

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, (4) her lover by he
Must fall apart;	side,
She was lovely, she was fine, daughter of a royal line,	When (5) heard the church bells ring, she was
He, no equal, but for them it mattered little for they were in	Queen
love;	And one day, he'd be King;
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,	But men of malice, men of hate, (6)
Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is,	to her chambers came,
There the blood will run;	"A foreign prince (7) have your hand, for he'll bring
Oh my heart, oh my heart;	peace
Through the summer days and nights, (1)	And riches to our land;"
kisses and delights	She said, "Do you tell me that I cannot wed the one I love?
Would thrill their hearts and fill their dreams with all emotions	Do you tell me that I am not mistress of my heart?"
That true love can bring;	And so with (8) (9) of life she
But black of (2) came one day, when her	kissed her lover one last time,
sister passed away,	"This land I wed, and no man comes, for if I cannot have you
And many (3) on bended knee, she has gone, and	I'll (10) none;"
you must be our Queen;	Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,	Rose of England have a care, for where the thorn is,
Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is,	There the blood will run;
There the blood will run;	Oh my heart, oh my heart.



- 1. stolen
- 2. mourning
- 3. said
- 4. with
- 5. they
- 6. protesting
- 7. will
- 8. heavy
- 9. weight
- 10. have

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