Rose Of England by Chris De Burgh

There the blood will run;

Fill in the gaps

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



- 1. listen
- 2. story
- 3. have
- 4. lover
- 5. they
- 6. heavy
- 7. sweet
- 8. shining
- 9. with

Fill in the gaps