



ROSE OF ENGLAND

From Album The Road To Freedom . By Chris de Burgh . 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?"