

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 (2) so	To the (6) she did ride, with her lover 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
love;	came,
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining (3) the	"A foreign prince will have (7) 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 (8) heavy weight of life she kissed her
delights	(9) one last time,
Would thrill their hearts and fill their dreams with all emotions	"This land I wed, and no man comes, for if I cannot have you,
That true (4) can bring;	I'll have none;"
But black of mourning came one day, when her sister passed	Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,
away,	Rose of England have a care, for where the (10)
And many said on bended knee, she has gone, and you must	is,
be our Queen;	There the blood will run;
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,	Oh my heart, oh my heart.
Rose of England, (5) a care, for where the thorn is,	
There the blood will run;	



- 1. will
- 2. love
- 3. with
- 4. love
- 5. have
- 6. abbey
- 7. your
- 8. with
- 9. lover
- 10. thorn

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