

## 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 (1) brought a broken heart, and why a love so        | To the abbey she did ride, with her lover by her side,       |
| strong   | When they heard the (16) bells ring, she was                 |
| Must fall apart;   | Queen  |
| She was lovely, she was fine, daughter of a royal line,  | And one day, he'd be King;                                   |
| He, no equal, but for (2) it (3)                         | But men of malice, men of hate, protesting to her chambers   |
| little for they were in love;                            | came,  |
| Rose of England, sweet and fair, (4) 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 (5) the thorn          | She said, "Do you tell me (17) I cannot wed the              |
| is,  | one I love?  |
| There the (6) will run;                                  | Do you (18) me that I am not mistress of my                  |
| Oh my heart, oh my heart;                                | heart?"  |
| Through the summer (7) and nights, stolen                | And so (19) heavy weight of (20) she                         |
| (8) and delights   | kissed her lover one last time,                              |
| Would thrill their hearts and fill (9) dreams with       | "This land I wed, and no man comes, for if I                 |
| all emotions   | (21) have you, I'll have none;"                              |
| That true love can bring;                                | Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining (22) the            |
| But (10) of mourning came one day, when her              | sun,   |
| sister (11) away,  | Rose of England have a care, for where the (23)              |
| And many said on bended knee, she has gone, and you must | is,  |
| be our Queen;  | There the blood will run;                                    |
| Rose of England, (12) and fair, shining with the         | Oh my heart, oh my heart.                                    |
| sun,   |  |
| Rose of England, have a care, for (13) the thorn         |  |
| is,  |  |
| There the (14) (15) run;                                 |  |
|  |  |



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. duty
- 2. them
- 3. mattered
- 4. shining
- 5. where
- 6. blood
- 7. days
- 8. kisses
- 9. their
- 10. black
- 11. passed
- 12. sweet
- 13. where
- 14. blood
- 15. will
- 16. church
- 17. that
- 18. tell
- 19. with
- 20. life
- 21. cannot
- 22. with
- 23. thorn