

There the blood will run;

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



Fill in the gaps

- 1. daughter
- 2. they
- 3. were
- 4. with
- 5. true
- 6. sweet
- 7. last
- 8. have