Blackmore's Night, Ghost Of A Rose

The valley green was so serene
In the middle ran a stream so blue...
A maiden fair, in despair, once had met her true love there and she told him...
She would say...
"Promise me, when you see, a white rose you'll think of me
I love you so,
Never let go,
I will be your ghost of a rose..."

Her eyes believed in mysteries
She would lay amongst the leaves of amber
Her spirit wild, heart of a child, yet gentle still and quiet and mild and he loved her...
When she would say...
"Promise me, when you see, a white rose you'll think of me
I love you so,
Never let go,
I will be your ghost of a rose..."

When all was done, she turned to run
Dancing to the setting sun as he watched her
And ever more he thought he saw
A glimpse of her upon the moors forever
He'd hear her say...
"Promise me , when you see, a white rose you'll think of me
I love you so,
Never let go,
I will be your ghost of a rose..."