

Fill in the gaps

Rose Of England by Chris De Burgh

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

There the blood will run;

Hear my voice and listen well, and a (1) I will	Oh my heart, oh my heart;
tell,	To the abbey she did ride, with her lover by her side,
How duty brought a broken heart, and why a love so 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 (9) hand, for he'll bring
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining (2) the	peace
sun,	And riches to our land;"
Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is,	She said, "Do you tell me that I cannot wed the one I love?
There the (3) will run;	Do you tell me that I am not mistress of my heart?"
Oh my heart, oh my heart;	And so with heavy (10) of life she kissed her
Through the summer days and nights, stolen kisses and	lover one last time,
delights	"This land I wed, and no man comes, for if I cannot have you,
Would thrill their hearts and fill (4)	I'll have none;"
(5) with all emotions	Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,
That true (6) can bring;	Rose of England have a care, for where the thorn is,
But black of (7) came one day,	There the blood will run;
(8) her sister passed away,	Oh my heart, oh my heart.
And many said on bended knee, she has gone, and you must	
be our Queen;	
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,	



- 1. story
- 2. with
- 3. blood
- 4. their
- 5. dreams
- 6. love
- 7. mourning
- 8. when
- 9. your
- 10. weight

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