

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, How duty brought a broken heart, and why a love so strong Must fall apart; She was lovely, she was fine, daughter of a royal line, He, no equal, but for them it mattered (1)\_\_\_\_\_ for they were in love; Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun, Rose of England, (2)\_\_\_\_\_ a care, for where the thorn is, There the blood will run; Oh my heart, oh my heart; Through the summer days and nights, (3)\_ (4)\_\_\_\_\_ and delights Would thrill their hearts and fill their dreams with all emotions That true love can bring; But black of mourning came one day, when her sister passed away, And many (5)\_\_\_\_\_ on bended knee, she has gone, and you (6)\_\_\_\_\_ be our Queen; Rose of England, (7)\_\_\_\_\_ and fair, shining with the sun, Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is,

Oh my heart, oh my heart; To the abbey she did ride, with 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, protesting to her chambers "A foreign prince will have (8)\_\_\_\_\_ hand, for he'll bring And (9)\_ \_\_ to our land;" She said, "Do you tell me that I (10)\_\_\_ one I love? Do you tell me that I am not mistress of my heart?" And so with heavy weight of life she kissed her lover one last "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. little
- 2. have
- 3. stolen
- 4. kisses
- 5. said
- 6. must
- 7. sweet
- 8. your
- 9. riches
- 10. cannot

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