

## I SEE HIS BLOOD UPON THE ROSE - JOSEPH M. PLUNKETT



I see his blood upon the rose  
And in the stars the glory of his eyes,  
His body gleams amid eternal snows,  
His tears fall from the skies.

I see his face in every flower;  
The thunder and the singing of the birds  
Are but his voice—and carven by his power  
Rocks are his written words.

All pathways by his feet are worn,  
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,  
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,

His cross is every tree.