

Blackmore's Night, Faerie queen

Over on the hill
There grows a flower
Growing quicker still
More perfect by the hour
Deep within that flower
Is a tiny chair
All a-fringed with gold
The fairy queen sits there
It is in her breath
That the wind does blow
It is in her heart
As pure as winter snow
It is in her tears
Crystal raindrops fall
And within her years
That she is in us all
*Oh dark eyes
Help me see
Just one look
She is gone
Look on me
We are one
Fading with the setting sun
As the willow bows
To her majesty
All the forest flowers
Love her mystery
Who would not admire
Who could not adore
Who does not desire
Who wishes to see more?