

# Rose of England

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 ha  
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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.