

I See His Blood Upon The Rose

Steeleye Span

I see his blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of his eyes
His body gleams amid eternal shows
His tears fall from the sky

All pathways by his feet are worn
His strong heart stirs the sea
His crown of thorns is twined in our sorrow
His cross is on every tree

I see his face in every flower
The thunder and the singing of the birds

Are his voice - and his power
Rocks are his written words

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