stayed:
- 7. his countenance as Lebanon, his mouth as cedars moved, yea! altogether lovely; this, this is my Beloved!
- 8. This is my Friend, if him ye find where'er your footsteps rove, say, daughters of Jerusalem, that I am sick of love.

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