

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 broken heart, and why a (1) so	To the abbey she did ride, with her lover by her side,
strong	When they heard the church bells ring, she was Queen
Must fall apart;	And one day, he'd be King;
She was lovely, she was fine, daughter of a royal line,	But men of malice, men of hate, protesting to her chambers
He, no equal, but for them it mattered little for they were in	came,
love;	"A foreign prince will have your hand, for he'll bring peace
Rose of England, sweet and fair, (2) with	And riches to our land;"
the sun,	She said, "Do you tell me (6) I (7)
Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is,	wed the one I love?
There the blood will run;	Do you tell me that I am not mistress of my heart?"
Oh my heart, oh my heart;	And so with heavy (8) of (9) she
Through the summer days and nights, stolen kisses and	kissed her lover one last time,
delights	"This land I wed, and no man comes, for if I
Would thrill their hearts and fill their dreams with all emotions	(10) have you, I'll have none;"
That true love can bring;	Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,
But black of mourning came one day, when her sister passed	Rose of England have a care, for where the thorn is,
away,	There the blood will run;
And (3) said on bended knee, she has gone, and	Oh my heart, oh my heart.
you must be our Queen;	
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining (4) the	
sun,	
Rose of England, have a care, for (5) the thorn	
is,	
There the blood will run;	



- 1. love
- 2. shining
- 3. many
- 4. with
- 5. where
- 6. that
- 7. cannot
- 8. weight
- 9. life
- 10. cannot

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