

## Fill in the gaps

## Rose Of England by Chris De Burgh

Hear my voice and listen well, and a story I will tell, How duty brought a broken heart, and why a love so strong Must fall apart; She was lovely, she was fine, daughter of a royal line, He, no equal, but for them it mattered little for they were in love; Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun, Rose of England, have a care, for (1)\_\_\_\_\_ the thorn There the blood will run; Oh my heart, oh my heart; Through the summer days and nights, stolen kisses and delights Would thrill their hearts and fill their (2)\_ (3)\_\_\_\_\_ all emotions That true love can bring; \_\_\_\_\_ of mourning came one day, when her But (4)\_\_ sister passed away, And many (5)\_\_\_\_\_ on bended knee, she has gone, and you must be our Queen; Rose of England, (6)\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ and fair, shining (7)\_\_\_\_\_ the sun,

Rose of England, have a care, for (8)\_\_\_\_\_ the thorn

There the blood will run;

Oh my heart, oh my heart;

To the abbey she did ride, with her lover by her side,

When they heard the church bells ring, she was Queen

And one day, he'd be King;

But men of malice, men of hate, protesting to her chambers came.

"A foreign prince will have your hand, for he'll bring peace And riches to our land;"

She said, "Do you tell me that I cannot wed the one I love?

Do you tell me that I am not mistress of my heart?"

And so with heavy weight of life she kissed her lover one last time,

"This land I wed, and no man comes, for if I cannot have you, I'll have none;"

Rose of England, (9)\_\_\_\_ and fair, (10)\_\_\_\_ with the sun,

Rose of England have a care, for where the thorn is,

There the blood will run;

Oh my heart, oh my heart.



- 1. where
- 2. dreams
- 3. with
- 4. black
- 5. said
- 6. sweet
- 7. with
- 8. where
- 9. sweet
- 10. shining

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