

Fill in the gaps

Rose Of England by Chris De Burgh

Hear my voice and (1) well, and a story I will	Oh my heart, oh my heart;
tell,	To the abbey she did ride, with her (8) by her
How duty (2) a (3) heart,	side,
and why a (4) so strong	When they (9) the church 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 them it mattered little for they were in	But men of malice, men of hate, protesting to her chambers
love;	came,
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,	"A foreign prince will have your hand, for he'll bring 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 weight of life she kissed her lover one last
delights	time,
Would thrill (5) hearts and (6) their	"This land I wed, and no man comes, for if I cannot have you,
dreams with all emotions	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 (10)
away,	is,
And many said on bended knee, she has gone, and you must	There the blood will run;
be our Queen;	Oh my heart, oh my heart.
Rose of England, (7) and fair, shining with the	
sun,	
Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is,	
There the blood will run;	



- 1. listen
- 2. brought
- 3. broken
- 4. love
- 5. their
- 6. fill
- 7. sweet
- 8. lover
- 9. heard
- 10. thorn

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