

There the blood will run;

Fill in the gaps

Rose Of England by Chris De Burgh

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



- 1. broken
- 2. royal
- 3. were
- 4. thrill
- 5. love
- 6. shining
- 7. lover
- 8. chambers
- 9. tell
- 10. shining

Fill in the gaps

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