

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



- 1. love
- 2. sweet
- 3. their
- 4. said
- 5. lover
- 6. will
- 7. weight
- 8. land
- 9. cannot

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