

Ghost Of A Rose

Ripe

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 still
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"
I will be your ghost of a rose
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A white rose you'll think of me
I love you so never let go
I will be your ghost of a rose
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