

Fill in the gaps

Rose Of England by Chris De Burgh

| Hear my voice and listen well, and a story I will tell, | Oh my heart, oh my heart; |
|---|---|
| How duty brought a broken heart, and why a love so strong | To the abbey she did ride, with her lover by her side, |
| Must fall apart; | When they heard the church bells ring, she was Queen |
| She was lovely, she was fine, daughter of a royal line, | And one day, he'd be King; |
| He, no equal, but for them it mattered little for they were in | But men of malice, men of hate, protesting to her chambers |
| love; | came, |
| Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun, | "A foreign prince will (5) (6) hand, for |
| Rose of England, (1) a care, for where the | he'll bring peace |
| (2) is, | And riches to our land;" |
| There the blood will run; | She said, "Do you tell me that I cannot wed the one I love? |
| Oh my heart, oh my heart; | Do you tell me that I am not mistress of my heart?" |
| Through the summer (3) and nights, stolen kisses | And so with heavy weight of life she (7) her |
| and delights | lover one last time, |
| Would thrill their hearts and fill their dreams with all emotions | "This land I wed, and no man comes, for if I |
| That true love can bring; | (8) have you, I'll have none;" |
| But black of mourning came one day, when her sister passed | Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun, |
| away, | Rose of (9) have a care, for where the |
| And (4) said on bended knee, she has gone, and | thorn is, |
| you must be our Queen; | There the blood will run; |
| Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun, | Oh my heart, oh my heart. |
| Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is, | |

There the blood will run;



- 1. have
- 2. thorn
- 3. days
- 4. many
- 5. have
- 6. your
- 7. kissed
- 8. cannot
- 9. England

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