

Fill in the gaps

Rose Of England by Chris De Burgh

Hear my voice and listen well, and a story I (1) tell,	Oh my heart, oh my heart;
How duty brought a broken heart, and why a love so strong	To the (7) she did ride, with her lover by her
Must fall apart;	side,
She was lovely, she was fine, daughter of a royal line,	When they heard the church bells ring, she was Queen
He, no equal, but for (2) it mattered little for they	And one day, he'd be King;
were in love;	But men of malice, men of hate, protesting to her chambers
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,	came,
Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is,	"A foreign prince will have your hand, for he'll bring peace
There the blood will run;	And riches to our land;"
Oh my heart, oh my heart;	She said, "Do you (8) me that I cannot wed the
Through the summer days and nights, stolen kisses and	one I love?
delights	Do you (9) me that I am not mistress of my heart?"
Would thrill their hearts and fill their dreams (3) all	And so with heavy weight of life she kissed her lover one last
emotions	time,
That true love can bring;	"This land I wed, and no man comes, for if I cannot have you,
But black of mourning came one day, when her	I'll have none;"
(4) passed away,	Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining (10) the
And many said on (5) knee, she has gone,	sun,
and you must be our Queen;	Rose of England have a care, for where the thorn is,
Rose of England, sweet and fair, (6) with	There the blood will run;
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. will
- 2. them
- 3. with
- 4. sister
- 5. bended
- 6. shining
- 7. abbey
- 8. tell
- 9. tell
- 10. with

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