

Fill in the gaps

Rose Of England by Chris De Burgh

Hear my voice and listen well, and a story I (1) 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, with her lover by her 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 (2) for	But men of malice, men of hate, (6)
they (3) in love;	to her chambers 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, (4) 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
delights	(7) time,
Would thrill their hearts and fill their dreams with all emotions	"This land I wed, and no man comes, for if I cannot
That true love can bring;	(8) you, I'll have none;"
But black of mourning came one day, when her	Rose of England, sweet and fair, (9) with
(5) passed away,	the sun,
And many said on bended knee, she has gone, and you must	Rose of England have a care, for where the thorn is,
be our Queen;	There the blood (10) run;
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,	Oh my heart, oh my heart.
Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is,	
There the blood will run;	



- 1. will
- 2. little
- 3. were
- 4. have
- 5. sister
- 6. protesting
- 7. last
- 8. have
- 9. shining
- 10. will

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