

Fill in the gaps

Rose Of England by Chris De Burgh

Hear my voice and listen well, and a story I will tell,
How duty brought a broken heart, and why a love so strong
Must fall apart;
She was lovely, she was fine, daughter of a (1)
line,
He, no equal, but for them it mattered little for they were in
love;
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,
Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is,
There the blood will run;
Oh my heart, oh my heart;
Through the summer days and nights, stolen kisses and
delights
Would thrill their hearts and (2) their dreams with
all emotions
That true love can bring;
But black of (3) came one day, when her
sister passed away,
And many (4) on (5) 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 where the thorn is,
There the blood will run;

Oh my heart, oh my heart;
To the abbey she did ride, (6) her lover by her
side,
When they heard the church bells ring, she was Queen
And one day, he'd be King;
But men of malice, men of hate, (7)
to her chambers came,
"A foreign prince will have your hand, for he'll bring peace
And riches to our land;"
She said, "Do you tell me that I cannot wed the one I love?
Do you tell me that I am not (8) of my
heart?"
And so with (9) weight of life she kissed her
lover one last time,
"This land I wed, and no man comes, for if I cannot have you
I'll have none;"
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,
Rose of England have a care, for where the thorn is,
There the blood will run;
Oh my heart, oh my heart.



- 1. royal
- 2. fill
- 3. mourning
- 4. said
- 5. bended
- 6. with
- 7. protesting
- 8. mistress
- 9. heavy

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