

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 (1) a (2) heart,	To the abbey she did ride, with her lover by her side,
and why a love so strong	When (7) heard the church (8) ring
Must fall apart;	she was 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 (3) little for	But men of malice, men of hate, protesting to her chambers
they were in love;	came,
Rose of England, sweet and fair, (4) with	"A foreign prince will have (9) hand, for he'll bring
the sun,	peace
Rose of England, have 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 lover one las
delights	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 true love can bring;	I'll have none;"
But black of mourning came one day, when her sister passed	Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,
away,	Rose of England have a care, for (10) the thorn
And many said on bended knee, she has gone, and you must	is,
be our Queen;	There the blood will run;
Rose of England, sweet and fair, shining with the sun,	Oh my heart, oh my heart.
Rose of England, (5) a care, for where the thorn is,	
There the blood (6) run;	



- 1. brought
- 2. broken
- 3. mattered
- 4. shining
- 5. have
- 6. will
- 7. they
- 8. bells
- 9. your
- 10. where

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