

Chris De Burgh "Rose Of England"

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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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