

## Fill in the gaps

## Rose Of England by Chris De Burgh

Hear my voice and listen well, and a story I will tell,	Oh my heart, oh my heart;
How duty brought a (1) heart, and why a love	To the abbey she did ride, with her lover by her side,
so strong	When they heard the (8) 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, (2) 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
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 (3) love can bring;	I'll have none;"
But black of mourning (4) one day, when her	Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,
(5) passed away,	Rose of England have a care, for where the thorn is,
And many said on (6) knee, she has gone,	There the blood will run;
and you (7) be our Queen;	Oh my heart, oh my heart.
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,	
Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is,	
There the blood will run;	



- 1. broken
- 2. have
- 3. true
- 4. came
- 5. sister
- 6. bended
- 7. must
- 8. church
- 9. lover

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