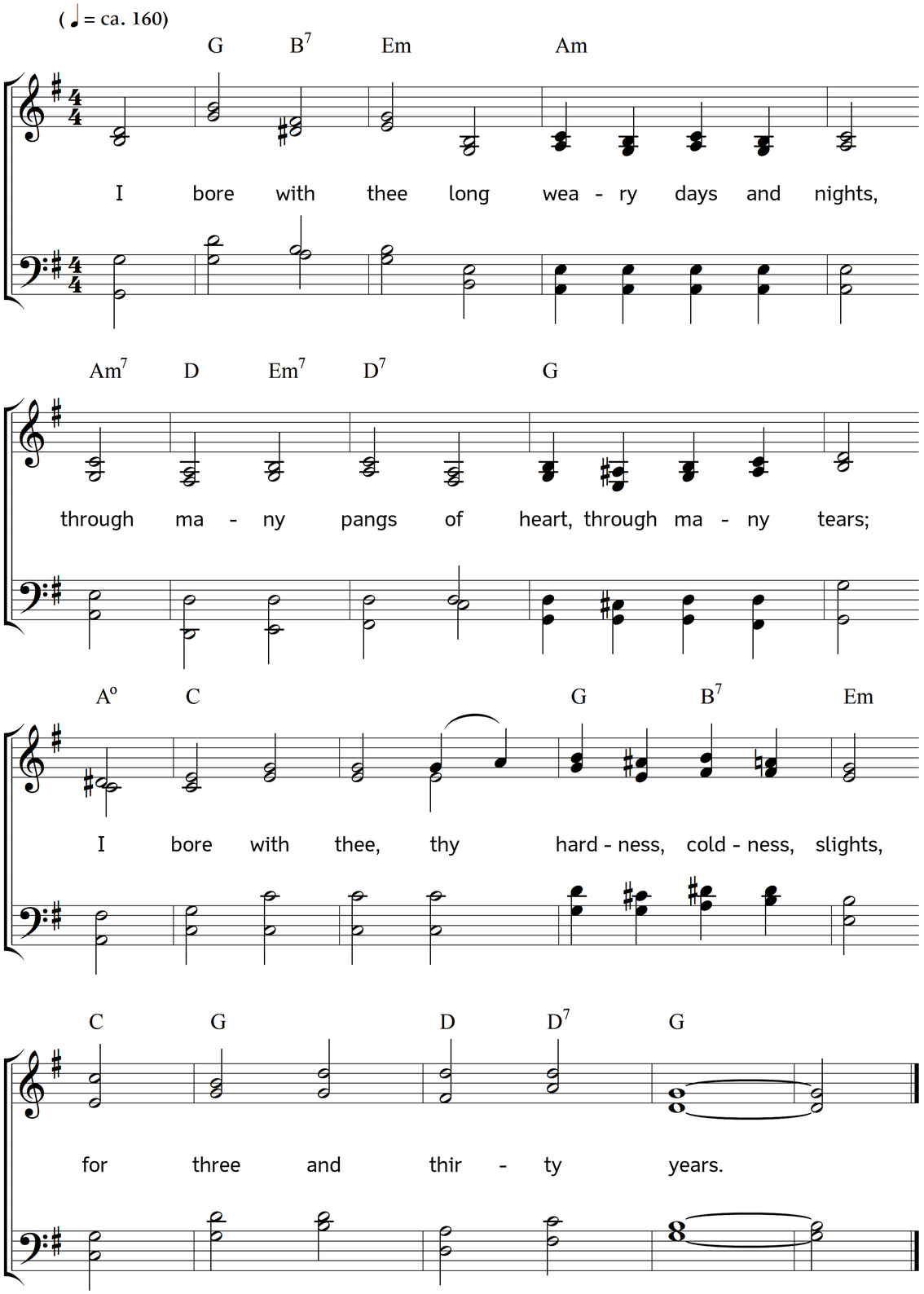
I BORE WITH THEE



2. Who else had dared for thee what I have dared?
  I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above;
I not my flesh, I not my spirit spared:
  give thou me love for love.

3. For thee I thirsted in the daily drought,
  for thee I trembled in the nightly frost:
much sweeter thou than honey to my mouth;
  why wilt thou still be lost?

4. I bore thee on my shoulders, and rejoiced,
  men only marked upon my shoulders borne
the branding cross; and shouted hungry-voiced,
  or wagged their heads in scorn.

5. Thee did nails grave upon my hands; thy name
  did thorns for frontlets stamp between mine eyes:
I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame;
  I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

6. A thief upon my right hand and my left;
  six hours alone, athirst, in misery:
at length in death one smote my heart and cleft
  a hiding-place for thee.

7. Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down
  more dear, whereon to stretch myself and sleep;
so did I win a kingdom, – share my crown;
  a harvest, – come and reap.

Words: Christina G. Rosetti. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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