

## Chris Cummings

### "Rose Of England"

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Written by Chris de Burgh

Hear my voice and listen well, and a story I will tell,  
How duty brought a broken heart, and why a love so  
strong  
Must fall apart;

She was lovely, she was fine, daughter of a royal line,  
He, no equal, but for them it mattered little for they  
were in love;

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;

Oh my heart, oh my heart;

Through the summer days and nights, stolen kisses  
and delights  
Would thrill their hearts and fill their dreams with all  
emotions  
That true love can bring;

But black of mourning came one day, when her sister  
passed away,  
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,  
Rose of England, have a care, for where the thorn is,  
There the blood will run;

Oh my heart, oh my heart;

To the abbey she did ride, with her lover by her side,  
When they heard the church bells ring, she was Queen  
And one day, he'd be King;

But men of malice, men of hate, protesting to her  
chambers came,  
"A foreign prince will have your hand, for he'll bring

peace  
And riches to our land;"  
She said, "Do you tell me that I cannot wed the one I  
love?  
Do you tell me that I am not mistress of my heart?"

And so with heavy weight of life she kissed her lover  
one last time,  
"This land I wed, and no man comes, for if I cannot  
have you, I'll have none;"

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;

Oh my heart, oh my heart.

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