

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 (1) it mattered little for they	But men of malice, men of hate, protesting to her chambers
were in love;	came,
Rose of England, sweet and fair, (2) with	"A foreign prince will have your hand, for he'll bring peace
the sun,	And riches to our land;"
Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is,	She said, "Do you tell me that I cannot wed the one I love?
There the blood (3) run;	Do you tell me that I am not mistress of my heart?"
Oh my heart, oh my heart;	And so with heavy (8) of life she kissed her
Through the summer days and nights, stolen kisses and	(9) one last time,
delights	"This land I wed, and no man comes, for if I cannot have you,
Would thrill their hearts and (4) their dreams with	l'II (10) none;"
all emotions	Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,
That true love can bring;	Rose of England have a care, for where the thorn is,
But black of mourning (5) one day, when her sister	There the blood will run;
passed away,	Oh my heart, oh my heart.
And (6) said on bended knee, she has gone, and	
you must be our Queen;	
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,	
Rose of England, have a care, for (7) the thorn	
is,	
There the blood will run;	



- 1. them
- 2. shining
- 3. will
- 4. fill
- 5. came
- 6. many
- 7. where
- 8. weight
- 9. lover
- 10. have

Fill in the gaps

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