

## 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, When they (8)\_\_\_\_\_ the church bells ring, she was Must fall apart; She was lovely, she was fine, daughter of a royal line, Queen He, no equal, but for them it mattered little for they were in And one day, he'd be King; love; But men of malice, men of hate, protesting to her Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun, (9) came, Rose of England, (1)\_\_\_\_\_ a care, for where the "A foreign prince will have your hand, for he'll bring peace (2)\_\_\_\_\_ is, And riches to our land;" There the (3)\_\_\_\_ 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 days and nights, (4)\_ And so with heavy weight of (10) \_\_\_\_\_ she kissed her kisses 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 cannot have you, That true love can bring; 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, Rose of England have a care, for where the thorn is, away, There the blood will run; And many said on (5)\_\_\_\_\_ knee, she has gone, and you (6) be our Queen; Oh my heart, oh my heart. Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun, Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is, There the (7)\_\_\_\_\_ will run;



- 1. have
- 2. thorn
- 3. blood
- 4. stolen
- 5. bended
- 6. must
- 7. blood
- 8. heard
- 9. chambers
- 10. life

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